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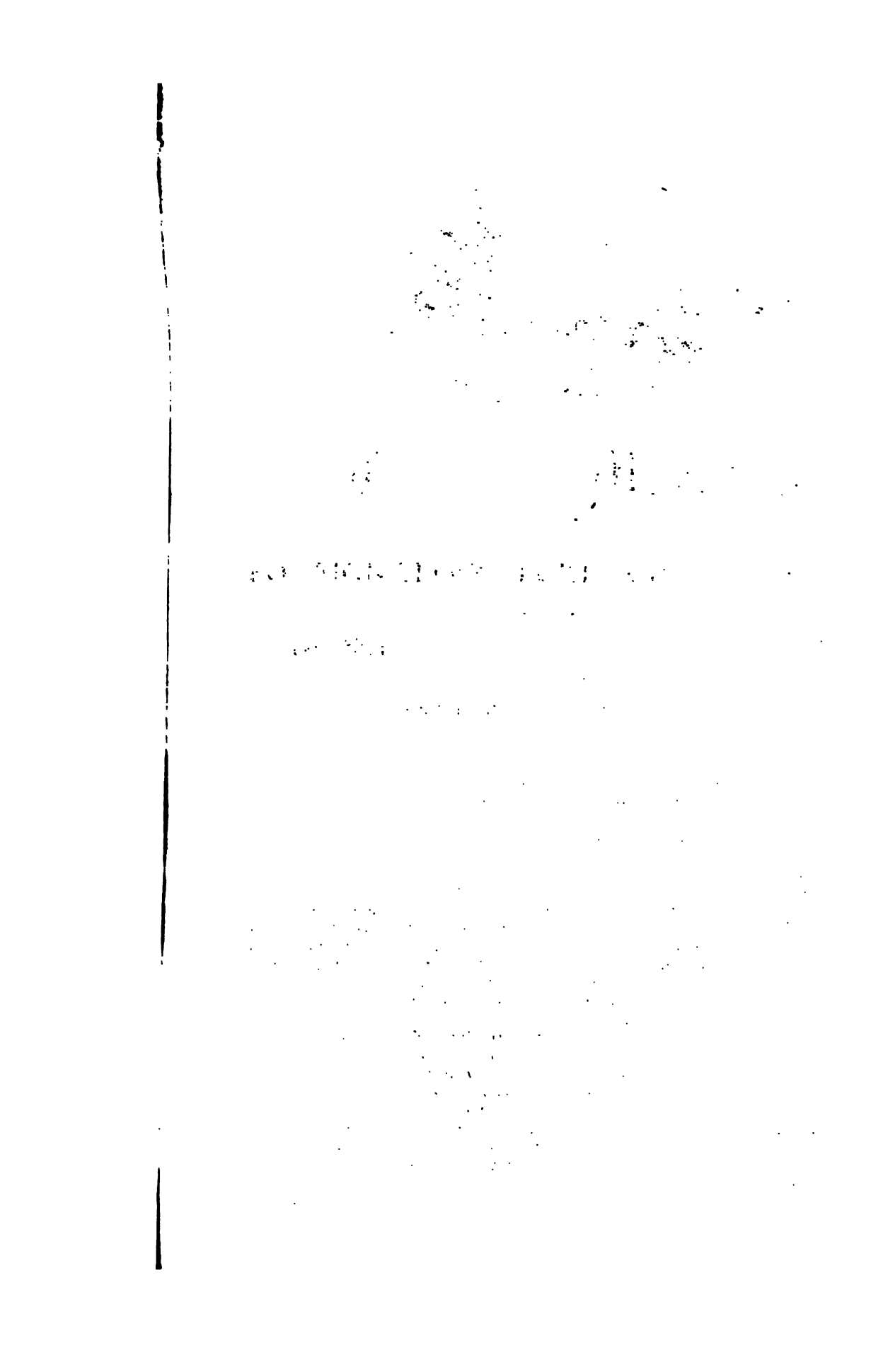

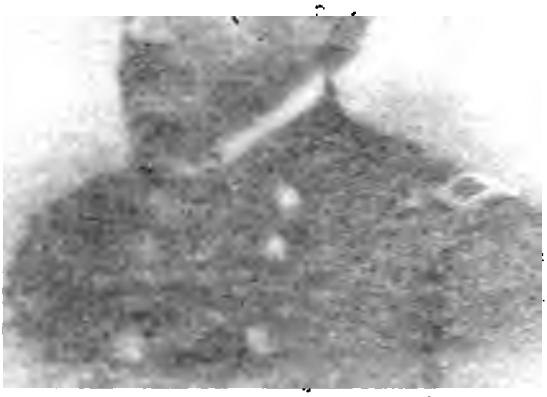

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ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY PROFESSOR ST. GEORGE MIVART.

NATURAL HISTORY, as commonly understood, refers to the study of animals and plants. A profound truth is contained in this popular acceptation of the term. For in order that either animals or plants may be thoroughly understood, both require to be studied; while the two together constitute a group of natural objects which may be considered apart from the non-living world. Animals and plants taken together, then, form the subject-matter of a distinct science, BIOLOGY—the science of living bodies.

The study of the Natural History of living creatures has of late assumed a greater importance than it was ever before thought to possess. Recent advances in science seem also to indicate that this history needs re-writing from the standpoint which our most expert and zealous biological explorers have succeeded in attaining. No scientific questions have perhaps excited gr interest than those which concern problems of animal or vegetable life origin of such life, and the origin multitudinous forms.

Apart, however, from such intere it as may be due to controversies o day, the love of this study is one v must grow upon men as they advan the knowledge of their own orga tion, owing to the very condition their existence. For man is so re to other living creatures, that ful understand himself, he must, mo less thoroughly, understand them a

Every increase in the knowledg the organic world has its effect upo study of man, and helps him not towards a better knowledge of his organisation, but also helps in the suit of his own happiness and in th filment of his duty.

To man alone is at the same tim

portioned the physical enjoyment, the intellectual apprehension, and the æsthetic appreciation of that marvellous material creation which on all sides surrounds him, which impresses him by its many active powers, and of which he alone forms the self-conscious and reflective portion.

His connection with it is, indeed, most intimate, partaking as he does all the orders of existence revealed to him by his senses—inorganic or organic, vegetative or animal. The mineral matters of the earth's solid crust, the chemical constituents of oceans and rivers, even the ultimate materials of remote sidereal clusters, contribute to form the substance of his body. The various activities of the vegetable world have their counterpart in the actions of that body. When we study the laws of growth, as in the creeping lichen or gigantic eucalyptus, or the actions of roots or leaves, when we follow the course of the spore dropped from a fern frond, or when we investigate the meaning and action of flowers of whatever kind, we come upon processes which the human body is also destined to perform. But the animal world especially concerns man, since, being an animal himself, he shares the pleasures, pains, appetites, desires, and emotions of the sentient myriads which people earth, air, and water. His frame, like theirs, thrills responsively to the ceaseless throbbings of that plexus of ever-active agencies, lifeless as well as living, which we call the Cosmos. Thus man plainly shares in the most diverse powers and faculties of his material fellow-creatures, and he sees also reflected by such creatures, in varying degrees, those different kinds of existence which unite in him. Man *sees* this reflection, and in so seeing recognises as existing in himself a faculty much above every power possessed by any other organism. Unlike even the highest of the brutes, he not only feels the Cosmos, but he thinks it. He is not only involved with it in an infinity of relations, but he recognises and reflects upon many of such relations, their nature and their reciprocal bearings. "The proper study of mankind is man;" but to follow out that study completely we must have a certain knowledge of the various orders of creatures in the natures of which man, in different degrees, participates. Man's intellect is indeed supreme, nevertheless it cannot be called into activity unless first evoked by sense impressions which he shares with lowly animals; nor can his intellect, even after it has been aroused into activity, continue to act save by the constant renewal of sense impressions—real or imagined. Such impressions give rise, in him, to imaginations, reminiscences, anticipations, and emotions, which serve as materials for the exercise of intellect and will; and as these imaginations, reminiscences, anticipations, and emotions are possessed also by brutes, it is to the study of such creatures that we must have recourse to obtain one of the keys needed to unlock the mystery of man's existence.

In addition to the above considerations, the organic world is of course useful to us in a variety of ways. Man, as lord over all other organisms which people the globe, rightfully disposes of them for his profit or pleasure, finding in the investigation of their various natures an inexhaustible field for his intellectual activity, and in their forms and relations a stimulus for his deep-seated apprehension of beauty. Thus, many considerations and influences concur to impel us to the study of Nature, and especially the Natural History of the many living creatures which are so variously related to us.

But a Natural History which shall include both animals and plants must be a history of creatures of kinds so various that their number baffles the power of the imagination, as a little reflection will suffice to show. Beasts alone are numerous, but very much more so is the group of reptiles. Serpents and lizards, indeed, so swarm in the hottest regions of the globe that, in spite of the multitude of forms already described, it is not impossible that nearly as many more remain to be discovered. More than ten thousand different kinds of birds have been now made known to us, and fishes are probably not less numerous than all the other above-mentioned animals taken together.*

* The number of kinds of fishes described by ichthyologists only about equals the number of birds. But then ornithologists reckon such small differences as making a distinction of kind, that if ichthyologists pursued a similar

Beasts, birds, reptiles and fishes, however, considered as forming one group, constitute but a comparatively small section of the world of animals. Creatures allied to the snail and oyster, but all of different kinds, exist in multitudes which are known to us, but doubtless also in multitudes as yet unknown. Worms form a division so varied in nature and so prodigious in number, that the correct appreciation of their relations one to another and to other animals—their classification—forms one of the most difficult of zoological problems. Coral-forming animals and cognate forms, together with star-fishes and their allies, come before as two other hosts; and there are yet other hosts of other kinds to which it is needless here to refer. Yet the whole mass of animals to which reference has yet been made is exceeded (as to the number of distinct kinds) by the single group of insects. Every land-plant has more than one species of insect which lives upon it, and the same may probably be said of at least every higher animal—and this in addition to other parasites which are not insects. The lowest animals have not yet been referred to, but the number of their undiscovered kinds which may exist in the ocean, and in tropical lakes and rivers, may be suspected from the variety we may obtain here, in a single drop of stagnant water. Recent researches, moreover, have shown us that the depths of the ocean, instead of being (as was supposed) lifeless as well as still and dark abysses, really teem with animal life. From those profound recesses also creatures have been dragged to light, forms which were supposed to have long passed away and become extinct. And this leads us to yet another consideration. It is impossible to have a complete knowledge of existing animals without being acquainted with so much of the nature of their now extinct predecessors as can be gathered from the relics they have left behind. Such relics may be bones or shells imbedded in muddy deposits of ages bygone, and which deposits have now turned to rock, or may consist of but the impress of their bodies, or only a few footprints. Rich as is the animal population of the world to-day, it represents only a remnant of the life that has been; and small as our knowledge may ever be of that ancient life (from imperfections in the rocky record), yet every year that knowledge is increased. What increase may we not also expect hereafter, when all remote and tropical regions have been explored with the care and patience already bestowed on the deposits which lie in the vicinity of civilised populations?

But, besides the forms of animal life which are thus multitudinous, acquaintance must also be made with myriads of vegetable forms in order to understand the Natural History of animals and plants. Numerous as are the different kinds of trees, shrubs, creepers, other flowering plants, ferns, and mosses peculiar to each great region of the earth's surface, the total number of the lowest flowerless forms is yet greater. Known sea-weeds of large or moderate size are numerous, but some naturalists think there are still more yet unknown. But, however that may be, their number is small compared with the swarms of minute algæ and fungi which are to be found in situations the most various. For not only do fungi live upon the surface of other plants, but they penetrate within them, and, as "mould," deprive the stoutest timber of its substance and resisting power; they devastate fields of promising grain, destroy the hope of the vine-grower, and ruin our homely garden produce. And as certain animals are destined to nourish themselves on certain plants, so do different kinds of these lowly plants nourish themselves on different animals. Ulcers and sores may support their appropriate vegetation, the growth of which has caused havoc in many an hospital ward, with an atmosphere teeming (as it often teems) with their minute reproductive particles. Analogous particles of other plants even form no insignificant part of our coal-fields, as the produce of coral animals has built up large tracts of land in the State of Florida and elsewhere, and as a vast deposit is accumulating on the floor of the Atlantic from the ceaseless rain of dead microscopic shells which have lived in its surface waters.

course the number of fishes reckoned as distinct would be much in excess. Besides, there are probably many more new kinds of fishes to discover than there are of birds.

Again, to know living animals thoroughly it is necessary also to be acquainted with extinct animals, so we cannot have an adequate conception of the world of plants without an acquaintance with its fossil forms—forms some of which afford evidence of startling climatic changes, as do the fossil vines and magnolias of the Arctic region.

But it may be asked, if the multitude of living forms is so great, why should the Natural History of plants and animals be treated simultaneously? Has not the progress of science been accompanied by an increasing division of labor, and is it not wise of naturalists to devote their whole lives to some special group? To this it may be replied, that modern science tends both to unite and to separate the several departments of inquiry. The area to be explored is so vast, and contains such rich variety, that no human mind can hope to master the whole study of either animals or plants. On this account some naturalists are no longer content with being exclusively ornithologists or entomologists, or with devoting themselves to single primary groups of birds or insects, but spend their whole time—and wisely so—upon some still more subordinate section of zoology. Nevertheless, such students should also give time to wider study, without which they cannot really understand the special groups to which they are devoted. Such subdivision moreover has, as Goethe remarked, a narrowing tendency. Indeed, the necessity for each student to understand various branches of science is constantly increasing. A certain knowledge of astronomy and chemistry has become necessary to the geologist, and of geology and chemistry to the biologist. Again, the progress of knowledge has more and more revealed the intimate connection which exists between the two great groups of living creatures—animals and plants. So intimate, indeed, is this connection now seen to be that, in spite of the manifest differences between most animals and plants, the position, or even the existence, of the line which is to divide these organisms is a matter of dispute. It has thus become manifestly impossible to understand adequately the creatures belonging to one of these groups without a certain acquaintance with those belonging to the other group. The powers which animals possess cannot be satisfactorily understood without a knowledge of the corresponding powers of plants. Our knowledge, for example, of animal nutrition and reproduction would be very incomplete unless we had a conception of these processes generally, and therefore of the modes in which they take place in plants also. On these accounts it is desirable that both the great groups of living creatures should be considered conjointly, and the study of living organisms treated as one great whole.

An objection of an opposite nature may, however, be made to the plan here advocated. It may be objected that plants and animals should not be considered separately from minerals, but that all terrestrial productions should be treated of as one whole, and their substantial composition and powers exhibited as diverging manifestations of one great unity. In support of this objection may be urged that very increasing inter-relation and cross-dependency between the sciences which have been just referred to. It may be contended that, though animals and plants do indeed require to be treated as one whole, yet they do not form a really isolated group for the following reasons. The laws of mineral aggregation in crystals are imitated in the growth of certain animals. The ultimate constituents of the organic and inorganic worlds are the same. The physical forces—light, heat, and electricity—are both needed by and are given off from living organisms, as manifestly by fire-flies, warm-blooded animals, and the electric eel. The diverse manifestations of life are thus, it may be said, merely due to the play of physical forces upon very complex material conditions.

To this it may be replied that, at least practically, the living world does constitute a domain apart, and the Natural History of animals and plants (or Biology) a very distinct science, for all that it reposes upon and is intimately connected with the sciences of non-living matter. It may also be contended that there really is a fundamental distinction between the activities of even the lowest living creature and all merely physical forces. For even if the several separate actions of organisms can be performed

by inorganic bodies, yet no inorganic body displays that *combination* of forces which characterises any living being. The very composition, again, of the organic world differs strikingly in its complexity from that of the inorganic.

Assuming then, provisionally, that animals and plants may together be reasonably separated off from the non-living world and treated as one whole, we find that whole to present remarkable characters of both change and permanence. Individual organisms, at longer or shorter intervals, disappear and are replaced by others like them, and such succession has in some cases endured for very prolonged periods. In most cases, however, kinds as well as individuals have arisen, had their day and died, and have been succeeded by kinds more or less divergent; and this process of replacement has occurred again and again. Has the whole series of successions also had its beginning, or has vegetable life eternally flourished on our planet and eternally nourished race after race of diverse animal tribes? The answer to this question (as far as it can be answered by Physical Science) is, of course, to be sought in the Natural History, not of organic beings, but of the earth and other planets of our system. But let it be granted that the duration of terrestrial life is only, when estimated by sidereal epochs, as the up-growth of a day; yet measured by any more familiar standard its antiquity is such as the imagination refuses to picture. More than this: even the various kinds of animals and plants have had, and have, at least a relative constancy and permanence. Nature, as we see it, does not present a scene of confused and evanescent forms in a state of Protean change. Were such the case our existing classifications could not have been devised. Our minds perceive that the living world possesses certain permanent characters, and it suggests conceptions not only of "order," "causation," "utility," "purpose," but also of "types" and "creative ideas," to attempt to estimate the value of which would be to enter upon philosophy; for the value to be assigned to such conceptions depends upon the system of philosophy which any one may deem the more reasonable. The advocacy of any system of philosophy would be quite out of place in this Essay. Here a single observation must suffice. Those who believe that the First Cause of all creatures which live or have lived is a Divine Intelligence having a certain relation of analogy with the intelligence of man, must also believe that all creatures respond to the ideas of such creative Intelligence. They must also further believe that in so far as the ideas we derive from the study of creatures are true ideas—that is, truly correspond with their objects—such ideas must respond, however imperfectly, to the eternal ideas of such a Divine Intelligence, since things which agree with the same thing must in so far agree with one another.

Remote as such questions may appear to be from the study of Natural History, they have during the present century much occupied the attention of distinguished naturalists. They have also been the occasion of investigations which, as we shall shortly see, have borne fruit the value of which all scientific men now admit. These investigations have called forth a new conception as to the whole mass of living creatures, and of their relations one to another—a conception which renders inadequate all previous pictures of the world of organic life.

From our present standpoint, that world, and indeed the entire universe, may be not inaptly symbolized by a waterfall, such as that of Terni, with its look of changelessness due to unceasing changes, themselves the result of a permanence not at first apparent. The well-known rainbows above the great clouds of sun-lit spray look like fixed and almost solid structures. Though the spectator knows that the same falling water cannot be seen for many seconds, and that the persistence of the elements of color must be even less, yet an impression of persistence and stability remains which, though in some respects an illusion, is not altogether false. Though the physical elements are fleeting, yet both the cascade and its iridescent arcs are persistent—*ideally* in the mind which apprehends them, and *really* in those natural laws and that definite arrangement of conditions which continually reproduce the ceaseless flux accompanying their persistence.

Similarly the ocean, with its obvious changes of tides and currents, storms and calms, has been a type of changefulness; and yet viewed in comparison with the upheavals and depressions of the earth's solid surface there is a relative, though by no means absolute, truth in the words:

"Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!"

But science reveals a succession of changes far from obvious which have taken place since the first fluid film condensed from the hot vapor of the earth's primeval atmosphere. Such are, changes in its composition, its temperature and its living inhabitants, from the time when it swarmed with extinct predecessors of our present crabs, cuttle-fishes, and star-fishes; and afterwards, when huge reptiles dominated in it, till they yielded place to the whales and dolphins of a later epoch, and till at last, after untold ages, the canoes of the earliest races of mankind began at last to ripple its waters.

With the advent of man began a succession of ideal changes. For the growth of knowledge causes our ideas of each part of the universe to alter and grow more exact, just as the aspects of objects change as they may be viewed through a succession of less refracting and more transparent media. How different was the ancient conception of the ocean as a fluid boundary encircling the flat plane of the earth, from that obtained by Columbus when, having traversed an unknown ocean and reached a new world, he exclaimed "*Il mondo e poco!*" To-day deep-sea explorations are giving us new conceptions, and its Natural History needs re-writing from a fresh standpoint.

The whole universe of fixed-stars and nebulæ may also be conceived as a vast fountain of light and motion. For though (save for the occasional temporary brightness of some world in conflagration, and save for the apparent diurnal revolution of the heavens) it is apparently changeless; yet reason exhibits it to us as an area of ceaseless change. Indeed, as races of living beings succeed each other, so we may fancy that the falling together of worlds and systems may generate new suns and worlds, like the fresh flowers of a new spring.

But if the image of the ocean as reflected in the mind of man has repeatedly changed in the course of ages, this is still more the case as regards the starry vault. A collection of visible divinities; a hieroglyphic to be puzzled over by the soothsayer; a concentric series of star-studded crystal spheres; and finally, the more and more consistent mind-pictures of Copernicus and Galileo, Kepler and Newton! If it is difficult now to realize the change of view introduced by the discovery of Columbus, it is almost impossible to do so with respect to that which was occasioned by the acceptance of heliocentric astronomy, and which of course rendered a new description of the heavens inevitable.

These considerations may serve to prepare us for analogous changes with respect to our present subject—organic nature. This likewise has not only its real elements of permanence and change, but also its ideal changes, due to the different modes in which it has presented itself to men's minds at different stages of discovery. Such changes render necessary fresh descriptions at successive epochs, and one such epoch is that in which we live.

Animals and plants must always, to a greater or less extent, have occupied the attention of mankind. It is probable that a certain amount of pleasure was felt even in primeval times in observing living beings. The child of to-day delights in the companionship and observation of animals, and in the childhood of the human race animals were regarded as objects of interest and curiosity as well as of utility in furnishing food and clothing. That such was the case seems evident from the portraits which have come down to us of the reindeer and the mammoth (the extinct woolly elephant), traced on bones by the flint-workers, their contemporaries.

Indeed, the earliest of our race could not avoid a certain study of animals the capture of which they needed for their food or clothing. But in addition to attention due to such needs, many phenomena of animal life are well fitted to strike a savage mind, and this the more from that sharpness of the senses which the ruder races of men possess. The

earliest hunters must have observed the habits of their prey, and have incidentally noticed in their pursuit peculiarities of other creatures, which were not those they pursued, but were related to them as enemies or dependents.

In temperate regions certain phenomena of animal and plant life must very early have forced upon man's attention their regular recurrence, coincidently with that of the seasons. For with the annual reappearance of certain constellations men must have noticed such orderly recurrence of flowers and fruits, and the return of migrating birds. The obtrusive note of the cuckoo, and the quick gliding flight of the swallow, must have early been welcomed as the harbingers of approaching summer.

In this way a series of recurring changes—a cycle of phenomena—must have come to be observed. In other words, both permanence and change must have been noted as existing simultaneously in the organic world.

Such conceptions must, of course, have been of the most incomplete and rudimentary character, since the mind can only bring back from the observation of the external world that which it has gained the power of apprehending. The traveller who is ignorant of history and natural science comes back from imperial Rome or sacred Athens, from the impressive solitude of Carnac or the busy quays of Trieste, but little the richer intellectually for the many instructive objects which have met his unappreciating gaze. Thus, with the cultivation or debasement of men's minds, the mental images and intellectual conceptions they form of Nature necessarily undergo corresponding changes, and the surrounding conditions of scene and climate must also largely influence their interest in, and their conceptions of, natural objects.

The ancient Egyptians, enclosed in their narrow limestone valley, bounded by desert sands and the hot and riverless Red Sea, do not seem to have been favorably circumstanced for the development of a great love of Nature. Yet their frescoes show that apes, antelopes, leopards, giraffes, and other strange beasts were objects of careful attention; and Solomon's taste for natural knowledge may have found its parallel amongst Egyptian priests long anterior to the scientific glory of Alexandria.

The Greeks, more happily situate in their beautiful land, botanically so wealthy, and which is split up into so many islands, and has a coast line so irregular through many estuaries, can hardly have failed to appreciate organic nature, seeing that they loved not only human beauty, but that of earth, sea, and sky also. But, however that may be, it is certain that it was there that Natural History first attained a considerable development under an august master. It was congruous that the people who so early attained a social culmination in art, the drama, history, rhetoric, and poetry, constituting them the models and teachers of mankind for thousands of years to come, should have also led the way in Biological Science.

Aristotle, the first-known true man of science, must be considered (from his knowledge of recondite points of anatomy, and from his sketch of animal classification) to have been one who bore within him in germ the biology of later ages. Such a man could not have arisen among a people to whom the investigation of Nature was new or unwelcome.

The legal Roman spirit seems to have had little inclination for the study of Nature, yet in Pliny we meet with the proto-martyr of science. The great song of Lucretius is full of sympathy with organic life in all its forms; and poetry like that of the Georgics must have been intended for minds alive to rustic beauty and the harmonies of rural life.

Whether such incipient scientific culture as existed in classical times would or would not, if left to itself, have soon ripened into that of the modern world, cannot be proved. The fall of the Roman Empire, however, made retrogression inevitable. It may be that such retrogression has had its scientific compensation. For, judging of the source by the outcome, the tribes which issued from the glades of the great Hyrcanian forest must have brought with them a deep, innate love of natural beauty. As the floods of tumultuous invasion subsided, and were succeeded by disturbances comparatively local, Teutonic homesteads began to appear on sites

which seem to have been in part chosen from a love for the picturesque. Soon, one by one, also arose the monastic cradles of mediæval civilisation, sometimes nestling in leafy dells by streams or lakes, sometimes perched on mountain crags with difficulty accessible.

With the advent of the thirteenth century came the first pale dawn of that *renaissance* which, rapidly maturing, burst on the world in its full blaze three centuries later.

It was then that the naturalistic spirit began to assume that predominance which it has ever since retained. Discovery on discovery in every department of science opened out fresh vistas on all sides to the gaze of eager students, and the immensity of the task before inquirers became more manifest to them at each step made in advance.

The past also began to acquire a new significance, for the study of it (as made known in terrestrial deposits) suggested the modern view of the mutability of the earth's surface. No doubt in very early times the occasional discovery of fossil shells and bones—disclosed by some land-slip—may have led to vague surmises, as the finding of elephants' bones (many of which so much resembled human bones) may have given rise to tales of giants. With the advance from primeval to classical times clearer notions arose, and Pythagoras (according to Ovid) promulgated the most rational view as to the excavating action of rivers, the upheaval and submergence of land and similar phenomena.

But in the Middle Ages these views seem to have faded from view, so that when in the sixteenth century fossil remains began to be collected in Italy and their significance correctly appreciated, an important revolution in men's minds commenced.

In spite, however, of the gradually clearer apprehension of the fact that many living forms had become extinct, the belief in the fixity of the different kinds of animals and plants was accepted as a matter of course. There were, however, exceptions to this belief as to fixity which continued to be made, as they had been made during the Middle Ages. During those ages creatures, such as worms and flies, had been supposed to be spontaneously generated by the action of the sun on mud and in other ways, and creatures which were erroneously supposed to be hybrids had also been supposed to have been occasionally generated. With these exceptions, however, all animals were supposed to have existed unchanged and without fresh creations since their first formation after the beginning of the world.

The interest felt in all the natural sciences continued to increase through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and therewith went on a rapid augmentation in the number of known species of animals and plants.

Much gratitude is due from us to the great compilers of those centuries whose ponderous works were treasure-houses of the natural history of their day. Conspicuous above all was Aldrovandus, whose thirteen folios began to appear in 1640, to be followed in the next century by the richly illustrated folios of Seba.

Thus the way was gradually prepared for a decisive step in advance, marking the first great epoch in the modern natural history of living beings. Such a step was the introduction of a good classification.

It is, of course, difficult to acquire, and impossible to retain and propagate, a thorough knowledge of any very numerous set of objects, unless they are systematically grouped according to some definite plan of classification. On this account the study of living creatures (to the vast number of which attention has been directed) stood in especial need of some convenient arrangement, if only for the purpose of serving as a *memoria technica*.

Attempts at a classification of living beings had been made by many naturalists from Aristotle downwards, and amongst the more recent, that of John Ray* (1628–1705) may be honorably distinguished. But it was not till 1735 that a classification was put forward which marked that epoch in the study of natural history above adverted to. It was promulgated by the publication of the *Systema Naturæ* of Linnæus. His genius also did away with that obstacle

* See his *Methodus plantarum nova*, 1682, and his *Animalium quadrupedum et serpentini generis*, 1693.

to natural science, a cumbrous nomenclature, by devising an admirable plan of naming.* He divided all living creatures into two great series of successively subordinate groups (one series of animals, the other of plants), the animal and vegetable kingdoms. He defined his various groups of either kingdom by certain resemblances and differences in form and structure, and though his arrangement of plants has been mainly discarded, and his arrangement of animals much changed, and further subdivided, yet the principles he introduced and many parts of his actual classification have been and will be maintained. For his reform in nomenclature above referred to we owe him hearty thanks. Till then, the mode of naming animals and plants was at once cumbrous and little instructive, a descriptive phrase † being often employed to designate a particular kind.

The system of naming which Linnæus devised was a binomial system which is now universally adopted. By it every kind of living creature bears a name made up of two words. These (like the family and Christian names of a man)‡ indicate two things. The word which comes first indicates to which smaller group or "genus" the designated animal belongs. The second word indicates which kind or "species" (out of the few or many kinds of which such smallest group or "genus" may be composed) of the genus the designated animal may be. Thus, for example, the name borne by the sheep is *Ovis aries*—that is to say, it is the kind *aries* of the group, or genus, *ovis*. The word pointing out the group to which the animal is referred is termed the "generic" name; the word pointing out the kind is called the "specific" name—*Ovis* being the name of the genus and *aries* being peculiar to the species. This great reform has been of very great benefit to the study of natural history.

As has been already remarked, Linnæus's classification of animals and his classification of plants have not shared the same fate. The former has been modified and enlarged, the latter has been discarded. For this there has been a valid reason. Classifications may be of many sorts. We may classify any one given set of objects in a variety of ways according to the way we choose to consider them.

But there are two fundamental differences with respect to classification. An arrangement may be intended merely for convenient reference, or it may be intended to group the creatures classified according to their real affinities. A classification intended merely for convenient reference may be made to depend upon characters arbitrarily chosen and easily seen, and which may stand alone and not coincide with a number of other distinctions. For example, when beasts were arranged in a group of "quadrupeds" (having for their common character the possession of four limbs), such an arrangement excluded from the group whales and porpoises (which are really most closely related to other beasts), while it included lizards and frogs, which are of natures very distinct both from beasts and from one another. But a classification may be made to rest on distinctive characters, which coincide with a great number of other distinctions, and so lead to the association of creatures which are really alike, and which will be found to present a greater and greater number of common characters the more thoroughly they are examined. A system of classification of this latter kind is called a "natural system," because it represents and leads us directly to understand the inter-relations of different creatures as they really exist in Nature.

A natural system has also other advantages; it not only serves as a *memoria technica* as well as a mere artificial system may do, but it also serves (since it must become modified in details as our knowledge increases) as a register of the knowledge existing at the time of its promulgation, and also as a help to discovery; for since by such a system

* Promulgated by him in the tenth edition of his *Systema Naturæ*, published at Stockholm in 1758.

† Thus, for example, one kind of bat was called by Seba, "*canis volans ternatanus orientalis*," and a kingfisher is termed "*todus viridis pectore rubro rostro recto*."

‡ It is not improbable that Linnæus was influenced in this reform by the then recent introduction of family names into Sweden. His father was the first of his race to take one, and he chose the name Linnæus as his surname.

these animals are grouped together by a great number of common characters, it leads us (when any new animal or plant comes under our notice) to seek for certain phenomena when once we have observed others with which such expected phenomena are, according to our supposed classification, associated. Thus a natural system serves to guide us in the path of investigation. Now Linnæus's classification of animals was, to a considerable extent, natural, and therefore has, to a considerable extent, persisted. But his classification of plants reposed upon variations in the more internal (reproductive) parts of flowers (stamens and pistil) as other anterior and less celebrated systems had reposed on the form of the colored parts of flowers,* or on such parts together with their green envelope † (or calyx), or only upon the form of the fruit.‡ The genius of Linnæus was not, however, blind to the imperfection of his own classification, for he himself proclaimed § that a natural system "was the one great desideratum of botanical science."

The desideratum was supplied at a memorable era. In 1789 Antony Jussieu‖ inaugurated this botanical revolution by publishing his *Genera Plantarum*, and therein that natural system of classification of plants which has since (with but small modification) been generally adopted.

The great French naturalist, Buffon, did not live to witness the publication of the last-mentioned work. Had he lived to study it, he might have gained a truer insight into the importance of biological classification, and have endeavored to improve on Linnæus's system, instead of contenting himself with criticising and despising it. In spite of his defective appreciation of the importance of a good arrangement and nomenclature, Buffon greatly aided the progress of Natural History, not only by his eloquent descriptions of the animal world and his zeal for the discovery of new forms, but still more by his suggestive speculations. Amongst these latter may be mentioned his theories of the earth, of the process of generation, his view as to the relations between the animals of the old world and of the new, and, most striking of all, his enunciation of the probability that species had been transformed and modified. In spite of much that was erroneous in his ideas his suggestions have borne good fruit.

Almost simultaneously with the promulgation of a natural system of plants, George Cuvier was laboring to complete a zoological task similar to the botanical one effected by Jussieu. Cuvier, availing himself of the work of Linnæus, elaborated his *Règne Animal*,* and carried zoology by his untiring researches and encyclopædic knowledge to the highest perfection possible in his day. He did this not only as regards living kinds, but also with respect to extinct species,† which he, for the first time, restored in imagination, giving figures of what were their probable external forms. As then, Linnæus, by his nomenclature and system of zoological classification, made one important step in the progress of modern biology, so a second step was effected by the arrangement of all known animals and plants, in a truly natural system, by Jussieu and Cuvier.

A further advance was at the same time rapidly approaching, for simultaneously with the perfecting of the knowledge of structural anatomy as so many matters of fact, a movement of deep significance was stirring the minds of men in Germany—a movement which resulted in the birth of what has been called "philosophical anatomy." With this, the names of Oken, Goethe, Geoffrey St. Hilaire, and Owen are, with others, indissolubly associated. According to this "philosophical anatomy," it is pos-

* Rivinus, 1690. † Magnol, 1720.
‡ Kamel, 1693. § Phil. Bot. 77.
‖ The botanical expert will of course understand that what is due to Antony Jussieu's uncle Bernard is not here forgotten; but however great was his merit and preponderant his share in producing the grand result, it was none the less by the nephew that these results were embodied and published in the work above referred to.

* The first edition of the *Règne Animal* did not appear till 1817, but a preliminary work in one volume, entitled "Tableau Elémentaire de l'Histoire Naturelle des Animaux," appeared in Paris in 1798.

† His first treatise on fossils was his Memoir on Megalonyx, published in 1796. From that time he continued to publish memoirs on fossil forms, till in 1811 his classical work, the "Ossemens Fossiles," made its appearance.

sible for men, from a judicious study of living creatures, to gather a conception of certain formative "ideas" which have governed the production of all animals and vegetables. These ideas were conceived as either ideas in God or as ideas existing somehow in a Pantheistic universe. The "ideas" were supposed to be nowhere actually realized in the world around us, but to be approximated to in various degrees and ways by the forms of living creatures. The naturalists of this school triumphantly refuted the old notion that all the structures of living beings were sufficiently explained by their wants. Thus they pointed out the absurdity of supposing that the bones of the embryo's skull originate in a much subdivided condition, in order to facilitate parturition, when the skulls of young birds, which are hatched from eggs, also arise in a similarly subdivided condition. Many other similar popular instances of final causation in animal structure they similarly explained away. Some of the views put forth by leaders of the movement—as, for example, by Oken—were extremely fantastic,* and were connected with the philosophic dreams of Hegel and of Schelling. Other of their views, however, were both significant and fruitful, for they directed special attention to such facts as the presence in some animals of rudimentary structures. Rudimentary structures are minute structures which some animals have (*e.g.*, the wing bones of the New Zealand Apteryx), and which are miniature representatives of parts which are of large size and of great use in other animals. Other such significant facts are those of animal development, as when Goethe discovered in the skull of the human fœtus a separate bone of the jaw, which is no longer separate even at birth, and which, before his time, was supposed only to exist in lower animals.

Thus fresh interest was lent to a most important study, which may be said to have been initiated by Caspar Friedrich Wolff,† which was further developed by Pander‡ and Döllinger, and carried to great perfection by Van Baer* and Rathke. The study in question was that of animal development—that is, a study of the phases which different animals go through in advancing from the egg to their adult condition. It had of course been long known to all that such animals as the frog and the butterfly undergo great changes during this process, but the study of development revealed to us the strange fact that animals generally, before birth, also undergo great changes, during which each such creature transitorily resembles the permanent condition of other creatures of an inferior grade of organisation.

Philosophical anatomy and the study of development were both highly provocative of research, tending as they did to destroy conceptions on which men's minds had previously reposed, without at the same time substituting any other satisfactory and enduring mental resting-place. They thus prepared the way for that great modern advance—the conception of organic evolution, or the development from time to time of new kinds of animals and plants by ordinary natural processes—a conception the promulgation and general acceptance of which constitutes another great epoch in the cultivation of Natural History.

But as the Linnæan movement was despised by Buffon, so was philosophical anatomy despised by Cuvier. Each of these great naturalists seems to have been so attracted by the brilliance of such faces of the many faceted form of truth as they clearly saw, that they became more or less blinded to other of its faces, in themselves no less brilliant and captivating.

But if philosophical anatomy and the theory of Wolff had to encounter strenuous opposition, still greater was the opposition which met the efforts of those who first asserted organic and specific evolution.

Before the theory of evolution was distinctly enunciated it had its prophetic precursors, even as far back as the days of Aristotle. In modern times, Buffon, as has been already said, threw out suggestions concerning the transformation of species, and Goethe, Geoffrey St.

* Thus he represented the teeth as being the fingers and toes of the head.

† In 1859 in a dissertation as Doctor, at Halle, he put forward his *Theoria Generationis*, embodying very many new and accurate investigations.

‡ "Historia Metamorphoseos," 1817.

* "Entwickelungs-Geschichte der Thiere," 1827–1837.

Hilaire, and Dr. Erasmus Darwin also entertained similar views. But it was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that the doctrine of evolution was (in modern times) unequivocally put forth. It was so put forth by Lamarck* in the year 1802. He declared that all existing animals had been derived from antecedent forms according to an innate law of progression, the action of which had been modified by habit, by cross-breeding, and by the influence of climatic and other surrounding conditions. His views were accepted by few, and encountered much ridicule; but the gradual modifications of opinion which were being brought about by philosophical anatomy and the study of development prepared the way for his more happy successors. After a considerable interval he was followed by Alfred Wallace† and Charles Darwin,‡ who attributed the origin of new species to the occurrence and parental transmission to offspring of indefinite minute variations —no two individuals being ever absolutely alike. Such variations they conceived as taking place in all directions, but as being reduced to certain lines by the destructive agencies of Nature acting upon creatures placed in circumstances of severe competition, owing to the tendency of every kind of organism to increase in a geometrical ratio. This destructive action together with its result was termed by these authors "Natural Selection," but the whole process has been more aptly designated by the phrase, "the survival of the fittest."

The doctrine of evolution, however, has been accepted and advocated by other writers, who deny that "Natural Selection" can be the cause of the origin of species. They say that such origin must be due to whatever produces individual variation, and ultimately to inherent capacities in the organisms themselves. Thus Owen* has declared that "derivation holds that every species changes in time, by virtue of inherent tendencies thereto;" and Theophilus Parsons,† of Harvard University, in 1860, put forth a similar view. In this country the same theory was independently put forward and advocated at much length in 1870‡ by the author of the present paper. In the work referred to, the objections to "Natural Selection" were fully gone into,§ and the theory maintained that external stimuli so act on internal predisposing tendencies as to determine by direct seminal modification the evolution of new specific forms.

We may then conceive the evolution of new specific forms to have been brought about in one or other of the six following ways. The change may have been due:—

(1.) Entirely to the action of surrounding agencies upon organisms which have merely a passive capacity for being indefinitely varied in all directions, but which have no positive inherent tendencies to vary, whether definitely or indefinitely.

(2.) Entirely to innate tendencies in each organism to vary in certain definite directions.

(3.) Partly to innate tendencies to vary indefinitely in all directions, and partly to limiting tendencies of surrounding conditions, which check variations, save in directions which happen accidentally to be favorable to the organisms which vary.

(4.) Partly to innate tendencies to vary indefinitely in all directions, and partly to external influences which not only limit but actively stimulate and promote variation.

(5.) Partly to tendencies inherent in organisms, to vary definitely in certain directions, and partly

* In his "Researches on the Organization of the Living Bodies" (1802); in his "Philosophie Zoologique" (1809); and also in the introduction to his "Hist. Nat. des Animaux sans Vertebres" (1815).

† Journal of Linnean Society, vol. iii., July 1st, 1858; and "Natural Selection." Macmillan. 1871.

‡ Journal of Linnean Society, vol. iii., July 1st, 1858; and "The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection." John Murray. 1859.

* "Anatomy of Vertebrates," vol. iii. Longmans. 1868.

† American Journal of Science and Art, July, 1860.

‡ "Genesis of Species." Macmillan. 1870.

§ See also "Lessons from Nature." J. Murray.

to external influences acting only by restriction and limitation on variation.

(6.) Partly to innate tendencies to vary definitely in certain directions, and partly to external influences which, in some respects, act restrictively, and in other respects act as a stimulus to variation.

It is this last hypothesis which appears to have the balance of evidence in its favor.

But whatever view may be accepted as to the *mode* of evolution, a belief in the *fact* of evolution has given an impulse to natural science the effect of which can hardly be over-estimated. By this belief the sciences which relate to life have been all more or less modified, for light has been thrown by it on many curious facts concerning the geographical and geological distribution of animals and plants. The presence of apparently useless structures—such as the wing of the Apteryx (before referred to) or the fœtal teeth of whales which never cut the gum—become explicable as the diminished representatives of large and useful structures present in their more or less remote ancestors.

The curious likenesses which underlie superficial differences between animals become also explicable through "evolution."

That the skeleton of the arm of man, the wing of the bat, the paddle of the whale, and the fore-leg of the horse should each be formed on the same type is thus easily to be understood. The butterfly and the shrimp, different as they are in appearance and mode of life, are yet constructed on one common plan, of which they constitute diverging manifestations. No *à priori* reason is conceivable why such similarities should be necessary, but they are easily explicable if the animals in question are the modified descendants of some ancient common ancestor. We here, then, see an explanation—possibly complete—of the theories of philosophical anatomy. That curious series of metamorphoses which constitutes each animal's development, as recently explained, also receives a new explanation if we may regard such changes as an abbreviated record or history of the actual transformation each animal's ancestors may have undergone. Finally, by evolution we can understand the singularly complex resemblances borne by every adult animal and plant to a certain number of other animals and plants. It is through these resemblances alone that the received systems of classification of plants and animals have been possible; and such classifications viewed in the light of evolution assume the form of genealogical trees of animal and vegetable descent. We have thus a number of facts and laws of the most varied kind upon which evolution throws a new light, and serves to more or less clearly explain. Evidently, then, with the acceptance of the theory of evolution, the natural history of animals and plants needs to be rewritten from the standpoint thus gained. And though there is no finality in science, yet there is much reason to suppose that a long period will elapse before any new modification of biological science occurs as great as that which has been and is being effected through the theory in question. —*Contemporary Review.*

A SPEECH AT ETON.*

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE philosopher Epictetus, who had a school at Nicopolis in Epirus at the end of the first century of our era, thus apostrophizes a young gentleman whom he supposes to be applying to him for education :—

"Young sir, at home you have been at fisticuffs with the man-servant, you have turned the house upside-down, you have been a nuisance to the neighbors; and do you come here with the composed face of a sage, and mean to sit in judgment upon the lesson, and to criticise my want of point? You have en-

* Address delivered to the Eton Literary Society.

tered here with envy and chagrin in your heart, humiliated at not getting your allowance paid you from home; and you sit with your mind full, in the intervals of the lecture, of how your father behaves to you, and how your brother. What are the people down at home saying about me?—They are thinking: Now he is getting on! they are saying: He will come home a walking dictionary!—Yes, and I should like to go home a walking dictionary; but then there is a deal of work required, and nobody sends me anything, and the bathing here at Nicopolis is dirty and nasty; things are all bad at home, and all bad here."

Nobody can say that the bathing at Eton is dirty and nasty. But at Eton, as at Nicopolis, the moral disposition in which the pupil arrives at school, the thoughts and habits which he brings with him from home and from the social order in which he moves, must necessarily affect his power of profiting by what his schoolmasters have to teach him. This necessity is common to all schooling. You cannot escape from it here, no more could they at Nicopolis. Epictetus, however, was fully persuaded that what he had to teach was valuable if the mental and moral frame of his pupils were but healthy enough to permit them to profit by it. I hope the Eton masters have the same conviction as to the native value of what they teach. But you know how many doubters and deniers of the value of a classical education we nowadays meet with. Let us put aside all that is said of the idleness, extravagance, and self-indulgence of the schoolboy: this may pair off with the complaint of Epictetus about the unsatisfactory moral state of his pupil. But with us there are many people who go on and say: "And when the schoolboy, in our public schools, does learn, he learns nothing that is worth knowing." It is not of the Eton schoolboy only that this is said, but of the public schoolboy generally. We are all in the same boat, all of us in whose schooling the Greek and Latin classics fill the principal place. And it avails nothing that you try and appease the gainsayer by now acquainting yourselves with the diameter of the sun and moon, and with all sorts of matters which to us of an earlier and ruder generation were unknown. So long as the Greek and Latin classics continue to fill, as they do fill, the chief place in your school-work, the gainsayer is implacable and sticks to his sentence: "When the boy does learn, he learns nothing that is worth knowing."

Amidst all this disparagement, one may well ask oneself nervously what is really to be said on behalf of studies over which so much of our time is spent, and for which we have, many of us, contracted a fondness. And after much consideration I have arrived at certain conclusions, which for my own use I find sufficient, but which are of such extreme simplicity that one ought to hesitate, perhaps, before one produces them to other people. However, such as they are, I have been led to bring them out more than once, and I will very briefly rehearse them now. It seems to me that what a man seeks through his education is to get to know himself and the world; that for this knowledge it is before all things necessary that he acquaint himself with the best which has been thought and said in the world; finally, that of this best the classics of Greece and Rome form a very chief portion, and the portion most entirely satisfactory. With these conclusions lodged safe in one's mind, one is staunch on the side of the humanities. And in the same spirit of simplicity in which these conclusions have been reached, I proceed further. People complain that the significance of the classics which we read at school is not enough brought out, that the whole order and sense of that world from which they issue is not seized and held up to view. Well, but the best, in literature, has the quality of being in itself formative—silently formative; of bringing out its own significance as we read it. It is better to read a masterpiece much, even if one does that only, than to read it a little and to be told a great deal about its significance and about the development and sense of the world from which it issues. Sometimes what one is told about the significance of a work, and about the development of a world, is extremely questionable. At any rate, a schoolboy, who, as they did in the times of ignorance at Eton, read his Homer and Horace through, and then read them

through again, and so went on until he knew them by heart, is not, in my opinion, so very much to be pitied.

Still that sounding phrase, "the order and sense of a world," sends a kind of thrill through us when we hear it, especially when the world spoken of is a thing so great and so interesting as the Græco-Roman world of antiquity. If we are not deluded by it into thinking that to read fine talk about our classical documents is as good as to read the documents themselves, the phrase is one which we may with advantage lay to heart. I remember being struck, long ago, with a remark on the Greek poet Theognis by Goethe, who did not know Greek well and had to pick out its meaning by the help of a Latin translation, but who brought to everything he read his powerful habits of thought and criticism. "When I first read Theognis," says Goethe, in substance, "I thought him querulous and morbid, and disliked him. But when I came to know how entirely his poetry proceeded from the real circumstances of his life, from the situation of parties in Megara, his native city, and from the effects of that situation upon himself and his friends, then I read him with quite another feeling." How very little do any of us treat the poetry of Theognis in that fashion! was my thought after reading Goethe's criticism. And earlier still I remember being struck at hearing a schoolfellow, who had left the sixth form at Rugby for Cambridge, and who had fallen in somewhere with one of Bunsen's sons, who is now a member of the German Parliament—at hearing this schoolfellow contrast the training of George Bunsen, as we then called him, with our own. Perhaps you think that at Rugby, which is often spoken of, though quite erroneously, as a sort of opposition establishment to Eton, we treated the classics in a high philosophical way, and traced the sequence of things in ancient literature, when you at Eton professed nothing of the kind. But hear the criticism of my old schoolfellow. "It is wonderful," said he; "not only can George Bunsen construe his Herodotus, but he has a view of the place of Herodotus in literary history, a thing none of us ever thought about." My friend spoke the truth; but even then, as I listened to him, I felt emotion at hearing of the place of Herodotus in literary history. Yes, not only to be able to read the admirable works of classical literature, but to conceive also that Græco-Roman world, which is so mighty a factor in our own world, our own life, to conceive it as a whole of which we can trace the sequence and the sense and the connection with ourselves, this does undoubtedly also belong to a classical education, rightly understood.

But even here, too, a plain person can proceed, if he likes, with great simplicity. As Goethe says of life: Strike into it anywhere, lay hold of it anywhere, it is always powerful and interesting—so one may almost say of classical literature. Strike into it where you like, lay hold of it where you like, you can nearly always find a thread which will lead you, if you follow it, to large and instructive results. Let us to-night follow a single Greek word in this fashion, and try to compensate ourselves, however imperfectly, for having to divert our thoughts, just for one lecture, from the diameter of the sun and moon.

The word I will take is the word *eutrapelos*, *eutrapelia*. Let us consider it first as it occurs in the famous funeral oration put by Thucydides into the mouth of Pericles. The word stands there for one of the chief of those qualities which have made Athens, says Pericles, "the school of Greece"; for a quality by which Athens is eminently representative of what is called Hellenism: the quality of flexibility. "A happy and gracious flexibility," Pericles calls this quality of the Athenians; and it is no doubt a charming gift. Lucidity of thought, clearness and propriety of language, freedom from prejudice, freedom from stiffness, openness of mind, amiability of manners, all these seem to go along with a certain happy flexibility of nature, and to depend upon it. Nor does this suppleness and flexibility of nature at all necessarily imply, as we English are apt to suppose, a relaxed moral fibre and weakness. In the Athenian of the best time it did not. "In the Athenians," says Professor Curtius, "the sense of energy abhorred every kind of waste of time, their sense of

measure abhorred bombast and redundancy, and their clear intelligence everything partaking of obscurity or vagueness; it was their habit in all things to advance directly and resolutely to the goal. Their dialect is characterised by a superior seriousness, manliness, and vigor of language."

There is no sign of relaxation of moral fibre here; and yet, at the same time, the Athenians were eminent for a happy and gracious flexibility. That quality, as we all know, is not a characteristic quality of the Germanic nations, to which we ourselves belong. Men are educable, and when we read of the abhorrence of the Attic mind for redundancy and obscurity of expression, its love for direct and telling speech, and then think of modern German, we may say with satisfaction that the circumstances of our life have at any rate educated us into the use of straightforward and vigorous forms of language. But they have not educated us into flexibility. All around us we may observe proofs of it. The state of Ireland is a proof of it. We are rivals with Russia in Central Asia, and at this moment it is particularly interesting to note how the want of just this one Athenian quality of flexibility seems to tell against us in our Asiatic rivalry with Russia. "Russia," observes one who is perhaps the first of living geographers—an Austrian, Herr von Hellwald—"possesses far more shrewdness, *flexibility*, and congeniality than England; qualities adapted to make the Asiatic more tractable." And again: "There can be no dispute which of the two, England or Russia, is the more civilized nation. But it is just as certain that the highly-civilized English understand but indifferently how to raise their Asiatic subjects to their own standard of civilisation, whilst the Russians attain, with their much lower standard of civilisation, far greater results amongst the Asiatic tribes, whom they know how to assimilate in the most remarkable manner. Of course they can only bring them to the same level which they have reached themselves; but the little which they can and do communicate to them counts actually for much more than the great boons which the English do not know how to impart. Under the auspices of Russia the advance in civilisation amongst the Asiatics is indeed slow and inconsiderable, but steady, and suitable to their natural capacities and the disposition of their race. On the other hand, they remain indifferent to British civilisation, which is absolutely incomprehensible to them."

Our word "flexibility" has here carried us a long way, carried us to Turkestan and the valleys of the Jaxartes and Oxus. Let us get back to Greece, at any rate. The generation of Pericles is succeeded by the generation of Plato and Aristotle. Still the charming and Athenian quality of *eutrapelia* continues to be held in high esteem. Only the word comes to stand more particularly for flexibility and felicity in the give-and-take of gay and light social intercourse. With Aristotle it is one of the virtues; the virtue of him who in this pleasant sort of intercourse, so relished by the Greeks, manages exactly to hit the happy and right mean, the virtue opposed to buffoonery on the one side, and to morose rusticity, or clownishness, on the other. It is in especial the virtue of the young, and is akin to the grace and charm of youth. When old men try to adapt themselves to the young, says Plato, they betake themselves, in imitation of the young, to *eutrapelia* and pleasantry.

Four hundred years pass, and we come to the date of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The word *eutrapelia* rises in the mind of the writer of that Epistle. It rises to St. Paul's mind, and he utters it; but in how different a sense from the praising and admiring sense in which we have seen the word used by Thucydides and Aristotle! *Eutrapelia*, which once stood for that eminently Athenian and Hellenic virtue of happy and gracious flexibility, now conveys this favorable sense no longer, but is ranked with filthiness and foolish talking among things which are not convenient. Like these, it is not to be once named among the followers of God: "neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting (*eutrapelia*), which are not convenient."

This is an extraordinary change, you will say. But now, as we have descended four hundred years from Aristotle to St. Paul, let us ascend, not four hundred, not quite even one hundred years,

from Thucydides to Pindar. The religious Theban poet, we shall see (and the thing is surely very remarkable), speaks of the quality of *eutrapelia* in the same disapproving and austere way as the writer of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The young and noble Jason appears at Iolcos, and being questioned about himself by Pelias, he answers that he has been trained in the nurture and admonition of the old and just Centaur, Chiron. "From his cave I come, from Chariclo and Philyra, his stainless daughters, who there nursed me. These twenty years am I with them, and there hath been found in me neither deed nor word that is not convenient; and now, behold, I am come home, that I may recover my father's kingdom." The adjective *eutrapelos*, as it is here used in connection with its two nouns, means exactly a word or deed, in Biblical phrase, *of vain lightness*, a word or deed *such as is not convenient*.

There you have the history of the varying use of the words *eutrapelos*, *eutrapelia*. And now see how this varying use gives us a clue to the order and sense, as we say, of all that Greek world, so nearly and wonderfully connected with us, so profoundly interesting for us, so full of precious lessons.

We must begin with generalities, but we will try not to lose ourselves in them, and not to remain amongst them long. Human life and human society arise, we know, out of the presence in man of certain needs, certain instincts, and out of the constant endeavor of these instincts to satisfy and develop themselves. We may briefly sum them up, these needs or instincts, as being, first and foremost, a general instinct of expansion; then, as being instincts following diverse great lines, which may be conveniently designated as the lines of conduct, of intellect and knowledge, of beauty, of social life and manners. Some lines are more in view and more in honor at one time, some at another. Some men and some nations are more eminent on one line, some on another. But the final aim, of making our own and of harmoniously combining the powers to be reached on each and all of these great lines, is the ideal of human life. And our race is for ever recalled to this aim, and held fast to it, by the instinct of self-preservation in humanity.

The ideal of human life being such as it is, all these great and diverse powers to the attainment of which our instincts, as we have seen, impel us, hang together; cannot be truly possessed and employed in isolation. Yet it is convenient, owing to the way in which we find them actually exhibiting themselves in human life and in history, to treat them separately, and to make distinctions of rank amongst them. In this view, we may say that the power of conduct is the greatest of all the powers now named; that it is three-fourths of life. And wherever much is founded amongst men, there the power of conduct has surely been present and at work, although of course there may be and are, along with it, other powers too.

Now, then, let us look at the beginnings of that Greece to which we owe so much, and which we may almost, so far as our intellectual life is concerned, call the mother of us all. "So well has she done her part," as the Athenian Isocrates truly says of her, "that the name of Greeks seems no longer to stand for a race, but to stand for intelligence itself, and they who share in Hellenic culture are called Greeks even before those who are merely of Hellenic blood." The beginnings of this wonderful Greece, what are they?

Greek history begins for us, as I have more than once had occasion to say, with the sanctuaries of Tempe and Delphi, and with the Apolline worship and priesthood which in those sanctuaries under Olympus and Parnassus established themselves. The northern sanctuary of Tempe soon yielded to Delphi as the centre of national Hellenic life and of Apolline religion. We are accustomed to think of Apollo as the awakener and nourisher of what is called genius. And so from the very first the Greeks, too, considered him. But in those earliest days of Hellas, and at Delphi, where the hardy and serious tribes of the Dorian highlands made their influence felt, Apollo was not only the nourisher of genius, he was also the author of every higher moral effort. He was the prophet of his father Zeus, in the highest view of Zeus, as the source of the

ideas of moral order and of right. For to this higher significance had the names of Zeus and Phœbus—names originally derived from sun and air—gradually risen. They had come to designate a Father, the source of the ideas of moral order and of right; and a Son, his prophet purifying and inspiring the soul with these ideas, and also with the idea of intellectual beauty.

Now the ideas of moral order and of right which are in human nature, and which are, indeed, a main part of human life, were especially, we are told, a treasure possessed by the less gay and more solitary tribes in the mountains of Northern Greece. These Dorian tribes were Delphi's first pupils. And the graver view of life, the thoughts which give depth and solemnity to man's consciousness, the moral ideas, in short, of conduct and righteousness, were the governing elements in the manner of spirit propagated from Delphi. The words written up on the temple there called all comers to *soberness and righteousness*. The Doric and Æolic Pindar felt profoundly this severe influence of Delphi. It is not to be considered as an influence at war with the idea of intellectual beauty—to mention the name of Pindar is in itself sufficient to show how little this was, or could be, the case. But it was above all an influence charged with the ideas of moral order and of right. And there were confronting these Dorian founders of Hellas, and well known to them, and connected with them in manifold ways, other Greeks of a very different spiritual type; the Asiatic Greeks of Ionia, full of brilliancy and mobility, but over whom the ideas of moral order and of right had too little power, and who could never succeed in founding among themselves a serious and powerful state. It was evident that the great source of the incapacity which accompanied, in these Ionians of Asia, so much brilliancy, that the great enemy in them to the *Halt*, as Goethe calls it, the steadiness, which moral natures so highly prize, was their extreme mobility of spirit, their gay lightness, their *eutrapelia*. For Pindar, therefore, the word *eutrapelos*, expressing easy flexibility and mobility, becomes a word of stern opprobrium, and conveys the reproach of vain folly.

The Athenians were Ionians. But they were Ionians transplanted to Hellas, and who had breathed, as a Hellenic state, the air of Delphi, that bracing atmosphere of the ideas of moral order and of right. In this atmosphere the Athenians, Ionian as they were, imbibed influences of character and steadiness which for a long while balanced their native vivacity and mobility, distinguished them profoundly from the Ionians of Asia, and gave them men like Aristeides.

Still, the Athenians were Ionians. They had the Ionian quickness and flexibility, the Ionian turn for gaiety, wit, and fearless thinking, the Ionian impatience of restraint. This nature of theirs asserted itself, first of all, as an impatience of *false* restraint. It asserted itself in opposition to the real faults of the Dorian spirit, faults which became more and more manifest as time went on; to the unprogressiveness of this spirit, to its stiffness, hardness, narrowness, prejudice, want of insight, want of amiability. And in real truth, by the time of Pericles, Delphi, the great creation of the Dorian spirit, had broken down, and was a witness to that spirit's lack of a real power of life and growth. Bribes had discredited the sanctity of Delphi; seriousness and vital power had left it. It had come to be little more than a name, and what continued to exist there was merely a number of forms.

Now, then, was the turn of the Athenians. With the idea of conduct, so little grasped by the Ionians of Asia, still deeply impressed on their soul, they freely and joyfully called forth also that pleasure in life, that love of clear thinking and of fearless discussion, that gay social temper, that ease and lightness, that gracious flexibility, which were in their nature. These were their gifts, and they did well to bring them forth; the gifts are in themselves gifts of great price, like those other gifts contributed by the primitive and serious Dorian tribes, their rivals. Man has to advance, we have seen, along several lines, and he does well to advance along them. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

And at this moment Thucydides, a man in whom the old virtue and the new reason were in just balance, has put into the mouth of Pericles, another man of the same kind, an encomium on the modern spirit, as we may call it, of which Athens was the representative. By the mouth of Pericles, Thucydides condemned old-fashioned narrowness and illiberality. He applauded enjoyment of life. He applauded freedom from restraint. He applauded clear and fearless thinking; the resolute bringing of our actions to the rule of reason. His expressions on this point greatly remind me of the fine saying of one of your own worthies, "the ever memorable Mr. John Hales, of Eton College." "I comprise it all," says Hales, "in two words: *what* and *wherefore*. That part of your burden which contains *what*, you willingly take up. But that other, which comprehends *why*, that is either too hot or too heavy; you dare not meddle with it. But I must add that also to your burden, or else I must leave you for idle persons; for without the knowledge of *why*, of the grounds or reasons of things, there is no possibility of not being deceived." It seems to me probable that Hales had here in his mind the words of the Funeral Oration: "We do not esteem discussion a hurt to action; what we consider mischievous is rather the setting oneself to work without first getting the guidance of reason." Finally, Thucydides applauded the quality of nature which above all others made the Athenians the men for the new era, and he used the word *eutrapelos* in its proper and natural sense, to denote the quality of happy and gracious flexibility. Somewhat narrowed, so as to mean especially flexibility and adroitness in light social intercourse, but still employed in its natural and favorable sense, the word descends, as we saw, to Plato and Aristotle. Isocrates speaks of the quality as one which the old school regarded with alarm and disapproval; but nevertheless, for him too the word has evidently, in itself, just the same natural and favorable sense which it has for Aristotle and Plato.

I quoted, just now, some words from the Book of Ecclesiastes, one of the wisest and one of the worst understood books in the Bible. Let us hear how the writer goes on after the words which I quoted. He proceeds thus: "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun; yea, if a man live many years, let him rejoice in them all; and let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. All that is to come is vanity. Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." The old rigid order breaks down, a new power appears on the scene; it is the Athenian genius, with its freedom from restraint, its flexibility, its bold reason, its keen enjoyment of life. Well, let it try what it can do. Up to a certain point it is clearly in the right; possibly it may be in the right altogether. Let it have free play, and show what it can do. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Whether the old line is good, or the new line, or whether they are both of them good, and must both of them be used, cannot be known without trying. Let the Athenians try, therefore, and let their genius have full swing. "Rejoice; walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." In other words: Your enjoyment of life, your freedom from restraint, your clear and bold reason, your flexibility, are natural and excellent · but on condition that you know how to live with them, that you make a real success of them.

And a man like Pericles or Phidias seemed to afford promise that Athens would know how to make a real success of her qualities, and that an alliance between the old morality and the new freedom might be, through the admirable Athenian genius, happily established. And with such promise before his eyes a serious man like Thucydides might well give to the new freedom the high and warm praise which we see given to it in the Funeral Oration.

But it soon became evident that the

balance between the old morality and the new freedom was not to be maintained, and that the Athenians had the defects, as the saying is, of their qualities. Their minds were full of other things than those ideas of moral order and of right on which primitive Hellas had formed itself, and of which they themselves had, in the shadow of the Parnassian sanctuary, once deeply felt the power. These ideas lost their predominance. The predominance for Athens—and, indeed, for Hellas at large —of a national religion of righteousness, of grave ideas of conduct and moral order, outweighing all other ideas, disappeared with the decline of Delphi, never to return. Not only did these ideas lose exclusive predominance, they lost all due weight. Still, indeed, they inspired poetry; and after inspiring the great Attic poets, Æschylus and Sophocles, they inspired the great Attic philosophers, Socrates and Plato. But the Attic nation, the Hellenic people, could not manage to keep its mind bent sufficiently upon them. The Attic nation had its mind set on other things. It threw itself ardently upon other lines, which man, indeed, has to follow, which had not been enough followed, of which it strongly felt the attraction, and on which it had rare gifts for excelling. It gave its heart to those powers which we have designated, for the sake of brevity and convenience, as those of expansion, intellect, beauty, social life and manners. It allowed itself to be diverted and distracted from attention to conduct, and to the ideas which inspire conduct.

It was not that the old religious beliefs of Greece, to which the ideas that inspire conduct had attached themselves, did not require to be transformed by the new spirit. They did. The greatest and best Hellenic souls, Anaxagoras, Pericles, Phidias, Sophocles, Socrates, Plato, felt, and rightly felt, that they did. The judicious historian of Greece, whom I have already quoted, Professor Curtius, says expressly: "The popular faith was everywhere shaken, and a life resting simply on the traditionary notions was no longer possible. A dangerous rupture was at hand, unless the ancient faith were purged and elevated in such a manner as to meet the wants of the age. Mediators in this sense appeared in the persons of the great poets of Athens." Yes, they appeared; but the current was setting too strongly another way. Poetry itself, after the death of Sophocles, "was seized," says Professor Curtius, "by the same current which dissolved the foundations of the people's life, and which swept away the soil wherein the emotions of the classical period had been rooted. The old perished; but the modern age, with all its readiness in thought and speech, was incapable of creating a new art as a support to its children."

Socrates was so penetrated with the new intellectual spirit that was called a sophist. But the great effort of Socrates was to recover that firm foundation for human life which a misuse of the new intellectual spirit was rendering impossible. He effected much more for after times, and for the world, than for his own people. His amount of success with Alcibiades may probably be taken as giving us well enough the measure of his success with the Athenian people at large. "As to the susceptibility of Alcibiades," we are told, "Socrates had not come too late, for he still found in him a youthful soul, susceptible of high inspirations. But to effect in him a permanent reaction, and a lasting and fixed change of mind, was beyond the power even of a Socrates." Alcibiades oscillated and fell away, and the Athenian people, too, oscillated and fell away.

So it came to pass, that after Æschylus had sadly raised his voice to deprecate "unblessed freedom from restraint," and after complaints had been heard, again and again, of the loss of "the ancient morality and piety," of "the old elements of Hellas, reflexion and moderation, discipline and social morality," it came to pass that finally, at the end of the Peloponnesian war, "one result," the historian tells us, "one result alone admitted of no doubt; and that was, the horribly rapid progress of the demoralisation of the Hellenic nation."

Years and centuries rolled on, and the Hellenic genius issued forth invading and vanquishing with Alexander; and then, when Rome had afterwards conquered Greece, conquered the conquer-

ors, and overspread the civilised world. And still, joined to all the gifts and graces which that admirable genius brought with it, there went, as a kind of fatal accompaniment, moral inadequacy. And if one asked why this was so, it seemed as if it could only be because the power of seriousness, of tenacious grasp upon grave and moral ideas, was wanting. And this again seemed as if it could only have for its cause, that these Hellenic natures were, in respect to their impressionability, mobility, flexibility, under the spell of a graceful but dangerous fairy, who would not let it be otherwise. "Lest thou shouldst ponder the path of life," says the Wise Man, "*her ways are moveable, that thou canst not know them.*" Then the new and reforming spirit, which was rising in the world, turned sternly upon this gracious flexibility, changed the sense of its name, branded it with infamy, and classed it, along with "filthiness and foolish talking," among "things which are not convenient."

Now, there you have the historical course of our words *eutrapelos*, *eutrapelia*, and a specimen of the range, backwards and forwards, which a single phrase in one of our Greek or Latin classics may have.

And I might go yet further, and might show you, in the mediæval world, *eutrapelia*, or flexibility, quite banished, clear straightforward Attic thinking quite lost; restraint, stoppage, and prejudice regnant. And coming down to our own times, I might show you fearless thinking and flexibility once more, after many vicissitudes, coming into honor; and again, perhaps, not without their accompaniment of danger. And the moral from all this—apart from the moral that in our classical studies we may everywhere find clues which will lead us a long way—the moral is, not that flexibility is a bad thing, but that the Greek flexibility was really not flexible enough, because it could not enough bend itself to the moral ideas which are so large a part of life. Here, I say, is the true moral: that man has to make progress along diverse lines, in obedience to a diversity of aspirations and powers, the sum of which is truly his nature; and that he fails and falls short until he learns to advance upon them all, and to advance upon them harmoniously.

Yes, this is the moral, and we all need it, and no people more than ours. We so easily think that life is all on one line! Our nation, for instance, is above all things a political nation, and is apt to make far too much of politics. Many of us—though not many, I suppose,[1] of you here—are Liberals, and think that that is quite enough for a man. Probably you will have no difficulty in believing, that to be a Liberal is not alone enough for a man, is not saving. One might even take—and with your notions it would probably be a great treat for you—one might take the last century of Athens, and show you a society dying of the triumph of the Liberal party. And then, again, as the young are generous, you might like to give the discomfited Liberals a respite, to let the other side have its turn; and you might consent to be shown, as you could be shown in the age of Trajan and of the Antonines, a society dying of the triumph of the Conservative party. They were excellent people, the Conservative Roman aristocracy of that epoch—excellent, most respectable people, like the Conservatives of our own acquaintance. Only Conservatism, like Liberalism, taken alone, is not sufficient, is not of itself saving.

But you have had enough for one evening. And besides, the tendencies of the present day in education being what they are, before you proceed to have more of this sort of thing, you ought certainly to hear a great many scientific lectures, and to busy yourselves considerably with the diameter of the sun and moon.—*Cornhill Magazine*

THE HISTORY OF GAMES.

BY EDWARD B. TYLOR, LL.D.

BEFORE examining some groups of the higher orders of games, with the view of tracing their course in the world, it will be well to test by a few examples the principles on which we may reason as to their origin and migrations. An intel-

ligent traveller among the Kalmuks, noticing that they play a kind of chess resembling ours, would not for a moment entertain the idea of such an invention having been made more than once, but would feel satisfied that we and they and all chess-players must have had the game from one original source. In this example lies the gist of the ethnological argument from artificial games, that when any such appears in two districts it must have travelled from one to the other, or to both from a common centre. Of course this argument does not apply to all games. Some are so simple and natural that, for all we can tell, they may often have sprung up of themselves, such as tossing a ball or wrestling; while children everywhere imitate in play the serious work of grown-up life, from spearing an enemy down to moulding an earthen pot. The distinctly artificial sports we are concerned with here are marked by some peculiar trick or combination not so likely to have been hit upon twice. Not only complex games like chess and tennis, but even many childish sports, seem well-defined formations, of which the spread may be traced on the map much as the botanist traces his plants from their geographical centres. It may give us confidence in this way of looking at the subject if we put the opposite view to the test of history and geography to see where it fails. Travellers, observing the likeness of children's games in Europe and Asia, have sometimes explained it on this wise: that the human mind being alike everywhere, the same games are naturally found in different lands, children taking to hockey, tops, stilts, kites, and so on, each at its proper season. But if so, why is it that in outlying barbarous countries one hardly finds a game without finding also that there is a civilised nation within reach from whom it may have been learnt. And what is more, how is it that European children knew nothing till a few centuries ago of some of their now most popular sports? For instance, they had no battledore-and-shuttlecock and never flew kites till these games came across from Asia, when they took root at once and became naturalised over Europe. The origin of kite-flying seems to lie somewhere in South-east Asia, where it is a sport even of grown-up men, who fight their kites by making them cut one another's strings, and fly birds and monsters of the most fantastic shapes and colors, especially in China, where old gentlemen may be seen taking their evening stroll, kite-string in hand, as though they were leading pet dogs. The English boy's kite appears thus an instance, not of spontaneous play-instinct, but of the migration of an artificial game from a distant centre. Nor is this all it proves in the history of civilisation. Within a century, Europeans becoming acquainted with the South Sea Islanders found them down to New Zealand adepts at flying kites, which they made of leaves or bark cloth, and called *mánu*, or "bird," flying them in solemn form with accompaniment of traditional chants. It looks as though the toy reached Polynesia through the Malay region, thus belonging to that drift of Asiatic culture which is evident in many other points of South Sea Island life. The geography of another of our childish diversions may be noticed as matching with this. Mr. Wallace relates that being one wet day in a Dayak house in Borneo, he thought to amuse the lads by taking a piece of string to show them *cat's-cradle*, but to his surprise he found that they knew more about it than he did, going off into figures that quite puzzled him. Other Polynesians are skilled in this nursery art, especially the Maoris of New Zealand, who call it *maui* from the name of their national hero, by whom, according to their tradition, it was invented; its various patterns represent canoes, houses, people, and even episodes in Maui's life, such as his fishing up New Zealand from the bottom of the sea. In fact, they have their pictorial history in cat's-cradle, and whatever their traditions may be worth, they stand good to show that the game was of the time of their forefathers, not lately picked up from the Europeans. In the Sandwich Islands and New Zealand it is on record that the natives were found playing a kind of draughts which was not the European game, and which can hardly be accounted for but as another result of the drift of Asiatic civilisation down into the Pacific.

Once started, a game may last on al-

most indefinitely. Among the children's sports of the present day are some which may be traced back toward the limits of historical antiquity, and, for all we know, may have been old then. Among the pictures of ancient Egyptian games in the tombs of Beni Hassan, one shows a player with his head down so that he cannot see what the others are doing with their clenched fists above his back. Here is obviously the game called in English *hot-cockles*, in French *main-chaude*, and better described by its mediæval name of *qui fery?* or "who struck?"—the blindman having to guess by whom he was hit, or with which hand. It was the Greek *kollabismos*, or buffet-game, and carries with it a tragical association in those passages in the Gospels which show it turned to mockery by the Roman soldiers: "And when they had blindfolded him . . . they buffeted him . . . saying, Prophesy unto us, Christ, Who is he that smote thee?" (Luke xxii. 64; Matt. xxvi. 67; Mark xiv. 65.)

Another of the Egyptian pictures plainly represents the game we know by its Italian name of *morra*, the Latin *micatio*, or flashing of the fingers, which has thus lasted on in the Mediterranean districts over three thousand years, handed down through a hundred successive generations who did not improve it, for from the first it was perfect in its fitting into one little niche in human nature. It is the game of guessing addition, the players both at once throwing out fingers and in the same moment shouting their guesses at the total. Morra is the pastime of the drinking-shop in China as in Italy, and may, perhaps, be reckoned among the items of culture which the Chinese have borrowed from the Western barbarians. Though so ancient, morra has in it no touch of prehistoric rudeness, but must owe its origin to a period when arithmetic had risen quite above the savage level. The same is true of the other old arithmetical game, *odd-and-even*, which the poet couples with riding on a stick as the most childish of diversions, "Ludere *par impar*, equitare in arundine longâ." But the child playing it must be of a civilised nation, not of a low barbaric tribe, where no one would think of classing numbers into the odd-and-even series, so that Europeans have even had to furnish their languages with words for these ideas. I asked myself the question whether the ancient Aryans distinguished odd from even, and curiously enough found that an answer had been preserved by the unbroken tradition not of Greek arithmeticians, but of boys at play. A scholiast on the Ploutos of Aristophanes, where the game is mentioned, happens to remark that it was also known as ζυγὰ ἢ ἄζυγα, "yokes or not-yokes." Now this matches so closely in form and sense with the Sanskrit terms for even and odd numbers, *yuj* and *ayuj*, as to be fair evidence that both Hindus and Greeks inherited arithmetical ideas and words familiar to their Aryan ancestors.

Following up the clues that join the play-life of the ancient and modern worlds, let us now look at the ball-play, which has always held its place among sports. Beyond mere tossing and catching, the simplest kind of ball-play is where a ring of players send the ball from hand to hand. This gentle pastime has its well-marked place in history. Thus the ancient Greeks, whose secret of life was to do even trivial things with artistic perfection, delighted in the game of Nausikaa, and on their vases is painted many a scene where ball-play, dance, and song unite in one graceful sport. The ball-dance is now scarcely to be found but as an out-of-the-way relic of old custom; yet it has left curious traces in European languages, where the *ball* (Low Latin *balla*) has given its name to the dance it went with (Italian *ballare*, *ballo*, French *bal*, English *ball*), and even to the song that accompanied the dance (Italian *ballata*, French *ballade*, English *ballad*). The passion of ball-play begins not with this friendly graceful delivery of the ball into the next hand, but when two hostile players or parties are striving each to take or send it away from the other. Thus, on the one hand, there comes into existence the group of games represented by the Greek *harpaston*, or seizing-game, where the two sides struggled to carry off the ball. In Brittany this has been played till modern times with the hay-stuffed *soule* or *sun*-ball, as big as a football, fought for by two communes, each striving to carry it home

over their own border. Émile Souvestre, in his *Derniers Bretons*, has told the last story of this fierce game in the Ponthivy district—how the man who had had his father killed and his own eye knocked out by François surnamed le Souleur, lay in wait for that redoubted champion, and got him down, soule and all, half-way across the boundary stream. The murderous soule-play had to be put down by authority, as it had been years before in Scotland, where it had given rise to the suggestive proverb, "All is fair at the ball of Scone." The other class of hostile ball-games differs from this in the ball having not to be brought to one's own home, but sent to the goal of the other side. In the Greek *epikoinos*, or common-ball, the ball was put on the middle line, and each party tried to seize it and throw it over the adversary's goal-line. This game also lasted on into modern Europe, and our proper English name for it is *hurling*, while *football* also is a variety of it, the great Roman blown leather ball (*follis*) being used instead of the small hand-ball, and kicked instead of thrown. Now as hurling was an ordinary classical game, the ancients need only have taken a stick to drive the ball instead of using hands or feet, and would thus have arrived at *hockey*. But Corydon never seems to have thought of borrowing Phillis's crook for the purpose it would have so exactly suited. No mention of games like hockey appears in the ancient world, and the course of invention which brought them into the modern world is at once unexpected and instructive.

The game known to us as *polo* has been traced by Sir W. Ouseley, in Persia, far back in the Sassanian dynasty, and was at any rate in vogue there before the eighth century. It was played with the long-handled mallet called *chugán*, which Persian word came to signify also the game played with it. This is the instrument referred to in the *Thousand and One Nights*, and among various earlier passages where it occurs is the legend told by the Persian historian of Darius insulting Alexander by sending him a ball and mallet (*guī ve chugán*) as a hint that he was a boy more fit to play polo than to go to war. When this tale finds its way to Scotland, in the romance of King Alisaunde, these unknown instruments are replaced by a whipping-top, and Shakspere has the story in the English guise of a newer period in the scene in Henry V.: "What treasure, uncle?"—"Tennis-balls, my liege." By the ninth century the game of *chugán* had established itself in the Eastern Empire, where its name appears in the barbarous Greek form *τζυκανίζειν*. In the Byzantine descriptions, however, we find not the original mallet, but a long staff ending in a broad bend filled in with a network of gut-strings. Thus there appear in the East, as belonging to the great sport of ball-play on horseback, the first shapes of two implements which remodelled the whole play-life of mediæval and modern Europe, the chugán being the ancestor of the mallets used in pall-mall and croquet, and of an endless variety of other playing clubs and bats, while the bent staff with its network was the primitive racket. The fine old Persian drawing of a match at chugán, which is copied by Ouseley in his *Travels in the East*, justifies his opinion that the horseback game is the original. We should not talk of polo as being "hockey on horseback," but rather regard hockey as dismounted polo, and class with it pall-mall, golf, and many another bat-and-ball game. Indeed, when one comes to think of it, one sees that no stick being necessary for the old foot game of hurling, none was used, but as soon as the Persian horsemen wanted to play ball on horseback, a proper instrument had to be invented. This came to be used in the foot game also, so that the Orientals are familiar both with the mounted and dismounted kinds. The horseback game seems hardly to have taken hold in Europe till our own day, when the English brought it down from Munniepoor, and it has now under the name of *polo* become a world-wide sport again. But the foot game made its way early into Europe, as appears from a curious passage in Joinville's *Life of St. Louis*, written at the end of the thirteenth century. Having seen the game on his crusade, and read about it in the Byzantine historians, he argues that the Greeks must have borrowed their *tzycanisterium* from the French, for it is, he says, a game played in Languedoc by driving a

boxwood ball with a long mallet, and called there *chicane*. The modern reader has to turn this neat and patriotic argument upside down, the French *chicane* being only a corruption of the Persian *chugán*; so that what Joinville actually proves is, that before his time the Eastern game had travelled into France, bringing with it its Eastern name. Already, in his day, from the ball-game with its shifts and dodges, the term *chicane* had come to be applied by metaphor to the shuffles of lawyers to embarrass the other side, and thence to intrigue and trickery in general. English has borrowed *chicane* in the sense of trickery, without knowing it as the name of a game. Metaphors taken from sports may thus outlast their first sense, as when again people say, "Don't *bandy* words with me," without an idea that they are using another metaphor taken from the game of hockey, which was called *bandy* from the curved stick or club it was played with.

In France, the name of *crosse*, meaning a crutch, or bishop's crosier, was used for the mallet, and thence the game of hockey has its ordinary French name, *jeu de la crosse*. In Spanish, the game has long been known as *chueca*. The Spaniards taught it to the natives of South America, who took kindly to it, not as mere boys' play, but as a manly sport. It is curious to read accounts by modern European travellers, who seem not to recognise their own play ground game when transplanted among the Araucanians of Chili, even though it shows its Spanish origin by the name of *chueca*. Seeing this, one asks whence did the North American Indians get their famous ball-play, known from California right across the Indian country? It is to all intents the European *chueca*, *crosse*, or *hockey*, the deerskin ball being thrown up in the middle, each of the two contending parties striving to throw or drive it through the adversaries' goal. The Iroquois say that in old times their forefathers played with curved clubs and a wooden ball, before the racket was introduced, with which to strike, carry, or throw the leather ball. Of all the describers of this fine game, Catlin has best depicted its scenes with pen and pencil, from its beginning with the night ball-play dance, where the players crowded round their goals, held up and clashed their rackets, and the women danced in lines between, and the old men smoked to the Great Spirit and led the chant for his favor in the contest. The painter would never miss a ball-play, but sit from morning till sundown on his pony studying the forms of the young athletes in their "almost superhuman" struggles for the ball, till at last one side made the agreed number of goals, and divided with yells of triumph the fur robes and tin-kettles and miscellaneous property staked on the match. Now, as to the introduction of the game into North America, the Jesuit missionaries in New France as early as 1636 mention it by their own French name of *jeu de crosse*, at which Indian villages contended "à qui crossera le mieux." The Spaniards, however, had been above a century in America, and might have brought it in, which is a readier explanation than the other possible alternative that it made its way across from South-east Asia

When the Middle Ages set in, the European mind at last became awake to the varied pleasure to be got out of hitting a ball with a bat. The games now developed need not be here spoken of at length proportioned to their great place in modern life, as the changes which gave rise to them are so comparatively modern and well known. The Persian apparatus kept close to its original form in the game of *pall-mall*, that is, "ball-mallet," into which game was introduced the arch or ring to drive the ball through, whereby enough incident was given to knocking it about to make the sport fit for a few players, or even a single pair. An account of pall-mall and its modern revival in *croquet* will be found in Dr. Prior's little book. Playing the ball into holes serves much the same purpose as sending it through rings, and thus came in the particular kind of bandy called *golf*, from the clubs used to drive the ball. The *stool-ball*, so popular in mediæval merrymakings, was played with a stool, which one protected by striking away with his hands the ball which another bowled at it; the in-player was out if the stool was hit, or he might be caught out, so that here is evidently part of the origin of cricket, in which the present stumps

seem to represent the stool. In *club-ball* a ball was bowled and hit with a club; and a game called *cat-and-dog* was played in Scotland two centuries ago, where players protected not wickets but holes from the wooden cat pitched at them, getting runs when they hit it. We have here the simple elements from which the complex modern cricket was developed. Lastly, among the obscure accounts of ancient ball-play, it is not easy to make out that the ball was ever sent against an opposite wall for the other player to take it at the bound and return it. Such a game, particularly suited to soldiers shut up in castle-yards, became popular about the fourteenth century under the name of *pila palmaria*, or *jeu de paulme*, which name indicates its original mode of striking with the palm of the hand, as in *fives*. It was an improvement to protect the hand with a glove, such as may still be seen in the ball-play of Basque cities, as at Bayonne. Sometimes a battledore faced with parchment was used, as witness the story of the man who declared he had played with a battledore that had on it fragments of the lost decades of Livy. But it was the racket that made possible the "cutting" and "boasting" of the mediæval tennis-court, with its elaborate scoring by "chases." No doubt it was the real courtyard of the château, with its penthouses, galleries, and grated windows, that furnished the tennis-court with the models for its quaintly artificial grilles and lunes so eruditely discussed in Mr. Julian Marshall's *Annals of Tennis*. A few enthusiastic amateurs still delight in the noble and costly game, but the many have reason to be grateful for lawn-tennis out of doors, though it be but a mild version of the great game, to which it stands as hockey to polo or as draughts to chess.

Turning now to the principal groups of sedentary games, I may refer to the evidence I have brought forward elsewhere,* that the use of lots or dice for gambling arose out of an earlier serious use of such instruments for magical divination. The two conceptions, indeed, pass into one another. The magician draws lots to learn the future and the gambler to decide the future, so that the difference between them is that between "will" and "shall." But the two-faced lot that can only fall head or tail can only give a simple yes or no, which is often too simple for either the diviner or the gambler. So we find African negroes divining with a number of cowries thrown together to see how many fall up and how many down; and this, too, is the Chinese method of solemn lot-casting in the temple, when the falling of the spoon-like wooden lots, so many up and so many down, furnishes an intricate result which is to be interpreted by means of the book of mystic diagrams. When this combination of a number of two-faced lots is used by gamblers, this, perhaps, represents the earlier stage of gaming, which may have led up to the invention of dice, in which the purpose of variety is so much more neatly and easily attained. The first appearance of dice lies beyond the range of history, for though they have not been traced in the early periods in Egypt, there is in the Rig-Veda the hymn which portrays the ancient Aryan gambler stirred to frenzy by the fall of the dice. It is not clear even which came first of the various objects that have served as dice.

In the classic world, girls used the astragali or hucklebones as playthings, tossing them up and catching them on the back of the hand; and to this day we may see groups of girls in England at this ancient game, reminding us of the picture by Alexander of Athens, in the Naples Museum, of the five goddesses at play. It was also noticed that these bones fall in four ways, with the flat, concave, convex, or sinuous side up, so that they form natural dice, and as such they have been from ancient times gambled with accordingly. In India nature provides certain five-sided nuts that answer the purpose of dice. Of course, when the sides are alike, they must be marked or numbered as with the four-sided stick-dice of India, and that which tends to supersede all others, the six-sided *kubos*, which gave the Greek geometers the name for the *cube*. Since the old Aryan period many a broken gamester has cursed the hazard of the die. We moderns are apt to look down with mere contempt at his folly. But we judge the ancient gamester too harshly

* *Primitive Culture*, chap. iii.

if we forget that his passion is mixed with those thoughts of luck or fortune or superhuman intervention, which form the very mental atmosphere of the soothsayer and the oracle-prophet. With devout prayer and sacrifice he would propitiate the deity who should give him winning throws; nor, indeed, in our own day have such hopes and such appeals ceased among the uneducated. To the educated it is the mathematical theory of probabilities that has shown the folly of the gamester's staking his fortune on his powers of divination. But it must be borne in mind that this theory itself was, so to speak, shaken out of the dice-box. When the gambling Chevalier de Méré put the question to Pascal in how many throws he ought to get double-sixes, and Pascal solving the problem, started the mathematical calculation of chances, this laid the foundation of the scientific system of statistics which more and more regulates the arrangements of society. Thus accurate method was applied to the insurance table, which enables a man to hedge against his ugliest risks, to eliminate his chances of fire and death by betting that he shall have a new roof over his head and a provision for his widow. Of all the wonderful turns of the human mind in the course of culture, scarce any is more striking than this history of lots and dice. Who, in the Middle Ages, could have guessed what would be its next outcome—that magic sunk into sport should rise again as science, and man's failure to divine the future should lead him to success in controlling it?

Already in the ancient world there appear mentions of games where the throws of lots or dice, perhaps at first merely scored with counters on a board, give the excitement of chance to a game which is partly a draught-game, the player being allowed to judge with which pieces he will move his allotted number. In England this group of games is represented by *backgammon*. When Greek writers mention dice-playing, they no doubt often mean some game of this class, for at mere hazard the Persian queen-mother could not have played her game carefully, as Plutarch says she did, nor would there have been any sense in his remark that in life, as in dicing, one must not only get good throws, but know how to use them. The Roman game of the twelve lines (*duodecim scripta*) so nearly corresponded with our trictrac or backgammon, that M. Becq de Fouquières, in his *Jeux des Anciens*, works out on the ordinary backgammon board the problem of the Emperor Zeno that has vexed the soul of many a critic. All these games, however, are played with dice, and as there exist other games of like principle where lots are thrown instead of dice, it may, perhaps, be inferred that such ruder and clumsier lot-backgammon was the earlier, and dice-backgammon a later improvement upon it. Of course things may have happened the opposite way. Lot-backgammon is still played in the East in more than one form. The Arabic-speaking peoples call it *tab*, or game, and play it with an oblong board or rows of holes in the ground, with bits of brick and stone for draughts of the two colors, and for lots four palm-stick slips with a black and white side. In this low variety of lot-backgammon, the object is not to get one's own men home, but to take all the adversary's. The best representative of this group of games is the Hindu *pachisi*, which belongs to a series ancient in India. It is played on a cross-shaped board or embroidered cloth, up and down the arms of which the pieces move and take, in somewhat the manner of backgammon, till they get back to the central home. The men move by the throws of a number of cowries, of which the better throws not only score high, but entitle the player to a new throw, which corresponds to our rule of doubles giving a double move at backgammon. The game of pachisi has great vogue in Asia, extending into the far East, where it is played with flat tamarind-seeds as lots. It even appears to have found its way still farther eastward into America, forming a link in the chain of evidence of an Asiatic element in the civilisation of the Aztecs.* For the early Spanish-American writers describe, as played at the Court of Montezuma, a game called *patolli*, played after the manner of their European tables or backgammon, but on a mat with a diagram like a + or Greek cross, full of

* See the author's paper in the *Eclectic Magazine* for February, 1879.

squares on which the different-colored stones or pieces of the players were moved according to the throws of a number of marked beans. Without the board and pieces, the mere throwing hazards with the beans or lots, to bet on the winning throws, furnishes the North American tribes with their favorite means of gambling, the game of plumstones, game of the bowl, &c.

It is a curious inquiry what led people to the by no means obvious idea of finding sport in placing stones or pieces on a diagram and moving them by rule. One hint as to how this may have come about is found in the men at backgammon acting as though they were "counters" counting up the throws. The word *abax*, or *abacus*, is used both for the reckoning-board with its counters and the play-board with its pieces, whence a plausible guess has been made that playing on the ruled board came from a sportive use of the serious counting instrument. The other hint is that board-games, from the rudest up to chess, are so generally of the nature of *kriegspiel*, or war-game, the men marching on the field to unite their forces or capture their enemies, that this notion of mimic war may have been the very key to their invention. Still these guesses are far from sufficient, and the origin of board-games is still among the anthropologist's unanswered riddles. The simpler board-games of skill, that is, without lots or dice, and played by successive moves or draws of the pieces, may be classed accordingly as games of *draughts*, this term including a number of different games, ancient and modern.

The ancient Egyptians were eager draught-players; but though we have many pictures, and even the actual boards and men used, it is not clear exactly how any of their games were played. Ingenuity and good heavy erudition have been misspent by scholars in trying to reconstruct ancient games without the necessary data, and I shall not add here another guess as to the rules of the draughts with which Penelope's suitors delighted their souls as they sat at the palace gates on the hides of the oxen they had slaughtered; nor will I discuss the various theories as to what the "sacred line" was in the Greek game of the "five lines," mentioned by Sophokles. It will be more to the purpose to point out that games worth keeping up hardly die out, so that among existing sports are probably represented, with more or less variation, the best games of the ancients. On looking into the mentions of the famous Greek draught-game of *plinthion*, or *polis*, it appears that the numerous pieces, or "dogs," half of them of one color and half of the other, were moved on the squares of the board, the game being for two of the same color to get one of the other color between them, and so take him. The attempt to reason out from this the exact rules of the classic game has not answered. But on looking, instead of arguing, I find that a game just fitting the description still actually exists. The donkey-boys of Cairo play it in the dust with "dogs," which are bits of stone and red brick, and the guides have scratched its *siga*, or diagram, on the top of the great pyramid. If it was not there before, it would have come with Alexander to Alexandria, and has seemingly gone on unchanged since. There is an account of it in Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, and any one interested in games will find it worth trying with draughts on a cardboard square. One kind of the Roman game of *latrunculi* was closely related to this, as appears from such passages as Ovid's "cum medius gemino calculus hoste perit," referring to the stone being taken between two enemies. The poet mentions, a few lines farther on, the little table with its three stones, where the game is "continuasse suos," to get your men in a line, which is, of course, our own childish game of *tit-tat-to*. This case of the permanence of an ancient game was long ago recognised by Hyde in his treatise, *De Ludis Orientalibus*. It is the simplest form of the group known to us as *mill*, *merelles*, *morris*, played by children all the way across from Shetland to Singapore. Among the varieties of draught-games played in the world, one of the most elaborate is the Chinese *wei-chi*, or game of circumvention, the honored pastime of the learned classes. Here one object is to take your enemy by surrounding him with four of your own men, so as to make what is called an "eye," which looks as though the game belonged historically to the same

group as the simpler classic draughts, where the man is taken between two adversaries. In modern Europe the older games of this class have been superseded by one on a different principle. The history of what we now call *draughts* is disclosed by the French dictionary which shows how the men used to be called *pions*, or pawns, till they reached the other side of the board, then becoming *dames*, or queens. Thus the modern game of draughts is recognised as being, in fact, a low variety of chess, in which the pieces are all pawns, turned into queens in chess-fashion when they gain the adversary's line. The earliest plain accounts of the game are in Spanish books of the Middle Ages, and the theory of its development through the mediæval chess problems will be found worked out by the best authority on chess, Dr. A. van der Linde, in his *Geschichte des Schachspiels*.

The group of games represented by the Hindu *tiger-and-cows*, our *fox-and-geese*, shows in a simple way the new situations that arise in board-games when the men are no longer all alike, but have different powers, or moves. Isidore of Seville (about A.D. 600) mentions, under the name of *latrunculi*, a game played with pieces of which some were common soldiers (*ordinarii*), marching step by step, while others were wanderers (*vagi*). It seems clear that the notions of a kriegspiel, or war-game, and of pieces with different powers moving on the chequer-board, were familiar in the civilised world at the time when, in the eighth century or earlier, some inventive Hindu may have given them a more perfect organization by setting on the board two whole opposing armies, each complete in the four forces, foot, horse, elephants, and chariots, from which an Indian army is called in Sanskrit *chaturanga*, or "four-bodied." The game thus devised was itself called *chaturanga*, for when it passed into Persia it carried with it its Indian name in the form *shatranj*, still retained there, though lost by other nations who received the game from Persia, and named it from the Persian name of the principal piece, the *shah*, or king, whence *schach*, *eschecs*, *chess*. According to this simple theory, which seems to have the best evidence, chess is a late and high development arising out of the ancient draught-games. But there is another theory maintained by Professor Duncan Forbes in his *History of Chess*, and prominent in one at least of our chess handbooks, which practically amounts to saying that chess is derived from backgammon. It is argued that the original game was the Indian fourfold-chess, played with four half-sets of men, black, red, green, and yellow, ranged on the four sides of the board, the moves of the pieces being regulated by the throws of dice; that in course of time the dice were given up, and each two allied half-sets of men coalesced into one whole set, one of the two kings sinking to the position of minister, or queen. Now this fourfold Indian dice-chess is undoubtedly a real game, but the mentions of it are modern, whereas history records the spread of chess proper over the East as early as the tenth century. In the most advanced Indian form of *pachisi*, called *chupur*, there are not only the four sets of different-colored men, but the very same stick-dice that are used in the dice-chess, which looks as though this latter game, far from being the original form of chess, were an absurd modern hybrid resulting from the attempt to play backgammon with chess-men. This is Dr. van der Linde's opinion, readers of whose book will find it supported by more technical points, while they will be amused with the author's zeal in belaboring his adversary Forbes, which reminds one of the legends of mediæval chess-players, where the match naturally concludes by one banging the other about the head with the board. It is needless to describe here the well-known points of difference between the Indo-Persian and the modern European chess. On the whole, the Indian game has substantially held its own, while numberless attempts to develop it into philosophers' chess, military tactics, &c., have been tried and failed, bringing, as they always do, too much instructive detail into the plan which in ancient India was shaped so judiciously between sport and science.

In this survey of games I have confined myself to such as offered subjects for definite remark, the many not touched on including cards, of which the precise history is still obscure. Of the conclusions brought forward, most are no

doubt imperfect, and some may be wrong, but it seemed best to bring them forward for the purpose of giving the subject publicity, with a view to inducing travellers and others to draw up minutely accurate accounts of all undescribed games they notice. In Cook's *Third Voyage* it is mentioned that the Sandwich Islanders played a game like draughts with black and white pebbles on a board of 14 by 17 squares. Had the explorers spent an hour in learning it, we should perhaps have known whether it was the Chinese or the Malay game, or what it was; and this might have been the very clue, lost to native memory, to the connection of the Polynesians with a higher Asiatic culture in ages before a European ship had come within their coral reefs.

It remains to call attention to a point which this research into the development of games brings strongly into view. In the study of civilisation, as of so many other branches of natural history, a theory of gradual evolution proves itself a trustworthy guide. But it will not do to assume that culture must always come on by regular unvarying progress. That, on the contrary, the lines of change may be extremely circuitous, the history of games affords instructive proofs. Looking over a playground wall at a game of hockey, one might easily fancy the simple line of improvement to have been that the modern schoolboy took to using a curved stick to drive the ball with, instead of hurling it with his hands as he would have done if he had been a young Athenian of B.C. 500. But now it appears that the line of progress was by no means so simple and straight, if we have to go round by Persia, and bring in the game of polo as an intermediate stage. If, comparing Greek draughts and English draughts, we were to jump to the conclusion that the one was simply a further development of the other, this would be wrong, for the real course appears to have been that some old draught-game rose into chess, and then again a lowered form of chess came down to become a new game of draughts. We may depend upon it that the great world-game of evolution is not played only by pawns moving straight on, one square before another, but that long-stretching moves of pieces in all directions bring on new situations, not readily foreseen by minds that find it hard to see six moves ahead upon a chess-board.—*Fortnightly Review.*

JOHN BROWN.—A TRUE STORY.

FIFTY years had passed over his head,
  Eventless and slow—
Peasant born, he had toiled for his bread
  In the sweat of his brow.
The years as they came and they went,
  Rolling peacefully by,
He welcomed with placid content,
  Come wet days or dry!
Warmed, and tanned brown by the sunshine,
  And wet with the rain,
If no vivid joy was his portion,
  So no eating pain.
He rose with the sun, and fulfilled
  What appointed the hours;
Went to his rest in the straw
  With the birds and the flowers.
Poor lodging, scant raiment, hard labor,
  No changes—coarse fare—
Few wants, ruddy health, good digestion,
  Contentment—fresh air—
These were the terms and conditions
  That Nature laid down,

For the life of a son of her bosom,
Whom men named John Brown.
The days of his youth passed away
O'er the curly brown head;
Still straight from the hand of the Lord
Came the sweet daily bread.
And the hard daily task never failed
In the rough peasant life—
The boy was a man, and alone,
Then he married a wife.
Blue were her eyes, and her figure
Was straight as a dart!
Nimble of foot, shrill of tongue,
Somewhat cold at the heart.
In John's honest slow-beating blood
Dawned a consciousness dim,
He was proud of his quick-witted wife
And her fireside trim;
Proud, and yet puzzled at times
At the storms in his sky,
When Nelly's swift passions blazed out
In the light angry eye,
Not a thought had the poor patient fellow,
Of answering gall,
"But the ways of the women," he pondered,
"Are wonderful all!"
Then his children were born one by one,
Till the cottage was full
Of sturdy young brats, red as roses,
Yet soft as lambs' wool.
Five hungry mouths must be fed,
And the father must toil
For potatoes and meal, and moreover,
Nell's kettle must boil.
And he toiled without resting or grudging,
And ate his crust dry,
While seed-time and harvest alternate,
Revolved and passed by—
And Nelly worked hard as a slave,
And grew sour and thin,
And the sound of her sharp shrewish voice
As he passed out and in
Tormented his soul all the more
That his torment was dumb—
For all that his spirit was chafed,
The words would not come;
So dogged, and patient, and silent,
He wrought on the farm,
Only a clod, and content to be
Cold, so that others were warm;
Watered the horses, and foddered
The cattle and sheep,
And took his last look with a smile
At his children asleep.
Then came one raw morning in winter,
The wind whistled shrill,
John, miry and wet from the ploughing,
Descended the hill,

And turned to his hovel for comfort
Of breakfast and fire—
Where Nelly stood over the porridge,
All grumbling in ire.
She turned as he entered the door,
Stooping weary and low,
And threw him a glance and a word
That was almost a blow.
"Guid save us," he cried, "can I ne'er
Hae a moment o' ease?
Here, gie us some parritch, guid wife,
And for ance, haud yer peace."
A swift and sharp taunt, and a cuff
To the babe at her side,
Then a concert of wailing and scolding,
Till John, distraught, cried,
"I'll hang mysel', woman, for life
Is ower hard to be borne"—
"Ye said sae, I'm thinking," she answered,
"But yesterday morn,
But ye're no hangit yet as I see!"
And she laughed out of tune.
Said John, with a strange sort of smile,
"That is remedied soon."
He turned as he spoke, and he kissed
The small bairn at the door;
Looked for a moment at those
He should never see more—
When breakfast was ready, the bacon
All frizzled and done,
Called Nelly, "Boys, where is yer daddy?
Run out, Jemmy, run
And tell him to hurry and eat
While the bacon is hot;"
And the bairns clustered round for the porridge
She poured from the pot,
But the bacon grew colder and colder,
In Nelly's despite,
And as she waxed angry, came Jemmy
All shaking and white.
"My feyther won't answer," he said
'Twixt a sob and a scream,
"But he grins at me till I'm 'maist frighted,
Just ower the beam."
It was true, and I write it with tears,
I that cut the man down,
And a poor clod of earth—that was all
That remained of John Brown.
A few folk blamed Nell, but 'twas pity
Prevailed as a rule,
"For who could have thought that the man
Would have been such a fool?"
So they dug him a trench, and decreed
Mrs. Nell a black gown,
And the daisies bloomed fair in the spring
O'er the grave of John Brown.

Temple Bar.

SYDNEY DOBELL.—A PERSONAL SKETCH.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

In the winter of 1860, as I sat alone, writing, in what David Gray described as the "dear old ghastly bankrupt garret at No. 66", Lucinda from the kitchen came panting upstairs with a card, on which was inscribed the name of "Sydney Dobell;" and in less than five minutes afterwards I was conversing eagerly, and face to face, with the man who had been my first friend and truest helper in the great world of letters. It was our first meeting. David Gray, whom Dobell had assisted with a caressing and angelic patience, never knew him at all, but was at that very moment lying sick to death in the little cottage at Merkland, pining and hoping against hope for such a meeting. "How about Dobell?" he wrote a little later, in answer to my announcement of the visit. "Did your mind of itself, or even against itself, recognise through the clothes *a man—a poet?* Has he the modesty and make-himself-at-home manner of Milnes?" What answer I gave to these eager inquiries I do not remember, nor would it be worth recording, for I myself at that time was only a boy, with little or no experience of things and men. But even now, across the space of dull and sorrowful years, comes the vision of as sweet and shining a face as ever brought joy and comfort this side of the grave; of a voice musical and low, "excellent" in all its tones as the voice of the tenderest woman; of manners at once manly and caressing, bashful and yet bold, with a touch of piteous gentleness which told a sad tale of feeble physical powers and the tortured sense of bodily despair.

I saw him once or twice afterwards, and had a glimpse of that fellow-sufferer, his wife. He was staying with some friends on the hills of Hampstead, and thither I trudged to meet him, and to listen to his sparkling poetic speech. I recall now, with a curious sense of pain, that my strongest feeling concerning him, at that time was a feeling of wonder at the gossamer-like frailness of his physique and the almost morbid refinement of his conversation. These two characteristics, which would be ill-comprehended by a boy in the rude flush of health and hope, and with a certain audacity of physical well-being, struck me strangely then, and came back upon my heart with terrible meaning now. Combined with this feeling of wonder and pity was blended, of necessity, one of fervent gratitude. Some little time previous to our first meeting, I had come, a literary adventurer, to London; with no capital but a sublime self-assurance which it has taken many long years to tame into a certain obedience and acquiescence. About the same time, David Gray had also set foot in the great City. And Sydney Dobell had helped us both, as no other living man could or would. For poor Gray's wild yet gentle dreams, and for my coarser and less conciliatory ambition, he had nothing but words of wisdom and gentle remonstrance. None of our folly daunted him. He wrote, with the heart of an angel, letters which might have tamed the madness in the heart of a devil. He helped, he warned, he watched us, with unwearying care. In the midst of his own solemn sorrows, which we so little understood, he found heart of grace to sympathise with our wild struggles for the unattainable. At a period when writing was a torture to him, he devoted hours of correspondence to the guidance and instruction of two fellow-creatures he had never seen. To receive one of his gracious and elaborate epistles, finished with the painful care which this lordly martyr bestowed on the most trifling thing he did, was to be in communication with a spirit standing on the very heights of life. I, at least, little comprehended the blessing then. But it came, with perfect consecration, on David Gray's dying bed; it made his last days blissful, and it helped to close his eyes in peace.

No one who knew Sydney Dobell, no one who had ever so brief a glimpse of him, can read without tears the simple and beautiful Memorials, now just published, of his gracious, quiet, and uneventful life. Predestined to physical martyrdom, he walked the earth for fifty years, at the bidding of what to our im-

perfect vision seems a pitiless and inscrutable Destiny. Why this divinely gifted being, whose soul seemed all goodness, and whose highest song would have been an inestimable gain to humanity, should have been struck down again and again by blows so cruel, is a question which pricks the very core of that tormenting conscience which is in us all. Ill-luck dogged his footsteps; Sickness encamped wherever he found a home. His very goodness and gentleness seemed at times his bane. At an age when other men are revelling in mere existence he was being taught that mere existence is torture. We have read of Christian martyrs, of all the fires through which they passed; but surely no one of them ever fought with such tormenting flames as did this patient poet, whose hourly cry was of the kindness and goodness of God. From first to last, no word of anger, no utterance of fierce arraignment, passed his lips.

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer—
The first true Gentleman that ever lived."

And like that "best of men," Sydney Dobell troubled himself to make no complaint, but took the cup of sorrow and drained it to the bitter dregs. Such a record of such a life stops the cry on the very lips of blasphemy, and makes us ask ourselves if that life did not possess, direct from God, some benediction, some comfort, unknown to *us*. So it must have been. "Looking up," as a writer * on the subject has beautifully put it, "he saw the heavens opened." These pathetic glimpses seemed comfort enough.

Doubtless to some readers of this magazine the very name of Sydney Dobell is unfamiliar. To all students of modern poetry it is of course more or less known, as that of one of the chief leaders of the school of verse known by its enemies as "the Spasmodic." With Philip James Bailey and Alexander Smith, Dobell reigned for a lustrum, to the great wonder and confusion of honest folk, who pinned their faith on Tennyson's 'Gardener's Daughter' and Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life.' His day of reign was that of Gilfillan's 'Literary Portraits,' and of the lurid apparition, Stanjan Bigg; of the marvellous monologue, and the invocation without an end; of the resurrection of a Drama which had never lived, to hold high jinks and feasting with a literary Mycerinus who was about to die. It was a period of poetic incandescence; new suns, not yet spherical, whirling out hourly before the public gaze, and vanishing instantly into space, to live on, however, in the dusky chronology of the poetic astronomer, Gilfillan. The day passed, the school vanished. Where is the school now?

"Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

Yet they who underrate that school know little what real poetry is. It was a chaos, granted; but a chaos capable, under certain conditions, of being shaped into such creations as would put to shame many makers of much of our modern verse. As it is, we may discover in the writings of Sydney Dobell and his circle solid lumps of pure poetic ore, of a quality scarcely discoverable in modern literature this side of the Elizabethan period.

Sydney Dobell was born at Cranbrook, in Kent, on April 5, 1824. Both on the paternal and maternal side, he was descended from people remarkable for their Christian virtues and strong religious instincts; and from his earliest years he was regarded by his parents as having "a special and even apostolic mission." The story of his child-life, indeed, is one of those sad records of unnatural precocity, caused by a system of early forcing, which have of late years become tolerably familiar to the public. He seems never to have been strong, and his naturally feeble constitution was undermined by habits of introspection. It is painfully touching now to read the extracts from his father's note-book, full of a quaint Puritan simplicity, and an over-mastering spiritual faith. Here is one:

"I used frequently to talk to him of how delightful and blessed it would be if any child would resolve to live as pure, virtuous, and holy a life, as dedicated to the will and service of God, as Jesus. I used to say to him that if one could ever be found again who was spotless and holy, it was with me a pleasing speculation and hope that such a character might, even in this life, be called as a special

* Matthew Browne, in the *Contemporary Review*.

instrument of our Heavenly Father for some great purpose with His Church, or with the Jews."

The seed thus sown by the zealous parent bore fruit afterwards in a disposition of peculiar sweetness, yet ever conscious of the prerogatives and prejudices of a Christian warrior. Out of the many who are called Sydney Dobell believed himself specially chosen, if not to fulfil any divine mission "with the Church or with the Jews," at least to preach and sing in the God-given mantle of fire which men call genius. In his leading works, but especially in 'Balder,' he preached genius-worship; of all forms of hero-worship, devised by students of German folios, the most hopeless and the most hope-destroying. Thenceforward isolation became a habit, introspection an intellectual duty. With all his love for his fellow-men, and all his deep sympathy with modern progress, he lacked to the end a certain literary robustness, which only comes to a man made fully conscious that Art and Literature are not Life itself, but only Life's humble handmaids. He was too constantly overshadowed with his mission. Fortunately, however, that very mission became his only solace and comfort, when his days of literary martyrdom came. He went to the stake of criticism with a smile on his face, almost disarming his torturers and executioners.

When Sydney was three years old, his father failed in business as a hide-merchant, and, removing to London, started as a wine-merchant. "About this time," says the biographer, "Sydney was described as of very astonishing understanding, as preferring mental diversion to eating and drinking, and very inventive with tales." Strange moods of sorrow and self-pity began to trouble his life at the age of four. At eight, it was recorded of him that he "had never been known to tell an untruth." From seven years of age he imitated the paternal habit, and used "little pocket-books," to note down his ideas, his bits of acquired knowledge, his simple questions on spiritual subjects. For example: "Report of the Controversy of Porter and Bagot. Mr. Porter maintains that Jesus Christ lived in heaven with God before the beginning of the world." At the age of ten, he was an omnivorous reader, and the habit of verse-writing was growing steadily upon him. I know nothing more pitiful in literature than the story of his precocity, in all its cruel and touching details. At twelve years of age he was sufficiently matured to fall in love, the object of his passion being Emily Fordham, the lady who only nine years afterwards became his wife. By this time his father had removed to Cheltenham, and had set up in business *there*. Sydney and the rest of the children still remained at home, and thus missed all the invigorating influences of a public school; for the father belonged to the sect of Separatists, which holds as cardinal the doctrine of avoiding those who hold adverse, or different, religious views.

The account of that dreary life of drudgery and over-work at Cheltenham may be sadly passed over; it is a life not good to think of, and its few gleams of sunshine are too faint and feeble to detain the reader long. From the date of his removal to Cheltenham he acted as his father's clerk. The account of the period extending from his twelfth year to the date of his marriage is one of hard uncongenial toil, varied by scripture-readings of doubtful edification, and a passion morbid and almost pedantic in the old-fashioned quaintness of its moods. The biographer's record may form, as we are told, "a one-sided and painful picture," but we suspect that it is a true one, truer, that is to say, than the idea in its author's memory of "light, buoyant, various, and vigorous activity." The truth is, the parents of the poet blundered in blindness, a blindness chiefly due to their remarkable religious belief. His father especially, despite all his kindness of heart, was strenuous to the verge of bigotry. One can scarcely remark without a smile the inconsistency with which one who was "a publican," and by profession a vendor of convivial and intoxicating liquors, held aloof from the non-elect among his fellow-creatures. "Business is not brisk," he wrote; "I can't account for it, except, as usual, in our retired life and habits." The idea of a sad-eyed Separatist dealing in fiery ports and sherries, shutting out the world and yet lamenting when "business was not brisk," is one of

those grim, cruel, heart-breaking jokes, in which Humanity is so rich, and of which the pathetic art of the humorist offers the only bearable solution.

At the age of twenty, Sydney Dobell was married to an invalid like himself, and one like himself of a strong Puritan bias. The humorist must help us again, if we are to escape a certain feeling of nausea at the details of this courtship and union, with its odd glimpses of personal yearning, its fervent sense of the "mission," and its dreary scraps from the Old Testament. The young couple settled down together in a little house at Cheltenham; and though for a time they avoided all society and still adhered to the tenets of the elect, this was the beginning of a broader and a healthier life. All might perhaps have been well, and the poet have cast quite away the cloud of his early training, but for one of those cruel accidents which make life an inscrutable puzzle. Just as Sydney Dobell was beginning to live, just as his mind was growing more robust, and his powers more coherent and peaceful, he was struck by rheumatic fever, caught during a temporary removal to a Devonshire farmhouse. As if that were not enough, his wife, always frail, broke down almost at the same time. From that time forward, the poet and his wife were fellow-sufferers, each watching by turns over the attacks of the other. It may be said without exaggeration, that neither enjoyed one day of thoroughly buoyant physical health. Still, they had a certain pensive happiness, relieved in the husband's case by bursts of hectic excitement.

By this time, when Dobell was four-and-twenty years of age, the great wave of '48 had risen and fallen, and its influence was still felt in the hearts of men. It was a time of revolutions, moral as well as political. Dobell, like many another, felt the earth tremble under him; watched and listened, as if for the signs of a second Advent. Then, like others, he looked, across France, towards Italy. Thus the 'Roman' was planned; thus he began to write for the journals of advanced opinion. He had now a wine business of his own, and had a pleasant country house on the Cotswold Hills. Having published a portion of the 'Roman' in *Tait's Magazine*, he was led to correspond with the then Aristarchus of the poetic firmament, the Rev. George Gilfillan. Gilfillan roundly hailed him as a poetic genius, and he, not ungrateful, wrote: "If in after-years I should ever be called 'Poet,' you will know that my success is, in some sort, your work." Shortly after this, he went to London and interviewed Mr. Carlyle. "We had a tough argument," he wrote to Gilfillan, "whether it were better to have learned to make shoes or to have written 'Sartor Resartus.'" At the beginning of 1850 he published the 'Roman.' This was his first great literary performance, and it was tolerably successful: that is to say, it received a good deal of praise from the newspapers, and circulated in small editions among the general public.

The subject of this dramatic poem was Italian liberty, and the work is full of the genius and prophecy of 1848. The leading character is one Vittorio Santo, a missionary of freedom, who (to quote the author's own argument) "has gone out disguised as a monk to preach the cause of Italy, the overthrow of the Austrian domination, and the restoration of a great Roman Republic." Santo, in the course of the poem, delivers a series of splendid and almost prophetic sermons on the heroic life and the great heroic cause. As an example of Dobell's earlier and more rhetorical manner, I will transcribe the following powerful lines:

"I pray you listen how I loved my mother,
And you will weep with me. She loved me, nurst me,
And fed my soul with light. Morning and even
Praying, I sent that soul into her eyes,
And knew what heaven was though I was a child.
I grew in stature, and she grew in goodness.
I was a grave child; looking on her taught me
To love the beautiful: and I had thoughts
Of Paradise, when other men have hardly
Looked out of doors on earth. (Alas! alas!
That I have also learned to look on earth
When other men see heaven.) I toiled, but even
As I became more holy, she seemed holier;
Even as when climbing mountain-tops the sky
Grows ampler, higher, purer as ye rise.
Let me believe no more. No, do not ask me
How I repaid my mother. O thou saint,
That lookest on me day and night from heaven,
And smilest. I have given thee tears for tears,
Anguish for anguish, woe for woe. Forgive me
If in the spirit of ineffable penance

In words I waken up the guilt that sleeps,
Let not the sound afflict thine heaven, or color
That pale, tear-blotted record which the angels
Keep of my sins. We left her. I and all
The brothers that her milk had fed. We left her—
And strange dark robbers with unwonted names
Abused her! bound her! pillaged her! profaned her!
Bound her clasped hands, and gagged the trembling lips
That pray'd for her lost children. And we stood
And she knelt to us, and we saw her kneel,
And looked upon her coldly and denied her!
* * * * *
You are my brothers. And my mother was
Yours. And each man amongst you day by day
Takes bowing, the same price that sold my mother,
And does not blush. Her name is Rome. Look round
And see those features which the sun himself
Can hardly leave for fondness. Look upon
Her mountain bosom, where the very sky
Beholds with passion; and with the last proud
Imperial sorrow of dejected empire
She wraps the purple round her outraged breast,
And even in fetters cannot be a slave.
Look on the world's best glory and worst shame."

The 'Roman' is full of this kind of fervor, and is maintained throughout at a fine temperature of poetic eloquence. Its effect on the ardent youth of its generation must have been considerable. Perhaps now, when the stormy sea of Italian politics has settled down, it may be lawful to ask oneself how much reality there was in the battle-songs and poems that accompanied or preluded the tempest. It is quite conceivable, at least, that a man may sing very wildly about "Italy" and "Rome" and "Freedom" without any definite idea of what he means, and without any particular feeling for human nature in the concrete. This was not the case with Dobell; every syllable of his stately song came right out of his heart. For this Christian warrior, like many another, was just a little too fond of appeals to the sword; just a little too apt to pose as "an Englishman" and a lover of freedom. He who began with the sonorous cadence of the 'Roman' wrote, in his latter moods, the wild piece of gabble called 'England's Day.' The 'Roman,' however, remains a fine and fervid poem, worthy of thrice the fame it is ever likely to receive. What Mazzini wrote of it in 1851 may fully be remembered at this hour, when it is pretty well forgotten:

"You have written about Rome as I would, had I been born a poet. And what you did write flows from the soul, the all-loving, the all-embracing, the prophet-soul. It is the only true source of real inspiration."

Meantime the air was full of other voices. Carlyle was croaking and prophesying, with a strong Dumfriesshire accent. Bailey had amazed the world with 'Festus,' a colossal Conversationalist, by the side of whom his quite clerical and feebly genteel Devil seemed a pigmy. Gilfillan had opened his wonderful Pie of 'Literary Portraits,' containing more swarms of poetical blackbirds than the world knew how to listen to. Mazzini was eloquent in reviews, George Dawson was stumping the provinces and converting the *bourgeoisie*.

"The world was waiting for that trumpet-blast,
To which Humanity should rise at last
Out of a thousand graves, and claim its throne."

It was a period of prodigious ideas. Every literary work was macrocosmic and colossal. Every poet, under his own little forcing glass, reared a Great Poem—a sort of prodigious pumpkin which ended in utter unwieldiness and wateriness. No sort of preparation was necessary either for the throne or the laurel. Kings of men, king-hating, sprang to full mental light, like fungi, in a night. Quiet tax-paying people, awaking in bed, heard the Chivalry of Labor passing, with hollow music of fife and drum. But it was a grand time for all the talents. Woman was awaking to a sense of her mission. Charlotte Brontë was ready with the prose-poem of the century, Mrs. Browning was touching notes of human pathos which reached to every factory in the world. Compared with our present dead swoon of Poetry, a swoon scarcely relieved at all by the occasional smelling-salts of strong æsthetics, it was a rich and golden time. It had its Dickens, to make every home happy with the gospel of plum-pudding; its Tennyson, to sing beautiful songs of the middle-class ideal, and the comfortable clerical sentiment; its Thackeray, to relieve the passionate, overcharged

human heart with the prick of cynicism and the moisture of self-pity. To be born at such a time was in itself (to parody the familiar expression) a liberal education. We who live now may well bewail the generation which preceded us. Some of the old deities still linger with us, but only "in idiocy of godhead," nodding on their mighty seats. The clamor has died away. The utter sterility of passion and the hopeless stagnation of sentiment nowadays may be guessed when some little clique can set up Gautier in a niche: Gautier, that hairdresser's dummy of a stylist, with his complexion of hectic pink and waxen white, his well-oiled wig, and his incommunicable scent of the barber's shop. What an apotheosis! After the prophecies of '48; after the music of the awakening heart of Man; after Emerson and the newly risen moon of latter Platonism, shining tenderly on a world of vacant thrones!

Just as the human soul was most expectant, just as the Revolution of '48 had made itself felt wherever the thoughts of men were free, the Sullen Tyrant, tired of the tame eagle dodge, perpetrated his *coup d'état*, stabbed France to the heart with his assassin's dagger, and mounted livid to his throne upon her bleeding breast. It is very piteous to read, in Dobell's biography and elsewhere, of the utter folly which recognised in this moody, moping, and graceless ruffian a veritable Saviour of Society. The great woman-poet of the period hailed him holy, and her great husband approved her worship. Dobell had doubts, not many, of Napoleon's consecration. But Robert Browning and Sydney Dobell both lived to recognise in the lesser Napoleon, not only the assassin of France political and social, but the destroyer of literary manhood all over the world. Twenty years of the Second Empire, twenty years of a festering sore which contaminated all the civilisation of the earth, were destined to follow. We reap the result still, in a society given over to luxury and to gold; in a journalism that has lost its manhood, and is supported on a system of indecent exposure and blackmail; in a literature whose first word is flippancy, whose last word is prurience, and whose victory is in the orgies of a naked Dance of Death.

Be all that as it may, those were happy times for Sydney Dobell. In one brief period of literary activity, he wrote nearly all the works which are now associated with his name. To this period belongs his masterly review of 'Currer Bell,' a model of what such criticism should be. The review led to a correspondence of singular interest between Miss Brontë and Dobell. "You think chiefly of what is to be done and won in life," wrote Charlotte; "I, what is to be suffered. . . . . If ever we meet, you must regard me as a grave sort of elder sister." By this period the fountain of Charlotte Brontë's genius was dry; she knew it, though the world thought otherwise, and hence her despair. She had lived her life, and put it all into one immortal book. So she sat, a veiled figure, by the side of the urn called 'Jane Eyre.' The shadow of Death was already upon her face.

Dobell now began to move about the world. He went to Switzerland, and on his return he was very busy with his second poem, 'Balder.' While laboring thus he first heard of Alexander Smith, and having read some of the new poet's passages in the *Eclectic Review*, wrote thus to Gilfillan: "But has he [Smith] not published already, either in newspapers or periodicals? Curiously enough, I have the strongest impression of *seeing the best images before*, and I am seldom mistaken in these remembrances." This was ominous, of course, of what afterwards took place, when the notorious charge of plagiarism was made against Smith in the *Athenæum*. Shortly afterwards he became personally acquainted with Smith, and learned to love him well. He was now himself, however, to reap the bitters of adverse criticism in the publication of his poem of 'Balder.' In this extraordinary work, the leading actors are only a poet and his wife, a doctor, an artist, and a servant. It may be admitted at once that the general treatment verges on the ridiculous, but the work contains passages of unequalled beauty and sublimity. The public reviews were adverse, and even personal friends shook their heads in deprecation. At the time of publica-

tion he was in Edinburgh, having gone thither to consult Dr. (afterwards Sir James) Simpson on the illness of his wife, and there he was to remain at bay during all the barking of the journals. A little cold comfort came from Charlotte Brontë.

"There is power in that character of *Balder*," she wrote, "and to me, a certain horror. Did you mean it to embody, along with force, many of the special defects of the artistic character? It seems to me that those defects were never thrown out in stronger lines."

Despite the ill-success of his second book, Dobell spent a very happy season in Edinburgh. If not famous, he was at least notorious, and was well enough in health to enjoy a little social friction. Alexander Smith, the secretary to the University, was his bosom-friend; and among his other companions were Samuel Brown, Blackie, and Hunter of Craigcrook Castle. "Smith and I," he wrote, "seem destined to be social twins." Just then there appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* the somewhat flatulent satire of 'Firmilian,' written at high jinks by the local Yorick, Professor Aytoun. The style of Dobell and Smith was pretty well mimicked, and the scene in which Gilfillan, entering as Apollodorus, was killed by the friends thrown by Balder from a tower, was really funny. The poets satirised enjoyed the joke as much as anybody, but they little guessed that it was a joke of a very fatal kind. From the moment of the appearance of the "spasmodic" satire, the so-called spasmodic school was ruined in the eyes of the general public. A violent journalistic prejudice arose against its followers. Even Dobell's third book, 'England in Time of War,' though full of fine lyrics, entirely failed to reinstate the writer in public opinion. He was classed, though in a new sense, among the "illustriously obscure," and he remained in that category until the day he died.

Perhaps the pleasantest of all his days were those days in Edinburgh, when, in conjunction with Smith, he wrote a series of fine sonnets on the war, which won the warm approval of good judges, like Mr. Tennyson. There was something almost rapturous in Smith's opening sonnet to Mrs. Dobell—

"And if we sing, I and that dearer friend,
Take *thou* our music. He dwells in thy light,
Summer and spring, blue day and starry night."

A friend wrote that he could love "Alexander" for that sonnet; and, indeed, who could not love him for a thousand reasons? The story of Smith's martyrdom has yet to be told—nay, can never be told this side of the grave. But let this suffice—it *was* a martyrdom, and a tragedy. How tranquilly, how beautifully, Smith took the injustice and the cruelty of the world, many of us know. Few know the rest. It was locked up in his great, gentle heart.

When I have mentioned that, immediately after the War Sonnets, Sydney Dobell issued independently his volume of prose, 'England in Time of War,' his literary history is told. Though he lived on for another quarter of a century, he never published another book. Three works, 'The Roman,' 'Balder,' and 'England in Time of War,' formed the sum total of his contributions to literature while alive; and all three were written at one epoch, in what Smith called "the afterswell of the revolutionary impulse of 1848." For the last half of his life he was almost utterly silent, only an occasional sonnet in a magazine, or a letter in a journal on some political subject, reminding the public that he still lived. Of this long silence we at last know the pathetic cause. Sickness pursued him from day to day, from hour to hour, making strenuous literary effort impossible. Never was poet so unlucky. Read the whole heartrending story in his biography; I at least cannot bear to linger over these tortures. He had to fight for mere breath, and he had little strength left him to reach out hands for the laurel. How meekly he bore *his* martyrdom I have already said.

When I met him, in 1860, he had the look of one who might not live long, a beautiful far-off suffering look, wonderfully reproduced in the exquisite picture by his younger brother, an engraving of which faces the title-page of his biography. Many years later, not long indeed before his death, he sent me a photograph with the inscription "*Convalescens convalescenti*," but all photographs reproduce the man but poorly, compared with the picture of which I have spoken.

Even then, in the joyfulness of his eager heart, he thought himself "convalescent," and was looking forward to busy years of life. It was not to be. No sooner was his gentle frame reviving from one luckless accident, than Fate was ready with another. "The pity of it, the pity of it!" It is impossible to think of his sufferings without wondering at the firmness of his faith.

When Death came at last, after years of nameless torture, only a few cold paragraphs in the journals told that a poet had died. The neglect, which had hung like a shadow over his poor ruined life, brooded like a shadow on his grave. But fortunately for his fame, he left relatives behind him who were determined to set him right, once and for ever, with posterity. To such reverent care and industry we owe the two volumes of collected verse, the exquisite volume of prose memoranda, and lastly, the beautiful Life and Letters. Thus, although only a short period has elapsed since Dobell's death, though it seems only yesterday that the poet lay forgotten in some dark limbo of poetic failures, the public is already aware of him as one of the strong men of his generation, strong, too, in the sublimest sense of goodness, courage, and all the old-fashioned Christian virtues. He would have been recognised, perhaps, sooner or later, though I have my doubts; but that he has been recognised so soon is due to such love and duty as are the crown and glory of a good man's life. The public gratitude is due to those who have vindicated him, and made impossible all mistakes as to the strength of his genius and the beauty of his character. His music was not for this generation, his dream was not of this earth, his final consecration was not to be given here below.

> "Vex not his ghost: O let him pass! he hates him much
> That would upon the rack of this rough world
> Stretch him out longer."

But henceforth his immortality is secure. He sits by Shelley's side, in the loneliest and least accessible heaven of Mystic Song.

ON CHINESE FANS.

BY HERBERT A. GILES.

In China, just as the dragon is the symbol of power and the national emblem of the Chinese people, so is the fan the characteristic accompaniment to the everyday life of the ordinary Chinaman. It is, therefore, possible that a few remarks from a purely Chinese standpoint may not be wholly out of place. For even in these days of advanced globe-trotting it is not every man's luck to get either to Corinth or to Peking; and the topic is one, moreover, to which the writer has personally devoted some attention. In his new Dictionary of the English Language, Dr. Latham has ventured to define a fan as an 'instrument used by ladies to move the air and cool themselves;' a definition which is clearly bounded by the four walls of a European ball-room. All over the Asiatic continent fans are as much in use among men as among women; and in China, to which the following paper will be confined, a fan of some sort or other is part and parcel of every man's summer equipment. The term 'fan' is expressed in the Chinese language by a single and unchangeable character, which in Mandarin is pronounced *shan*, the *a* having almost exactly the value of the *a* in 'can't.' This character is a compound of two others, namely *hu* (or *hoo*), 'a door,' and *yü*, 'feathers.' These are written in the modern style, said to be a gradual modification from the ancient hieroglyphs, under which form this same *hu* is believed actually to stand for the picture of one leaf of a door, and *yü* * for that of the feathers or wings of a bird. From the conjunction of these two hieroglyphs we obtain, not a third hieroglyph—for no one pretends that any form of *shan*, ancient or modern, in any way resembles a fan—but an ideographic combination, analysis of which guides by association to the sense. Feathers beneath a door, door standing

* Here used as a contraction of a more complex character.

by synecdoche for a house: that which, made of feathers, is used within doors: *scilicet*, a fan.

Another, and, in the written language, equally common term for a fan, is *sha* (or *shah*),* compounded of the same word *yü*, 'feathers,' placed above the character—also an ideograph—which stands for 'a female companion;' in other words, a woman fanning her lord, such indeed being one of the daily duties of the denizens of a Chinese harem. With regard to the constant use of the word 'feathers' in these combinations, it would appear from Chinese authorities that wings of birds and leaves of trees dispute, if not divide, the honor of having furnished the first fans to mankind. But Chinese authorities are eminently unreliable on most points, and the invention of the fan has been variously attributed to different heroes of antiquity according to the fancy of each particular writer. For instance, the *Yu-hsüo*, or Child's Guide to Knowledge, tells us that to the Emperor Hsien Yüan, who came to the throne B.C. 2697, we are indebted for this boon to suffering humanity; while the *Kuang-shih-lei-fu*, a well-known cyclopædia of antitheses, defers the invention to the reign of Wu-wang, the first ruler of the Chow dynasty, or more than a thousand years later. Other authorities declare for the Emperor Shun, B.C. 2255, with whose honored name tradition has lovingly coupled more than one similar achievement designed to promote the welfare and happiness of his children. Of the history of fans in China, and their gradual development from the primitive bird's wing or unelaborated leaf, there is positively nothing to record, unless perhaps it be the publication by the Emperor Ngan Ti, of the Chin dynasty (A.D. 405),* of a strange enactment against the use of silk in the manufacture of these articles. It was apparently a mere sumptuary law, having for its object the protection of silk, the material which, according to a very ancient belief still prevalent in China, can alone give warmth to the aged. In one of his dissertations on political economy Mencius observed:† 'At fifty, without silk no warmth; at seventy, without meat no satiety.' The sage had been advocating a more extensive cultivation of the mulberry tree, with a view to provide an adequate source of food for the silkworm; and in the present instance it is most probable that the imperial edict was directed against the indiscriminate waste of silk for purposes of mere luxury; but like all similar enactments, this one fell speedily into desuetude.

Almost every large city in China, and certainly every important division of the Empire, has its own characteristic fan; or else there is something peculiar in the make, color, or ornamentation of the common 'folding' fan as seen in that particular district, by which it may be distinguished from its ubiquitous congener. For the folding fan, as the Chinese call it, is the fan *par excellence;* and all that ingenuity of design has hitherto accomplished has not succeeded in displacing this convenient form from the affections of the people at large. The large palm-leaf, with its strongly-bound edges and natural handle, large quantities of which are exported annually from Canton and elsewhere, may possibly be the cheapest and most breeze-compelling of all kinds; but it is not very portable, and cannot readily be stowed away about the person, or stored so as to last into a second summer. It finds favor in the eyes of tea-shop and public eating-house keepers, and is always to be seen in the guest chambers, whether of guilds, monasteries, or private establishments. The folding fan, on the other hand, occupies but little space; and when not in use may be stuck in the

* With regard to the two words *sha* and *shan*, it is stated in the *Fang-yen*, by Yang Hsiung, that the former is employed to the east, the latter to the west, of the Shan-hai-Kuan, or point at which the Great Wall of China abuts upon the sea coast, dividing Manchuria from the eighteen provinces.

It should also be mentioned that there is another character, similarly read *sha*, but differently written, which likewise means a fan. The two are given in dictionaries as separate words, but it is not improbable that they were originally the same.

* Here again authorities are at variance. Hsieh Ling-Yün credits this enactment to the Emperor Hsido Wu, of the same dynasty, who reigned from 373 to 397 A.D. The date given in the text is taken from the *Kuang-shih-lei-fu*.

† Book vii.

high boot of the full-dressed Chinese gentleman, or at the back of the neck in the loose collarless jacket, which, with the addition of a curt *caleçon*, constitutes the entire toilette of a Chinese coolie. Besides, the folding fan opens into a tolerably smooth surface, fairly well adapted for the painter's art; and even the dirtiest specimen of Chinese vagabondage loves to rest his eye upon some gaily painted flower or a spray or two of the much-prized bamboo. Consequently, the folding fan obtains all over the eighteen provinces of China Proper, and beyond, far away across the Great Wall, over the steppes of Mongolia and the mountains of Tibet. Of the more elaborate kinds, produced at Canton for export to Europe, with their exquisitely carved or perforated ivory handles, &c., it will suffice to say that such are quite unknown even in the highest and wealthiest circles of Chinese society, the folding fan being rarely the vehicle of extravagant expenditure in this respect. It may be made, indeed, either of paper or of silk; for handle, ivory or sandal wood may be used; but even then the general get-up is as a rule plain, while for the common folding fan of the Empire, bamboo is the material most extensively employed, being at once the cheapest and most durable of all woods. Pendents of amber, jade, ivory, cornelian, and other substances, are also affected by the more refined, and a fan case beautifully embroidered in some quaint pattern, accompanied perhaps by some appropriate classical allusion, is a very ordinary birthday present from a sister to a brother or from a wife to her husband. The number of 'bones'* or ribs to a folding fan is a matter which is by no means left to chance. Sixteen, including the two outer pieces, may be quoted as the standard; but fans made in certain localities have more, as many as thirty-two, and sometimes even thirty-six. The reason why the number sixteen is preferred is that such a fan opens into a convenient number of spaces to receive the poetical inscription which custom has almost, but not altogether, tied down to a given number of lines.

Irregular inscriptions are, however, not uncommon. The Hangchow fan has a great many bones. It is a very strongly made article; and though only of paper, prepared in some way with oil, may remain plunged in water (it is said) for twenty-four hours without injury. But this fan finds no favor with those who can afford to pick and choose, and for a rather singular reason. Just as with the Chinese white is the emblem of death and mourning, so black is regarded as typical of moral impurity, and black things are consequently avoided on the strength of the proverb, 'Proximity to vermilion makes a man red; to ink, black.' Now the Hangchow fan is, with the exception of a sprinkling of gold or silver on the face, as black as it well could be; and it is therefore at a discount even among those by whom the most trifling form of economy cannot be satisfactorily ignored.* Chair coolies, everywhere a degraded class, invest their money in these fans without hesitation, doubtless feeling themselves beyond the reach of such influences as these. Old men, too, may use black fans without scruple. Their age is held to have placed them on a vantage ground in this as in all other respects; for, as Confucius observed, 'That which is really white may be in the darkest dye without being made black,'† and a man who has led for years a spotless life is unlikely to be influenced for the bad by mere contact with a fan. Black fans, with black lacquer handles, are made in Canton for sale to the outer barbarian, the hated foreigner, whose moral obliquity is regarded by the masses of China as more *prononcé* than that of the lowest of their low.

Besides the large non-folding feather fan, generally looked upon in Europe as a hand screen for the fire, some beautiful specimens of the folding fan are also to be seen in feathers, which show, on being opened, beautifully painted bouquets of flowers, butterflies, birds, &c., &c. Kingfishers' feathers and beetles' wings are also largely employed in the manufacture of fans and screens, and

* This again is a translation of the Chinese term.

* So punctilious indeed is a respectable Chinaman in the case of mourning, that he will even abstain from chewing betel-nut, because it would make his lips red, and red is emblematical of joy.

† See the *Lun-yü*, bk. xvii., ch. 7.

tortoise-shell and jade are occasionally used in elaborating the handles of the more expensive kinds. White silk, stretched tightly over both sides of a narrow frame, round, octagonal, sexagonal, or polygonal, as the case may be, forms what is considered in the higher circles of Chinese society the *ne plus ultra* of elegance and refinement; especially so when some charming study in flower or landscape painting on the obverse is accompanied by a sparkling stanza on the reverse, signed by the writer and addressed to the friend for whose delectation it is intended. This is a very favorite present among the Chinese; and as poets and painters are but a small minority in China, as elsewhere, it follows that any man who is sufficiently an artist to supply either the verses or the design need never starve for want of occupation. One of the highest officials and most renowned calligraphists in the Chinese Empire at the present moment, when formerly a struggling student at Foochow, eked out a scanty livelihood by writing inscriptions for fans in all kinds of styles, ancient and modern, at about one shilling and eightpence per fan. Outside his door was a notice calling the attention of the public to the above fact, and the fancy name he gave to his studio was 'Laugh, but Buy.'

That kind known as the 'Swatow' fan is for a non-folding fan perhaps the most serviceable of all, as for lightness and durability combined it is certainly without a rival. It is formed from a piece of bamboo, about 1½ foot in length and half an inch in diameter, split two-thirds of the way down into a number of slips, each very thin and apparently fragile, while really possessed of its full share of the strength and flexibility of the parent stem. These slips are spread out in the same plane, with their tips slightly bent over, somewhat like a mustard spoon; and then strong paper is pasted over the whole as far down as the splits extend, the remaining unsplit half serving as handle. This fan is said to be actually made near Amoy, probably near Chang-chow, and to be sent to Swatow only to be painted; but to foreigners resident in China it is universally known as the 'Swatow' fan. Of all fancy fans there is none so curious as what is commonly termed the 'broken fan,' which at first sight would appear to be a simple folding fan, and on being opened from left to right as usual discloses nothing to distinguish it from the most ordinary kind. Opened, however, the reverse way, from right to left, the whole fan seems to have fallen to pieces, each bone, with the part attached to it, being separated from all the others, as if the connecting strings were broken. This arrangement is of course simple enough, but at first sight the effect, as a trick, is remarkably good. From the broken it is an easy transition to the secret or *double-entendre* fan, which opened one way shows a flower or similarly harmless design; the other, some ribald sketch which with us would entail severe penalties on maker, publisher, and all concerned. It is only fair, however, to the administration of China to state that, theoretically speaking, the same penalties would be incurred, though practically they are seldom if ever enforced. In the Peking form of this fan there are always two such pictures to each. These are not seen when the fan is opened out, and it will only open one way; but are disclosed by turning back the two end ribs or 'bones.' A far more creditable and more useful *compagnon de voyage* is the map fan, which gives the plan of some such great city as Peking or Canton, with the names of the streets and public buildings marked in characters of medium legibility. Sometimes whole districts are included on the surface of a fan; and as the distances from place to place are given with considerable accuracy, travellers not unusually invest the small sums required for the purchase of these topographical guides. So, too, any great national event may be circulated over the Empire by means of fans, precisely as penny books of the Lord Mayor's Show are still sold in Fleet Street on every November 9. The Tientsin Massacre, for instance, brought forth a hideous specimen, with horrid details of the hacking to pieces of Roman Catholic priests and sisters, the burning of the cathedral and of the French consulate, the murder of the French Consul and his *chancelier*. The sale of these fans was almost immediately prohibited by the Chinese authorities, and they are now very rare.

Some 'fans' are not fans at all. The 'steel fan' is simply a bar of metal, shaped and painted to resemble an ordinary closed fan, and carried sometimes as a life-preserver, sometimes by the swell mobsmen and rowdies of China, to be used at close quarters with murderous effect. Of the same species is the well-known 'dagger fan,' which consists of an elegant imitation in lacquer of a common folding fan, but is really a sheath containing within its fair exterior a deadly blade, short and sharp, like a small Malay *kris*. This dagger fan was invented by the Japanese, and its importation into China has always been strictly forbidden. Great numbers have, however, been successfully introduced into Canton, Foochow, and other large maritime cities, and they are now even manufactured by the enterprising natives of the first-mentioned port.

A curious specimen of the fan is produced in Formosa, consisting of a thick pithy leaf, shaped like a cone with the apex chopped off, and a short handle fitted to the line of severance, and bearing upon its face a landscape or group of figures burnt in with a hot iron. It was the invention of a needy scholar of Taiwan Fu, the capital city of Formosa, who being in distressed circumstances hit upon the above novelty as a means of replenishing his empty purse. The fan took immensely for a time, long enough in fact to make the fortune of the inventor, who for a considerable period was at his wits' end to meet the demand. The rage for them has been now for some time spent, and they are only made in small quantities, for sale more as curiosities than anything else. For there are fashions in fans as in other articles of human luxury in China as elsewhere. Every year sees some fresh variety, differing perhaps imperceptibly to the European eye from the favorite of the preceding season, but still sufficiently so to constitute a novelty, a new fashion for the wealthy Chinese exquisite. A foreigner may live for years amongst the Chinese and never notice any change to relieve the monotony of their dress. Yet, as a matter of fact, some variety, even of hat or shoes, is introduced almost annually. The fashionable cap is squarer or rounder at the top as the case may be; the shoes more or less pointed, or ornamented after some novel design. And so it is with fans, which are made of different material and of different sizes for different seasons of the year in proportion to the quantity of breeze required. In the *Miscellanies of the Western Capital** we read: 'The fans of the Son of Heaven are, for the summer, of feathers; for the winter, of silk;' and in a poem by Ow-yang Hisu occurs this line:

> In the tenth moon the people of the capital turn to their warm fans.

At the present day the distinction between warm and cold fans can hardly be said to exist. Those for spring and autumn are smaller than those used in summer, reminding one of the old Roman luxury of summer and winter rings. It is also *mauvais ton* to be seen with a fan too early or too late in the year. There are indeed no days absolutely fixed for the beginning and end of the fan season, as in the case of the summer and winter hats worn by all employés of the Government, and which are supposed to be changed simultaneously all over the Empire; but Chinese custom has made it as ridiculous for a man to carry a fan before or after a certain conventional date as it would be with us to wear a white waistcoat in March or November.

During the summer months a bird's-eye view of China would disclose a perfect flutter of fans from one confine to the other. Punkahs are unknown to the Chinese, except as an innovation of the foreigner; and it has been necessary to coin a term expressly for them. Occasionally they may be seen in the house of some wealthy Chinese merchant, as, for instance, in the establishment of the celebrated Howqua family at Canton; but even then they are regarded more as a curiosity than as appliances of every-day use. On the other hand, it can hardly be said that the idea of a general fan or punkah has escaped the searching ingenuity of the Chinese; for in the work last quoted we are informed that 'under the Han dynasty [between sixteen hundred and two thousand years ago] there lived at Ch'ang-an a very skilful workman, named Ting Huan,

* Ch'ang-an, now Hsi-an Fu, the capital of the province of Shensi.

who made a seven-wheel fan. This consisted of seven large wheels, ten feet in diameter, joined together, the whole being turned by a single man, and keeping the place quite cool during the summer months.' This description is a trifle too meagre to enable us to state with certainty the exact shape of the machine in question. The paddle wheel of a steamer seems to come the nearest to it; and from the loftiness of Chinese halls and reception rooms in general, both official and private, no objection could be offered on the score of height. Be this as it may, such a machine would at any rate be free from what is in Chinese eyes the weak point of a punkah—namely, its position with regard to the person operated upon. A Chinaman fans his face, arms, legs, chest, and even back, as he may feel disposed at the moment; but he objects strongly to a draught of air falling on the top of his head, and avoids it as much as possible. At meals, during the very hot weather, servants usually stand behind their masters and slowly but steadily ply the large feather fan, originally made from the feathers of a pheasant's tail, because the Emperor Kao Tsung of the Yin* dynasty on one occasion connected some fortunate event with the auspicious crowing of a pheasant.† Burden-carrying coolies of the lowest stratum of Chinese society fan themselves as they hurry along the streets weighed down by their back-breaking loads. Little boys are engaged to fan the workmen whose business is carried on in the hot shops of a crowded Chinese city. The very soldiers in the ranks fan themselves on parade; and among the insignia carried in the procession of every mandarin above a certain rank there is to be found a huge wooden fan more resembling a banner than anything else. And this brings us to a rather curious phase of Chinese etiquette. A Chinaman on horseback or in a sedan chair, meeting an equal of his acquaintance on foot, must forthwith dismount, be it only to make a passing bow. It is a serious breach of politeness to remain sitting while the person to whom you are addressing yourself stands. And, similarly, two friends meeting in chairs should, strictly speaking, both dismount to salute. But to avoid the obvious inconvenience of perpetually stopping and dismounting, in perhaps a crowded thoroughfare, at the appearance of every friend, it has been arranged that the occupant, say of the chair, may hold his fan up so as to screen his face from view, and the two pass without further ceremony, as if, in fact, they had never met. And such is the use to which, apart from their emblematical significa tion, the above-mentioned wooden fans would be put should the almost impossible contingency arise of two mandarins of equal rank meeting face to face in the street. The servants of each would hasten to interpose these great fans between the passing chairs of their respective masters, who, by the aid of this pleasant fiction, would be held not to have become aware of each other's presence. A subordinate would turn up a side street and yield the road to his superior officer.

Formerly there was a certain kind of fan specially used as a screen to 'separate the sun, screen off the wind, and obstruct the dust,' just as well-to-do Chinamen now use the ordinary fan to save their half-shaven heads from the scorching summer rays while they stroll along or hurry by on business or pleasure bent. The common coolie has his wide mushroom-shaped hat, and the official rides in a sedan-chair with his red umbrella carried like the wooden fan in procession before him; but the middle-class Chinaman, who may be unwilling to throw away money in chair hire, trusts to his fan alone. As a matter of fact, from the narrowness of the streets in most Chinese cities, and the matting with which these streets are in many cases roofed over, sufficient shade is afforded to enable persons to move freely about without further defence against the sun; and for a walk across country the inevitable umbrella would of course be called into play—no longer, however, the characteristic model of antiquity, with clumsy handle and coarse oil-cloth top, but some cheap importation in European style, the convenience of which in point of portability has long since been recognised by the Chi-

* More commonly known as Wu Ting, 1324–1265 B.C.

† This story is told by Ts'ui Pao, in his *Ku-chin-chu*, or 'Antiquarian Researches.'

nese. In such a city as Canton two open umbrellas would more than fill the narrow roadway, and the risk of constant collision would be great; consequently, umbrellas are only to be seen on wet days, when the ordinary crowd is at a minimum. Even in Peking, where some of the streets are as wide as Regent Street, the convenience of the fan recommends it as a sunshade in preference to the more unwieldy umbrella.

The fan plays no inconsiderable *rôle* in Chinese decorative art. Besides being the vehicle of both poetry and painting, it is itself often introduced into designs of all kinds. Mullioned windows are not unusually made in the shape of the top part of a folding fan spread out, that is, the paper or silk part without the ribs; and the full outline is often used to contain pictures or verses painted or inscribed upon walls, as if an open fan had simply been nailed over the spot. History indeed has recorded the case of one painter, Wang Yüan-chün, who so excelled in this particular line that people, like the birds pecking at the grapes of Apelles, would often try to take down and examine more closely some of these beautiful specimens of wall painting, which appeared to be really fans hung up by a thread or attached to a nail. It has been mentioned above that, with the more refined of the Chinese, fans, including both the 'screen' and the 'folding' varieties, are almost invariably painted on one side and left blank on the other for the insertion of some appropriate verses, which may be either original or borrowed; from which it will be seen that fans occupy to some extent in China the position of albums with us. To give any idea of the quaint designs in figure and landscape painting, the marvellous birds, beasts, and insects—especially butterflies—which are to be found on the more highly finished Chinese screens, is next to impossible without reproducing the originals; but a few words on the versification just alluded to, and on the fan language in general, may not be uninteresting to some. There is, however, in the long list of fan-painting celebrities the name of one single artist, the nature of whose works is expressed by a term with which they have ever been associated in history. That term is '10,000 *li*,' or a distance of over 3,000 English miles. The painter in question was named Wang Fei; and the extent of a landscape he was able to produce on the surface of a mere ordinary fan was said to be limited only by the hyperbolical range of 10,000 *li*.

The fan is metaphorically known in the Chinese language as the 'Phœnix Tail' or the 'Jay's Wing,' terms which point to what were possibly the archetypes of all fans, namely, the wings and tails of birds, from which has been developed the modern feather fan. The folding fan, by the way, is said by one authority* not to be a Chinese invention at all, but to have been introduced into China by the Coreans, who sent a quantity of them to the Emperor Yung Lê of the Ming dynasty, amongst the other articles offered as tribute by the vassal State. The Emperor is further stated to have been so pleased with the novelty that orders were issued for their imitation by Chinese workmen. A fan is also alluded to in figurative language as a 'strike the butterfly,' or a 'chase the flies,' as a 'like the moon,' or a 'call the wind,' and as a 'screen the face,' a name which should be taken in conjunction with the point of etiquette previously mentioned. It is called a 'change the season,' from its power of cooling the person fanned. This power has been enlarged upon in an ode to a fan, written by a poet named Poh Chü-I,† of which the following are specimen lines:

With thee, hot suns shall strike in vain the snow;
By thy aid gentle gales perennial blow;
Thou mov'st an autumn breeze 'neath summer skies;
Cease, and the round moon in my bosom lies.

From the last line of this effusion, which, as a translation, aims only at literal fidelity to the original, it is clear that the particular kind of fan here alluded to must be the round screen fan, which Chinese poets never tire of comparing with the full moon, and which, when not in use, is often laid 'in the bosom,' between the folds of the flowing outer robe. As to inscriptions upon

* The *Ch'ien-ch'o-lei-shu*, an encyclopædia published in 1632.

† Flourished A.D. 772–846.

fans, they vary with every variety of human thought and feeling. The more usual kind treats in stilted language, pregnant with classical quotation and obscure historical allusion, of some one of the ever-changing aspects of nature. Others again are didactic ; and some are literary *tours de force*, occasionally of a not very high order. The most celebrated of the latter class has been acknowledged by universal consent to be a couplet consisting of only eight characters, written at the eight corners of an octagon fan belonging to the Emperor Chien Wên, of the Liang dynasty,* and said to have been the composition of the monarch himself. The peculiarity of this couplet is that the reader may begin at any one of the eight characters, and by reading round the way of the sun find a couplet of perfect sense and perfectly rhymed. Yet of all inscriptions on or about fans in China, few are to be compared in point of pathos and poetic vigor with a certain stanza penned many centuries ago by a favorite of the Emperor Ch'êng Ti, of the Han dynasty.† The lady in question, whose name was Pan, had been for some time the *confidante* of his Majesty, and the queen of the Imperial seraglio, and appears to have believed that something more than an ordinary attachment of the hour existed between herself and the Son of Heaven. Gradually, however, she began to find that her influence was on the wane, and at length, unable to bear any longer her mortification and grief, she forwarded to the Emperor a circular screen fan, on one side of which were inscribed the following lines :

O fair white silk, fresh from the weaver's loom,
Clear as the frost, bright as the winter snow,—
See, friendship fashions out of thee a fan ;
Round as the round moon shines in heaven above ;
At home, abroad, a close companion thou ;
Stirring at every move the grateful gale.
And yet I fear, ah me ! that autumn chills,
Cooling the dying summer's torrid rage,
Will see thee laid neglected on the shelf,
All thought of by-gone days, by-gone, like them.

Since the date of this poem, a deserted wife has constantly been spoken of as an 'autumn fan.'—*Fraser's Magazine.*

MR. BROWNING'S DRAMATIC IDYLLS.‡

BY MRS. SUTHERLAND ORR.

MR. BROWNING'S "Dramatic Idylls" contain all that the terms properly imply ; very little of that which popular association connects with them ; and though the graceful unrealities suggested by the word Idyllic could never be looked for in any work of his, he has exceeded forecast in the opposite direction. The concentrated vigor of his latest volume may startle even those who have learnt by long experience that his genius is incapable of attenuation, and that writing six short poems, instead of one long one, means with him, not the suspension of constructive effort, but a constructive effort multiplied so many times. It justifies the stereotyped opinion concerning him by dealing chiefly with the unusual in character and circumstance, and with emotions more startling than sympathetic. It belies it in so far that the unusual in its pictures adds often not only to their impressiveness, but to their truth, recalling, as they do, forgotten, rather than improbable aspects of human life ; and rough-hewn possibilities, rather than over-specialized forms of human feeling. That the result is on the whole somewhat stern and sad will be approved or disapproved according to the temperament of the reader. It seems superfluous to say, what is implied by the shortness of these poems, that they are free from all tedious elaboration ; or to add that the intellectual matter which they contain is strictly subordinate to their dramatic form.

"Pheidippides" differs from the five other Idylls as the classical conventionalities of a Greek subject differ from any possible romance of northern life. It differs also in this respect, that though

* Reigned A.D. 550–551.
† Reigned B.C. 32 to B.C. 6.
‡ *Dramatic Idylls.* By Robert Browning. London : Smith, Elder & Co., 1879. Boston : Houghton, Osgood & Co.

the most historical in treatment, it is the most pathetic. It is an episode in the life of an Athenian "runner," who was despatched to Sparta to invoke aid against the Persian invasion, and covered the distance of 150 miles in 48 hours; and who ran again, and for the last time, from Marathon to Athens to tell the result of the battle. The earlier feat is recorded by Herodotus, and referred to by other writers, together with the ambiguous reply of Sparta, and the meeting with Pan at Mount Parnes, and receiving from him a promise of assistance. Lucian mentions the death of the messenger in the act of announcing the victory. Mr. Browning has filled in this outline of semi-mythical fact, and placed Pheidippides before us, not only in the passion of his patriotic impulse, but in all that poetry of visible motion with which the Greek imagination would have clothed him.

Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return!
See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no spectre that speaks!
Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me, Athens and you,
"Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for aid!
Persia has come, we are here, where is She?" Your command I obeyed,
Ran and raced: like stubble, some field which a fire runs through,
Was the space between city and city: two days, two nights did I burn
Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up peaks.

Into their midst I broke: breath served but for "Persia has come!
Persia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute, water and earth;
Razed to the ground is Eretria—but Athens, shall Athens sink,
Drop into dust and die—the flower of Hellas utterly die,
Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid, the stander-by?
Answer me quick, what help, what hand do you stretch o'er destruction's brink?
How,—when? No care for my limbs!—there's lightning in all and some—
Fresh and fit your message to bear, once lips give it birth!"

O my Athens—Sparta love thee? Did Sparta respond?
Every face of her leered in a furrow of envy, mistrust,
Malice,—each eye of her gave me its glitter of gratified hate!
Gravely they turned to take counsel, to cast for excuses. I stood
Quivering,—the limbs of me fretting as fire frets, an inch from dry wood:
"Persia has come, Athens asks aid, and still they debate?
Thunder, thou Zeus! Athene, are Spartans a quarry beyond
Swing of thy spear? Phoibos and Artemis, clang them 'Ye must!'"

No bolt launched from Olumpos? Lo, their answer at last!
"Has Persia come,—does Athens ask aid,—may Sparta befriend?
Nowise precipitate judgment—too weighty the issue at stake!
Count we no time lost time which lags through respect to the Gods!
Ponder that precept of old, 'No warfare, whatever the odds
In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is unable to take
Full-circle her state in the sky!' Already she rounds to it fast:
Athens must wait, patient as we—who judgment suspend."

Athens,—except for that sparkle,—thy name, I had mouldered to ash!
That sent a blaze through my blood; off, off and away was I back,
—Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the false and the vile!
Yet, "O Gods of my land!" I cried, as each hillock and plain,
Wood and stream, I knew, named, rushing past them again,
"Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honors we paid you erewhile?
Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome libation! Too rash
Love in its choice, paid you so largely service so slack!"

The beautiful imagery which illustrates the first race is repeated in the second.

He flung down his shield,
Ran like fire once more: and the space 'twixt the Fennel-field
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs through.

The metre itself, which Mr. Browning employs for the first time, denotes this blending of athletic force and heroic inspiration, and seems to throb with the unresting flight and rythmic footfall of the "day-long runner" who runs for his country's life. An element of more personal interest is supplied by the hope which speeds Pheidippides on his last errand. Pan has promised him release from "the racer's toil," and he can only construe such a release into freedom to marry the maiden whom he loves; but the promise is more poetically fulfilled in the death which overtakes him in the hour of his crowning achievement and of his country's

triumph ; the heart bursting as from excess of joy. The "Rejoice" which is his dying salutation to the Archons, and its consequent adoption in memory of the event, belong to the historic basis of the story. The Greek conception appears to us too strictly maintained in the first verse, where an invocation to Pan is perplexingly involved with an address to the other gods ; while towards the end of the poem its rounded cadences here and there break up into pants, like the action of a mechanism of which the spring is broken. But on the whole the language is singularly little strained by its adaptation to classic thought ; and its majestic body of sound conveys a simplicity of meaning very rarely found under like conditions. Mr. Browning's known dramatic faculty of so paving the way to his climax that our utmost surprise has in it a sense of the inevitable, has a ready-made expression in this series of incidents, creating as they do a tension of feeling to which the catastrophe is at once a shock and a relief ; but it makes its own subjects in the other Idylls, and is the more apparent in proportion as their psychological interest is more pronounced. The most striking instance of this kind of effect occurs in "Martin Relph."

"Martin Relph" is the confession of an old man guilty in his youth of witnessing a judicial murder, which a signal from him might have prevented, and who ever since has striven to exorcise the memory of the fact by rehearsing it publicly at the place and on the anniversary of its occurrence. This rehearsal, sobbed forth in a mingled stream of narrative, ejaculation, and protest, is the echo of an anguish deeper even than its ostensible cause ; and its last words flash a sudden, yet expected meaning upon it. The man's soul is wrestling, not with the memory of a deed, but with the phantom of a motive. He brands himself as fool and coward for what he has done ; but the terms fool and coward are only the weapons with which he fights off the thought, too clamorous to be silenced, too terrible to be distinctly expressed, that he was something more. He liked, perhaps *loved*, the condemned girl. Living, she would have belonged to another man. That very man was flying towards the place of execution, staggering, stumbling, straining every nerve, waving aloft the signal of her attested innocence ; without voice to cry, without an eye to see him but *his* who faced the assembled crowd. Was it simple horror which struck that *one* witness dumb within sight of the pinioned victim, and the terrified lookers-on, the levelled muskets, and the already present reprieve, through the brief, breathless, ultra-conscious moment which determined the destiny of two lives ?

From head to foot in a serpent's twine am I
tightened : *I* touch ground ?
No more than a gibbet's rigid corpse which
the fetters rust around !

Can I speak, can I breathe, can I burst—aught
else but see, see, only see ?
And see I do—for there comes in sight—a
man, it sure must be !—
Who staggeringly, stumblingly, rises, falls,
rises, at random flings his weight
On and on, anyhow onward—a man that's mad
he arrives too late !

Else why does he wave a something white
high-flourished above his head ?
Why does not he call, cry,—curse the fool !—
why throw up his arms instead ?
O take this fist in your own face, fool ! Why
does not yourself shout "Stay !
Here's a man comes rushing, might and main,
with something he's mad to say ?"

And a minute, only a moment, to have hell-fire
boil up in your brain,
And ere you can judge things right, choose
heaven,—time's over, repentance vain !

Mr. Browning has thrown not only all his power into this situation, but all his subtlety into the open verdict which is our final impression of it. He does not indeed imply that the jealousy at once confessed and disclaimed is what the narrator tries to think it—a figment of his own brain, born of the ingenuity of a terrified remorse ; but he allows the very circumstances of the event to justify a doubt if that feeling could be held responsible. We may at least imagine that the latent motive triumphed, if triumph it did, through the fact of its indistinctness ; though memory, which knows no perspective but its own, might reject the compromise. The episode refers to some troublous period of the last century, of which one or two passages reflect the coarse moral tone, as well as the social and political disorder which rendered it possible. A regiment is quartered in a village. Its intended movements have become known to the

enemy. Treason is suspected; an example,—in other words, a victim required. This is found in the person of an innocent girl whose letter to her affianced husband is captured, and distorted into an evidence of guilt. She is sentenced to die unless her loyalty be established within a week. The burden of proof falls on the lover, and no figure in the drama is so pathetic as this man struggling against every hindrance which selfishness and stupidity can devise for the official acknowledgment of that which nobody disbelieves; and whose maddest endeavors only bring him to the side of the woman he would have saved in time to die with her. When the smoke of the united volley clears away, the frantic figure has disappeared. It is found face downwards in a field still half a mile distant; the hand clenching its signed and sealed paper; some blood about the lips. The mortal agony of this retrospect is nowhere more fully expressed than in the lines which tell us that it is over.

> So, coward it is and coward shall be! There's a friend, now! Thanks! A drink
> Of water I wanted: and now I can walk, get home by myself, I think.

Like "Martin Relph," Ivàn Ivànovitch and "Ned Bratts" read backwards with singular dramatic effect; but with this distinction, that in the latter the event is foreshadowed by natural circumstance; in the former by an artistic device. The picturesque and rapid action of the Russian Idyll is symbolised by an axe, the description of which stands as a literary frontispiece to it. This axe, which is spoken of as in use among Russian workmen at the present day, is a peculiar instrument, combining with its own special properties those of many other carpenter's tools, and loses something of dramatic suitability by the practised skill implied in such a construction. But the versatility thus suggested is part of its dramatic use. It can do all kinds of carpenter's work. It can on occasion do more. Ivàn Ivànovitch is wielding such an axe. His mighty strokes are shaping a tree-trunk into a mast. He stands before us with the blue eyes and "honey-colored" beard of the northern giant he is intended to be. The time is that of Peter the Great. The place, a Russian village, for which space has been barely rescued from the forest solitudes extending on either side of the road from Petersburg to Moscow. The ice and snow of a Russian winter are on the ground. Suddenly there is a "burst of bells;" a trampling of hoofs; and a sledge bearing what looks like the dead body of a neighbor's wife dashes up to the spot; the horse stumbling and falling in the act. The neighbors gather around. The woman has only fainted; a long-drawn scream announces her return to consciousness; by degrees her tale is told. They were about to return together—she, her husband and her three children, from the distant village to which he was summoned perhaps a month ago to help in building a church. But fire broke out; all hands were needed to suppress it; and Dmitri must needs despatch his wife and little ones homeward in all haste and alone. The infant in her arms, the two elder boys warmly packed at her feet; old Droog to carry, and a rising moon to light them on the well-known way—what harm could come to them? The good horse gallops bravely; for the moment he is young again. But presently there is a sound—a soughing. Droog's ears fly back to listen. It is the wind—he knows it, and plunges on again. But there is no wind; the breath goes straight up from their lips; and there is still the sound! Low, less low, louder, not to be mistaken; the tread of wolves' feet in the snow. And now they are in sight. They press onwards, line upon line, a wedge-like mass widening in the advance; through the unnatural daylight born of the moon and snow; through the cruel pines which bend no branch to hinder or conceal; distant still, but still gaining on their prey. And now *one* has reached the sledge. Her life shall be yielded before her children's. They are safe if they will only lie still. But Stepàn will not be still. He was always the naughty one; sullen and puny; the worst of her little brood. She has loved him with heart and soul. But how save him in spite of himself? He will not be advised. He is mad with fear. And now his brother is shrieking. She tugs, she struggles. If she must lose one, it is the strong, not the weak whom the Tsar requires. Perhaps her

hands relax. Perhaps they get entangled. Stepàn is gone. But she escapes with two. She is still a rich mother. Some have no boy. Some have, and lose him.

God knows which
Is worse: how pitiful to see your weakling pine
And pale and pass away!

She is all but content. But hark—the tramp again—not the band,—no—the numbers are less—the race is slack. Some, alas! are feasting, some are "full-fed." But there are enough to seize the fresh prey. Their eyes are like points of brass as they gleam in their level line. One, the same, is at their head again. She dashes her fist into his face; he may crunch that if he will. Terentii is gathered into her lap; her very heartstrings tie him round. The bag of relics hangs safe about his neck.

'Twas through my arms, crossed arms, he—nuzzling now with snout,
Now ripping, tooth and claw—plucked, pulled Terentii out,
A prize indeed! I saw—how could I else but see?—
My precious one—I bit to hold back—pulled from me!

But the babe is safe! He will grow into a man. He will wreak vengeance upon the whole brood. She outwits them yet. Day dawns on the farthest snow. Its rosy light is upon it. Home is all but reached. Yet again—no—thank Heaven—not the band; but—yes; *one* is in pursuit! She sees him in the distance

one speck, one spot, one ball

growing bigger at every bound. It is the same again. She plucks him by the tongue; she will tear at it till she wrenches it out. It has but given him a fresh taste of flesh. She falls on the infant's body. She covers it with her whole self. The teeth furrow her shoulder. They grate to the very bone. What more could a mother do? The babe is scooped from under her very heart. At that moment sense forsakes her.

This, then, is the upshot of the story. She has surrendered her children to be devoured, and lives to tell it; yet she scarcely perceives the extent of her revelation. Recalling, rather than relating, the horrors of the night, she is perhaps herself blinded by the sophistries which have covered her escape; and with the retrospect comes also a reaction. Sheltered, revived, with kindly faces beaming upon her, regret itself is melting away in the sweet consciousness of her security. She weeps, relieving, almost happy tears. It is to Ivàn Ivànovitch that her narrative has been especially addressed. His knee has propped her head. His large paternal hands have smoothed her hair as she lay. In one mixed impulse of yearning gratitude and benediction she has slipped on to her knees before him.

Solemnly
Ivàn rose, raised his axe,—for fitly, as she knelt,
Her head lay: well-apart, each side, her arms hung,—dealt
Lightning-swift thunder-strong one blow—no need of more!
Headless she knelt on still: that pine was sound at core
(Neighbors were used to say)—cast-iron-kerneled—which
Taxed for a second stroke Ivàn Ivànovitch.

The man was scant of words as strokes. "It had to be:
I could no other: God it was bade 'Act for me!'"
Then stooping, peering round—what is it now he lacks?
A proper strip of bark wherewith to wipe his axe.
Which done, he turns, goes in, closes the door behind.
The others mute remain, watching the blood-snake wind
Into a hiding-place among the splinter-heaps.

A woman not devoid of feeling, but in whom even maternal feeling is trampled out by the fear of suffering and death, belongs, like the axe of Ivàn Ivànovitch, rather to modern times; but there are all the elements of ancient tragedy in the conception of such a woman, flying from the death she dare not face, to the Nemesis which awaits her in the uplifted arm of a friend; and we must ascend to the annals of the Greek gods to find an attitude of moral simplicity at once so childish and so sublime as that in which the blow is dealt. The second scene in which Ivàn Ivànovitch appears is a natural sequel to the first; but Mr. Browning has invested it also with the conditions of a complete dramatic surprise. The body is removed to the village court of justice, an open space in front of the church, from

which the snow has been cleared; and the Pope, the Stàrost, and the Pomeschìk (Lord), come forth to pass judgment on the transaction. The Lord unhesitatingly pronounces it murder. He doubts the woman having been guilty from a legal point of view, though she stood condemned by the higher standards of virtue; and if she had been so, he denies its justifying an arbitrary assumption of the right to punish her. He takes the side of social order and educated common sense. The Pope reverses this judgment. He is an aged man; so old, he says, that the number of his years escapes him; and if he were true to fact instead of to poetry, he would certainly confirm it. Both the wisdom and the weakness of age would place him on the side of social prescription, to which faith and custom would add all the dignity of moral sanction, and all the weight of Christian command. But Mr. Browning's purpose did not require this kind of truth. It needed not the stereotyped minister of any Christian church, but a priest of that primitive natural religion, of which Ivàn Ivànovitch is the soldier; and this priest declares that he has lived from the dreams of youth into the visions of old age; through the forms of law to its essence in the great Spirit whence it flows; and that by that essential law of human duty the apparent murderer is justified. Life, he says, is God's supreme gift to man; maternity, its highest trust and its crowning responsibility.

A mother bears a child: perfection is complete
So far in such a birth. Enabled to repeat
The miracle of life,—herself was born so just
A type of womankind, that God sees fit to trust
Her with the holy task of giving life in turn.
Crowned by this crowning pride,—how say you, should she spurn,
Regality—discrowned, unchilded, by her choice
Of barrenness exchanged for fruit which made rejoice
Creation, though life's self were lost in giving birth
To life more fresh and fit to glorify God's earth?
How say you, should the hand God trusted with life's torch
Kindled to light the world—aware of sparks that scorch
Let fall the same? Forsooth, her flesh a fire-flake stings:
The mother drops the child! Among what monstrous things
Shall she be classed? Because of motherhood, each male
Yields to its partner place, sinks proudly in the scale:
His strength owned weakness, wit—folly, and courage—fear,
Beside the female proved male's mistress—only here.
The fox-dam, hunger-pined, will slay the felon sire
Who dares assault her whelp: the beaver, stretched on fire,
Will die without a groan: no pang avails to wrest
Her young from where they hide—her sanctuary breast.
What's here then? Answer me, thou dead one, as I trow,
Standing at God's own bar, he bids thee answer now!
Thrice crowned wast thou—each crown of pride, a child—thy charge,
Where are they? Lost? Enough: no need that thou enlarge
On how or why the loss: life left to utter "lost"
Condemns itself beyond appeal. The soldier's post
Guards from the foe's attack the camp he sentinels:
That he no traitor proved, this and this only tells—
Over the corpse of him trod foe to foe's success.
Yet—one by one thy crowns torn from thee—thou no less
To scare the world, shame God,—livedst! I hold he saw
The unexampled sin, ordained the novel law,
Whereof first instrument was first intelligence
Found loyal here. I hold that, failing human sense,
The very earth had oped, sky fallen, to efface
Humanity's new wrong, motherhood's first disgrace
Earth oped not, neither fell the sky, for prompt was found
A man and man enough, head-sober and heart-sound,
Ready to hear God's voice, resolute to obey.
Ivàn Ivànovitch, I hold, has done, this day,
No otherwise than did, in ages long ago,
Moses when he made known the purport of that flow
Of fire athwart the law's twain-tables! I proclaim
Ivàn Ivànovitch God's servant!
At which name
Uprose that creepy whisper from out the crowd, is wont
To swell and surge and sink when fellow men confront
A punishment that falls on fellow flesh and blood,
Appallingly beheld—shudderingly understood,
No less, to be the right, the just, the merciful.
"God's servant," hissed the crowd.

The Lord reluctantly yields the point, and suggests that since the culprit is absolved, no time be lost in informing him of it—

And next—as mercy rules the hour—methinks 'twere well
You signify forthwith its sentence, and dispel
The doubts and fears, I judge, which busy now the head
Law puts a halter round—a halo—you, instead!

Ivàn Ivànovitch need no longer skulk in concealment—

So, while the youngers raised the corpse, the elders trooped
Silently to the house: where halting, some one stooped,
Listened beside the door; all there was silent too.
Then they held counsel; then pushed door and, passing through,
Stood in the murderer's presence.
Ivàn Ivànovitch
Knelt, building on the floor that Kremlin rare and rich
He deftly cut and carved on lazy winter nights.
Some five young faces watched, breathlessly, as, to rights,
Piece upon piece, he reared the fabric nigh complete.
Stèscha, Ivàn's old mother, sat spinning by the heat
Of the oven where his wife Kàtia stood baking bread.
Ivàn's self, as he turned his honey-colored head,
Was just in act to drop, 'twixt fir-cones,—each a dome,—
The scooped-out yellow gourd presumably the home
Of Kolokol the Big: the bell, therein to hitch,
—An acorn-cup—was ready: Ivàn Ivànovitch
Turned with it in his mouth.
They told him he was free
As air to walk abroad. "How otherwise?" asked he.

The shortest and slightest of the six poems alone separates the thrilling excitements of "Ivàn Ivànovitch" from the grotesque tragedy and saturnine humor of "Ned Bratts," which latter composition carries with it a full taste of the author's quality, not only in that humor itself, but in the fact that he has chosen to make it, as far as outward arrangement goes, the last impression of the book. Nothing indeed could surpass the ingenuity with which he contrives to scarify fastidious sensibilities without violating by a word the natural and historical consistency of a really edifying transaction; and his obvious delight in the achievement compels our sympathy. The subject belongs to a fertile and curious class of mental phenomena; the effects of religious conversion on natures, which religion cannot transform, but which simply adopt it as a new platform, on which their old energies may be more satisfactorily displayed. Such effects have been more often illustrated by fact than fiction; and it remains perhaps for Mr. Browning's genius to clothe them in their more serious dramatic possibilities. Meanwhile, he gives them in a *reductio ad absurdum* in the case before us. Ned Bratts is a notorious publican and sinner of Bunyan's time, whose imagination has been fired by reading the "Pilgrim's Progress" while still in the full bloom of his iniquity. It has been borne in upon him that Christian, or as he calls him, Christmas, is himself; and since, as he fancies, it is too late for him to go through all the stages of the Pilgrim's journey to heaven, he determines to take a short cut to it by giving up himself and his wife Tabby to justice, and being hanged with her. He carries out this intention at a Special Assize which is held in the town of Bedford on the first day of its Summer Fair; and just as the heat, the crowding, and the excitement of the Court-house are at their highest, the bulky couple force their way into it, book in hand, and Ned opens the catalogue of their joint transgressions. We can picture to ourselves some of the features of this double occasion: its cynical cruelties, its riotous mirth; the fires of genuine religious passion smouldering beneath. But when to this are added the influences of a temperature that would suspend the existence of our more delicate nineteenth century, but only serves to madden the blood of the seventeenth, we acknowledge that the poet's own words are required to do justice to his conception:—

'Twas Bedford Special Assize, one daft Midsummer's Day:
A broiling blasting June,—was never it's like, men say.
Corn stood sheaf-ripe already, and trees looked yellow as that;
Ponds drained dust-dry, the cattle lay foaming around each flat.
Inside town, dogs went mad, and folks kept bibbing beer
While the parsons prayed for rain. 'Twas horrible, yes—but queer.
Queer—for the sun laughed gay, yet nobody moved a hand
To work one stroke at his trade: as given to understand
That all was come to a stop, work and such worldly ways,

And the world's old self about to end in a merry blaze.
Midsummer's Day moreover was the first of Bedford Fair;
So, Bedford Town's tag-rag and bobtail lay bowsing there.

Within the Court,

. . . . [their Lordships toiled and moiled, and a deal of work was done]
(I warrant) to justify the mirth of the crazy sun,
As this and t'other lout, struck dumb at the sudden show
Of red robes and white wigs, boggled nor answered "Boh!"
When asked why he, Tom Styles, should not —because Jack Nokes
Had stolen the horse—be hanged: for Judges must have their jokes,
And louts must make allowance—let's say, for some blue fly
Which punctured a dewy scalp where the frizzles stuck awry—
Else Tom had fleered scot-free, so nearly over and done
Was the main of the job. Full-measure, the gentles enjoyed their fun,
As a twenty-five were tried, rank puritans caught at prayer
In a cow-house and laid by the heels,—have at 'em, devil may care!—
And ten were prescribed the whip, and ten a brand on the cheek,
And five a slit of the nose—just leaving enough to tweak.
Well, things at jolly high-tide, amusement steeped in fire,
While noon smote fierce the roof's red tiles to heart's desire,
The Court a-simmer with smoke, one ferment of oozy flesh,
One spirituous humming musk mount-mounting until its mesh
Entoiled all heads in a fluster, and Serjeant Postlethwayte
—Dashing the wig oblique as he mopped his oily pate—
Cried "Silence, or I grow grease! No loophole lets in air?
Jurymen, guilty, death! Gainsay me if you dare!"
—Things at this pitch, I say,—what hubbub without the doors
What laughs, shrieks, hoots and yells, what rudest of uproars?
Bounce through the barrier-throng a bulk comes rolling vast!
Thumps, kicks,—no manner of use!—spite of them rolls at last
Into the midst a ball which, bursting, brings to view
Publican Black Ned Bratts and Tabby his big wife too:
Both in a muck-sweat, both . . . . were never such eyes uplift.

The attitude of the penitent is as resolute as his mode of appearance. There is no mock humility about it. He pelts his misdeeds at the Judge's ears with undisguised satisfaction at their thoroughness, and undisguised contempt for the law which could leave them so long undetected whilst exerting itself to discover

. . . . . whether 'twas Jack or Joan
Robbed the hen-roost, pinched the pig, hit the King's arms with a stone.

He means to expiate what he has done; he stifles his oaths before he has quite enjoyed their flavor, and pays a farther tribute to the decencies of the occasion at what appears for him its thirstiest moment—

Tab, help and tell! I'm hoarse. A mug! or —no, a prayer!
Dip for one out of the Book! Who wrote it in the Jail
—He plied his pen unhelped by beer, sirs, I'll be bail!

But the retrospective zest with which he enumerates their robbings, murderings, and improprieties of every kind savors far more of commission than of expiation; and his mode of tackling the imaginary Apollyon in his path (supposing himself to be in time for him) exhibits all the activity of an unregenerated flesh.

Soon I had met in the valley and tried my cudgel's strength
On the enemy horned and winged, a-straddle across its length!
Have at his horns, thwick—thwack: they snap, see! Hoof and hoof—
Bang, break the fetlock-bones! For love's sake, keep aloof
Angels! I'm man and match,—this cudgel for my flail,—
To thresh him, hoofs and horns, bat's wing and serpent's tail!

He cannot quite be Christian, but he can be Faithful. Everything fits. Vanity Fair is Bedford Fair; and St. Peter's Green stands for the Market-place. They flay him, and flog him, and stab him; they knock him about as if he had nine lives, but—

. . . . . ha, ha, he,
Who holds the highest card! . . . . .

A chariot and pair are hiding behind the crowd—he's in it, up, and away—to heaven by the nearest gate—the gibbet will do it for him—swords and knives are not handy, but the gibbet is close—

Then hang me, draw and quarter! Tab—do the same by her

He is the most vigorous compound ever

invented of Christian martyr and pugilist dying game.

The request was not likely to be refused. Master Bratts had confessed to many deeds of which no one doubted his commission, and his having eluded their just penalty so long, would not, if he had wished it, have constituted a plea for mercy. The idea that in his zeal he had overstated his case would not occur to the contemporary mind, though it may present itself to the reader of his adventures. The Chief Justice considered it only due to his truthfulness to grant what he adduced such excellent reasons for deserving; so the pair were handed over to the Sheriff and dealt with as they desired; the "two dozen odd" sentences, previously passed, being remitted by his lordship with a view, we may suppose, to the good day's work which had already been done without them.

This ending is not only natural in itself, but an almost necessary fulfilment of the dramatic conditions of the story. The atmosphere is pregnant from the first with something at once horrible and grotesque; and when Ned Bratts and his Tabby have rolled on to the scene and off it for the last time, we feel that that something has assumed its most appropriate form, and no other conclusion would have been legitimate. Yet it finds us only half prepared. The enthusiasm of the convert is so closely identified with the vapors of heat and beer, that it is impossible to judge beforehand how far it will carry him; the more so, that the possibility of a collapse is constantly present to himself. Half his urgency to be hung "out of hand" lies in the knowledge that he may change his mind if he is not. Such qualms have come to him before, but they have not outlived the night. Even now the glories of the chariot which will lift him above the clouds wavers in the prospective brightness of to-morrow's bear-baiting, and the brawl on Turner's Patch by which it will be crowned; and even now the Iron Cage stares him in the face, and the lost man inside, and that last worst state of him who warred against the light; and though such an image might well turn the scale, we receive a decided mental shock in discovering that it was intended to do so, and that the apparent farce is in fact a tragedy.

We need scarcely say that the self-satire of this conversion implies no denial on Mr. Browning's part of the relative seriousness it might possess. So much is guaranteed to it by the majestic figure of John Bunyan, and by the historic character of the religious challenge which resounded in that year 1672, from the precincts of Bedford jail. Tab Bratts has visited the tinker there; and his spoken words have effected in her a less equivocal reformation than the fiery symbolism of the "Pilgrim's Progress" could produce in her husband. She goes to him with no friendly intent. The blind daughter who carries his laces from house to house has lately avoided hers. These laces are exceptionally strong and invaluable for the unlawful purposes of their trade; and neither she nor Master Bratts is inclined to dispense with them because the profligacy of their manners is likely to offend the bearer. She enters John Bunyan's cell with all the insolence she can command; but the strength which meets her is not of *her* world, and the attitude of defiance is soon exchanged for one of supplication—

Down on my marrow-bones! Then all at once rose he:
His brown hair burst a-spread, his eyes were suns to see:
Up went his hands; "Through flesh, I reach, I read thy soul!
So may some stricken tree look blasted, bough and bole,
Champed by the fire-tooth, charred without, and yet, thrice-bound
With dreriment about, within may life be found,
A prisoned power to branch and blossom as before,
Could but the gardener cleave the cloister, reach the core,
Loosen the vital sap: yet where shall help be found?
Who says, 'How save it?'—nor 'Why cumbers it the ground?
Woman, that tree art thou! All sloughed about with scurf,
Thy stag-horns fright the sky, thy snake-roots sting the turf!
Drunkenness, wantonness, theft, murder gnash and gnarl
Thine outward, case thy soul with coating like the marle
Satan stamps flat upon each head beneath his hoof!
And how deliver such? The strong men keep aloof,
Lover and friend stand far, the mocking ones pass by,

Tophet gapes wide for prey: lost soul, despair
and die!
What then? 'Look unto Me and be ye saved!' saith God:
'I strike the rock, outstreats the life-streams
at my rod!
Be your sins scarlet, wool shall they seem like,
—although
As crimson red, yet turn white as the driven
snow!'"

She remembers no more but that it was by means of the blind girl's guiding hand that she regained her home; and that the same hand bestowed the book as "*father's boon*" upon her.

"Tray" is an anecdote of canine devotion, for the publishing of which no motive was needed but its possibility; though it raises, and in a manner disposes of, a question of considerable importance. A dog plunges into the river to rescue a drowning child; then dives for a second time, and after a lengthened disappearance, the water being deep and the current strong, emerges again with her doll. The facts are described with all the force of contrast in the comments of supposed bystanders, who welcome the familiar mystery of "animal instinct" in a deed to all appearance as intelligent as it is heroic; and allow the "good dog" to risk its life in their stead with a quite undisturbed sense of human superiority. The absurdness of this attitude loses nothing in the sarcastic spirit in which it is conceived, and we must protest in the name of "vivisectionism" against the concluding lines, humorous as they are—

And so, amid the laughter gay,
Trotted my hero off,—old Tray,—
Till somebody, prerogatived
With reason, reasoned: "Why he dived,
His brain would show us, I should say,

"John, go and catch—or, if needs be,
Purchase that animal for me!
By vivisection, at expense
Of half-an-hour and eighteen pence,
How brain secretes dog's soul, we'll see!"

We are not aware that any one since La Mettrie has thus proposed to catch "thinking in the act." But Mr. Browning's readers will not resent some acerbity of zeal in his defence of the weaker but "*loving fellow-creature*" which Nature and poetry have so deeply consecrated to their tenderness; and Tray's virtues will find abundant sympathy even among those who hold exploded theories concerning them.

In "Halbert and Hob" a fierce son is engaged in a quarrel with a father generally as fierce as himself. He is about to fling him out of the house, and has already dragged him to a certain turn in the stairs, when the old man, who has become passive at the first grip of his hand, tells him that they are repeating step by step a scene in which years ago he and his own father were the actors, and bids him listen to the warning voice by which he was then turned from the completion of his parricidal deed. The words take their effect. It is Christmas night. They pass it silently together. Dawn finds the father dead in his chair, and the son terrified into a premature and harmless senility. This episode, which we need hardly say is related in all the rugged impressiveness of which it is capable, strikes us simply as a study of hereditary character, heightened by coincidences of time and circumstance, which seem the more dramatic in proportion as we admit them to be natural. But Mr. Browning appears to see in it something more. He presents it as an instance of supernatural interference in the lives and in the hearts of men; and its last lines contain an assertion, for the answer to which we must appeal from him to himself. He says,

"Is there any reason in nature for these hard
hearts?" O Lear,
That a reason out of nature must turn them
soft, seems clear!

But the collective labors of his literary life have negatived the words. They all tend to show what infinitely varied products may emerge from the chemistry of the human mind, and how little we can say of any action or reaction of human feeling that it is not natural. To externalize the mystery of Nature in some intangible manner lies in the very language of poetry, even of the poetry which recognises no personal God; and a genius at once so reverent and so critical as Mr. Browning's is always in danger of building up with one hand a theory which he will knock down with the other. Still, we would rather believe that in the present case he expresses himself dramatically, and that not even the relative meaning of his utterance is to be charged upon him. There are at least not wanting in this very volume lines in which the idea of continued di-

vine intervention is merged in a larger view of the capabilities of human existence; to the study of which it remains, whatever its philosophic outcome, his not least valuable contribution.—*Contemporary Review.*

A PROBLEM IN HUMAN EVOLUTION.

BY PROFESSOR GRANT ALLEN.

"HARDLY any view advanced in this work," says the illustrious author of the *Descent of Man*, "has met with so much disfavor as the explanation of the loss of hair in mankind through sexual selection." Indeed the friends and foes of Mr. Darwin's great theories have been equally ready, the one party to disclaim and the other party to ridicule the account which the founder of modern philosophic biology has given of the process whereby man, as he supposes, gradually lost the common hairy covering of other mammalia. Mr. Wallace, with all his ability and ingenuity, finds it necessary to call in the aid of a *deus ex machina* to explain the absence of so useful and desirable an adjunct; for he believes that natural selection could never have produced this result, and he therefore feels compelled to put it off upon "some intelligent power," since he denies altogether the existence of sexual selection as a *vera causa*. Mr. J. J. Murphy in his recently published revision of *Habit and Intelligence* has taken up the same ground with a more directly hostile intent; and Spengel has also forcibly given expression to his dissent on the plea of inadequate evidence for the supposed preference. It seems highly desirable, therefore, to prop up Mr. Darwin's theory by any external supports which observation or analogy may suggest, and if possible to show some original groundwork in the shape of a natural tendency to hairlessness, upon which sexual selection might afterwards exert itself so as to increase and accelerate the depilatory process when once set up.

The curious facts for which we have to account are something more than the mere general hairlessness of the human species. In man alone, as Mr. Wallace clearly puts the case, "the hairy covering of the body has almost totally disappeared; and, what is very remarkable, it has disappeared more completely from the back than from any other part of the body. Bearded and beardless races alike have the back smooth, and even when a considerable quantity of hair appears on the limbs and breast, the back, and especially the spinal region, is absolutely free, thus completely reversing the characteristics of all other mammalia." When we consider the comparatively helpless condition to which man has been thus reduced, as well as the almost universal human practice of substituting artificial clothing, derived from the skins or wool of other animals, for the natural apparel which the species has so unaccountably lost, it does not seem surprising that even Mr. Wallace should be staggered by the difficulty, and should fall back upon an essentially supernatural explanation.

The great key to the whole problem lies, it would seem, in the fact thus forced upon our attention, that the back of man forms the specially hairless region of his body. Hence we must conclude that it is in all probability the first part which became entirely denuded of hair. Is there any analogy elsewhere which will enable us to explain the original loss of covering in this the normally hairiest portion of the typical mammalian body? The erect position of man appears immediately to suggest the required analogy in the most hairless region of other mammals.

Almost all animals except man habitually lie upon the under surface of the body. Hence arises a conspicuous difference between the back and the lower side. This difference is seen even in lizards, crocodiles, and other reptiles, amongst which, as a rule, the tegumentary modifications of the under surface are much less extended and less highly differentiated than those of the upper. It is seen amongst birds, which usually have the plumage far less copious on the breast than on the back. But it is most especially noticeable in mammals, which have frequently the under side almost

entirely bare of hair, while the back is covered with a copious crop. Now, it would seem as though this scantiness of natural clothing on the under side were due to long-continued pressure against the ground, causing the hair to be worn away, and being hereditarily transmitted in its effects to descendants. We are, therefore, led to inquire whether all parts of the mammalian body which come into frequent contact with other objects are specially liable to lose their hair.

The answer seems to be an easy one. The soles of the feet in all mammals are quite hairless where they touch the ground. The palms of the hands in the quadrumana present the same phenomenon. The knees of those species which frequently kneel, such as camels and other ruminants, are apt to become bare and hard-skinned. The callosities of the old-world monkeys, which sit upon their haunches, are other cases in point; but they do not occur among the more strictly arboreal quadrumana of the American continent, nor among the lemurs, for the habits of these two classes in this respect are more similar to those of ordinary mammals. On the other hand, the new-world monkeys possess a prehensile tail, with which they frequently swing from bough to bough or lower themselves to the ground, and in these creatures, says Cuvier, "la partie prenante de la queue est nue en dessous." Wherever we find a similar organ, no matter how widely different may be the structure and genealogy of the animals which possess it, we always find the prehensile portion free from hair. This is the case with the marsupial *tarsipes*, with many rodents, and above all with the opossum, which uses its tail quite as much as any monkey uses its hands. Accordingly its surface is quite bare from end to end, and in some species scaly—a fact which is rendered more comprehensible when we remember that the young opossums are carried on their mother's back, and hold themselves in that position by curling their tails around hers.

A few more special facts help to bear out the same generalisation. In the gorilla, according to Du Chaillu, "the skin on the back of the fingers, near the middle phalanx, is callous and very thick, which shows that the most usual mode of progression of the animal is on all fours and resting on the knuckles." The ornithorhyncus has a flat tail, on which it leans for support, and this, says Mr. Waterhouse, "is short, depressed, and very broad, and covered with coarse hairs; these, however, are generally worn off on the under side of the tail in adult or aged individuals, probably by the friction of the ground." The toes of the very large forefeet, used in burrowing, are also naked, as are the similar organs in the mole and many other creatures of like habit. The beaver likewise uses his tail as a support, flaps it much in the water, and is said, perhaps not quite erroneously, to employ it as a trowel in constructing his dams; and this tail is entirely devoid of hair, being covered instead with a coat of scales. We can hardly avoid being struck in this instance, as in that of some seals' and sea-lions' flappers, with the analogy of the penguin's wings, which are employed like fins in diving, and have undergone a similar transformation of their feathers into a scale-like form. In the ground-kangaroos, which use the tail as a support trailing behind them on the ground, that organ is again only slightly covered with coarse hairs, almost entirely wanting on the extremity of the under surface; but in the tree-kangaroos, which carry the tail partly erect, it assumes a bushy and ornamental appearance. Like differences occur between the rats and mice on the one hand and the squirrels on the other. In those monkeys which, like *Macacus brunneus*, sit upon their tails, that organ is also bare. To multiply further instances would only prove tedious.

Again, when we look at the only mammals besides man which have denuded themselves of their hairy covering, we find that a great majority of them are water-frequenters. The most completely aquatic mammals, like the whales, porpoises, dugongs, and manatees, though differing widely in structure, are alike in the almost total absence of hair, while the hippopotamus is likewise a smooth-skinned animal. Now, the friction of water is of course far stronger than that of air, and it would seem to have resulted in the total depilation of these very aquatic species. Other less confirmed water-haunters, such as seals and otters,

have very close fur, which scarcely at all retards them in their movements when swimming. The elephant and rhinoceros are, indeed, difficult cases to explain; but of course it is not necessary to suppose that no other cause save that which we are considering can ever produce hairlessness. It will be enough if we can show that the cause actually under examination does with reasonable certainty bring about such an effect.

If, then, the portion of animals which generally comes in contact with the ground or other external bodies acquires in this manner a hairless condition—shown alike in hands, feet, tail, and belly—what will be the result upon animals which are gradually acquiring the erect position? Of this we can obtain an almost complete series by looking first at the beaver, which rests upon its scaly tail alone; then at the baboons, which rest upon the naked callosities on their haunches; thirdly, at the gorilla; and, last of all, at mankind.

The gorilla, according to Professor Gervais, is the only mammal which agrees with man in having the hair thinner on the back, where it is partly rubbed off, than on the lower surface. This is a most important approach to a marked human peculiarity, and is well worthy of investigation. "I have myself come upon fresh traces of a gorilla's bed on several occasions," says Du Chaillu, "and could see that the male had seated himself with his back against a tree-trunk. In fact, on the back of the male gorilla there is generally a patch on which the hair is worn thin from this position, while the nest-building *Troglodytes calvus*, or bald-headed *nshiego*, which constantly sleeps under its leafy shelter on a tree-branch, has this bare place on its side, and in quite a different way." "When I surprised a pair of gorillas," he observes elsewhere, "the male was generally sitting down on a rock or against a tree." Once more, in a third passage he writes, "In both male and female the hair is found worn off the back; but this is only found in very old females. This is occasioned, I suppose, by their resting at night against trees, at whose base they sleep." And when we inquire into the difference between the sexes thus disclosed, we learn that the female and young generally sleep in trees, while the male places himself in the position above described against the trunk.

The gorilla has only very partially acquired the erect position, and probably sits but little in the attitudes common to man. But if a developing anthropoid ape were to grow more and more upright in his carriage, and to lie more and more upon his back and sides, we might naturally expect that the hair upon those portions of his body would grow thinner and thinner, and that the usual characteristics of the mammalia as to dorsal and sternal pilosity would be completely reversed. This is just what has probably happened in the case of man. In proportion as he grew more erect, he must have lain less and less upon his stomach, and more and more upon his back or sides. For fully developed man, with the peculiar set of his neck, face, and limbs, it is almost impossible to rest upon his stomach. On the other hand, all savage races lie far more upon their backs than even Europeans with their sofas, couches, and easy-chairs; for the natural position of savage man during his lazy hours is to stretch himself on the ground in the sun, with his eyes closed, and with his back propped, where possible, by a slight mound or the wall of his hut. Any person who has lived much amongst negroes or South Sea Islanders, must have noticed how constant is this attitude with men, women, and children, at every stray idle moment.

Nor must we forget the peculiar manner in which human mothers must necessarily have carried their infants from a very early period in the development of our race. During the first eighteen months of life the human infant must always be held, or laid, more or less upon its back; and this position will probably tend to check the development of hair upon the dorsal and lateral regions.

Next, let us ask what is the actual distribution of hair upon the body of man. Omitting those portions where the ornamental use of hair has specially preserved it, the most hairy region is generally, so far as my observations go, the fore part of the leg or shin. Obviously this is a region very little likely to come in contact with external objects. On the other hand, the most ab-

solutely hairless places are the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, after which come the elbows, and at a long interval the knees and knuckles. The back is very hairless, and so are the haunches. But the legs are more hairy than the body, both in front and behind, though less hairy on the calf than on the shin. Now it will be obvious that both by day and night we rest more upon our backs and haunches than upon our legs, the latter being free when we sit down on a chair or bench, doubled in front of us when we squat on the ground (the normal position of savages), and thrown about loosely when we lie down. Especially might we conclude that this would be the case with early races, unembarrassed by the weight of bedclothes. As for the arms, it is noticeable that they still retain the ordinary mammalian habit in being hairier on the back than on the front; and this also is quite in accordance with our present suggestion, because the same differentiating causes have not worked upon the arm as they work upon the back and legs. The peculiar position of the anterior extremities in man, together with the erect posture, makes the arms come much more frequently into frictional contact with the body or clothing on their inner than on their outer surface. Hair grows most abundantly where there is normally least friction, and *vice versa*. As for the hair which frequently appears upon the chest of robust Europeans and others, I shall return to that point at a later stage. It may be noted, however, that while the first joint of the fingers is hairy, the second joint, answering to the callosity of the gorilla, is generally bare.

As man, then, gradually assumed the erect attitude and the reversed habits of sitting and lying down which it necessarily involves, it seems to me that he must have begun to lose the hair upon his back. But such a partial loss will not fully account for his present very hairless condition over the whole body (with trifling exceptions) in the average of all sexes, races, and ages. For this further and complete denudation I think we must agree with Mr. Darwin in invoking the aid of sexual selection, especially when we take into consideration the ornamental and regular character of the hairy adjuncts which man still retains.

In the first place, we have external reasons for believing that sexual selection has produced similar results elsewhere, acting upon a like basis of natural denudation. For among the mandrills and some other monkeys the naked callosities, originally produced, as is here suggested, by physical friction, have been utilised for the display of beautiful pigments; and Mr. Bartlett informed Mr. Darwin that as the animals reach maturity the naked surfaces grow larger in comparison with the size of the body. When we look at the great definiteness and strange coloring of these bare patches we can hardly doubt that they have been subjected to some such selective process.

But if man once began to lose the hair over the whole of his back, shoulders, and haunches, as well as more partially upon his sides, legs, and arms, he would soon present an intermediate half-hairy appearance which is certainly very ludicrous and shabby-looking. Why this middle stage should displease us, it might be rash to guess; yet one may remember that as a rule throughout the mammalia a partially hairless body would be associated with manginess, disease, and deformity. At any rate, it seems to be the fact that when animals once begin losing their hair, they go on to lose it altogether. One may well believe that among our evolving semi-human ancestors those individuals which had most completely divested themselves of hair, would be the most attractive to their mates; and these would also on the average be those which had most fully adopted the erect attitude with its accompanying alterations of habit. Thus natural selection would go hand in hand with sexual selection (as I believe it always does), those anthropoids which most nearly approached the yet unrealised standard of humanity being most likely to select one another as mates, and their offspring being most likely to survive in the struggle for life with their less anthropoid competitors.* It does not

* On the advantages which man or his half-developed ancestor derived from the erect or semi-erect position, see Darwin *Descent of Man*, p. 53.

seem probable, to me at least, that a naturally hairy species would entirely divest itself of its hair through sexual selection, especially as the first steps of such a process could hardly fail to render it a mongrel-looking and miserable creature; but it seems natural enough that if the original impulse was given by a physical denudation, the influence of sexual selection would rapidly strengthen and complete the process. Indeed, if a hairy animal once began losing its hair, the only beauty which it could aim at would be that of a smooth and shiny naked black skin.

Woman is the sex most affected in mankind by sexual selection, as has been often abundantly shown. Hence we should naturally expect the denudation to proceed further in her case than in that of man. Especially among savage and naked races we should conclude that hairlessness on the body would be esteemed a beauty; and we find as a matter of fact that most such races have absolutely smooth and glistening skins. But in Europe, men often develop hair about the chest and legs, though not upon the back and shoulders, while women seldom or never do so. Here we see that the hair reappears in the less differentiated male sex rather than in the more differentiated females, with whom sexual selection has produced greater effects; while it also reappears only on those parts where the original denudating causes do not exert any influence. Similarly, the smooth-bodied negroes, transported to America, and subjected at once to a change of conditions and to circumstances which would render sexual selection impossible as regards the hairlessness of the body, rapidly re-develop hair upon the chest. For we must remember that sexual selection can only act in this direction while a race remains wholly or mainly naked. Clothing, by concealing the greater part of the skin, necessarily confines the selective process to features, complexion, and figure.

As to the poll, beard, whiskers of certain races, we must believe that they are the result of selective preferences acting upon general tendencies derived from earlier ancestors, and, perhaps, aided in the first-mentioned instance by natural selection. The comparative definiteness of these hairy patches, as of the callosities in the monkeys, stamps them at once as of sexual origin. The poll is probably derived by us from some of our anthropoid ancestors, as crests of hair frequently appear upon the heads of the quadrumana. But as man gradually became more erect and less forestine, as he took to haunting open plains and living more in the sunlight, the existence of such a natural covering, as a protection from excessive heat and light upon the head, would doubtless prove of advantage to him; and it might, therefore, very possibly be preserved by natural selection. Certainly it is noticeable that this thick mat of hair occurs in the part of his body which the erect position most exposes to the sunlight, and is thus adaptively analogous to the ridge of hair which runs along the spine or top of the back in many quadrupeds, and which is not visible in any quadrumanous animal that I have examined. The beard also bears marks of a quadrumanous origin, as Mr. Darwin has shown; but its varying presence or absence in certain races affords us a good clue to the general course of evolution in this particular. For amongst the bearded races a fine and flowing beard is universally admired; while amongst the beardless races stray hairs are carefully eradicated, thus displaying the same aversion to the intermediate or half-hairy state, which, as I suppose, has been mainly instrumental in completely denuding the body of man. Certainly it is a fact that while we can admire a European with a full and handsome development of hair upon the chin and lip, and while we can admire an African or a North American Indian with a smooth and glossy cheek, we turn with dislike from thin and scanty hair either in a European, a negro, or an Asiatic. It seems to me that in every case the general æsthetic feeling of the whole human race is the same; but that in one tribe circumstances have made it easier to produce one type of beauty, while in another tribe other conditions have determined the production of another type. Thus, in a negro, a very black and lustrous skin, clear bright eyes, white teeth, and a general conformity to the normal or average negro features are decidedly pleasant even to

Europeans when once the ordinary standard has become familiar;* while in a European the same eyes and teeth are admired, but a white skin, a rosy complexion, and moderate conformity to the ideal Aryan type are demanded. Each is alike pretty after its own kind, though naturally the race to which we each ourselves belong, possesses in most cases the greatest attractiveness to each of us individually.

Of course, both in the beard of man, and in the general hairiness of his body, as compared with woman, allowance must be made for that universal tendency of the male to produce extended tegumentary modifications, which, as Mr. Wallace has abundantly shown, depends upon the superior vigor of that sex. Yet the period when the beard first shows itself, and the loss of color in the hair of both sexes after the reproductive period is past, clearly stamp these modifications as sexual in origin.

It must be remembered also, in accounting for the general loss of hair on both back and front of the body, that the older ancestral heredity would tend to make the chest bare, and the newer acquired habits would tend to produce like results upon the back. "In the adult male of the gorilla," says Du Chaillu, "the chest is bare. In the young males which I kept in captivity it was thinly covered with hair. In the female the mammæ have but a slight development and the breast is bare." All this helps us to see how the first steps in the sexually selective process might have taken place, and also why the trunk is on the whole more denuded than the legs. As for the exceptional fact that the arms are hairier on the back than in front, besides the functional explanation already given, we must recollect that the anthropoid apes have long hair on the outer side of the arms, which has probably left this slight memento of its former existence on the human subject. Eschricht has pointed out the curious fact that alike in man and the higher quadrumana this hair has a convergent direction towards the point of the elbow, both from above and from below.

Finally, it may be noted that the hairless condition of man, though apparently a disadvantage to him, has probably been indirectly instrumental in helping him to attain his present exalted position in the organic scale. For if, as is here suggested, it originally arose from the reactions of the erect attitude, it must have been associated from the first with the most humanlike amongst our ancestors. Again, if it was completed by sexual selection, it must also have been associated with the most æsthetic individuals among the evolving species. And if, as we have seen reason to believe, these two qualities would tend to accompany one another, then this slight relative disadvantage would be pretty constantly correlated with other and greater advantages, physical and intellectual, which enabled the young species to hold its own against other competing organisms. But, granting this, the disadvantage in question would naturally spur on the half-developed ancestors of man to seek such artificial aids in the way of clothing, shelter, and ornament, as would ultimately lead to many of our existing arts. We may class the hairlessness of man, therefore, with such other apparent disadvantages as the helpless infancy of his young, which, by necessitating greater care and affection, indirectly produces new faculties and stronger bonds of union, and ultimately brings about the existence of the family and the tribe or nation. And if we look back at the peculiarities which distinguish placental from implacental mammals, the mammalia generally from birds, and birds from reptiles, we shall see that in every case exactly similar apparent disadvantages have been mainly instrumental in producing the higher faculties of each successive vertebrate development. Hence it would seem that the hairless condition of man, instead of requiring for its explanation a special intervention of some supernatural agent, is strictly in accordance with a universal principle, which has brought about all the best and highest features of the most advanced animal types through the unaided agency of natural selection.
—*Fortnightly Review.*

* The mutilations of the face and other parts, which often make savages so ugly in our eyes, though not in their own, are due, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has shown, not to æsthetic intentions, but to originally subordinative practices, as marks of subjection to a conquering king or race.

MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC.

Chapter X.

IN WHICH MR. BARRINGTON LOSES HIS TEMPER.

Love, which set Trojans and Greeks by the ears of old, involving pious Æneas and many-counselled Ulysses in a peck of troubles—which led Roman Antony to his death—which was nearly becoming the ruin of David, King of Israel—and which, in all ages, has been the cause of many a wise man's doing many a foolish thing—love it was that had led Saint-Luc—a person noted for his tact and good sense—into the stupid blunder of thrusting himself into the company of four people who were perfectly happy together without him.

The very thought, indeed, which in his normal state of mind would have kept him from tacking himself on to the party—namely, a strong suspicion that he was not wanted—had now exercised a directly opposite influence upon him. A perpetual vision of Jeanne and Mr. Barrington wandering together in wild Kabylian solitudes had so beset him by day and driven sleep from his pillow by night, ever since he had found himself alone in Algiers, that at last he could bear it no longer, and, feeling that reality could have no pangs in store for him more bitter than those of imagination, he packed what clothes he required into a small valise, strapped it on to the front of his saddle, and galloped off on the track of the wanderers. And so, having done the distance in a much shorter time than a prudent man would have allowed, he reached Fort Napoléon at length, and earned a chill welcome for himself and a pair of puffy forelegs for his horse.

M. de Fontvieille, who happened to be standing at the door of the little inn, enjoying the evening air, pulled a wry face when he recognised the impetuous horseman who drew rein beside him.

"What—is it you, M. le Vicomte?" he cried, in anything but a joyous tone.

Saint-Luc did not seem to notice any want of cordiality in his reception. He swung himself out of the saddle, and held out his hand, exclaiming—

"What good fortune that I find you still here!"

"How, good fortune? I don't understand you," returned the old gentleman rather testily. "Of course we are here. Where else should we be?"

"I feared you might have altered your route and gone to Dellys, or somewhere else," answered Saint-Luc, rather abashed. "I thought," he continued, apologetically, "that as I was unable to start with you, I might venture to follow as soon as I found myself free; so I set out from Algiers yesterday morning—and here I am."

"So I perceive," grunted M. de Fontvieille, not at all mollified; "and charmed as I am to see you, monsieur, I can only regret that you should have put yourself to so much inconvenience, for I fear you will have had your ride for your pains. We start on our return journey early to-morrow morning, Heaven be praised! I confess that years have deprived me of all taste for rough travelling."

"To-morrow morning!" echoed Saint-Luc, rather blankly. "H'm!—nothing can be more certain than that my horse will not be in a state to leave the stable for another four-and-twenty hours at least. But I can easily get him sent back from here in a day or two," he added, brightening. "Perhaps you would kindly allow me to take a seat in your carriage. Or would that incommode you too much?"

Poor M. de Fontvieille was not in the best of tempers. As he had said, he was no longer of an age to enjoy roughing it, and any pleasure he might have derived from the contemplation of fine scenery had been completely neutralised of late by the discovery of the growing intimacy between Jeanne and the Englishman. Moreover, he had been kept waiting more than half an hour for his dinner, and the inopportune appearance of Saint-Luc was, at this especial moment, almost too much for him. "The carriage does not belong to me," he replied crossly; "but I dare say that Léon will have no objection to your taking a place in it; it is made to hold six people at a pinch, I believe. For myself, I have hitherto sat on the box, and I intend to do so for the remainder

of the trip. I do not like the box-seat; it is exposed to the sun and the dust, and I am compelled to lean back upon an iron rail which eats into my spine; but I prefer that to making one of three inside. It is you who will occupy that enviable position to-morrow, monsieur."

This was not very pleasant. Saint-Luc began to wish that he had remained in Algiers. But while he was doubting what reply to make, a friendly slap on his shoulder made him turn round with a start, and he found himself face to face with Léon.

"So you have come at last!" cried that innocent young man. "We had quite given up all hope of you. Why did you not start sooner?"

"I could not get away," the poor Vicomte answered ruefully; "and now I am not sure whether I shall do well to return with you. M. de Fontvieille has just been telling me that I shall be *de trop* in the carriage; and I cannot take my horse out to-morrow."

"*De trop?*—nonsense—how can you be *de trop?* M. de Fontvieille was joking," said Léon, rather confusedly; for he understood what the old gentleman had meant, and wondered how he could have been so foolish as to stir up unnecessary jealousies. He (Léon) would never have committed such a *gaucherie*. By way of repairing the mischief, and making things comfortable, he went on to say that, so far from making an unwelcome addition to the party, Saint-Luc's arrival would be an immense comfort to them all—"especially to Jeanne, who must be getting tired of Mr. Barrington by this time, charming as he is. I have had business in one place and another which has forced me to perform nearly the whole journey in solitude, and so, of course, the duty of entertaining the stranger has fallen upon Jeanne, though in reality he is rather my friend than hers. It will be a pleasant change for her to have some one else to talk to during the long drive home."

"You think so?" said Saint-Luc with a faint smile. "But that, after all, is hardly the question. M. de Fontvieille only pointed out to me that three is an awkward number—and I quite agree with him."

"Pierre might ride my horse, and then we could all go in the carriage together," suggested the accommodating Léon. And then Barrington and Jeanne came in sight, strolling up the street in the twilight as leisurely as if three hungry men were not waiting dinner for them.

Barrington, distinguishing the little silent group at the inn-door, guessed at once that they had been talking about him. M. de Fontvieille fidgeted in his cane chair, and glanced sharply from him to Jeanne and from Jeanne back to him again. Léon looked embarrassed, and Saint-Luc, leaning against the door-post with folded arms and eyes gloomily riveted upon the ground, remained immovable as a statue. And now, for the first time, Barrington realised with a transient jealous twinge what a singularly handsome man his rival was. An oval face, an olive complexion, a heavy black moustache, a small head well set on to a pair of broad shoulders, a tall, lithe, muscular frame—what more could anyone desire in the shape of manly beauty? Saint-Luc wore a sun-helmet, tightly fitting cords, and high riding-boots, and, flung back from his shoulders, was the short *caban* or white, hooded cloak which is worn by officers in Algeria when on up-country duty, and is also in much favor among such civilians as have an eye for effect. It is of no earthly use, but it is unquestionably a picturesque and becoming garment. Barrington was neither tall nor specially good-looking. He wore, on the present occasion, a tweed suit, not in its first freshness, a wide-awake hat, and a puggaree soiled with a week's dust. "Why didn't I get one of those confounded sun-helmets?" he thought; and then inwardly laughed a little at his own vanity. Was Jeanne the woman to draw comparisons between sun-helmets and wide-awakes?

A few minutes later the whole party were seated at a round table in the low-roofed *salle-à-manger*, discussing what by courtesy was called their dinner by the light of an evil-smelling paraffin lamp. They had not noticed the offensiveness of the oil before, but they all remarked upon it now; they discovered, too, that the food was bad, and the wine execrable, and the table-cloth dirty. Conversation flagged somewhat, nor did anyone venture upon a foolish little joke, such as had been wont of late to

crop up about this hour. Jeanne was cold, stately, and reserved—the Jeanne of the Campagne de Mersac in her least expansive moments—a very different person from the girl who had driven with Barrington over the Col Ben-Aïcha and the lowlands of the Issers. And so one, at least, of the company was there and then summarily ejected from Fairyland, and falling roughly upon hard, practical earth, lost his temper a little in the process. That is the worst of aërial castle-building: one touch from a clumsy, unconscious, not malevolent hand, and away goes the whole flimsy fabric, leaving no trace behind it. The poor stupid paw that has swept it into space has only forestalled time a little, and ought not, perhaps, to be blamed, but it can hardly expect to escape some momentary hatred. Barrington, for whom all rough places had been carefully made smooth from his childhood up, resented a stroke of bad luck like a personal affront, and was always angry with anyone who hurt him, whether intentionally or not. He was very angry now with Saint-Luc, which was perhaps pardonable; he was angry also with Léon and M. de Fontvieille, which was hardly fair; and lastly, he was angry with Jeanne for not devoting her whole attention to him, which was most unjust. At his time of life he ought to have known better than to show his annoyance; but he did not. He sulked openly, returned curt answers when he was addressed, contradicted Saint-Luc half-a-dozen times in an entirely uncalled for manner, and generally did his best to render an uncomfortable situation worse than it need have been.

Everybody was thankful when the dreary meal was at an end; and the old commandant of the place happening to drop in at that moment, and challenging M. de Fontvieille to a game of dominoes, Jeanne gladly seized the opportunity to propose to the others that they should go outside into the cool evening air. "It is impossible to breathe in this atmosphere," she said; "I am stifling."

So they all passed from the glare and heat of the room, through the doorway, where the landlord and a few of his friends were chatting over their cigarettes, and out into the solemn starlight; Jeanne first, then Saint-Luc, then Léon, Barrington bringing up the rear.

The latter was still at loggerheads with the world. He wanted to walk with Jeanne, but he did not choose to make the first advance, and loitered behind, thinking that she would perhaps make some sign to him to join her. As a matter of course she did no such thing. She gave him his chance by standing for a minute before the inn to wrap the light burnous which she had brought out with her about her shoulders; but as he did not take advantage of it, she marched away up the street at a steady pace without casting a glance behind her, and Saint-Luc strode by her side. Barrington made no effort to follow them. He lighted a cigar with much deliberation, stuck his hands into his pockets, and strolled across the road to a bench, upon which he seated himself. Léon, after a moment of hesitation, followed his example, remarking blandly as he did so: "It is a charming night for a walk."

"So your sister and M. de Saint-Luc appear to think. I can't understand how people can enjoy posting off at the rate of five miles an hour directly they have swallowed their dinner," remarked Barrington.

"Why, you have walked after dinner every night yourself till this evening," cried Léon innocently.

Barrington made no reply. He was gazing after two figures which were rapidly diminishing into the gloom. They vanished for a second under the deep shadow of some acacia trees; then they emerged, and he caught a glimpse of the shimmer of Jeanne's burnous and Saint-Luc's short white cloak fluttering in the night breeze; then the intervening angle of a house shut them out again, and they were gone.

Barrington sighed, and puffed silently at his cigar. After all, he was only playing at being jealous; he was not really afraid of the handsome Vicomte; he was only chagrined that his happy dream should have been so rudely dispelled; and, moreover, if he had analysed his feelings, he would have found that no small part of his annoyance was due to the first stirring in his mind of that disquieting question which must, sooner or later, arise out of all love-making—how

is it to end? He had dodged out of the way of this pertinacious little note of interrogation; he had tried to stifle it, and pretended to ignore it, but, spite of all he could do, there it was; and now what could be expected but that it should grow larger and larger and daily more obtrusive till it got a plain answer out of its victim? As yet, however, Barrington had not begun to disturb himself with reference to the future, and was conscious only of a vague uneasiness, together with a strong present desire to arise up and follow Jeanne and Saint-Luc into the darkness. But as such a proceeding would involve loss of dignity, he decided to resist his inclinations and remain where he was. "She will come back presently," he thought, "and then I can apologise for having been surly at dinner. I believe I did make myself rather unpleasant, now I come to think of it."

Ten minutes passed slowly away, while Léon discoursed about the conquest of Kabylia and wasted some interesting anecdotes upon a preoccupied hearer; but Jeanne did not return. There was a stir and a scraping of chairs in the inn over the way; M. le Commandant, wrapped in his military cloak, stepped out into the street and strode away with ringing spurs; a light appeared in M. de Fontvieille's bed-room, and ere long was extinguished. That unworthy chaperon had gone to bed, leaving his charge to roam about with young men under the stars; the church-clock struck the half-hour, and Barrington began to fidget. Léon had got out of the regions of history now, and was discussing the respective merits of military and civil government in Algeria—"*Cercles militaires*"—"*Bureaux Arabes*"—"two hundred thousand Europeans against two millions and a half of *indigènes*"—"the necessity of keeping an active force always before the eyes of half-civilised races." Disjointed fragments of Léon's harangue fell meaningless upon Barrington's inattentive ears, and he threw in a "Yes" or a "No," or an "Exactly so," as occasion appeared to require.

"Your sister is taking a very long walk," he said at length, anxiety getting the better of self-respect.

"Not longer than usual, is she? it is so warm and fine to-night. Well, you see these vile Republicans—a set of beggarly ruffians whose only policy is to uproot every existing institution, in order that they may have a chance of picking up something when there is a scramble for fresh places—are agitating for a civil government. They complain of this and that, and point to abuses here and there; and abuses there are, sure enough, but what would you have? Are civilians likely to be honester men than soldiers? For my part, I believe that officials of all classes will invariably fill their pockets out of the public exchequer whenever they see an opportunity of doing so without being found in the act. No, no; what we want is security—security for our lives, security for our property."

"Quite right, I'm sure. Security, as you say, is the essential thing, and without security, you know—why, where are you, you know? Your sister and M. de Saint-Luc have been away exactly three-quarters of an hour. Is it possible that they can have lost their way?"

"Quite impossible. The gates of the town are shut, and they cannot be very far away from us at this moment. What I maintain is that the Arab will never understand nor fear a ruler in a black coat. The Governor-General ought always to be a man who is ready to enforce obedience at the head of an army, if need be, and those who imagine that there will be no more fighting in Algeria are very much mistaken. This idea of a Civil Governor is only the first step in a policy which must end in disaster. The same men who clamor for a reformed system of rule, declare that we have many more regiments in the country than are necessary for our protection. If they carry out their programme, the Algerian forces will be gradually reduced till, some fine morning, we shall wake to find that the Arabs have risen and the whole colony is in a blaze. We poor farmers shall lose our property; hundreds of unfortunate Europeans will be massacred, and—oh, here is Jeanne."

"When is the massacre to take place, Léon?" asked that young lady, appearing suddenly out of the gloom, followed by M. de Saint-Luc. "More people die of fever than of massacre in this country, Mr. Barrington, and the very

best way to catch a fever is to sit out at night when the dews are falling. For Léon it does not matter, he is acclimatised; but he ought to have made you walk about."

"I meant to have walked, but I was waiting for you. I could not tell that you would be such a very long time away," said Barrington, in a slightly aggrieved tone.

"I am sorry that you should have been kept waiting," she answered, rather coldly; "and now it is too late to think of anything but bed. I am so tired that I think I will bid you all good-night at once."

She turned as she spoke, and, crossing the road, vanished into the inn, and Barrington, being out of temper with the world generally and M. de Saint-Luc particularly, threw away the end of his cigar and announced that he was going to bed too.

"We will all go to bed; we shall have to start early to-morrow morning," said Léon; but Saint-Luc laid his hand upon the young man's arm, saying, "Wait for another quarter of an hour; I want to have a chat with you"—so Barrington entered the house alone.

Saint-Luc linked his arm within that of his young friend, led him back to the bench which the Englishman had just vacated, and, throwing himself down upon it, sighed out: "Well, it is all over! She will have nothing to say to me."

Léon could not pretend to misunderstand his meaning. He was sincerely sorry to hear such bad news, for he liked Saint-Luc, and would gladly have welcomed him as a brother-in-law, and, moreover, the Duchess and M. de Fontvieille had taken a great deal of trouble lately to convince him of the desirability of his sister's speedy marriage. At the same time experience had taught him that Jeanne always knew her own mind, and that when she said no, she meant no; and this knowledge made it difficult for him to find any consolatory reply for the benefit of the luckless wooer. At length, however, he asked—"Are you quite sure of that?" which was perhaps the best thing he could have said under the circumstances

"It is not her fault if I am not," returned Saint-Luc, with a dreary laugh. "She told me she could no more marry me than M. de Fontvieille."

"That," said Léon, feeling very uncomfortable, and wishing most heartily that his friend could have chosen some other confidant—"that is, of course, only a way of speaking. Jeanne often expresses herself strongly; but she does not always mean quite all that she says, and I am sure that she did not intend to be unkind or rude to you."

"She was neither the one nor the other; on the contrary, she was most kind. I think she has not quite understood me till now. She thought I was seeking a *mariage de convenance*, whereas—but it does not much signify. No one could have been more gentle and compassionate than she was, but that does not alter the fact that she has broken my heart. Do not laugh, Léon. A year ago I no more believed in broken hearts than you do; but when a man suffers such pain as I suffer, he must cease to be a sceptic, whether he will or no. I know what you would say—'*On ne meurt pas de cette maladie-là*'—but that is just what makes it a more infernal torture than any physical one. *Tenez!* if it were not that I dread causing annoyance to others, I would put a pistol to my head this very night. Bon Dieu! what is this wretched thing called life that a man should care to keep it in his body? What has my life been? The life of a dog—what do I say?—of a lap-dog—a useless, dull, over-fed brute. Looking back upon past years, I cannot recall a single day or a single hour that I would choose to live over again: it is all idleness, and satiety, and disgust. I don't know how far I have been to blame; there must be some atom of good in me, or I should not so abhor myself; but I suppose it has not had force to struggle against the bad side of my nature. Before I met your sister I looked forward to dawdling through the rest of my life in a resigned, discontented sort of way. I knew I should never be of the smallest good to myself or anybody else in the world, and I did not much care; but then I saw her, and fell in love with her (God knows why or wherefore—we wretched humans have no control over our fate), and that changed everything. I thought I might possibly become—I won't say worthy of

her—but as worthy as a man with my past could be. I had dreams and projects, all of which have been blown into space by one word, so that I need not trouble you with them. Ah, why did I ever see her? Why was I not left in my brutish indifference, if I was to spend all the rest of my life in hopelessness and solitude? If I believed in the Christian religion—which I do not, unfortunately; the world that I have lived in has honestly rejected that faith, finding it impossible to make it fit in with its own system of morality—I say, if I were a Christian, I would turn Trappist. It is a kind of suicide which the Church, knowing that some loophole out of the world must be left open for desperate men, permits, and is even kind enough to reward with a palm and a crown, instead of with hell-fire. But that door is closed to me. I have no faith in the palm or the crown, and should not know what to do with them when I had got them. There remains the pistol. I shall not use it just yet, for reasons that you may surmise; but before many months are over, I hope to rid society of one of its most useless members."

So poor Saint-Luc raved on, pacing to and fro in the dust and throwing his arms about as Frenchmen will do when they are in despair, or fancy themselves so. We English are a less demonstrative race; still one has heard a deal of nonsense talked by one's own compatriots under similar circumstances. The difficulty is to know what to say by way of comfort to a man who has just been refused. To tell him that he will get over it in time may be true, but savors of brutality, while encouragement to make another attempt may only lead him on to a second repulse. Practically, however, I believe that everybody does adopt the latter alternative. Léon, at all events, did so upon the present occasion.

"I think you would be wrong to take Jeanne's decision as final," he said, as soon as he could get a hearing. "You have been a little abrupt with her, and then, too, it seems to me that you have not chosen a very appropriate occasion."

"Do you seriously mean to tell me," broke in Saint-Luc, "that it would have made the slightest difference if I had spoken last week, or had put off doing so till next? Bah! I found myself alone with her—a thing which does not happen to me every day, let me remind you—I was tired of suspense, and I said to myself that I would know the worst—*Voilà!*"

"That is just it. You made up your mind that you would know the worst, and you let her see that you expected the worst, and therefore you failed. All women are the same; throw yourself at their feet, and they will trample upon you; face them boldly, and they will yield," said Léon, whose youthful assumption of knowledge of a subject which the wisest of men have failed to fathom will perhaps be pardoned by those who remember that he was really sorry for his friend, and was doing what in him lay to console the afflicted one. "I grant you that Jeanne is not like other girls," continued this successful student of character; "her education and position are different from those of other girls—else you could hardly have spoken to her as you have done this evening—but for all that, she is a woman, and women require humoring. The fact is that you have addressed yourself to her at the wrong moment."

"The wrong moment!" interrupted Saint-Luc—"why the wrong moment? Because that Englishman is here? Is there ever a moment when he is not with her? My good Léon, I am as much in love as it is possible to be, but I am not therefore blind. It is sufficiently evident to me that your sister will marry the Englishman, against whom I have nothing to say. If he be not more worthy of her than I, he must be a far worse man than I take him for. Whether he loves her as devotedly as I do, is another question."

"Jeanne marry Mr. Barrington? Absurd!" cried Léon. "Neither M. de Fontvieille, nor the Duchess, nor I, would ever consent to her becoming the wife of a foreigner and a Protestant."

"But I thought she was free to marry whom she pleased?"

"Well, yes, so she is, in a certain sense; but of course she would never think of disregarding the wishes of—of all her friends. Besides, she would never have been so friendly with Mr.

Barrington if she had had an idea of such an end to this intimacy. No, no, my friend; believe me, there is nothing of that kind. Try again in a month's time; be less diffident, and you will very likely be successful. I think Jeanne knows that all our sympathies are with you."

"Will you speak to her on the subject?" asked Saint-Luc, who was only too willing to be persuaded into hope, against his own judgment.

"Why, no," answered Léon, hesitatingly; "I don't think I could quite do that; she would not like it. You see, she is a little older than I am, and she has always been accustomed to take the lead, and she is not precisely one of those people whom one can interfere with easily, and—and—in point of fact, I really doubt whether my speaking would not do more harm than good. If I am to be quite candid with you, I must confess that neither I nor anybody else has much authority over Jeanne; but she is so good and so self-sacrificing that she would do a great deal to please any one of us, and—"

"I don't wish her to sacrifice herself," interrupted Saint-Luc.

"I express myself badly. What I meant to say was that our wishes would have a good deal of weight with her. As I told you just now, I believe she knows what our wishes are, and we will try to make them more apparent. I don't see that we can do anything more for you."

"I suppose not," sighed Saint-Luc. "I will try again then; it is a forlorn hope, but it is better than nothing. Thank you for your sympathy. Now you are dying to get to sleep, and I will not keep you up any longer. Goodnight."

So Léon went to his bed, and Saint-Luc roamed about the silent town till daylight, mentally balancing himself against Barrington, and finding no encouragement from the process.

It is perhaps needless to add that he did not occupy the vacant seat in the waggonette on the following day.

Chapter XI.

IN WHICH MR. BARRINGTON WINS A GAME OF BILLIARDS.

One of the most grievous burdens attaching to royal birth must be, one would think, the impossibility of getting from one country to another without well-meant but tedious demonstrations of loyalty and respect. An unfortunate emperor, king, or prince lands from the steamer in which, perhaps, he has been wofully sea-sick, or steps out of his special train, dirty and weary, and there, upon the platform, stands his worship the mayor, in furred gown and gold chain, with an attendant body of aldermen and town-councillors, and proceeds to entertain the illustrious traveller with a loyal and long-winded address of welcome. The poor royal personage knows perfectly well the stereotyped, meaningless phrases which are about to be hurled at him, and knows also the terms in which it will be expected he should reply thereto. The whole business must be to him a monstrous unnecessary bore; still, it has to be gone through, and he goes through it as cheerfully as may be. If, however, he be a shifty royal personage, and can manage to get his luggage moved with extra rapidity, there is a reasonable mode of escape open to him. It may be announced that his Majesty, or his Royal Highness, as the case may be, is compelled to proceed on his journey with all possible despatch, and must deny himself the pleasure of hearing or delivering speeches on his way; the loyal address, therefore, will be "taken as read." So the illuminated parchment is hastily shoved in at the carriage window, the exalted creature inside advances, bows and smiles with such affability as nature has granted to him, and is presently whisked away in a manner satisfactory, it is to be hoped, both to himself and others.

If only certain days of our life, the net result of which can be easily foretold—days of mere barren vexation and weariness of the flesh—could be thus summarily dismissed, and taken as lived, how thankful some of us would be! In real life, unfortunately, there is no stealing a march upon Time: we must take the rough with the smooth, and all we have to consider is how to swallow measureless tedium with a minimum of yawns; but when it comes to be a question of fiction, to which, it may be presumed, nobody resorts unless with some faint expectation of amusement, nature revolts against dulness, and nimbly skips over the prosy passages. Those prosy

passages need never be written at all, and much labor might be spared to writer as well as reader could the former but guess when he is about to become wearisome; but that, no doubt, is past hoping for. Of one thing, however, every narrator may be sure—that when, in the course of his story, he feels disposed to dwell upon any particular subject, he is getting upon dangerous ground, and had best quit that subject without further delay. The present writer, being conscious of an inclination to linger among the sunny valleys and breezy heights of Kabylia, now, therefore, resolutely turns away from that pleasant land, and shutting out his background of mountains and blue sky, narrows the limits of his stage to the four walls of a heated and not over well-lighted billiard-room.

It is a long, low-roofed room, occupying the whole entresol above one of the principal cafés of Algiers, and containing several tables. At one of these Barrington and a friend, picked up at the Hotel d'Orient, are hard at work in their shirt-sleeves, endeavoring, not very successfully, to master the science of the cannon game, while at a more distant one, M. de Saint-Luc, with pale face and downcast mien, is absently knocking the balls about, pausing every now and again to emit a half-smothered sigh. Léon, outstretched upon a sofa, with a cigarette in his mouth and a tall glass of vermouth and water on a table at his side, contemplates with the serene smile of a man who has dined well, the blue smoke clouds that slowly drift away from him; and, on the opposite side of the room, a diminutive, close-cropped waiter, worn out by the labor and heat of the day, is snatching a well-earned snooze, perched on a high stool, on whose slippery summit he perilously sways and lurches. From the café beneath rises a confused hubbub, a clinking of glasses, a clattering of dominoes, a roar of excited voices, such as in England would convey the idea of nothing less than an imminent free fight, but here means only that a few good bourgeois and line-officers are enjoying a quiet evening after their habitual manner; in the street below a shrill-voiced boy is shouting, "Le *Moniteur d'Algérie*, journal du soir! Achetez le *Moniteur d'Algérie!*" and from time to time, when the general turmoil abates for a second or two, the monotonous thrum, thrum, thrum of a guitar can be heard faintly rising from a Moorish café down by the water-side.

Here, in the billiard-room, there is silence unbroken save by the click of the balls and the occasional execrations of Mr. Barrington's friend, who plays a very fair game at the club at home, and is surprised and disgusted to find how little mastery he has over foreign balls and cues.

"Never saw such a beastly game in my life!" he exclaims wrathfully, throwing himself down upon a chair. "Might as well play with footballs and barge-poles, by Jove! I'll trouble you for the tip of that cue! Just look at it, will you! Why, it's a couple of inches broad!"

"Ah, it's a game you have to get accustomed to," remarks Barrington, scoring rather neatly; "but when you understand it, it's less flukey than ours, and I really think there is more play in it."

"Don't see any play in it at all," growls the other; and then there is another long period of silence. The little waiter, with head thrown back and open mouth, begins to snore, and the clock in the tower of the great mosque chimes half-past ten. Presently Saint-Luc lays down his cue, and strolls dejectedly towards the sofa upon which Léon's long body is extended.

"Léon," says he, in a sepulchral voice, "when did you last have an earthquake here?"

"An earthquake? Oh, I hardly remember. We have a few slight shocks every year, but nobody ever thinks anything of them. Once, I remember, there was a great alarm in the middle of the night, and a good many people rushed out into the streets, in very scanty apparel, and one silly old woman jumped out of window and broke her leg. But, after all, there was no damage done. Why do you ask?"

"Because I am quite convinced that we are going to have an earthquake to-night. I have never in my life felt in such low spirits as I do at this moment, and I have a sort of unaccountable sensation of dread, which, I take it, must

mean that the earth is about to open and swallow me up. Not that that would be such a great misfortune after all."

"Bah! It is a hot evening, and you are tired and out of sorts, as anyone would be who had spent three days all by himself at Fort Napoléon and then ridden back upon a lame horse. Come and have a game of billiards, and let us think no more about earthquakes. For my part, I can assure you that, whatever your wishes may be, I should dislike nothing more than being pounded to death by a falling house; and if I thought there was the slightest danger of such a thing happening, I should be out of this room in another moment. Come and play."

Saint-Luc drops into a chair and shakes his head. "I cannot play billiards to-night," he says; "I should not be able to make a single stroke. Ah, Léon, I have my own good reasons for being miserable, as you know; and I suppose there is no chance of an earthquake, or why should I alone be affected by it? You seem in excellent spirits. I saw you driving with that de Trémonville woman to-day, and she gave you a rose, and you blushed, and stuck it in your button-hole, you foolish boy. Is that why you lie smiling there like a young god on Olympus? Don't be angry, we men are all made fools of by women; we can't escape our destiny, and would not, perhaps, if we could. Imagine yourself in paradise while you can—that is the truest wisdom. That tumbler at your elbow contains nothing but bitter vermouth and half-tepid water, but if you can bring yourself to quaff it under the impression that it is nectar, why it *is* nectar as far as you are concerned. Some day you will discover that Madame de Trémonville is—well, is a different person from what you now think her to be; but so long as you can keep your illusions, why not do so? That Englishman looks happy too. Did he drive back with her? But of course he did."

"Well, yes; but M. de Fontvieille also took a seat inside the carriage. I heard Jeanne ask him to do so."

"You did? She asked him to take a seat inside?" cried Saint-Luc eagerly. "I wonder what made her do that."

"How can I tell? She was tired of Mr. Barrington very likely. It seems to me that they were not quite such good friends after you appeared as they had been before. Believe me, *mon cher*, you have no cause for jealousy. Mr. Barrington must return to England very soon now, and then—"

"Ah, then!"

Bang! bang! from the further end of the room. Barrington's friend, in a frantic effort to "screw," has driven his cue through the cloth, and sent one of the balls spinning off the table. The little waiter, rudely awakened from his slumbers, loses his balance, falls from his perch with a loud crash, and then, picking himself up, and immediately recovering his presence of mind, pipes out

"*C'est cinquante francs le premier accroc, messieurs.*"

"Oh, oh! I like that!" cries the delinquent, indignantly. "Cinquante francs—rubbish! Look here, you little beggar! Regardez ici—et là—et là," pointing to the traces of several previous injuries to the cloth. "Coupé all over the place, you know. Je paierai cinq francs, and not another centime—so you needn't say any more about it."

The waiter shrugs his shoulders doubtfully, and says he will consult the "patron;" and peace being restored, Barrington resumes his cue, and, adroitly drawing the balls into a corner, finishes the game with a break of ten.

The defeated player paid his stake, settled with the waiter, and after making some brief but trenchant observations upon the game of French billiards took himself off. Then Barrington, who was in high good humor, both because he had won his game and on account of other reasons, strolled across the room and poked Léon in the ribs with his cue.

"Well, de Mersac," said he, "what have you been doing with yourself all day? I was at your house this afternoon, and thought I should have seen you there. How do you do, M. de Saint-Luc? You have just come back from Fort Napoléon, I suppose?"

Old Mr. Ashley, whose property adjoins Barrington's more extensive one, and who has always lived upon the best of terms with his neighbor, has been heard to say that the latter would be one

of the pleasantest-mannered men in England if only he could get out of the habit of talking to others as though he were the Prince of Wales; and, indeed, it is true that there is a certain prosperous affability in the demeanor of this fortunate gentleman which men who are out of luck or out of temper sometimes find it hard to bear. Saint-Luc was too well-bred to answer his rival otherwise than politely; but if he could have followed the bent of his own inclinations, and reverted to the customs of a primitive state of society, he would then and there have arisen, and pommelled him soundly. That the man should look so disgustingly contented and happy was, perhaps, not his fault; but that allusion to Fort Napoléon might surely have been spared.

There was an interval of silence, after which Léon swung his long legs off the sofa, stretched himself, yawned, and said he thought he would go and look in at the club.

"I am going home to bed; and if you are wise you will follow my example," observed Barrington, who knew very well what "looking in at the club" meant.

"Ah, but I am not wise," rejoined Léon, rather tartly; for, in common with the rest of humanity, he disliked nothing so much as good advice.

He added, "You are coming, are you not, Saint-Luc?"

The Vicomte fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, and drew out a handful of coins and notes, which he proceeded to count. "Yes," he answered, when he had finished his sum; "I find I have got three hundred francs about me. That much I am prepared to lose, but I shall retire as soon as my pockets are empty."

"And I," observed Léon, "have got exactly fifty-five francs fifty centimes; and I have no intention of retiring before I am sleepy."

"Then I can only hope, for your sake, that you will be sleepy soon," said Barrington, putting on his hat. "Good-night, monsieur. Good-night, de Mersac. I daresay I shall see you to-morrow."

"Virtue has spread her wings and flown," remarked Saint-Luc, as the swing-door closed behind the Englishman. "You are now alone with Vice, as fitly represented in my humble person. I beg you to observe, however, that I decline the additional *rôle* of Temptation—I will even take upon myself to say that, much as I enjoy your society, I should prefer to say good-night now."

"Why?" asked Léon, rather affronted.

"Firstly, because they are playing lansquenet at the club to-night, and lansquenet is, of all games that I know, the one at which large sums are most easily lost. Secondly, because there is no luck in the air to-night. Thirdly, because you have not got enough money in your pockets. I have three hundred francs, the loss of which will sober me. You will lose what you have in a few minutes, after which you will take to paper, and become reckless. Also, your head is not so cool as mine to start with."

Looked upon as a deterrent, the observation was scarcely a happy one. Nobody—above all, no young man—likes to be told that his head is not cool; nor is it flattering to be cautioned against the seductive nature of any amusement by a man who is himself about to engage in it.

"You talk as if I were a baby," Léon answered in a tone of some annoyance. "I have played lansquenet before now, and I am not such a fool as not to know when to stop."

Saint-Luc shrugged his shoulders. "I have warned you," said he; "I could do no more. I hope you will recollect that to-morrow morning when you wake up with a headache, and try to calculate the amount of your losses. Probably, however, you will blame me—and so will others. That will be nothing more than my usual luck."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," answered Léon; "and I don't know whom you mean by others. When I lose my money, I generally keep the fact to myself."

"Do you?" said Saint-Luc. "I have never been able to achieve such reticence. But it does not much matter. Things can hardly be much worse with me than they are already. Shall we go?"

Léon understood it all, and was not best pleased. Jeanne had been the kindest of sisters to him, and he had a reverence and respect for her rather filial than

fraternal; still few sons can bear with equanimity the idea that their mother has requested a stranger to keep them out of mischief, and Léon, as he held open the door for his friend to pass out, said to himself that the time had come for him to shake off feminine rule.

The two men descended the stairs together in silence, and a few steps brought them to the door of the club, which occupied the first floor of a large corner house. The room which they presently entered was a lofty and spacious one, lighted by a big crystal chandelier, and furnished with a multiplicity of easy chairs. In some of these a few members were dozing; a little knot of idlers were smoking on the balcony, and at the further end of the room some eight or ten men, mostly officers in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, were congregated round a card-table. One of the latter wheeled round as the newcomers approached, and beckoned to them.

"Come and bring us a change of luck," he cried. "There never was such a dull game as this since the world began! Would you believe that we have been playing for three-quarters of an hour, and that nobody has lost a sou except myself, who am minus three napoleons."

"I have lost five," said another man in a rather aggrieved tone.

"And ought to have lost five hundred," retorted the first speaker. "What is the use of playing with a man like you, who always make a point of throwing good money after bad, if nobody is ever to get a deal? I don't think any single dealer has had more than two turns."

"Be comforted, de Monceaux," said Saint-Luc, seating himself on the left hand of the grumbler. "I have brought three hundred francs with me for the express purpose of losing them, and perhaps some share of the plunder may find its way into your pocket."

"Not if you sit there," rejoined the other. "Your stake will be covered three times over before I get a chance of putting anything on. If you think you are going to have bad luck, for Heaven's sake seat yourself above instead of below me."

But Léon had taken the chair next to that which Saint-Luc now occupied, and the kind-hearted Vicomte thought it might be for the young man's benefit that he should have a mentor at his elbow, so he shook his head.

"It is hardly worth while to change places now," he said. "But we are interrupting the game. Whose deal is it?"

"It is mine, I believe," answered de Monceaux; "but I have no confidence in these cards. I propose that we have fresh ones, and begin over again.

So two new packs were brought, and being dealt round, the lowest card fell to Saint-Luc, who thus became dealer, much to the disgust of his neighbor.

"Is that what you call bad luck?" exclaimed that ill-used person, indignantly. "I might have known how it would be! And now I will lay a hundred francs to fifty that you win six times, provided you leave the stake up."

Saint-Luc took the bet, laid a napoleon on the table as his stake, and began to deal.

Chapter XII.

LANSQUENET.

Most people, probably, are acquainted with the rules of lansquenet; but, for the benefit of those who are not, a short explanation shall be given—the more willingly as the game is one of an engaging simplicity. The dealer, after laying down a stake, the amount of which is left to his option, turns up the first two cards of the pack, one for himself and one for the table; he then proceeds to deal out the cards till one of the same number as either of those already displayed appears. Should the table win, he loses his stake and the deal passes; but if his own card prove successful, he may either pocket his winnings and surrender his deal to the next player, or leave both winnings and stake up, and continue. The stake may be covered by one or more of the players, the left-hand neighbor of the dealer having the first choice. In the present instance, Léon being seated next to Saint-Luc, at once covered the modest napoleon staked by his friend.

Saint-Luc won, and left the two gold pieces on the table, and Léon once more monopolised the play. The dealer won again, and again, and yet again, but at

the fifth time the luck turned, and the young marquis had the satisfaction of receiving back the scraps of paper on which he had scribbled the amount of his debts, together with twenty francs of winnings.

"That is not the way to play lansquenet, my friend," whispered Saint-Luc; but Léon, in answer to the good-natured warning, only shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and muttered, "*Je sais ce que je fais*," which, if true, was a statement little creditable to his understanding. He put up forty francs and lost them immediately. Then, for a time, he got no chance of losing or winning, and sat drumming on the table and fidgeting restlessly in his chair after the manner of inexperienced gamblers, who are seldom contented unless they can be in the thick of the fray.

The game did not at first prove an exciting one. There were no long deals, very little money changed hands, and at the end of an hour the only player upon whom Fortune seemed to have smiled at all was Saint-Luc, who had a little pile of gold before him; whereas Léon, whose few coins had long since vanished, had sent some three hundred francs worth of his signatures to different parts of the table, and was a little inclined to be querulous over his losses.

Poor Léon had not yet learnt that the first duty of a gambler is to preserve an aspect of equanimity, and that though men will bear with fools, and will even show marvellous patience with rogues, they will not tolerate one who bursts into lamentations over his bad luck. He offended in this way more than once in the course of the evening, but, perhaps, in consideration of his inexperience, he might have been allowed to escape unrebuked, had he not had the misfortune to fall foul of M. de Monceaux. That gentleman, who was no longer in his first youth, and had long since discovered that the pastimes of this world are but weariness and vexation of spirit, unless they can be made to conduce to its comforts, was accustomed in card-playing, as in all other pursuits, to regulate his conduct in accordance with certain well-defined principles. Throughout the evening he had been playing with more skill than good fortune, but he serenely bided his time, knowing that to him who waits opportunity will surely arrive. Now it came to pass that Léon, in pursuance of his absurd system of doubling, had taken up the whole of the stake during a rather longer deal than usual. He was some distance away from the dealer, but none of the intervening players had cared to interfere with the young man after the first round, till some eight hundred francs were on the table. It was then that M. de Monceaux, having carefully calculated that the chances were now about ten to one in his favor, stepped in, and, in the exercise of his undoubted right as next player to the dealer, covered the whole sum, won it, and quietly swept it down.

"*C'est trop fort!*" exclaimed Léon, throwing himself back in his chair. And indeed it must be admitted that the incident was one which might have tried the patience of many an older man.

"I beg your pardon," said de Monceaux suavely, bending forward as he spoke, "you said something?"

Léon frowned, but made no reply.

"Perhaps," continued de Monceaux, with increasing politeness, "M. le Marquis has not often played this game. Am I wrong in conjecturing from his manner that he believes me to have infringed some rule? In such a case he would do well to refer the matter to the committee of the club. Or if anything in my personal conduct should have displeased M. le Marquis, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to—"

"Nonsense!" interposed Saint-Luc hastily. "Nobody is complaining of you, de Monceaux; and we are all waiting for you to deal."

De Monceaux shrugged his shoulders, picked up the cards, won three times running, and then took down his gains.

"I trust M. le Marquis does not object to the deal passing," he remarked, as he handed the pack to his neighbor.

"I object to nothing," returned Léon, wrathfully; "but this I must say—"

He was cut short by a smart blow across his shins. Saint-Luc had opened his long legs like a pair of scissors and bestowed this gentle correction impartially on his right hand and on his left.

"Be quiet, Léon," he muttered; and then, turning to de Monceaux, "Hold your tongue, you old fire-eater,

and don't quarrel with boys. If you must fight, come out with me to-morrow morning, and you shall see whether I am still as good a match for you as I used to be with the foils at Saint-Cyr."

At this de Monceaux, who was a good-natured fellow enough, laughed and said, "No, thank you," and so peace was restored.

Often afterwards Saint-Luc wondered whether it was destiny or mere absence of mind that led him to begin his deal by putting up so large a stake as two hundred francs. He had hitherto taken little interest in the game, having altogether failed to find sufficient excitement therein to divert his thoughts from the channel in which they had so steadily run of late; and though the corporeal presence of the Vicomte de Saint-Luc had been visible at the card-table, pale, handsome, imperturbable, staking according to the dictates of prudence and winning moderately—the man himself had been wandering sadly enough in distant places—under the stars at Fort Napoléon, in the garden of the Campagne de Mersac, through the empty rooms of his own deserted Norman chateau—who knows where? The little dispute between Léon and de Monceaux had brought him back to realities for a moment, but now he had drifted away again, and pushed up the ten gold pieces mechanically, forgetting, perhaps, that he was no longer in Paris, but in an Algerian club, where such sums were more or less of a phenomenon.

Léon immediately covered the stake. The occurrences of the last five minutes had not tended to soothe the irritability of that foolish young man, or to bring him to a calmer and wiser frame of mind. He was angry with himself, which was reasonable enough; he was very angry with de Monceaux, which was perhaps excusable; but it was certainly most unjust of him to be furious against Saint-Luc, who had just got him out of an awkward scrape. It must, however, be admitted that gratitude for such good offices is seldom forthcoming upon the spur of the moment. But lastly, and most foolishly of all, Léon was indignant with Luck; and it was with an insane determination to conquer that pitiless abstraction that he pushed a slip of paper representing two hundred francs in front of Saint-Luc's ten napoleons, and lost it. Four hundred, then eight hundred, then sixteen hundred francs went the same way. Saint-Luc went on dealing, and Léon set his teeth and continued to stake.

The rest of the players, being thus debarred from taking any part in the game, looked on with calmness not unmixed with disgust.

When a man begins his deal by putting up two hundred francs, it is natural to expect that the greater part of the company may be able to secure some interest in the result, or, failing that, that they may at least have the consolation of witnessing an exciting contest between him and the adventurous gambler who has chosen to oppose him alone. But in the present instance there was no prospect of any such solace. It was evident enough that Saint-Luc did not choose to win his friend's money; that he would go on till he lost; that the original stake would be the only sum that would change hands, and that the turning up of card after card was, therefore, a pure waste of time.

"I will never sit down to a card-table with that young imbecile again," muttered de Monceaux to his neighbor. To which the other replied,

"Nor I—unless he likes to play with me alone."

Meanwhile Saint-Luc was having a run of good fortune such as had not been witnessed in that club for many a long day. Time after time the dealer's card came up victorious, and some languid interest began to be manifested in the large amount of money on the table, which had now reached no less a sum than fifty thousand francs odd. The figures might be nearly nominal, still more than one person present felt a thrill on seeing before him the palpable result of a two hundred francs' stake and nine successive wins. A few bets were exchanged as to how long the luck would hold; and when Léon, with hands that trembled a little, added another piece of paper to those already before the dealer, thus making up a total of over one hundred thousand francs, there was a general hush and expectancy, and all eyes were turned upon the dealer.

Saint-Luc, impassive and indifferent, took the pack in his hand and turned

up the first two cards—two tens. There was a general stir and hum, and somebody called out—

"The dealer takes down half the stakes."

"Not unless he likes, I think," said Saint-Luc, looking up. "I prefer to leave it as it is."

"You have no choice," said de Monceaux. "We made it a rule here long ago that where two cards of equal value were turned up, the dealer must either take down the whole stake and let the deal pass, or half of it, and continue to deal."

"I never heard of such a rule in Paris," answered Saint-Luc, manifestly annoyed.

"It is the rule here though," persisted de Monceaux. "We had several discussions about the matter, and we all agreed that it would be more satisfactory to oblige the dealer to take advantage of exceptionally favorable circumstances. There were some people who felt a delicacy—you understand."

Of course there was nothing more to be said. If you play in a club you must conform to its rules, however absurd. Saint-Luc, with a slightly clouded brow, withdrew paper to the amount of fifty-one thousand two hundred francs. The like amount remaining on the table was at once covered by Léon, whose agitation had now passed his powers of concealment. Come what might, he must now lose over two thousand pounds, and how to raise the money he scarcely knew.

Saint-Luc turned up the next two cards—two sevens! Léon might have used any language he pleased about his luck now without fear of shocking any one's sense of propriety. The sympathies of the whole company were with him, and found vent in a subdued murmur which circled round the table. It was indeed a more cruel blow than any man could have anticipated that he should not only lose his money twice running through an altogether exceptional coincidence, but that he should lose it to a man who had plainly shown that he did not desire to win it. Léon, however, held his peace. He had defied luck, and had got thoroughly beaten; the shock had stunned and sobered him at the same time. One thing only remained for him to do. He once more covered the dealer's stake, and, resting his head on his hand, awaited the end.

What that end would be no one could doubt. The appearance of another tie would have been little short of a miracle; the dealer had already won eleven times in succession, and the chances against his doing so again were almost incalculable. Moreover, it was quite clear that he intended to go on till he should lose. Léon himself could not but perceive this; yet his hands grew cold and his heart thumped as Saint-Luc proceeded to turn up the cards—a nine for himself and a two for his antagonist. With calm, almost cruel, deliberation, and in a profound silence, the Vicomte went on through the pack. Ten—king—three—five—would it never come? Somebody in the distance slammed a door, and Saint-Luc paused for a moment, and looked over his shoulder. Then he continued as slowly as before. Eight—six—ace—seven—four—*nine!* For the twelfth time the stake had fallen to the dealer.

"And I who never, in the course of a long and eventful career, have won so much as six times running!" exclaimed de Monceaux, naturally indignant at such a waste of Fortune's best gifts. "*Mon cher*," he added, turning to Saint-Luc, "I propose to you that we start to-morrow for Monaco. I will get a week's leave from my general; I will watch your play and humbly follow it, and I will return here rich enough to offer the best dinner that Algiers can produce to all the company."

But Saint-Luc paid no attention to him. He glanced round the table, looked rather oddly for an instant at Léon's pale face and flashing eyes, and then, gathering together the accumulation of paper before him, delivered up the cards to his neighbor, remarking calmly, as he leant back in his chair, "The deal passes."

The reader may, perhaps, at some time have happened to watch two dogs playing at fighting—snapping, snarling, showing glistening fangs, and rolling one another over in the dust, but all the time with an evident tacit understanding that there was no real quarrel between them. And then he may have seen one of them, with a swift, sudden change from play into grim earnest, fasten upon the

other and kill him then and there, before ever the poor brute has had time to understand what is happening to him. Greyhounds, collies, and other sharp-nosed dogs will do so sometimes. Anyone who has witnessed such a little tragedy, and recollects what his feelings were at the time towards the murderer, may form an idea of the light in which Saint-Luc's unexpected action caused him to be regarded by those who sat at the table with him. No one spoke—indeed, there was nothing to be said; what had been done was strictly in accordance with the rules of the game, but there was not a man present who did not feel that the poor young marquis had been not only cruelly treated by his friend, but morally defrauded. Who could suppose that he would have gone on staking in the mad way he had done if he had not shared the general conviction that his enormous losses were not meant to be serious? And the fact that Saint-Luc had actually won over four thousand pounds already made his conduct the more inexcusable. In the first glow of their generous sympathy and indignation, these young fellows would willingly have placed their purses at the disposition of the victim, though, to be sure, that would have helped but little, for not one of them could have paid a twentieth part of what he owed.

Léon, in this trying crisis of his life, bore himself with a dignity and fortitude which at once blotted out the memory of his previous petulance. He rose slowly, and stood for a moment, resting his hands upon the table and looking round him. To his dying day Léon will remember that scene. The great airy room, with its polished floor and its lace curtains swaying in the night breeze; the green card-table flooded with soft light from above, the gold-laced staff-uniforms and the pale blue jackets of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, the circle of curious, startled, upturned faces, de Monceaux frowning a little and twisting his waxed moustache, Saint-Luc staring steadily before him, with a countenance devoid of any expression whatever—all these, together with a dozen other petty details, make up a picture which Léon can summon up at will, and which has often revisited him when he would have been very glad to forget it. He remembers, too, the odd feeling of unreality which took hold of him, the half doubt as to his own identity, his wonder at finding his voice so clear and steady and under control.

"I think I will go away now," he said. "I have lost a good deal of money—rather more than I can afford. I shall be able to pay everybody to-morrow, except M. de Saint-Luc, whom I shall have to ask for a little time." In truth the poor lad hardly knew what he was saying, but felt only that something must be said, and that he must not disgrace himself. He paused—then bowing, added, "Good-night, messieurs," and walked across the room and out of the house.

Those who were left sat in silence till his echoing footsteps died away in the distance, and then de Monceaux remarked, "That young man will go and drown himself."

"No, he will not," answered Saint-Luc, with a quiet smile. "He is a brave fellow, and will turn out well yet."

"Parbleu!—if you have left him the means, he may," returned de Monceaux, rather roughly, for he was disgusted at his friend's cynicism.

Saint-Luc turned in his chair, so as to face the aide-de-camp, and looked him full in the eyes. "A little time ago," he said, "you were ready to kill young de Mersac because he did not seem satisfied with your manner of playing. Do you want to quarrel with me now for following your example?"

"I seek no quarrels and refuse none," replied de Monceaux, curtly. "For the moment I am going home to bed; I have had enough of play for one night." And so saying, he rose, buckled on his sword, and strode away.

Perhaps he was not sorry to escape without further words. Had it been a question of challenging any other man than Saint-Luc, he might have been less placable, but he knew that he might as well stand up against a mitrailleuse as against that notorious duellist. And, after all, it was not his business to fight other men's battles. His departure was the signal for a general move, and presently Saint-Luc found himself the sole tenant of the club.

Léon, meanwhile, had wandered out into the street, with no very distinct idea

as to where he was or what he intended to do. After a time he found himself sitting on one of the benches in the empty Place du Gouvernement, and, taking out a pencil and a bit of paper, began to add up his losses. The calculation did not take long. To de Monceaux and one or two other players he owed some small sums amounting in all to something over fifty pounds, and to Saint-Luc exactly two hundred and fifty-five thousand eight hundred francs. For a long time he sat staring stupidly at the figures, and struggling in vain to realise the magnitude of the catastrophe that had occurred; then, all of a sudden, the true nature of his position seemed to flash across him with horrible distinctness. He was very nearly ruined. Every invested penny he had in the world would not realise the required amount. He had sold out a large portion of his patrimony since he had come of age, acting under good advice in so doing, and expending the ready money thus acquired in the purchase of fresh land and in farm improvements. Within the last few months he had bought a great many costly agricultural machines, which would, he was convinced, make him a richer man in the long run, though it was only too certain that, if sold at the present time, they would not fetch half their value. Upon the whole, it would cost him a great deal more than ten thousand pounds to pay Saint-Luc. Nor was there anyone to whom he could apply for temporary aid. The Duchess had only a life-interest in her income, M. de Fontvieille had long since sunk his small fortune in an annuity, and Jeanne's share of her father's estate was, of course, held in trust for her. What was to be done? Léon could see nothing for it but that he must sell his house and part of his lands for what they would fetch, and retire to that lonely farm on the Metidja plain of which mention has already been made. Jeanne, he thought, might live, till her marriage, with the Duchess, who would now have to seek a new home. It was all very hard, poor Léon could not help thinking. A man makes a fool of himself during one brief half-hour, and is crippled for the rest of his life. Surely the punishment is out of all proportion to the offence! And not the least part of his misery was the anticipation of the story he would have to relate at home in the course of a few hours. How should he ever bring himself to tell what must be told? Could he call his sister, who had devoted her whole life to him, and the kindly, worldly, fussy old woman who had treated him with all a mother's fondness, if not with quite a mother's discretion, and who had spoilt, admired, and idolised him from his cradle—could he face them, and say, "My good people, I am very sorry, but you will have to leave your old home, and the familiar rooms, and the garden, and the orchard, and the woods that you loved, and look out for some much less spacious habitation. I lost a small fortune at lansquenet last night, and now I have got to sell house and land, and make a fresh start. As for you, you will be a little pinched; you will have to economise here and there, and do without some of the small luxuries which you have come to consider as necessaries. I shall not be able to live with you myself—"

"My God! I can't do it!" broke off poor Léon aloud.

And then, for a moment, some such thought as that which had occurred to de Monceaux did cross his mind. Yonder lay the sea, calm, silent, and grey with the first glimmer of dawn. It would be easy enough to take a boat and row out beyond the breakwater, after sunrise, and bathe. The best of swimmers may be seized with cramp—there would be no scandal. But here common [illegible] stepped in, and pointed out that in this direction lay no hope of honorable escape. It was certain that Saint-Luc must be paid; and Léon, even if he avoided the grief and shame of meeting those dearest to him again, must leave them, as a legacy, some record of his debt. He tried to summon up all his courage, and said to himself that since he was obliged to do what he would rather die than do, he would at least go through it without flinching. He would tell his story in as few words as possible, he thought, and get it over. There would be no use in weeping, or execrating his folly, or entreating for pardon. They would understand better than he could express to them how miserable he was. Yes, he would tell Jeanne first and

then the Duchess, and in ten minutes it would all be done. He had heard of surgical operations which had lasted much longer than that, and men had lived through them, and been able to speak of them calmly in after years. But when he pictured to himself what would follow—the Duchess's tears and lamentations, as she made her preparations for departure—Jeanne moving silently from room to room, packing and arranging, with a grave, sorrowful face, worse than any outspoken reproach, his fortitude gave way, and throwing his arms over the back of the bench he hid his face in them and groaned.

After a time some one came behind him and touched him gently on the shoulder.

He started up, and saw Saint-Luc.

"Oh, is it you, Saint-Luc?" said he, in a hurried, confused manner. "I will be with you directly. I must just speak to my sister and the Duchess—it will not take ten minutes—and then I will come back. I have added up what I owe you, and it comes to two hundred and fifty-five thousand eight hundred francs, I think. I shall be able to pay you before very long; but you will understand that it takes a little time."

Saint-Luc did not reply, but, passing his arm through Léon's, led him away towards the Hotel d'Orient. The young man made no resistance till they had reached the door, then he started and drew back. "Where are we?" he asked, pushing his hat back from his forehead. "This is your hotel, is it not? I think I must have fallen asleep. I must be going home now."

"Not at this hour," said Saint-Luc, quietly. "It is morning already, and you would disturb them. You can have the bedroom next to mine, and if you have anything to say about money matters, we will discuss it at breakfast. In the meantime, the best thing you can do is to take off your clothes and get to sleep."

The young man made some faint effort at opposition, but he was too confused and weary to hold out long; and half an hour afterwards he was in bed, and sleeping as soundly as if the events of the evening had been merely a troubled dream.

Saint-Luc peeped in at him presently through the half-open door, and then stealing away on tip-toe to his own window, lighted a cigar and watched the sun rise from behind the shadowy Djurdjura range.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

SPRING'S GIFTS.

BY ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

I.

SPRING hath her daily gifts most choice and meet,
The smile of airy welcome on her face;
She plants her flowers in unexpected place,
And sheds her promise richly at our feet.

But, ah! her airy smile is all to fleet,
And much she leaves unwritten of her grace,
For these bald patches in the interspace
Are alien to her wooing touches sweet.

And were the Spring indeed more perfect-drest
In warmer colors and gradated hues,
What then were left for Summer's sun and glow?

Of Autumn's red, and breezy blue, what use?
Each season hath its own peculiar show,
And each atones the failures of the rest.

II.

And so in life: Man's spirit, ever prone
To wander from the present, seeks elate
On tiptoe for the still more perfect state,
And vantage-point would make of royal throne.

In nothing is perfection: all doth own
The 'little rift' that, widening, soon or late
Will make the beauty that we contemplate
But dust and ashes. Thus new seeds are sown:

And these the seeds of Charity's fair Spring,
And seeds of Summer's warmth and golden glow,
And Autumn's fruited wealth of calm and peace;

And those the seeds of Winter's ivy show,
And icy winds' destructive chastening,
That each from each may draw most fond release.

Belgravia Magazine.

TWO IMPOSTORS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Credulity is a phenomenon of persistent recurrence in the history of mankind, but its manifestations, on a large scale, vary from age to age, according to the differing character of its chief factors, ignorance and curiosity. Ignorance, pure and simple, of Nature and men, of life and books, is usually coupled with a restless inquisitiveness and insatiable thirst for news regardless of its quality. The credulity bred of this union becomes the prey of gross and vulgar frauds addressed to any prevailing disposition or current prejudice of the time. Learned ignorance, *i.e.*, the lack of any knowledge of the world and its pursuits with the exception of one absorbing object of study, is commonly united with a curiosity, the restricted scope of which only renders it the more morbidly active. Credulity is as common among experts as the world at large, but the frauds which victimise them must be contrived with special skill, so as to appeal to their ruling passion and arouse their enthusiasm, without appearing to offend the conditions of which their experience qualifies them to judge. The several characteristics here referred to may be illustrated by two remarkable cases, one of which occurred at the outset and the other at the close of the eighteenth century.

In 1704 Anne has been on the throne two years. The Tories are in the secure possession of power and office, and fresh lustre has just been conferred upon their administration and the national arms by the victory of Blenheim and the capture of Gibraltar. The atmosphere is stormy with theological controversy, but the strength and popularity of the Established Church have been demonstrated beyond doubt in the recent debates upon the Bill of Conformity, and Nonconformists, Nonjurors, and Catholics alike must hide their diminished heads. The pleasure-seeking, gossip-loving society of London is in full career of its pursuit after every species of novelty and excitement. The gaming-tables at White's and other chocolate and coffee-houses, the public lotteries and the political clubs are unfailing sources of attraction. Duncan Campbell, the deaf and dumb fortune-teller, holds daily receptions at which persons of the highest rank seek his oracular counsel upon doubtful cases of love, intrigue, or speculation. The wits at Will's are discussing the merits of Addison's *Campaign*, and enjoying the caustic satire of the *Tale of a Tub* and the *Battle of the Books*, by which Swift has just leapt into fame. The latest works of Congreve and Wycherley draw crowded audiences to the leading theatres; and rumors are afloat respecting a project for

performing an *intermezzo* of Italian Music at York Buildings. These competing claimants for the town's favor are all at once set aside by the arrival of a new lion, who absorbs public curiosity by the romantic interest of his character and adventures. He is a young, "middle-sized, well-shaped" man of fair complexion, giving the name of George Psalmanazar, a converted savage from the tropics, who still retains a preference for his old diet of roots and raw meat, but in all other respects conforms to the usages of civilised society. He has come to England at the invitation of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, to whom he has been recommended by the Rev. Mr. Innes, chaplain of a Scotch regiment in the Dutch service. These are his preliminary credentials. His account of himself is as follows :—

He was born of a noble family in the island of Formosa, situate, as all the world knows, in the Pacific, off the coast of China. At an early age he was placed by his father under the tuition of a learned man who passed for a Japanese then on a visit to the island, from whom he acquired not only the ordinary instruction of a Formosan youth in the national creed and literature, but a thorough knowledge of Latin. This teaching was enlivened by glowing narrations of the wonders of Europe which inflamed his young imagination, and when his tutor suddenly declared an intention of undertaking a journey thither, Psalmanazar entreated permission to accompany him. The tutor assented with much apparent reluctance, but enjoined the youth to keep the matter a secret from his father, some of whose money it would be necessary to borrow for the expenses of the journey. The fugitives made good their way to the coast and embarked for one of the Philippine islands, whence they sailed to Goa; thence by Gibraltar to Toulon and finally reached Avignon. Here, at the Jesuits' College, the pretended Japanese announced himself to his astonished pupil as Father de Rode, a missionary brother of the Order, who had assumed the disguise in which he visited Formosa (from which all Christians were legally excluded) with the pious design of saving one heathen soul. All the learning and skill of the Father and his brethren was then employed to bring about the youth's conversion; but without success. His mother-wit, sharpened by education, enabled him to detect the fallacy of the arguments which maintained Jesuitical Christianity to be a more reasonable creed than Formosan paganism. The baffled doctors having threatened him with the Inquisition, Psalmanazar managed to escape from Avignon. After leading a vagrant life for some months, he was pressed into the service of the Elector of Cologne. At Sluys, whither his regiment marched, two Protestant chaplains endeavored to convert him, the one to Lutheranism, the other to Calvinism, but the weapons of consubstantiation and predestination proved powerless against the shield of his heathen incredulity. Mr. Innes, the chaplain of Brigadier Lauder, governor of the town, then entered the lists as champion of the Church of England. A brief exposition of its tenets sufficed to convince Psalmanazar of their truth, and he became, to use his own language, a willing proselyte to "a religion that was not embarrassed with any of those absurdities which are maintained by the various sects in Christendom." He was at once baptised, the Brigadier standing his sponsor, and obtained his discharge from the army. The news of so remarkable a conversion was communicated by Mr. Innes to the Bishop of London, who invited him and Psalmanazar over to England.

This interesting narrative of savage innocence, Jesuit cunning, and Anglican skill takes the heart of London by storm, and disarms the animosities of all parties by its appeal to common sympathies. The Tories, headed by the clergy, are delighted at such a signal demonstration of the superior claims of Anglicanism to any other form of Christianity, and the Whigs to find their suspicions of Jesuitry so strongly confirmed. The fashionable world is enraptured with the acquisition of a visitor so absolutely fresh, a young man of noble birth, uncommon ability, good looks, and fair breeding, a Christian who was once by his own confession a cannibal. The wits and philosophers are curious respecting the manners and customs of the Formosans, their language and religion, upon all which subjects he affords ample

information. He is petted and fêted accordingly in the highest circles, dining now with "my Lord Pembroke," now with "my Lady Powis;" is invited to Sion House and the Royal Society, and at the residence of its secretary, Mr. (afterwards Sir Hans) Sloane, meets his Excellency Baron Spannheim, the Prussian Envoy. A few detractors of his merits are of course to be found, but jealousies invariably attend upon a successful career, and all objections to the credibility of his story will soon be set at rest by the appearance of the historical work upon which he is known to be engaged. This volume is published in the course of the same year, a translation from the author's Latin, hastily made at the urgent request of the booksellers who are eager to gratify the public appetite. It bears the following title: "An Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, an island subject to the Emperor of Japan, giving an account of the religion, customs, manners, &c., of the inhabitants; together with a relation of what happened to the author in his travels, particularly his conferences with the Jesuits and others in several parts of Europe. Also the history and reasons of his conversion to Christianity, with his objections against it in defence of Paganism, and their answers, &c. To which is prefixed a preface in vindication of himself from the reflections of a Jesuit lately come from China, with an account of what passed between them. By George Psalmanazar, a native of the said island, now in London. Illustrated with several cuts."

After a grateful dedication to the Bishop of London, the author commences a long preface by charging the Dutch historian Candidius, and all other writers upon Formosa, with gross ignorance or glaring falsehood, which it is the object of his work to expose. He proceeds to describe his contest with Father Fountenay, a Jesuit missionary newly arrived from China, whose effrontery in challenging certain of his statements at a meeting of the Royal Society he chastised as it deserved; and concludes the preface with a fervent thanksgiving to God for the blessings of his conversion. The first hundred and fifty pages of the work are occupied with a narrative of the author's adventures, the substance of which we have already given, and a copious profession of his faith in Anglican Christianity. A description of Formosa follows. We learn that the capital error of its previous historians is their concurrent assertion that the sovereignty of the island is vested in the Emperor of China. To vindicate the dignity of his nation and establish the truth of history upon a firm basis, Psalmanazar epitomises the annals of the kingdom for the last two hundred and fifty years, to show how, after the long reign of a native dynasty, one Meryaandanoo, a Chinese fugitive, by divers intrigues usurped the throne of Japan and subsequently that of Formosa. That there may be no doubt as to the correctness of this information, the letter which Meryaandanoo addressed to the native monarch whom he eventually deposed, whereby he obtained admission into the island, is set out *verbatim*.

We are then informed touching the civil and religious government of the country. Under the latter head the author recounts the historical foundation of the polytheism by law established. The sacrifice of boys' hearts to the number of 18,000 *per annum* is its leading rite. Plans of the chief temple and its altars are given in illustration. We have next a description of the great religious festivals and the ceremonies observed at birth, marriage, and death. The national belief respecting a future state is based upon the transmigration of souls, males having the preference of choice. The soul of a woman, it is held, "cannot attain eternal rest until it has informed the body of a man. Some indeed think that if it animate the body of a male beast, it is sufficient to attain as great happiness as it is capable of."

A minute account of the Formosan priesthood is followed by details respecting the manners and customs of the people, with numerous illustrations. The upper classes, of which the author is a member, are as fair-skinned as Europeans, owing to their practice of living during the hot season either in caverns underground, among dense groves which exclude the sun, or in tents kept cool by perpetual sprinkling with water. Their dress, to judge from the illustrations, is partially European in fashion, although from the description of some

of its materials, such as tiger, leopard, and bear skins, it would seem scarcely suited to a tropical climate. The pictures of the chief cities and buildings prove the national architecture to be a novel amalgamation of the classical and Chinese styles. Under the head of diet we are informed of a remarkable peculiarity in the organisation of the Formosan *reptilia*. The islanders are wont to beat live serpents "with rods until they be very angry, and when they are in this furious passion all the venom that was in the body ascends to the head, which, being then cut off, there remains no more poison in the body, which may therefore be safely eaten." Thus, says the author on the subject of meals, "all who can live without working eat their breakfast about seven of the clock in the morning; first they smoke a pipe of tobacco, then they drink bohea, green, or sage tea; afterwards they cut off the head of a viper and suck the blood out of the body. This, in my humble opinion, is the most wholesome breakfast a man can make." Flesh is usually eaten raw by the Formosans. Though not habitual cannibals, they eat the bodies of their enemies taken in war and also of "malefactors legally executed. The flesh of the latter is our greatest dainty, and is four times dearer than other rare and delicious food." Under special circumstances, moreover, a Formosan husband, whose wife has offended him, soothes his injured feelings by resorting to cannibalism. Having first sent for his wife's father and other members of her family, "sometimes with fiery indignation he strikes her into the breast with a dagger, and sometimes to show his resentment he will take her heart out hastily and eat it before her relations."

Of natural curiosities in the island, perhaps the most extraordinary is the suspension of the law of gravitation in the case of a tree called Charpok, which differs from all other trees in "that whereas their fruit hangs downward, the fruit of this stands *upright*." In his concluding chapter, which treats of the Formosan language, the author dwells at some length upon its alphabet and grammatical structure, and adds specimens of the written character which are to be read from right to left. Though not stated to be cognate to any other language, the presence of Greek roots is noticeable; for example, in the words *gnosophes* (priests), *koriam* (lord), *kay* (and), &c. On this point, however, the author does not comment, although mentioning the curious fact that Greek is generally taught in the public academies.

The first edition of the work was rapidly sold, and a second called for in the following year. In the interval Psalmanazar was sent to Oxford by the Bishop of London and other patrons, in order to complete his education and prepare himself for returning as a missionary to the island. Some account of an interview with him at this period has been left by a contemporary.* Being questioned respecting the average duration of life in Formosa, he stated it to range from 100 to 120, a longevity which he ascribed to the national practice of sucking warm viper's blood in the morning. A lady of the party expressing horror at its being the custom of Formosan husbands to cut off the heads of their unfaithful wives, he protested that he could not even now consider it a sin, but admitted smilingly that it was certainly "unmannerly." He did not remain long at Oxford, being called to London that he might superintend the issue of his second edition. The preface and several passages of the text testify to the growth of a formidable crop of objections to the truth of his narrative since the first edition appeared. Of these the author deals with twenty-five, some of which would perplex a skilled casuist; but with charming agility he manages either to evade or leap over every difficulty. His statement, for example, that 18,000 boys' hearts were annually sacrificed, has been questioned on the ground that such a practice would long since have depopulated the island; but he explains that he only referred to this number as legally required by the priests. Bribery, prompted by parental affection, no doubt tended greatly to diminish it. Does anyone question his ability to remember the precise words of the letter written by Meryaandanoo? The answer is simple and sufficient: "My father has a copy of the letter by him."

The preface briefly alludes to a recent conversation which the author had with

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxxv. p. 78

"Captain Halley, Savilian Professor of the Mathematics, Oxford, and some other gentlemen," touching the sun's position at mid-day and the duration of twilight in Formosa, all their inquiries upon which subjects he declares were satisfactorily answered. On turning to the chapter that treats of "the situation, &c., of the isle," we find a passage not contained in the first edition wherein the sun's verticality at midsummer is curtly mentioned. To unenlightened readers these passages might seem commonplace announcements. "*Rem acu tetigisti!*" cried those in the secret. The eminent astronomer and his learned companions, Drs. Mead and Woodward, gave their own version of the conversation referred to. When they questioned him respecting the sun's position and the length of twilight, he was utterly dumbfoundered. In anyone less remarkable for exact observation and retentive memory, a lapse on such points might not excite suspicion; in Psalmanazar's case the *savans*, coupling it with the other incredibilities of his story, can arrive at but one conclusion—that he is an impudent impostor.

Slowly and reluctantly the public mind was brought to acquiesce in this view. For a considerable time the adventurer braved exposure, and retained a congregation of believers. Some influential patrons procured him private tutorships, a regimental clerkship, and other appointments, but he failed to keep them. His next stroke of imposture was to lend his name to the advertisements of one Pattenden, the inventor of a "white Japan enamel," which the public was requested to believe had been prepared from a Formosan recipe. The public, however, either questioned the statement, or whether, if true, the enamel was recommended by its origin—at any rate declined to purchase it. He maintained his assumed character nevertheless for some years longer, and so late as 1716 found a sufficient number of subscribers to make up an annuity of 20*l.* or 30*l.* for him as a "convert," He eventually underwent what appears to have been a genuine conversion, abandoned his career of imposture, and set about obtaining an honest livelihood. Few rogues have ended their days so creditably. Through the aid of a kindly publisher he procured employment as a literary drudge, and for half a century worked upon the *Universal History* and other meritorious but now obsolete productions. He long outlived his infamy, and the world—if it heard his name at all—knew it only as that of a learned, assiduous, inoffensive man of letters. Dr. Johnson delighted in his society, and has recorded him with affectionate praise as one of the best men he had ever known. He died in 1763, leaving directions that his MS. autobiography should be published for the benefit of his executrix, an old woman in whose house he had long lodged. This singular narrative, published in the following year, contains a full confession of what the writer calls "the base and shameful imposture of passing upon the world for a native of Formosa and a convert to Christianity, and backing it with a fictitious account of that island and of my own travels, conversion, &c., all or most of it hatched in my own brain without regard to truth or honesty."

While maintaining reserve as to his real name, parentage, and place of birth, he confesses that "out of Europe I was not born, nor educated, nor ever travelled." He received his early training under the Jesuits in the south of France, to whom he was indebted for his proficiency in Latin and the acquaintance which he displayed with the current questions of theological polemics. Preferring a vagabond life in France and Germany to any settled occupation, but finding it difficult to subsist, he assumed the disguise of a Japanese convert for the purpose of exciting sympathy. Failing in this attempt, he adopted the *rôle* of a heathen fugitive, and invented the outlines of the imposture which he subsequently elaborated in his *Account of Formosa*. Having been pressed into the service of the Elector of Cologne, and accompanying his regiment to Sluys, he there fell in with Innes, who undertook to convert him to Christianity. During the colloquies that ensued, the chaplain discovered and taxed him with the imposture; but, instead of disclosing it, proposed to become his accomplice. A scheme which should be mutually advantageous was then matured between them. Innes saw the opportunity which offered of securing a reputation for pro-

fessional zeal and a prospect of preferment, while Psalmanazar was ambitious of obtaining his discharge from the army and figuring as a lion in London society. Having gone through the farce of "converting" his confederate, Innes found a dupe in Brigadier Lauder, who consented to stand as sponsor at the baptism. The story was then communicated to the Bishop of London, who unhesitatingly received it for gospel, and gave the chaplian and his proselyte the desired invitation to England. Soon after their arrival, a lucrative regimental chaplaincy in Portugal became vacant, and was placed at the disposal of Innes, who left Psalmanazar to carry on the fraud alone, which he proceeded to do in the manner already told.

There can be no doubt that one or both of these astute knaves had formed a shrewd estimate of the character of the society which they undertook to delude. The inception of the scheme was due to Psalmanazar, but Innes must be credited with the idea of executing it in England, and cloaking it in the attractive garb of religion. In the excited state of the public mind upon that subject, no bait could be better timed than a fiction which aggravated the Protestant hatred of Jesuitical craft and exalted the *via media* of Anglicanism above all the rest of the Reformed Churches. That the religious world of England had recently begun to feel interested in missions to the heathen, was another fact which the chaplain with his professional training was not likely to overlook. The historical details of the fraud were concocted by Psalmanazar alone, after he had resided for some months in England, and enjoyed ample opportunities of observation. The systematic shape in which they appear in his work may thus be regarded as embodying his deliberate calculation of the extent to which the public appetite for marvels would bear cramming. No society, perhaps, ever afforded a better subject for experiment than that in which he found himself. The faithful mirror of the time which Steele and Addison held up for it in the *Spectator*, has reflected one feature of its likeness as especially prominent. Athens, Rome, and Paris, in their most frivolous days, cannot have displayed a more feverish eagerness "to tell and to hear some new thing," than possessed the London of Anne. In one paper, marked by his favorite vein of quiet satire, Addison ridicules "the general thirst after news" which could not be sated without some daily draught, however vapid or stale. "It is notorious," he says, "that men who frequent coffee-houses and delight in news are pleased with everything that is matter of fact, so it be what they have not heard before. A victory or a defeat is equally agreeable to them; the shutting of a cardinal's mouth pleases them one post, and the opening of it another. . . . They read the advertisements with the same curiosity as the articles of public news, and are as pleased to hear of a piebald horse that is strayed out of a field near Islington as of a whole troop that has been engaged in any foreign adventure. In short, they have a relish for everything that is news, let the matter of it be what it will; or, to speak more properly, they are men of a voracious appetite but no taste." The writer in whose mouth he puts these observations is represented as a "projector who is willing to turn a penny by this remarkable curiosity of his countrymen," and accordingly proposes to start "a daily paper which shall comprehend in it all the most remarkable occurrences in every little town, village, and hamlet that lie within ten miles of London."* In another paper Addison illustrates the avidity with which the quidnuncs of the day seized upon any material for gossip, however untrustworthy, by recounting how he tracked from coffee-house to coffee-house the passage of a casual report that the King of France was dead, and how the serious discussions to which it gave rise suddenly collapsed upon the arrival of another report that His Majesty had just taken an airing.†

The advantage which charlatans took of this disposition in the public mind to accept any statement for truth is the subject of other papers from the pen of Steele. Of Duncan Campbell, the deaf and dumb fortune-teller, already named, he says "that the blind Tiresias was not more famous in Greece than this dumb artist has been for some years last

* *Spectator*, No. 452. † *Ib.* No. 625.

past in the cities of London and Westminster."* All classes of society showed an equal readiness to take pretenders at their own valuation, and a robustness of faith that was staggered by no demonstration of their falsehood. "There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant as not to know that the ordinary quack doctors who publish their great abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all that pass by, are to a man impostors and murderers. Yet such is the credulity of the vulgar and the impudence of these professors that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day." After quoting one of these advertisements from a "professed surgeon, lately come from his travels, after twenty-four years' practice by sea and land," who affects to cure "all diseases incident to men, women and children," Steele proceeds—"There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar, in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, doat excessively this way, many instances of which every man will suggest to himself, without my enumerating them." Among the impostors who profitably traded upon this footing, he names "a doctor, in Mouse Alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the Emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shows the muster-roll, which confirms that he was in his Imperial Majesty's troops, and he puts out their eyes with great success."†

It was on the symptoms of this epidemic *phrenitis*, while yet in an early stage, that Psalmanazar reckoned for success. Having already secured the suffrages of the religious world, he proceeded to draw the majority of his dupes from the class to which Steele refers as "ignorant people of quality." The Sir Plumes and Dapperwits, who passed their lives in retailing club and coffee-house gossip, required no better evidence of his savage origin than that he ate roots and raw meat, and told monstrous stories of cannibal atrocity and repulsive modes of life. The fine ladies to whom these marvels were repeated were well disposed to a visitor who described a state of existence so unlike their own. An affected love of simplicity is a familiar characteristic of the most artificial societies, and there are always to be found "Mrs. Merdles," who, though forced to live in the fashionable world, "are pastoral to a degree by nature, and would have been charmed to be savages in the tropical seas." Psalmanazar had wit to discern the prevalence of a tendency which had already given rise to "Arcadian" verse, and was about to develope the "Dresden-Shepherd period" of art, and played his game accordingly His invention of a barbarous alphabet and grammar was plausible enough to mystify even men of culture, acquainted only with the classical languages of Europe, and ignorant of the rudiments of comparative philology. Literary critics were equally baffled by the ingenuity with which, while pretending to rectify the mis-statements of previous historians, he pieced together so much of their information as sufficed, with additions of his own, to compose an independent narrative. It was not until the light of a positive science had been brought to bear upon his fabrication that its true character was detected.

Early in 1795, Mr. Samuel Ireland, well known in the literary world of London as a collector of rare books and prints, and the author of several contributions to *belles lettres*, publicly announced that he had come into possession of a large number of MSS. in the handwriting of Shakespeare, the authenticity of which he was desirous of submitting to the opinion of all competent judges. His latest illustrated work had been devoted to the scenery of the Warwickshire Avon, which he had explored with the particular object of gleaning any unknown memorials relating to the poet, of whose genius and fame he was a fervently avowed worshipper; so that this momentous discovery appealed to the sympathy of all likeminded enthusiasts as the legitimate reward of much pious labor. His invitation to inspect the MSS. was accepted by a large concourse of the brotherhood, including several men of high literary distinction. Few living scholars were more erudite

* *Spectator*, No. 474. † *Ib.* No. 444.

than Dr. Parr, Dr. Valpy, and Dr. Joseph Warton. George Chalmers and John Pinkerton were experts, specially skilled in old English literature. The professional antiquaries were well represented by Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King-at-Arms, and Francis Townshend, Windsor Herald; and miscellaneous men of letters by R. B. Sheridan, Sir Herbert Croft, H. J. Pye, the Poet Laureate, and James Boswell. After carefully collating the principal MSS. with the poet's undoubted autographs, these critics expressed a firm conviction of their authenticity, and a certificate to that effect was numerously signed. A collection of rarer literary and biographical value was certainly never offered to the world. It comprised the entire MS. of *Lear*, varying in some important respects from the printed copies; a fragment of *Hamlet;* two unpublished plays, entitled, *Vortigern* and *Henry the Second;* a number of books from the poet's library, enriched with copious marginal notes; besides letters to Anne Hathaway, Lord Southampton, and others; a *Profession of Faith*, legal contracts, deeds of gift, and autograph receipts. The external evidence for the authenticity of these precious remains was pronounced by the attesting critics to be strikingly confirmed by their internal evidence. The inimitable style of the master was to be clearly discerned in the unpublished writings. After hearing the *Profession of Faith* read, Warton exclaimed, "We have very fine things in our Church Service, and our Litany abounds with beauties; but here is a man who has distanced us all!" Boswell, before signing the certificate of authenticity, fell upon his knees to kiss "the invaluable relics of our bard," and, "in a tone of enthusiasm and exultation, thanked God that he had lived to witness the discovery, and . . . could now die in peace." The public interest excited by the discovery was so great that Mr. Ireland's house in Norfolk Street was besieged by visitors, and he had to limit their number by orders and the days of admission to three in the week. The publication of the MSS. by subscription was soon announced, and the first volume was issued in 1796 at the price of four guineas, under the editorship of Mr. Ireland. The list of subscribers for this handsome folio included many persons of celebrity, besides those already named, and the committees of several public libraries.

In an ornate preface the editor, describing the instalment as "part of that valuable treasure of our Shakespeare, which having been by accident discovered in MS., has since been deposited in his hands," assures the public that from the "first moment of their discovery he has labored by every means to inform himself with respect to the validity of these interesting papers;" that "he has courted, he has even challenged the critical judgment of those who are best skilled in the poetry or phraseology of the times in which Shakespeare lived, as well as those whose profession or course of study has made them conversant with ancient deeds, writings, seals, and autographs;" that, not content with having them tested by "the scholar, the man of taste, the antiquarian, and the herald," he has submitted them to the "practical experience of the paper-maker," and, as the result of these investigations, has "the satisfaction of announcing to the public that, as far as he has been able to collect the sentiments of the several classes of persons above referred to, they have unanimously testified in favor of their authenticity, and declared that where there was such a mass of evidence, internal and external, it was impossible, amidst such various sources of detection, for the art of imitation to have hazarded so much without betraying itself, and consequently that these papers can be no other than the *production of Shakespeare himself.*" Respecting the source whence they were obtained, some little reserve was unavoidably necessary. The editor "received them from his son, Samuel William Henry Ireland, a young man then under nineteen years of age, by whom the discovery was accidentally made at the house of a gentleman of considerable property." The contracts to which Shakespeare was a party were "first found among a mass of family papers, and soon afterwards the deed of gift to William Henry Ireland, described as Shakespeare's friend, in consequence of having saved his life from drowning in the Thames." The owner of the papers was struck by the coincidence that they should be discovered by a namesake of this person,

who bore the same arms, and when further searches disclosed the existence of some title-deeds which established his right to a valuable estate, he generously rewarded the young antiquary's services by a present of all the Shakespearian MSS. that could be found at either of his houses in town or country. The most precious portions of the collection were brought to light at the latter. Permission to publish them had been given by the owner, but with the express stipulation that his name should not appear. His reasons for withholding it the editor did not feel justified in asking, nor would he importune him "to subject himself to the impertinence and licentiousness of literary curiosity and cavil, unless he should himself voluntarily come forward." The supposition that a disclosure of the name was requisite to remove any doubts respecting the authenticity of the MSS. would be scouted by "the real critic or antiquarian" as an insult to his "art or science." "So superior and transcendent is the genius of Shakespeare that scarce any attempts to rival or imitate him, and those too contemptible to notice, have ever been made." The style would speak for itself. "To the man of taste and lover of simplicity, to the sound critic . . . it will be apparent, upon collating the printed copies of *Lear* with the MS. now discovered, that the alterations in the former were introduced by the players, and are deviations from that spontaneous flow of soul and simple diction which so eminently distinguish this Great Author of Nature." Parallel passages from the MS. and the quarto of 1608 are adduced for comparison. In Act II. scene 2, the speech of Goneril's steward is thus given in the quarto :—

Tript me behinde, being down, insulted, raild,
And put upon him such a deal of man
That worthied him, got praises of the King
For him attempting who was self-subdued,
And in the flechment of this dread exploit
Drew on mee heere againe ;

where the MS. reads :—

Tript mee behynde beynge downe insultede raylde,
And putte *onne hymme soe much o the manne*
That worthydde hymme and *gotte hymme prayses o the Kinge*
And forre the attempte of thys his softe subdud exployte
Drew onne mee heere agayne.

In like manner the phrase "presented nakedness" in the quarto has been corrupted from "Adam-lyke nakednesse" in the MS. The poet's own opinion of these variations between the original and the printed text of his plays is plainly declared in a deed of trust to John Hemynge, which forms part of the present collection : "Sho[d] they bee ever agayne imprintedd, I doe orderr thatt theye bee soe donn from these mye true writtenn playes, ande nott from those nowe prynted."

The preface concludes with a glowing announcement of the yet unpublished manuscripts, including the "play of Vortigern, now preparing for representation at Drury Lane." Facsimiles are then given of the acknowledged autographs of Shakespeare for comparison with the signatures attached to the following documents. Passing over such as are of a formal character, we will select extracts from those which illustrate the personal *indicia* of style relied upon by the editor and his fellow experts as the crucial evidence of authenticity. The first shall be from a letter addressed by the poet to "Anna Hatherrewaye," enclosing a braided lock of his hair :—

I praye you perfume thys mye poore locke with thye balmye kysses, forre thenne indeede shalle Kynges themmeselves bowe and paye homage toe itte. I doe assure thee no rude hande hath knottedde itte—thye Willye alone hath done the worke. Neytherre the gyldedde bawble thatte envzronnes the heade of Majestye noe norre honourres moste weyghtye woulde give mee halfe the joye as didde thysse mye lyttle worke forre thee. The feelinge thatte dydde nearest approache untoe itte was thatte whiche commeth nyghest unto God, meeke and gentle charytye, forre thatte virrtue O Anna doe I love, doe I cheryshe thee inne mye hearte, forre thou arte ass a talle cedarre stretchynge forthe its branches, and succourynge the smalle plants fromme nyppynge winneterre or the boysterousse wyndes. Farewelle, toe-morrowe bye times I wille see thee, tille thenne Adewe sweet love,
Thine everre,
William Shakespeare.

We have next a copy of verses to the same lady, of which the following is a specimen :—

Though Age with witherd hand doe stryke
The forme moste fayre, the face moste bryghte,
Stille do the she leave unnetouchedde and trewe,
Thye Willye's love and freyndshyppe too.

A letter of acknowledgment to Lord Southampton for an act of bounty runs in this strain :—

Gratitude is alle I have toe offer, and that is tooe great and tooe sublyme a feeling for poore mortals toe expresse. O my Lorde, itte is a budde which blossommes, blooms, butte never dyes ; itte cherishes sweet Nature, and lulls the calme breaste toe softe, softe repose.

The *Profession of Faith*, which impressed Dr. Wharton by its superiority to the English Church Service, concludes thus :—

O God ! manne as I am, frayle bye nature, fulle offe synne, yette greate God receyve me toe thye bosomme, where all is sweete contente and happynesse, alle is blysse where discontente is neverre hearde, butte where onne bond of freyndeshippe unytes alle menne. Forgive O Lorde alle our synnes, and withe thye grete goodnesse take usse alle toe thye breaste ! O cherishe usse like the sweete chickenne thatte under the coverte offe herre spreadynge wings receyves herre lyttle broode and hoverynge overe themme, keepes themme harmlesse and in safetye.

Wm. Shakespeare.

Shakesperian students of our own day will require no further evidence to determine their judgment upon the question of authenticity, and may have a difficulty in believing that anyone of the smallest critical sagacity or training can have been for an instant deceived. Yet such mawkish stuff as this, unworthy of a "Laura Matilda's" brewing, was potent enough to inspire conviction, not only in experts so learned as Parr and Chalmers, but in a wit and dramatist so brilliant as Sheridan. He was eager to secure the unpublished play of *Vortigern* for Drury Lane, of which he was then lessee, and his interest prevailed over that of Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, who offered a *carte blanche* for the privilege of representation. Upon payment of 300*l.*, and an undertaking to divide the profits for sixty nights, the play was made over to him. Linley having composed music for the play, and prologues being written by the Laureate and Sir James Bland Burgess, it was announced for performance in the spring of 1796, with John and Charles Kemble and Mrs. Jordan in the leading parts. On the appearance of the advertisements, Edmund Malone, the first Shakespearian critic of the day, who had already detected the spuriousness of the published manuscripts, and was engaged upon an elaborate analysis of them, warned the public by handbills to put no faith in *Vortigern*. As counter-bills were immediately issued by the Irelands, this only had the effect of stimulating curiosity upon the subject. John Kemble, however, who was equally persuaded of the imposture, though bound by his engagement with Sheridan to take the part assigned to him, used all his influence as stage manager to make the performance ridiculous. In the attempt to fix it for April Fool's Day he was overruled, but succeeded in selecting the farce of *My Grandmother* as an after-piece. To secure an adverse verdict from the public, he is said to have instructed a band of *claqueurs* to hiss at a given signal, but the charge of his having resorted to such unworthy tactics rests upon very doubtful authority.* The house was crowded, and the piece received a quiet hearing until the fifth act was reached, in the second scene of which a speech of Vortigern's contained the ominous line—

And when this solemn mockery is o'er.

This Kemble delivered with marked emphasis, and the clamor which followed showed that his shot had told. Having paused for a moment, he repeated the line in a tone of such sardonic scorn that no one in the house could mistake his meaning, and the rest of the piece was inaudible.

Though the author must be allowed some imitative ingenuity in modelling a few declamatory passages upon the diction of the Elizabethan dramatists, the impudence of his attempt to father his bantling on Shakespeare may be sufficiently estimated by an extract from one of the songs :—

She sang, while from her eye ran down
The silv'ry drop of sorrow ;
From grief she stole away the crown,
Sweet patience too did borrow ;
Pensive she sat while fortune frown'd
And smiling, woo'd sad melancholy.

Soon after the *fiasco* of *Vortigern*, Malone published his "Enquiry into the Authenticity" of the manuscripts. His exposure of their factitious archaism was fairly complete. Apart from the suspicion attaching to the unsupported

* W. H. Ireland's Preface to *Vortigern*, 1832.

narrative of their discovery and ownership, and any doubt as to the resemblance of the handwriting to Shakespeare's, the evidence of error in minute particulars of language, spelling, and date was so cumulative as to determine the question in the minds of all impartial judges. Many of the experts who had compromised their reputation were now satisfied that they had been duped, but a few still clung to their belief, especially George Chalmers, who, in two bulky volumes of "Apology," marked by considerable research, attempted to refute Malone's arguments. Samuel Ireland also put forth an immediate reply to them, but rather by way of vindicating his character from the imputation of fraud, than of sustaining the credit of the papers. Any chance of his doing so with success was rendered hopeless by the simultaneous appearance of a pamphlet written by his son, William Henry Ireland, a young law-student, who avowed himself the sole author of the imposture. Induced in the first instance, according to his own account, by the sole motive of gratifying his father's ardent wish for Shakespearian relics, he had commenced by the forgery of a single autograph, and finding this succeed, was prompted partly by a mischievous desire to see "how far credulity would go in the search for antiquities," and partly by flattered vanity, to carry the deception further. When pressed by his father to disclose the source whence he obtained the manuscripts, he concocted a story that they belonged to a descendant of the actor Heminge, who had been a comrade of Shakespeare's, and acquired them as his trustee of certain bequests to an imaginary W. H. Ireland, which had never been fulfilled. The owner's readiness to part with his treasures to a namesake and presumed representative of the man whom his ancestor had defrauded, and his reluctance to let his own name be known, were thus plausibly explained.

This curious confession, in which the writer particularises the gradual process of his forgery, the places where the materials were procured, and the persons whom he entrusted with the secret, exculpates his father from any complicity in it, and pleads on the score of his youth for a lenient verdict from those whom he had duped. Notwithstanding this avowal, the elder Ireland remained, or affected to remain, incredulous of the forgery, and for two or three years afterwards kept up a paper warfare in its defence; vindicating his own honor at the same time by discarding his son. The latter, thrown upon his wits for a livelihood, and bitterly complaining of the persecution which he underwent for an act of youthful folly, maintained himself more or less creditably by literature, until his death in 1835. He repeated his former narrative with some further details in a volume of *Confessions* published in 1805, and adhered to it in the preface to a reprint of *Vortigern*, in 1832; but is said to have made a last confession shortly before his death, in which he recanted all that he had said before as "a tissue of lies," invented for the sole purpose of gaining money.

If this final version may be trusted, it was his father who originated the forgery, and systematically employed him and his sisters in elaborating it. Other evidence has been adduced to show that the elder Ireland was not wholly incapable of the part imputed to him, but how much credit can be given to the testimony of a thrice-convicted liar against a deceased accomplice, and what may be their respective shares of criminality, it would scarcely be profitable to enquire.*

It will be more instructive to consider how a fact so unique in the annals of literature as the duping of several eminent experts at once, and under circumstances singularly favorable to the detection of fraud, may be reasonably explained. We shall hardly err in ascribing the forger's success, in great measure, to the opportuneness of the occasion which he selected. The indifference with which Shakespeare's genius had been regarded by his greatest countrymen since the

* See Willis's *Current Notes*, Dec. 1855, and Dr. Ingleby's *Shakespeare Fabrications*, app. i. 1859. Those who are curious on the subject may consult a paper recently (March 27th, 1878) read before the Royal Society of Literature, by Dr. Ingleby, in which, after reviewing by the light of fresh evidence the conclusion to which he had formerly come, that the imposture was concocted between the father and son, he reverts to the generally accepted view that the latter was alone responsible for it.

death of Milton, was exchanged during the eighteenth century for a suddenly awakened interest which grew with the study of his works, and quickly ripened into reverence. Warburton, Johnson, Farmer, Steevens, and Malone founded a school of careful Shakespearian criticism, and the vigorous, impassioned interpretation of the poet's great characters by the acting of Garrick and the Kembles inspired a widely-diffused appreciation of his dramatic art, which in the present condition of the stage it is difficult for us to realise. Veneration for his master was carried by Garrick himself to the point of idolatry. At his villa by the Thames at Hampton, he erected a memorial temple, in which he enshrined the poet's statue by Roubiliac, and to do him public honor organised the famous Birthday Festival, which was celebrated at Stratford in 1769, and raised subscriptions for the monumental effigy now in Westminster Abbey. The success which attended these efforts testified to the spread of Shakespearian enthusiasm among a large class. Towards the close of the century this reached its height. One or two of its effects were admirable, such as the design, on which Alderman Boydell spent a fortune, of illustrating the poet's finest creations by the best contemporary art; and the impulse which the study of Elizabethan literature gave to the dramatic genius of Coleridge, Landor, and Procter, and to the critical insight of Lamb and Hazlitt. But, like all such movements, when carried beyond the bounds of moderation, it became ridiculous. The quiet little Warwickshire town in which the poet was born and died became the goal of as many pilgrimages as a mediæval martyr's tomb, and the mulberry tree that had grown in his garden was manufactured into as many relics as "the true Cross." Picture galleries were diligently hunted over for any old portrait that might bear the faintest resemblance to his. Antiquaries made it the business of their lives to collect with scrupulous care every scrap of fact connected with his pedigree and family history. Literature of the poorest quality was ransacked for contemporary verdicts upon his works, or allusions, however remote, to his theatrical career and the biographies of his fellow-actors. On the chance of discovering his signature to a deed or some reference to his property that had been hitherto overlooked, all available repositories of family papers, wills, and legal proceedings were unearthed and researched. The little world of collectors, in short, had gone mad in the pursuit of Shakespeariana. When the supply is limited of a genuine commodity, for which the demand is large, it is notorious that there is always a manufacture of spurious articles to meet it. W. H. Ireland was one of the first to seize the opportunity which thus presented itself, and made use for the purpose of his father's real or assumed enthusiasm as a Shakespearian collector. His imitations of sixteenth-century handwriting were undoubtedly skilful, and the precautions which he took to procure genuine paper of the period, and produce by artificial means the effect of age upon the ink and wax employed, were sufficient to disarm suspicion. The unsettled state of Elizabethan spelling was an advantage of which he availed himself to the full. He exaggerated its archaism, indeed, to the utmost limits of possibility, but kept so far within them as not to transcend the experience of men possessed, like Chalmers, of more learning than logic, who, if they could find a single instance wherein a contemporary of Shakespeare had spelt *for* "forre" and *as* "asse," saw no objection to the genuineness of a manuscript in which such exceptional redundancy was the invariable rule. Once having persuaded themselves that they were dealing with an authentic work of Shakespeare, the experts were blinded by their reverence to all evidence of its intrinsic worthlessness. Their faith paralysed their reason, and made a fool of their imagination. In the tumid bombast and insipid sentiment of the *Profession* and the letters, they discerned only the poet's glowing fancy and devout feeling. The tawdry rhetoric by which the forger thought to improve the language of *Lear*, and the discords which he introduced into its music, appeared to them characteristic marks of the master's daring licence; and the palpable crudeness and extravagance of *Vortigern* were triumphantly explained by assuming it to be "a production of his youthful genius." It required that a

critic whose reverence had not deadened his judgment should subject the internal and external evidence for the MSS. to a dispassionate dissection before their suppositious character became apparent.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

PETER THE GREAT.

SEVERAL of the thrones of Europe at the beginning of the eighteenth century were occupied by men of unusual force, freshness, and uniqueness of character. Charles XII., Frederick William, and Peter the Great were every inch of them real and not merely titular kings, and announced the existence of their several empires to the older sovereignties, who hitherto had treated them with a contemptuous and condescending toleration, with an emphasis that compelled attention. If there was little of the trappings of a king about them, there was in them abundance of that fire and force which goes to the building up and consolidation of empires, and without which the tinsel and spangle, the gold lace, the pompous ceremonial, the mock dignity, are rather ludicrous than solemnising. They were kings though they could not play at kings. Their royal progresses were not empty melodramatic or scenic posturings before the people; a practical purpose ever lay at the root of them. They did not disdain to visit the courts of justice, hear complaints, witness the administration of righteousness by their representatives and deputies, and inquire carefully into the habits and industries of the districts through which they passed. I do not suppose that these monarchs ever wasted a moment in devising methods and means to foster the sentiment of loyalty; and certainly they gave more care to the sacred duty of furthering and planning the development of their country, and the happiness and prosperity of their subjects, than the consolidation of their thrones and the establishment of their dynasties. They must have seemed wild sports and freaks of nature, grotesque enigmas and phenomena, in the eyes of their crowned brethren whose ideal of the life-work of a king was to be and look solemn, pompous, self-conscious and vacant on occasions of public pageantry; and to be considerate of personal amusement and gratification when the solemn hour was past — a mere ornamental figure-head held up above the crowd to be cheered at, and having no other function in society to fill; or if any kind of activity is desirable in such exalted beings, rather that which goes to make them Founders of a Family than Fathers of a People.

Especially is this true of Frederick William and Peter, and of Peter, perhaps, more than of his brother of Prussia. The force that was in the Swedish hero showed itself in the line of the soldier, and not in that of the reformer and statesman; but the genius of true kingship was in him, and, had circumstances been more propitious, would have made for itself an outlet in the nobler direction. A man's development is determined by the element around him. It is not our purpose to draw any contrast between the relative worth of the life-work of these three heroes, but rather to try to realise to ourselves a picture of one of them, to walk round and round him, and learn what manner of man he was, and stamp on our imagination a conception of his modes of living, of thinking, and of looking at things; his manners, habits, tastes, and ambitions; his bearing in, and influence on, that strange Russian society into which he had been born. Not being historians, either philosophical or matter-of-fact; nor yet Russian subjects, anxious about the origin and continuance of Russian greatness, Peter the man is far more profoundly interesting to us than Peter the King, the Captain, and Reformer. There is a deep universal human interest about him as there is in every man who lives and shapes his life by the spirit within him, not wholly by the conventionalities and approved routines and views of the society in which Fate has placed him; and, as long as it holds true that the proper study of mankind is man, so long will character in its wider, and not in its local and special aspects—in its human, not in its national or sectarian developments, have a peculiar fascination for men, and enable us to grasp and hold the sublime doctrine of the in-

destructible brotherhood of man in spite of the sects, breeds, and creeds into which the race has been split.

Well, then, when we stand a littl e back from our hero and take a glance at him, the thing that will chiefly strike us is the heterogeneousness of the elements of which he was mixed, the contradictoriness of the qualities of which the tissue of his being was woven. He was a bundle of contradictions; in nearly equal parts hero and churl, social regenerator and sot; lawless tyrant and beneficent legislator. He was born, bred, and died a barbarian; yet he was a powerful civilising energy in Russian life. He used sadly and self-reproachingly to complain that though he could reform his people he could not reform himself. He was fierce, explosive, even blood-thirsty; yet there was a good body of solid and even loveable manhood in him; a cruel tyrant, yet a scent of justice can always be suspected in his wildest outbreaks of vengeance; and there were tears in him for the sorrow-stricken, and sympathy and ready help for the widow and the orphan. It is doubtful if he ever read a book, yet he founded the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, and even attempted to introduce the Italian Opera. His temper was cruel and irascible, yet a meek and patient defiance of it, based on reason and right, becalmed it in a moment and brought it under the control of his better mind. He had from his birth, and far on into his riper years, a nervous dread of water, yet he made himself a great sea-captain and Russia a great maritime power; and, in spite of his reckless, perverse, impatient spirit, schooled himself to learn the art of war in the bitter school of defeat and disaster, and taught it at last to his tutors and conquerors.

I cannot introduce the story of Peter's birth better than by giving an account of the manner in which Russian kings and nobles selected their brides, a custom which Peter afterwards abolished, and which looks like a survival from the times of Ahasuerus and Esther; it probably was so, for the Russians were of Oriental or Tartar descent—'Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar'—and 'Czar' is a title borrowed from that held by the petty chiefs descended from Genghis Khan. A marriage-market of all the young ladies willing to become candidates for the vacancy was held in a room set apart or hired for the purpose. The aspirant to matrimony made his round, winding and interwinding among the applicants, who spared no thought, expense, or toil, in spreading out their charms to the best advantage; and after careful inspection and balancing of the rival claims, he selected the lady whose grace and beauty most fascinated his heart, and eye, and fancy. Natalia Nariskin, Peter's mother, was chosen to be the second wife of the Czar Alexis in this manner out of some fifty or sixty young ladies of breeding and beauty who all competed for the Czar's vacant heart and throne. In her case, however, the impromptu character of the selection was a farce got up to pacify and deceive the higher nobility, in whose ranks the parents of the young lady were not enrolled. The Czar had met Natalia at the house of one of his ministers, and his heart had been taken captive on the spot. A few days afterwards he returned and asked her hand in marriage, to the great alarm of his minister, who saw at once that the powerful nobles would regard the marriage as the result of an intrigue. By the minister's advice the Czar resolved to follow the popular custom, and ordered the daughters of the nobility to present themselves befora him. It was arranged that Natalie should appear among them, and that the Czar's choice of her should have a quite impromptu look. The fruit of this marriage, celebrated in Moscow in 1670, was one son and one daughter. On his return from his wanderings through Europe to learn civilisation Peter abolished this curious custom. Indeed, his achievements as a social reformer are not his least claims to greatness, accomplished as they were in the face of great opposition on the part of the whole nation, both priests and peasants, nobles and serfs, anyone of these classes being quite as ignorant, prejudiced, and barbarous as the others. He set himself to provide opportunities and occasions on which the youth of both sexes should mix freely and openly on terms of social equality. Not only did he throw his own palaces open to all married and unmarried persons who were willing to come and see

and be seen, but with a wise and healthy despotism he compelled his nobles to do so likewise. He even issued rules and regulations according to which these 'at homes' were to be conducted. What a strange society must that have been where such decrees as the following were thought dangerous and revolutionary :— The host must hang out a poster inviting all and sundry who came under the following categories :—Noblemen, officers of state, army and navy, merchants and shipbuilders, with their wives and children : no assembly was to begin before five or be prolonged after ten : the host must provide the requisite food, drink, and amusements, chairs, candles, and cards ; but the guests were to help themselves. Everyone was to be free to come and go as he liked without the formalities of welcome and leave-taking. Any person making himself disagreeable was to be punished by being compelled to drink a bottle of wine out of a goblet to be called the 'great eagle.' It must be confessed that these gatherings were often boisterous and unruly ; but the Czar's efforts to Europeanise his semi-Tartar subjects could not be expected to have a triumphant issue all at once, nor could it be expected that the graceful courtesies and refinements of Paris would in a moment become indigenous in St. Petersburg. What though the gentlemen and even the ladies got drunk and quarrelsome and fought, and some thirsty and unquenchable souls planned strife in order to qualify for the 'great eagle'? Rome was not built in a day, and the building up of a new moral order in society is a task more difficult and toilsome, inasmuch as tempers are not so tractable as bricks. It was the beginning of a free and friendly intercourse ; and, then, do not most Northern nations —witness the Scotch—require the aid of that mighty solvent, alcohol, to thaw their reserve and make them loving, social, and communicative? There was a certain amount of chivalry, moreover, developed in Russian society by means of this drunkenness : those who were less drunk helped to stand, and aided homewards, those who were more drunk than they.

It was a sore trial to Peter to persuade his subjects to dispense with the flowing beard and flowing garb of the Tartar and adopt the shaven chin, tight trousers, and cleansed skin of the European. Even with his army he had considerable difficulty in effecting these social reforms on account of the inherited and deeply-rooted belief in the sanctity of the beard and the divineness of dirt. The tug of war came, however, when he tried to force these atheistic innovations on the body of the people. He legislated that citizens of all ranks should curtail their coat-tails and cut down their beards, which were simply a cover and hiding-place for unclean animals ; but sold indulgences on payment of a fine of one hundred roubles by the wealthier classes; and by the poorer ones, such as the priests and serfs, a fine of a copeck every time they passed the gate of a city. A copper coin, with a figure of a nose, mouth, and chin concealed in a tangled brushwood of hair, was handed to the taxpayer by the toll-keeper at the gate. European habits and customs were hateful to the people. Hitherto, indeed, the Russians had spoken of all other nations as the infidels, with whom it was a heinous sin to associate. Peter not only expunged this sin from the national creed and the statute-book, but even ordered the young nobles to betake themselves and their wives to the capitals and courts of Europe, to graduate in civilisation, and qualify themselves to be refining elements in Russian society on their return. The Czar anticipated reforms but lately introduced into England when he made gambling and games of chance illegal, professional mendicancy a crime, and issued sanitary and police regulations. Ridicule was his favorite weapon in bringing any custom of which he disapproved into public disrepute ; and many a one did he laugh out of existence with grim, lumbering, elephantine humor. The priests looked with sour visages on all his reforms, and indeed the sympathy of the people was rather with them than with him. The following was the device he adopted to reinstate himself in public favor and turn the laugh against the clergy, who had been advancing what are now called Ultramontane claims. His object in this story was to poke fun at the office of Patriarch, which the priests and people desired, against Peter's wish, to have revived. He resolved to create his clown, who was in

his eighty-fourth year, a kind of mock patriarch. It was determined to marry this motley, and a strapping widow of thirty was chosen as his bride. Four poor stutterers, who took a quarter of an hour to get their tongues round each word, were victimised by being sent round to invite the guests, a deep draught of brandy having previously been administered to promote their fluency of utterance. Four fellows with tremendous physical exaggerations, fat, inflated, and clumsy, were appointed to run as heralds and footmen; their movements, also, being made erratic by drink. A few helpless paralytics and lamesters were deputed to play the part of bridesmen and waiters. The open carriage in which the young couple made their glorious procession to church, amid drums beating, banners flying, discordant instruments playing, was dragged by four roaring and frightened bears, amid the uncontrollable laughter of the populace. To crown all, the marriage between this Patriarch of the Church and this poor victimised widow was celebrated by a toothless and wrinkled centenarian priest, deaf and blind, for whom the aid of a prompter had to be provided. On such a grand scale of hospitality was this state marriage conducted that there was hardly a sober person to be found in the whole city of Moscow; and the Czar brought it to a climax by giving an entertainment at the senate house, where each guest was forced, probably under the threat of Siberia, to quaff the contents of the 'double-eagle.' Again and again was this heavy horse-play repeated, till the office of patriarch became associated with ridicule in the minds of the populace for ever. And what kind of society must that have been where such a scene as the following could be looked on as proper? Previous to the Czar's ordinance by which mixed assemblies became compulsory, the ladies and gentlemen met in separate rooms. At one of the grand dinners given by the Czar, a huge pie was placed in the centre of the gentlemen's table, out of which, when the startled carver broke the crust, a beautiful dwarf lady, *in puris naturalibus*, all except a head-dress, stepped, proposed in a set speech and drank in a glass of wine the health of the company, and then retired into her snug retreat and was carried from the table. A man dwarf was substituted at the ladies' table. Did not Peter say he could reform his people, but not himself? A dinner-party at the Czar's must indeed have been a sight not conceivable out of Bedlam, and could only have been planned in the maddest brain on earth, if a MS. among the Sloane papers in the British Museum is believable. Such practical jokes! such wild, grotesque gambolling! the frolics of leviathan! the laughter of a Titan, as frightful in his fun as in his fury! There was accommodation at the Czar's table for about a hundred; but the grim humorist always issued invitations to twice or thrice that number, and left his guests to elbow, jostle, and fight for chairs and places, and retain them against all comers and claimants if they could. Not unfrequently a free fight was extemporised, and noses tapped, and even the sacred persons of ambassadors have been profanely touched and trifled with. The Czar sat at the head of the table, a broad grin on his face, rolling the spectacle like a sweet morsel under his tongue. The guests are so closely packed that feeding room is not to be thought of, and ribs are often blackened and almost driven in by active and vigorous elbows, provoking fierce recriminations and quarrels. The kitchen is so near to the dining-hall that there floats through the latter a fragrance of onions, garlic, and train oil, mellowed and tempered by the more delicious aroma of the roast. The more knowing and initiated guests wave away soups and such-like edibles, and manifest a special appetite for tongues, hams, and viands that cannot be tampered with, or made the vehicles of practical joking, for as often as not it happens that a bunch of dead mice will be drawn out of the soup or discovered snugly embedded in a dish of green peas; and sometimes, when his guests have well partaken of certain pastries, the Czar will courteously inquire if the cat, wolf, raven, or other unclean animal proved a savory or delicious morsel, with what result let the imaginative guess. The approach to a regular Donnybrook was hastened on by liberal supplies of brandies, strong ales, and wines so adroitly served out as to expedite the grand climacteric of drunkenness. But one plate was allowed to

each guest; and if, reserving his appetite for some sweeter dish, he left off when but one-half of his serving of soup, or raven, or roast was consumed, it was a serious perplexity how he was to get rid of the rejected victuals and get his plate cleansed for a new supply. There was nothing for it but to empty the contents on his neighbor's plate; and then followed a game of battledore and shuttlecock, ending in blows, till the more peacefully disposed of the two bowlers threw the bone of contention under the table, wiping his polluted plate with his finger, and giving it a final polish with the tablecloth. A loving and brotherly frame of temper having thus been diffused throughout the festive throng, the Czar decrees that no one is to leave the filthy, crowded, and heated room till midnight, the dinner having begun at noon; but before the parting hour arrives, the guests, between loss of blood and loss of wit, are incapacitated for leaving, and make their beds promiscuously where they fall. Was ever such a lawless, chaotic orgy seen in a royal palace on earth since Belshazzar's feast, or will it ever be seen again? 'Nature brings not back the mastodon,' nor Peter the Great.

M. de Staehlin, giving an account of his ordinary manner of life, especially in his later years, says that his table was frugal, that he preferred plain fare; hotch-potch, roast pork or beef, and cheese, washed down by a little beer or the red wines of France and Hungary. He could not eat fish; and in his early youth he lived chiefly on fruits, pastries, and farinaceous diets. He usually dined at one in the afternoon, after which he retired to his bedroom for a couple of hours' sleep; and at four he revised the work of the forenoon. Summer and winter alike, he rose at four in the morning, and after a light and hasty breakfast devoted his attention to affairs of state. He acquired a taste for strong liquors in his early youth; and this taste, it was alleged, was rather fostered than curbed by his sister Sophia, who was regent during his minority, and who had designs on the throne herself. His carousals, of which he often boasted, were frequent and deep; but M. de Staehlin represents him in his later years as having overmastered the vicious craving. Hot pepper and brandy was his favorite tipple for a while. He was in England for four months finishing his shipbuilding education, and he and his shopmates often retired to a public house near Tower Hill to recruit their exhausted energies with beer and brandy. In compliment to Peter, Boniface christened his house 'The Czar of Muscovy.' Here is the bill of fare of another of Peter's dinners, eaten this time in England; it is recorded in a letter from Mr. Humphrey Wanley to Dr. Charlett, and is preserved among the papers of Ballard's collection in the Bodleian Library:—'I cannot,' says Mr. Wanley, 'vouch for the following bill of fare which the Czar and his company of twenty-one ate at Godliming, in Surrey, but it is attested by an eye-witness who saw them eating, and who had it from the landlord. Breakfast: half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, three quarts of brandy, six quarts of wine, and seven dozens of eggs, with salad in proportion.' A goodly breakfast, surely! but listen to the dinner: 'Five ribs of beef, 42 lbs. in all, one sheep, 56 lbs., three quarters of lamb, a shoulder and loin of boiled veal, eight pullets, eight rabbits, two and a half dozen of sack, a dozen of claret.' The Czar's visit must have seriously disturbed the meat markets of England if this is the record, not of a feast, but of an every-day meal.

In personal appearance Peter was tall and robust, quick and nimble of foot, and dexterous and rapid in all his movements. His face was plump and round. His eyes were large and bright, with brown eyebrows. His hair was short and curling and of a brownish color. His look was fierce and restless, his gait quick and swinging. That superfine and satirical young lady, Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth, describes him as tall and well-made. 'His countenance,' she says, 'is beautiful, but has something in it so rude and savage as to fill you with fear.' When she saw him during his visit to Frederick William's Court in 1717, he was dressed like a sailor, in a frock without lace or ornament. A fine, noble, heroic face the portraits represent him as having; only his gross eating and deep drinking, and low morals, had impaired its majesty, and given it rather a sensual and fallen

expression. From his youth he had been subject to a spasmodic affection of the nerves which always attacked him in his hours of rage. It is said to have resulted from a fright he received in early boyhood; some rebel soldiers forced their way into the convent where he was brought up, and flashed their naked swords round his head. The spasms showed themselves by a contortion of the muscles of the neck and of his face. Dining at Berlin, Wilhelmina tells how such an attack took place. 'At table the Czar was placed beside the Queen,' Wilhelmina's mother. 'There took him a kind of convulsion, something like Tic, or St. Vitus, which he seemed quite unable to control. He got into contortions and gesticulated wildly, and brandished about his knife within a yard of the Queen's face, who, in great alarm, made several times as if to rise. The Czar begged her to retain her composure as he would not hurt her, and took her by the hand and grasped it so violently that she shrieked out in pain. The Czar laughed heartily, and added that she had not bones of so hard a texture as his Catharine.' 'After supper a grand ball was opened, which the Czar evaded, and, leaving the others to dance, walked alone homewards to Mon Bijou,' a palace which Frederick William had placed at his disposal, and in which the Czar and his suite made fearful havoc, almost breaking the thrifty King's heart. The sight of a beetle, it is alleged, had the effect of throwing him into such a fit, and the sight of a beautiful young woman had the effect of taking him out of one. M. de Staehlin says that when the Czar was so attacked the Empress was instantly sent for, and failing her, the first young woman that came in the way was conducted to the Czar's apartment; and, as if she had been sent for, was introduced with the formal announcement, 'Peter Alexievitz, this is the person you desired to speak with.' The soft voice and agreeable conversation and sweet presence of the charmer had such an effect on the Czar, that instantly the convulsion ceased and he was himself again, his visage calm and his humor sweet. Would that this had been the only spell or exorcism that such a presence could wield over him, but it seemed to awake more devils than it expelled. Peter's flesh was rebellious—by no means obedient to the higher sovereignties of his nature. The Czar and Czarina during their visit to Berlin were attended by a suite of ladies—ladies on the one hand, and washerwomen, cooks, housemaids, on the other, as circumstances required—almost every one of whom carried in her arms a richly robed child. On its paternity being inquired after, the chameleon mother replied, 'Le Czar m'a fait l'honneur de me faire cet enfant.' The following story shows both the weak and the good side of Peter's character. He fell in love with a beautiful young lady of the bourgeoisie class residing at Moscow, and commanded her father to send her to his court. In horror and despair, the girl, without letting her parents know her intentions, left her home at the dead of night and sought shelter in the house of her old nurse. The Czar stormed and raved, and threatened her parents with Siberia unless they at once produced her. Their grief for their lost child at last persuaded even the Czar that they were innocent of the crime of thwarting his will. A 'hue and cry' was raised, and so large were the rewards offered for her recovery, that the whole country joined in an ineffectual search. The husband of her protector had built a hut of logs, thatched with brackens, on an oasis in the centre of a marsh surrounded by thick woods. Here she lived alone for a year, seeing no one except the woodman and his wife, who carried food to her in the dead of night. Here one day she was discovered by a huntsman, a colonel in the army, who had wandered far in pursuit of game. He entered into conversation with her, and her cultured voice and refined manner betrayed that she was not the peasant maiden her dress represented her to be. He taxed her with being Peter's lost heroine. In great fear she confessed; and, on her knees, with a broken voice, pleaded that he would not betray her hiding-place. He assured her that all danger was past, that Peter had forgotten her, and that she might return to her home. What experienced novel-reader cannot guess the rest of the story? The colonel took the news home to her sorrowing parents: but he did more, for he told the story to the Empress Catharine, and that kindly lady at once agreed to

inform the Czar of the poor girl's sufferings, and ask His Majesty to forgive her. Peter had the rare virtue of being able to forgive those he had wronged. He at once settled a pension of 3,000 roubles a year on the girl, gave her the colonel for a husband, provided such a marriage feast as only a Czar can, gave away the bride, and congratulated the colonel on having secured the most virtuous woman in Russia as his wife. Captain Bruce, who was military tutor to the Czar's eldest son, testifies that this story, romantic though it seems, is true, and that he had it from the heroine's own lips.

The history of the Czarina Catharine is equally romantic. She was a mild, loving, kindly woman; and her influence over her irascible and savage husband was always on the side of mercy, and never used to inflame his fiery temper. Many a head did she save from the gallows, and many a back from the knout. The Margravine of Baireuth describes her as 'short and lusty, and remarkably coarse, without grace or animation. At first sight, any one would have judged her to be a third-rate German actress. Her clothes looked as though made for a big doll, they were so old-fashioned and decked with tinsel. Along the facing of her gown were orders and little things of metal; a dozen orders, and as many portraits of saints, of relics, and the like; so that when she walked it was with a jingling, as if you heard a mule with bells to its harness,' a description which must be liberally discounted to get at the truth. The Margravine saw oddities wherever she looked, and was smart first and truthful afterwards. In her early life the Czarina's name was Martha. Her mother was a Livonian serf. She was left an orphan at the age of three. A Lutheran clergyman named Gluck saw her at the house of the priest of her native parish, who seems to have constituted himself the guardian of the poor, friendless orphan, and took her into his house in the capacity of nurse or 'slavey.' In exchange for her services she received her food, a fair education, and her clothing. As she grew up to girlhood she had her fair share of admirers, of whom she specially favored a Livonian sergeant of the Swedish army. The day after their marriage the town of Marienburg was stormed by the Russians, and Martha's sergeant slain. As the captives filed past the Russian General Bauer, Martha's grief, tears, beauty, and youth provoked his sympathy. Learning her story, he took her into his own household as housekeeper and mistress. Here Prince Menzikoff one day saw her, and in his turn was fascinated by the romance of her story and the beauty of her person. He begged her as a present from the General. Martha was called in to decide whether she would go with the Prince or stay, the advantages of both alternatives being fairly set before her. She made a deep courtesy to the two gentlemen and retired, not having spoken a word. There can be little doubt in what capacity she lived with the Prince, at whose house the Czar one day saw her, and in his turn succumbed to her persuasive influence. In the year 1704 she, being then seventeen years of age, became the Czar's mistress, and afterwards his empress, first by a private and then by a public marriage, and finally, at his decease, autocrat of All the Russias. The Czar got deeply attached to her, and was never happy when 'my Catharine' was absent. She was cheerful and lively, of a sweet, pliable disposition; never peevish or perverse; and moved around her bear of a husband, anticipating his every want. She bore the burden of the honor to which she had not been born with meekness and lowliness, and never forgot her humble birth and upbringing. 'What! thou good man! art thou still alive?' she said in the days of her splendor to Wurmb, who had been her fellow-servant in Gluck's household, he as tutor, she as maid-of-all-work. 'I will provide for thee,' she said, and got him a pension. She befriended the family of her benefactor Gluck, who had died a prisoner in Moscow; his son she took as her page, gave portions to his widow and two eldest daughters, and appointed the youngest a maid of honor at her court. Catharine's ready wit once saved the Czar and his army from dishonor and destruction. It was during one of his campaigns against the Turks. The Russian army was completely surrounded; provisions and ammunition were all but exhausted, and every attempt to break out of this trap resulted in repulse and defeat. Crushed down with despair,

which brought on the spasms to which he was subject, the Czar entered his tent, ordering that no one should intrude. Catharine dared to disobey, and learned from him the hopeless condition of his army. Without consulting anyone, she despatched an ambassador to the Grand Vizier to make overtures of peace, loading him with gifts. Her own jewels and trinkets she tore off her body, and went the round of the camp, collecting all the valuables she could find, for which she gave receipts, signed by her own hand, and a promissory note payable on her return to Moscow. She also ordered preparations and bustling as for another and more serious effort to break the Turkish lines, and even led the Russian army within a hundred paces of the Turkish front, before the Grand Vizier consented to a truce, preliminary to a treaty of peace. The Czar never forgot his Catharine's heroism. He instituted a new order of Knighthood, which he called the Order of St. Catharine; and struck a medal bearing her image, encircled by precious stones, with the motto 'For Love and Fidelity' engraven upon it. And here is the manifesto he issued when he decreed her his successor on the throne. After reciting the dangers to which he had been exposed during his twenty years' wars, he continues:—'The Empress Catharine, our dearest consort, was an important help to us in all these dangers in which she voluntarily accompanied us, serving us with all her counsel, notwithstanding the natural weakness of her sex: more particularly at the battle of Pruth, where our army was reduced to 22,000 men, while the Turks were 220,000 strong. It was in these desperate circumstances above all others that she signalised her zeal, by a courage superior to her sex, as is well known to the whole army throughout the Empire. For these reasons, and in virtue of that power which God has given us, we are resolved to honor our spouse with the Imperial Crown in acknowledgment of all her services and fatigues.'

The disposition of Peter is generally represented to have been vicious and cruel. It is usual to depict him as a lawless despot who ordered heads to be lopped off in cold blood when the caprice seized him. His defects, however, seem rather to have been outside knots and gnarls in a noble tree, than serious twists in the grain of his being. Severe, doubtless, he was; but his severity was seldom the outburst of mere passion, almost invariably the means to an end, that end being the redemption of Russia from chaos, and the establishment of the reign of law. Justice tempered by severity is often a blessing to a community that is little better than a social and political wild; and the wisdom and not the severity of the measures employed to regenerate his country is what we should chiefly look to in the case of Peter the Great, who had a half-civilised nation to discipline and make law-respecting and law-abiding. Seldom, especially in his riper years, was a delinquent punished without trial before a competent tribunal; and if Peter interfered with the sentences of the courts, which he seldom did, it was always to mitigate and not to aggravate the punishment. Once, when he was thought dying, it was suggested to him that he should release all the criminals in prison. 'Why,' said he, 'will God more readily forgive my sins because I have flooded Russia with its locked-up rascaldom?' The frequent rebellions against his government, fomented often by his own relations, were suppressed with a relentless hand, and the ringleaders were brought to vigorous justice; but what autocrat would have respected the forms of law as he did when his choice was either to destroy his enemies or be destroyed by them? and was it not an additional aggravation that these revolts always broke out while he was away laboring and toiling for the good of Russia, learning ship-building in Holland, repelling the inroads of the Turks or Swedes, or fighting to give his country a seaboard? He signed the decree for the execution of his eldest son; and although the crimes of the latter would not be visited by such punishment now, there was nothing arbitrary or self-willed about the Czar's conduct in the business. Indeed, his previous expostulations, warnings, pleadings with his perverse and prodigal son are almost heartrending. You see in him an agonising wrestle between love of Russia and love of his child; and had Peter only lived two thousand years earlier and been a Roman consul, we should have lauded his patriotism, his stoic virtue,

his readiness to inflict the keenest suffering on himself, when his country's weal required it. But he was only a half-civilised Tartar savage, and his nature was torn with conflicting emotions ; and he had not the philosophic and unruffled repose of speech and manner and feeling that makes a Lucius Junius Brutus so grand and admirable, and which to the present writer seems simply hateful. I will back this headstrong, illiterate, and noisy barbarian against any Roman of them all for the truest and most loveable humanity. What fate would Hannibal have met at the hands of Rome had he been captured? What doom did she decree to those who dared to defend their homes and hearths against her conquering armies? Dragged them at her chariot wheels, or threw them to the lions, or made them butcher each other in the Amphitheatre, 'to make a Roman holiday.' That they were noble and wise, and honored in their own land, only added zest and flavor to the sport. It was not thus that Peter treated the heroes he had conquered. He gave a grand entertainment in honor of the Swedish Admiral Ehrenschild, who had been taken prisoner of war. After the dinner he rose and said, 'Gentlemen, you see here a brave and faithful servant of his master, who has made himself worthy of the highest honor at his hands, and who shall always have my favor while he is with me, though he has killed me many a brave man. I forgive you,' he added, turning with a smile to the Swede, 'and you may always depend on my good-will.' Ehrenschild, thanking the Czar, replied, 'However honorably I may have acted with regard to my master, I did no more than my duty. I sought death, but failed to meet it ; and it is no small comfort to me in my misfortune to be a prisoner of your Majesty, and to be treated with so much distinction by such a mighty captain.' After the battle of Pultowa, too, when he broke the power of Charles XII., he displayed equal magnanimity towards the officers whom the fate of war had forced to yield up their swords. In the course of the banquet he gave in honor of them, Peter pledged a bumper 'to his tutors in the art of war.' One of the Swedish generals asked to whom he referred. 'Yourselves, gentlemen,' the Czar replied, 'the brave Swedish commanders.' 'Then,' asked his colloquist, 'has not your Majesty been somewhat ungrateful in dealing so hardly with your teachers?' The Czar was so pleased with the reply, that he unbuckled his own sword and presented it to the general, requesting that he would wear it in token of his esteem for his valor and fidelity to his sovereign. Revenge and every other Roman virtue would have prompted him to a different course. In an earlier stage of this contest Charles had stormed or seized Dresden, the capital of Saxony, to which kingdom Peter's ambassador, Patkul, had been attested. Him Charles kept in chains for three months, and finally, to quote what he calls his own 'merciful' decree, 'broke upon the wheel and quartered, for the reparation of his crimes and as a warning to others.' The Czar was highly incensed ; but instead of following the advice of his ministers to retaliate on the Swedish officers, he administered a severe rebuke to them for suggesting that he should stain his name with such an infamous crime. With all his blood-thirstiness and irascibleness of temper, Peter was far above petty feelings of revenge.

The Czar cared little for outward pomp, believing that true greatness did not need to assert itself or pose in fine apparel or ostentatious magnificence. He dodged the receptions which his brother sovereigns got up in his honor, and spoke of them as unutterably childish and tiresome. Once at least he accompanied an ambassador to a foreign Court in the character of a private gentleman attached to the embassy, and took humble lodgings to disarm suspicion that he was other than he professed to be. There was a fibre of fine and beautiful simplicity in his character. While he was toiling as a shipwright at Zaandam, where he spent nine months learning his trade, he dressed like his fellow-workmen, in a round hat, white linen jacket and trousers, and joined in their banter and heavy Dutch chaff as well as his pretty considerable knowledge of the language would permit. While acting as a workman he let himself be spoken to and treated as one. He would take a heavy barrow from the hands of a feebler shopmate and hurl the load to its destination. Many a knotty mechanic

thumb did he bandage and dress, for he was proud of his surgical skill. He had self-control enough to treat with all desirable deference and respect the foremen in the several yards in which he labored, bound himself to adhere to the regulations in force, and requested to be enrolled in the books and addressed by the name of Peter Zimmerman. The Duke of Marlborough, in search of amusement, entered the shipbuilding yard one day, and asked the foreman to point out the Czar without making them known to each other. 'Peter Zimmerman,' cried the master to His Majesty, 'why don't you help those men toiling with that big log?' Peter at once ran to the assistance of his sweating and overtasked 'chums,' never suspecting that he was being trotted out for exhibition. His simplicity of character seems to be belied by the following speech he addressed to William III., who was then in Holland: 'Most renowned Emperor! it was not the desire of seeing the celestial cities of the German Empire or the most powerful Republic of the Universe that made me leave my throne and my victorious armies to come into a distant country; it was solely the ardent desire of paying my respects to the most brave and generous hero of the day, &c.' The speech is so ridiculous, bombastic, foreign to Peter's nature, that it must have been written for him, or composed by him under the inspiration of that vanity to which lads just getting out of their teens are specially prone. 'Never fear,' he once said while out at sea in a storm, and the sailors were getting alarmed; 'the Czar Peter cannot be drowned; did you ever hear of a Russian Czar perishing on the waters?' Such hours of self-consciousness occur in the lives of all youths of talent, but do not all give tone or color to their riper character. During the four months he spent in England, William learned to appreciate the worth of the Czar in spite of his rough, uncouth ways and silly speeches and grotesque manners. Could anything denote less self-consciousness than this? The King's servants often laughed at him to his face, yet he left 120 guineas to be distributed among them. He presented to the monarch a rough ruby which the Amsterdam jewellers valued at 10,000*l.*, and which he carried to the palace in his vest pocket wrapped in a piece of fusty old brown paper. Once, while he was in Berlin, Frederick William sent a magnificent chariot drawn by richly caparisoned horses to drive him to the palace. Peter, seeing it arrive, went out of the back door of his lodgings and walked to the Court, instructing the gentlemen of his suite to follow in the carriage. Thanking and apologising to the King, the Czar said he was not accustomed to such splendor, and often walked five times as much at a stretch. Nothing pleased him better than to receive his old shopmates at St. Petersburg, and be addressed by them in the old familiar names, 'Peter Zimmerman, Peter Baas, or even Skipper Peter. And that he saw through the folly of such speeches as that he delivered to William is clear from the following. Shortly after the battle of Pultowa he visited Holland again. The municipalities arranged to give him a splendid reception. William's Dutch Earl, Albemarle, then on a visit to the States, was deputed to bid the Czar welcome. This he did in a speech which vied for exaggeration with Peter's own to the Earl's master. 'I thank you heartily,' said the Czar in reply, 'though I don't understand much of what you say. I learnt my Dutch among shipbuilders, but the sort of language you have spoken I am sure I never learnt.' On the same visit he requested the shipbuilders and workmen not to call him 'Majesty.' 'Come, brothers,' said he, 'let us talk like plain honest shipwrights;' and then, summoning a servant who was filling the glasses out of a beer jug, he laughingly demanded the 'can,' and having got it, said, 'I can now drink as much as I like, and nobody can tell what I have taken.'

He attended surgical classes in Holland. Indeed, he dabbled in all the sciences and mechanical arts, but was specially proud of his attainments as a surgeon. He gloried in drawing a tooth, bleeding a patient, tapping for dropsy, or lopping off a limb; and on his return to Russia started a limited practice. His own valet once availed himself of Peter's weakness as a vehicle of revenge on his wife for her unfaithfulness, a misdemeanor towards which Peter was very tolerant. Noticing the

flunkey with a sad countenance, the Czar asked the matter. 'Nothing, sire, but my wife has a toothache and won't let the tooth be drawn.' 'Let me see her,' said Peter, 'and I warrant you I'll cure her.' The poor woman insisted she had no toothache. 'Sire,' said the valet, 'she always says that when I bring the doctor.' 'Hold her arm then,' said His Majesty, 'and we'll relieve her suffering.' Peter seized the tooth which the woman's husband pointed to as the bad one and smartly whirled it out. The Czar afterwards discovered that he had been tricked, and the poor woman made to suffer unnecessarily, and he gave the valet a knouting with his own royal hands.

He had a strong dislike to be stared at, and hated all kinds of fêtes and ceremonies, unless he could mingle in the common crowd. 'Too many folks, too many folks,' he would say, when asked to take a part in any pageant.

A barber at Amsterdam, who had seen a description and portrait of him, was the first to pierce Peter's incognito, and confided the secret to each of his customers, who thereupon went about publishing it. Crowds at once gathered round his dwelling, and Peter sulked in his room for days. He was specially annoyed by the curiosity of the English, who forced themselves into his room while he was eating, and gazed at him with the celebrated stony British stare, as if he were a phenomenon. An amusing account is given in the Life of Thomas Story of an interview two Quakers cunningly effected with him. They endeavored to persuade him to adopt Quaker principles, and presented him with several treatises on the subject for private study. The good-natured Czar promised to attend their meeting, where it is said he conducted himself with great decorum. He wanted to see Parliament without being seen, 'in order to which,' Lord Dartmouth says, 'he was placed in a gutter upon the housetop, to peep in at the window, where he made so ridiculous a figure that neither king nor people could forbear laughing, which obliged him to retire sooner than he intended.'

Contact with the world brushed this shyness wholly off him. The Quaker interview must have made some impression on him, for many years afterwards, when at Friedrickstadt, in Holstein, he inquired if there was any Quaker meeting in the place. As there happened to be one, he ordered his suite to accompany him, though they were quite ignorant of the language. The Czar kept up a running interpretation as the service proceeded, and afterwards thanked the preacher, saying, 'that whoever could live up to his doctrine would be happy.'

On his second visit to a town in Holland, he and the burgomaster of the place attended divine service, when an unconscious action of the Czar almost upset the gravity of the congregation. Peter feeling his head growing cold turned to the heavily wigged chief magistrate at his side and transferred the wig, the hair of which flowed down over the great-little man's shoulders, to his own head, and sat so till the end of the service, when he returned it to the insulted burgomaster, bowing his thanks. The great man's fury was not appeased till one of Peter's suite assured him that it was no practical joke at all that His Majesty had played, that his usual custom when at church, if his head was cold, was to seize the nearest wig he could clutch. Peter was tolerant towards all religious opinions, and wherever he was, attended church without asking after its special *ism*. The first building he erected in St. Petersburg was a citadel; the second, a church.

There are some stories told about Peter that do honor to his heart and disposition. On his arrival at Zaandam his first care was to search out and befriend the widow of a skipper of the name of Munsch, who had given him his first lesson in seamanship at Archangel, representing himself to be a fellow-workman of her late husband. In the retinue that accompanied the embassy to Holland there was a dwarf, who was Peter's faithful attendant at all festivities. One day there was no room in the carriage for this manikin, and it was suggested that he should travel in another. 'By no means,' said the Czar, and took the pigmy on his knee. The delight with which his old shipmates received him on his second visit to Holland may be easily imagined. As he landed, a thousand stentorian lungs cried out 'Welcome, Peter Baas!' while to

his surprise a gushing old lady rushed forward to embrace him. 'My good lady,' said His Majesty, 'how do you know who I am?' 'Your Majesty,' she replied, 'often sat down and shared our humble meals nineteen years ago. I am the wife of Baas Pool.' The Czar instantly returned her salute, kissed her on the forehead, and invited himself to dine again with her that very day.

Peter's highest ambition was to make Russia a great maritime power. He used to say, what Russia is practically saying still alike in Europe and in Asia, that it was not land that he wanted but sea. Not only did he spend a year of his life learning shipbuilding, but to popularise the service he even toiled as a common sailor. To foster the love of a seafaring life he had a garden laid out in an island near St. Petersburg, on which he built a palace. He presented boats to the nobility, that they might be able to visit him, on the condition that each should keep his vessel in order and provide another when it was done. He encouraged them to vie with each other in regatta competitions. The Muscovite priests taught that it was a crime to leave Russia and travel in the land of the infidel, yet the Czar, in his zeal for the development of Russia, braved their religious fury and prejudice. He ordered the nobility to go abroad and acquire, not only the manners of foreign Courts and countries, but their arts and sciences, especially naval architecture. A story is told of one who returned from Venice as ignorant as he went. 'What the deuce have you been learning?' said the Czar. 'Sire, I smoked my pipe, drank my brandy, and rarely stirred out of my room.' More amused than enraged, Peter suggested that the lord should be made one of his Court fools on the spot. He had the bitterest opposition and prejudice to contend with in his efforts to make Russia respected and great. In his search for a sea-border, he extended his dominion to the sea of Azoph, the Caspian Sea, and the Gulf of Finland.

Amsterdam was the model he had in his mind while planning St. Petersburg. He had a nervous dread of the sea to overcome in his youth, and this he did by spending all his spare time on the river that flows through Moscow. He passed himself through a regular curriculum as a sailor, and never gave himself a higher commission till he had earned it. He started as the ship's drudge, was then promoted to be cook's menial, whose work was to light the fire, wash the dishes, and make himself generally useful; next he became cabin-boy and waited at table; and it was a proud moment in his life when he attained the high position of a sailor before the mast, and in smooth waters was permitted to handle the helm. He fought as a captain of Bombardiers in a naval fight with the Swedes, and was awarded the order of St. Andrew for his gallant conduct; and after the glorious action at which Admiral Ehrenschild was taken prisoner, he was summoned by the Vice-Czar Romanofsky, by his name of Rear-Admiral Peter, to take his seat beside the throne, and in recognition of his daring and success was promoted to the office of Vice-Admiral of Russia, amid cries of 'Long live the Vice-Admiral!' He left Russia, which he got without a ship, with a fleet of 41 vessels ready for service, carrying 2,106 guns, manned by 15,000 seamen, besides a number of frigates and galleys.

Peter died in the arms of his Catharine on January 28, 1725, some say poisoned by her; but that seems not believable. His body lay in state in the palace till the day of interment, March 21. In the interval between his death and burial his third daughter departed this life, and the obsequies of father and child were celebrated together amid the tears of a sorrowing nation, for the people had begun to see the genuine worth and virtue of their monarch through his rough outside coating. No memory is more fondly cherished in Russia than Peter's. Everything that can remind the nation of him is carefully treasured in her museums; his hat, sword, dogs, horse, even his old clothes, and the wooden hut he erected with his own hands while supervising St. Petersburg as it rose above the waters—all are sacred. He loved Russia with a kingly love, and sacrificed his son rather than that an unqualified and worthless monarch should preside over its destinies. 'I would rather,' said he, 'commit my people to an entire stranger who was worthy of such a trust than to my own undeserving offspring.' It is not the

language of hyperbole to say that he invented Russia. His merits as a wise statesman and legislator far surpass his defects as a tyrant. In such a kingdom as his, tyranny was the kindliest rule. Individuals might have to suffer, but the principles of justice such tyranny as Peter's vindicated and defended are benefits and blessings to the end of time. He was an untutored genius who had to create an ideal of kingcraft for himself; and if he failed let readers judge. If an apology is needed for his frailties, rough methods, boorishness of mind, barbarianism, the apology we offer is that he took the shape the conditions of Russian society and the environment around him would permit — that these defects belonged rather to his times than to himself; while whatever of good he was or great he did, was the result of the throes of his own groping and darkly struggling spirit, earnest intellect, and determined will.—*Belgravia Magazine.*

LITERATURE AND MEDICINE.

In the beautiful fiction of the Greeks, Æsculapius, the tutelary god of medicine, was the son of Apollo, the tutelary god of poetry and culture, and as far back as the memory of man can travel have the two deities walked, with Mercy in their train, their gracious way together. Cruel and capricious is our sovereign mistress Fortune, harsh and very arbitrary it would seem are the other divinities that shape our ends, but these two beneficent powers have never failed to bless and shelter us. Between the forces that envy and dissolve—ever militant against our peace and joy—have Apollo and his son stood before us in the gap. One welcomed us into the world, and the other makes the world lovely to us, wrapping us in his glory and life and light, while he may. But when we wax faint and weary, as we must, then is Apollo's true son at our side soothing, encouraging, sympathising; and even when the Fates have worked their wills upon the shattered frame, and we are passing beyond the reach of healing hands down the dark lonely road, he removes what obstacles he can, and smoothes, loyal to the last, the stormy passage to the grave. Nor have the servants of these kindred deities been unmindful of the ties which connect them, and the relation between Medicine and Literature forms one of the most interesting episodes in the history of Letters. They are not perhaps so intimately related now as they once were. We have many men distinguished, both in Medicine and Surgery, but we shall not be guilty of disrespect to the faculty if we say that very few manage to temper the severer pursuits of science with the graceful accomplishments of the scholar. In an age like the present, when there is so much technical knowledge to be mastered, and when it must be difficult for a hard-worked practitioner to keep pace with the ever-increasing discoveries which are every day throwing light on his own pursuits, it can hardly be expected that he should find time to sacrifice in any way to the Muses. Still, considering how closely associated the medical profession has been with literature, as well by its original contributions as by its affectionate intercourse with men of genius, one cannot help feeling a sort of regret at this compulsory estrangement, and indulging a hope that some day or other the two pursuits may resume their old intimacy. And now, reader, with your leave, we will devote a few pages to the Literature of Physic, and recall the names of some of those who divided their impartial sacrifices between Delos and Epidaurus.

Porson used to say that there was no better reading than the works of the Greek physicians; and if he would have consented to exclude Galen and Paulus Ægineta, we should be disposed to cordially agree with him. Hippocrates and Aretæus may be perused and reperused with delight by any one who has any interest in morbid pathology and its delineation. The first, who was a contemporary of Pericles, and who flourished therefore when style and literary skill had reached their climax of perfection, has left a large mass of writings behind him. It is not always easy to discriminate between his spurious and genuine offspring, it is true, and he has doubtless been made responsible for much that he

never wrote. But the 'Aphorisms' are certainly his, and if they contain much that will amuse, they contain much useful instruction. There is nothing sounder or weightier in all literature than the first: "Life is short, and the art is long, the occasion fleeting, experience fallacious, and judgment difficult. The physician must not only be prepared to do what is right himself, but also to make the patient, the attendants and externals co-operate." His treatise 'On the Prognostics,' a masterpiece of minute and vigorous descriptive power, contains a passage which recalls with sad exactness a scene witnessed by too many of us. "When in acute fevers, pneumonia, phrenitis, or headache, the hands are waved before the face, hunting through empty space, as if gathering bits of straw, picking the nap from the coverlet, or tearing chaff from the wall, all such symptoms are bad and deadly."* A keen, curious, and close observer, a shrewd, sagacious, and practical man, a thoughtful and philosophic student of human nature, a master of terse and lucid speech was this, the father of medicine. If he is to be numbered among the ornaments of his profession, he merits a place among the ornaments of prose literature. Aretæus, too, is another medical writer whose literary excellence takes him out of the narrower sphere of a merely technical exponent of his art. This master of graphic composition flourished in the second century. He wrote, like Hippocrates, in Ionic Greek. He was evidently a man who combined as thorough a knowledge of his profession as was then pos sible, with a liberal love for poetry and the *belles-lettres*. A humane and tender-hearted man, he often pauses to lament the helplessness of the surgeon when confronted with some forms of suffering, and to express his sympathy with the agonies he is unable to relieve. As a delineator of disease he has never been equalled, except perhaps by Sydenham, and his account of tetanus (Acute Diseases, Book I.), of elephantiasis (Chronic Diseases, Book II.), and of phthisis (Chronic Diseases, Book I.) rank among the miracles of verbal delineation. They are not merely triumphs of technical diagnosis; they are pictures which haunt the imagination like a nightmare; they can never be forgotten. With the slow and painful elaboration of Balzac, Aretæus has all his potency in general effect; he not only brings the sufferer before our eyes, but he makes us feel and hear and almost share his tortures—his despair—his degradation, —every detail of them. We close his book with horror and boundless admiration. As it is no part of this paper to deal with the history of medicine, we shall merely say of the illustrious Cornelius Celsus, that in purity and elegance of style he need fear no comparison with any of his contemporaries, though Livy and Nepos were probably among them. To Asclepiades, whose charms as a man and whose eloquence as a writer have been celebrated by Cicero, we can only allude. Of the writings of Antonius Musa, the physician of Augustus, Mæcenas, Virgil, and Horace, nothing has come down to us, but as long as Time shall be will his name belong to literature. For he, it was well known, was described by the grateful Virgil, in the twelfth book of the Æneid, under the name of Iapis. Aëtius, Oribasius, Alexander Trallianus, and others over whom we may not linger will bring us to times comparatively modern.

First among the moderns will stand the accomplished and versatile Jerome Fracastoro. Born in 1483, he was preserved to the world by a miracle, for when he was still an infant his mother was struck dead by a flash of lightning, while he, nestling in her bosom, escaped unscathed. His Latin poetry was the glory of an age which could boast of the composition of Politian and Bembo, and to the sedulous and successful cultivation of the fine arts he added an intimate acquaintance with astronomy and mathematics, while at the same time he was the most eminent physician in Italy. For many years statues of him towered up in the public squares of Padua and Verona, "that they might serve as a continual memento of him, and as an incentive to the pursuit of literary eminence." Nor must we pass by Jerome Cardan, the daring enthusiast "who

* "For after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers, I knew there was but one way," says poor Mrs. Quickly of him whom she would fain have kept even from "Arthur's bosom."

cast the horoscope of our Saviour, and subjected Him to the stars, to whom all stars are subject." In his restless and indefatigable life there was scarcely a department of human knowledge into which he did not force himself. He was, he says, born to release the world from the manifold errors under which it groaned, and ten folio volumes testify his energy and ambition. The labors of fanatics are heavily discounted by Time, but mathematics will for ever be Cardan's debtor. Physical science will thank him for removing, if he did not correct, many errors, and the student of human nature must be sincerely grateful for the most curious and extraordinary autobiography in existence. In Julius Cæsar Scaliger Medicine may boast one of its brightest scholastic ornaments, though, curiously enough, he began the study of neither medicine nor Greek till he was forty. Crudity and vigor characterise both the man and his writings, as his son's account of him and his own 'Poetics' amply prove; but the whole history of letters have no such portentous phenomenon to show as the catalogue of the works produced by this man between the age of forty—when, racked with gout, he began the Greek alphabet—and seventy-four, when he succumbed to his cruel foe. Five years before him died another physician, the immortal François Rabelais. Rabelais' translations from Hippocrates and Galen have long sunk below soundings. He wrote them to get a practice which never came. One is not altogether surprised at his contemporaries hesitating about entrusting their lives to the actual or potential author of 'The Lives, Heroic Deeds, and Sayings of Gargantua and Pantagruel.' He was never a good hand at patching up a farce, and was, with all his boisterous merriment, glad enough when his own was played out. Light lie the earth on François Rabelais, for light and merry has he made her children!

Crossing over to England, we are confronted with another son of Æsculapius, whose name can never be mentioned without pride by his countrymen—Dr. Thomas Linacre, the pupil of Politian and Chalcondylas, the friend of Erasmus, More, and Colet, the first teacher of Greek at Oxford, the initiator of the Renaissance in England. His enlightened and active mind seems to have traversed the whole range of human learning. He gave us our first correct version from Aristotle and Galen, he busied himself with divinity and philology, he translated Proclus on the Sphere, and in pure and perspicuous Latinity he treated of medicine and physical science in works which are still consulted by the curious. His amiable temper, his unostentatious charities, and his generous philanthropy have elicited glowing eulogies from more than one of his illustrious contemporaries. His tomb may still be seen in St. Paul's Cathedral, erected by another scholar for whom Medicine need never blush—Dr. John Caius. Contemporary with these great men was Sir Thomas Elyot, a physician of whom Literature may be justly proud. His 'Castle of Health' was the first popular book on Medicine in our language, his 'Bibliotheca Eliota' our first good dictionary, and his 'Governour,' a sort of moral and ethical treatise, may still be read with interest. The faculty were, it seems, very angry with Elyot for divulging their secrets and for vulgarising medicine by writing about it in English. To which he manfully replied that "it was no more shame for a person of quality to be the author of a book on the science of physic than it was for King Henry VIII. to publish a book on the science of grammar, which he had lately done." He was an intimate friend of Sir Thomas More, and was one of the most accomplished scholars in Europe. We should like to say a word about Dr. Thomas Phair, the translator of Virgil, and one of the authors of 'The Mirrour for Magistrates,' about William Bulleyn and his 'Bulwark of Defence, &c.,' about Dr. William Cunningham and his 'Whetstone of Wit' and 'Castle of Knowledge,' and about Reginald Scot and his curious 'Discoverie of Witchcraft,' but space forbids. As we propose to take the poets together, we shall, for the present, pass on to the great name of Thomas Sydenham. It is, perhaps, a little singular that, with the exception of Sydenham, no English physician has published a work on his own art which is entitled to a place among classical compositions, and which may be read with interest by the non-professional student. Sydenham's trea-

tises, however, like those of Hippocrates and Aretæus, may be perused with delight by every intelligent scholar. Their facile, copious, and masculine Latinity, their graphic pictures of disease, the striking reflections which relieve the course of the technical narrative, their autobiographical interest, must come home to every one. In him were revived the literary graces which make the works of the great Cappadocian and Celsus so fascinating and delightful to the general reader. With him, however, perished the art: no other medical works have been prevented by their style from being altogether forgotten by literature in being superseded in science.

But if ever Apollo and the Muses cared for mortal bantling, mild was their glance on the cradle of another future physician, who first saw the light in Cheapside, about the middle of October 1605, for then came there, into a world which was to be so beautiful to him, Sir Thomas Browne. How shall we deal with him—how describe him—him, the author of the 'Religio Medici,' the 'Hydriotaphia,' the 'Vulgar Errors,' the 'Quincunx,' the charming "Letters"? Quaintest and best of moralists, truest, deepest, sincerest of philosophers, a Plato without his sophistry, a Seneca without his tinsel. Shall we call him, in Southey's measured phrase, "the greatest prose poet in this or in any other language," or echo Lamb's loving eulogies, or Coleridge's rapturous praise, or Lytton's eloquent panegyric? Shall we enlarge on his boundless learning, as curious and recondite as Burton's, on his originality in treating even commonplace as rich and racy as Montaigne's, on his aphorisms as piercing and pithy as Tacitus and Bacon's, on his majestic eloquence, soaring as high as Plato's or Jeremy Taylor's when their wing is strongest? This, all this, will his lovers claim for him, but deeper still lies the subtle charm of his genius. The man, says Goethe, is always greater than his works, and never did literary expression less reflect the breathing soul than in Browne's style. Not a thought that weighs like lead on the solitary thinker but weighed heavily on him, and cruel were the agonies he struggled through; he has told us all about them in that strange diction of his, with the garrulous simplicity of a child, but he conquered, he says, on his knees. He might "count the world not an inn, but an hospital, not a place to live but to die in," but he learnt to "return to his Creator the duty of a devout and learned admiration." In the active practice of his profession he saw, as a philosopher, much of human weakness, as a physician much of human suffering; but the duties of the physician he tempered with the liberal sympathies of a Christian philosopher. With his hand on the patient's pulse—they are his own words—he could not help thinking of his soul, and "forgot his province." At the age of seventy-seven, leaving posterity the precious legacy of his writings, he ceased to be mortal, "ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever and as content with six feet as with the moles of Adrianus."

We have other names to mention, but Browne was the prince of literary physicians. In striking contrast to him stands Bernard Mandeville, who scandalised the hypocrites of the eighteenth century by his paradoxical work entitled 'The Fable of the Bees.' He is not read now so much as he used to be, but in nervous vigor, irony, logic, and satire he is not unworthy of comparison with his brother cynic, Swift. His opinion of his fellow-creatures is not encouraging; perhaps his professional experiences furnished him with the hint for his great doctrine, that private vices are public benefits.

The treatises of Dr. Charleton—we beg his pardon for not mentioning him before—are now chiefly remembered from Dryden's allusion to one of them, though his 'Brief Discourses concerning the different arts of Men' has pointed many a paragraph in modern social essays, for which the judicious plagiarist has had the credit. Never did a more accomplished or more lovable man pen a prescription than the once famous Dr. Samuel Garth, the friend of Dryden, Pope, and Steele, the noble philanthropist, who, when at the top of his profession, "practised among the poor for nothing," the scholarly translator of Ovid, the ingenious author of one of the best mock heroic poems in Europe, the poet who passed the heroic couplet perfect into the hands of Pope. Alas for human fame, who now turns over the

deserted pages of 'The Dispensary'? and yet it contains lines which would do credit to the highest names in literature.

But Garth was not the first poet-physician. That honor must be claimed by Dr. Andrew Borde, whose dismal lucubrations lulled the ears of the good people in Henry VIII.'s reign. His 'Breviary of Health' is not exhilarating, yet he could tell a good tale as well as any one, and he has the doubtful honor of being the Christian name of the original of the term "Merry Andrew," as another physician, Paracelsus, has furnished us with the term bombast. Over Dr. Thomas Lodge we must pause for a moment. His 'Fig for Momus' is one of the earliest series of satires in our language; some of his lyrics are divine (turn, reader, to his stanzas on 'Beauty' and to 'Rosalynde's Madrigal'), and his pretty prose-tale 'Rosalynde; or, Euphue's Golden Legacy,' had the honor of furnishing Shakespeare with the plot of 'As You Like It.' One would like to have known something, by the way, of Shakespeare's son-in-law, Dr. Hall, for if he wrote the epitaphs attributed to him in Stratford Church he must have been a man of no ordinary accomplishments. Nor must we pass unnoticed that indefatigable physician, Philemon Holland, who though no poet himself was the cause of poetry in others. This unwearied scholar was not only a practising physician, but a schoolmaster as well, and managed in the intervals of his double vocation to present the world with complete versions of 'Livy,' Pliny's 'Natural History,' Plutarch's 'Morals,' Suetonius's 'Lives of the Cæsars,' Ammianus Marcellinus, Xenophon's 'Cyropædia,' and Camden's 'Britannia,' with other works beside! He died, in his prime so to speak, aged eighty-six, having never had occasion to wear spectacles, and meditating other translations. Truly they were giants in those days; if Hygeia hid her secrets, she revealed her presence. Perhaps the faculty have no great reason to be proud of the irrepressible Sir Richard Blackmore, who, undismayed by the savage onslaughts first of Dryden and subsequently of Pope, complacently produced poems as fast as the world forgot them. His 'Prince Arthur,' his 'Alfred,' and his 'Eliza' were given up even by his admirers, but his 'Creation' was considered by Dennis superior to the 'De Rerum Naturâ,' was described by Addison as one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse, and has elicited a warm eulogy from Dr. Johnson. Let those read it who can. Most of poor Blackmore's lucubrations, as he loved to call them, were written in his coach while he was hurrying from patient to patient—or, as Pope maliciously puts it, "written to the rumbling of his chariot wheels." What Blackmore was in verse that was Sir John Hill in prose. To us this unwearied scribbler—who among other things had tried his hand at writing farces—is best known by Garrick's epigram,

"For physic and farces his equal there scarce is,
For his farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

Yet he began well with a translation of Theophrastus's 'Treatise on Gems,' and his 'Vegetable System,' in twenty-six folios, representing no less than twenty-six thousand figures or plants drawn from nature, deserves the gratitude of botanists. His squabbles with the Royal Society, with Fielding, Smart, and others amused the literary world of London for many years. Poor Christopher Smart gave it him well in a satire (the 'Hilliad'),* which is still worth reading, and from which Disraeli gives some amusing extracts. Essays, farces, novels, epigrams, libels, dissertations, learned treatises, scurrilous pamphlets, letters, and even sermons flowed in unbroken succession from Hill's facile pen, and a catalogue of his writings would be the catalogue of no inconsiderable library. His proper place, however, was and now is with his brother quack who disgraced another profession — Orator Henley. It is a relief to turn to Dr. Arbuthnot, of whose splendid genius and sweet temper Swift, niggard in praise though he was, could say to Pope, "He has more wit than we all have, and his

* Describing him in these complimentary lines:

"On mere privation she (Nature) bestow'd a frame,
And dignified a nothing with a name,
A wretch devoid of use, of sense, of grace,
The insolvent tenant of encumber'd space!"

humanity is equal to his wit." Those who can relish polished satire, delicate and exquisite humor, will turn again and again to the shabby old volumes, guiltless as yet of reprint, which contain 'The History of John Bull,' 'The Treatise Concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients,' and 'The Art of Political Lying.' There probably never existed an author more careless about literary distinction; Pope and Swift had during his lifetime, and have had ever since, the credit of having produced much of Arbuthnot's best and most characteristic work. We are for instance as confident that Arbuthnot wrote the introduction and opening chapters of Martinus Scriblerus as if we had seen the letters wet from his pen. There is no mistaking his touch, and yet every one goes on assigning those masterly pages to Swift or Pope. As a man this humorist-physician seems to have approached perfection as nearly as was ever permitted to our erring race. Well might the arch cynic exclaim when Arbuthnot's placid and benevolent figure, noble heart, and guileless life came up before his memory, "If the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my 'Gulliver's Travels.'"

There was another future physician, "whose humanity was equal to his wit," romping along Irish lanes when Arbuthnot was passing to his rest down the dark road which he had brightened for so many—for was not Oliver Goldsmith an M.D.? But whither are we straying? Cowley's slighted ghost whispers that he too—"the darling of Dryden's youth"—the Pindar of England, "the lord of the metaphysical school," the most fascinating of English essayists, was one of the faculty. He did not get much practice, we are told: he probably preferred the fields of Chertsey and the pleasant rooms of the Royal Society—where he could pick up the Reverend Mr. Sprat for an evening's carouse—to the sick-chamber and the querulous patient. Lovers of Italian poetry will not forget to couple with Cowley Francis Redi, whose 'Bacco in Toscana' is one of the most delightful "Pindarics" in the world. He was for many years Court physician to Ferdinand II. and Cosmo III. Returning now to the eighteenth century, we must not omit Dr. Mark Akenside, the author of 'The Pleasures of Imagination,' a poem which must always rank among the gems of didactic poetry—a haughty and scholarly soul, one of the few poets of the eighteenth century who had drunk deep at Greek fountains. Had he not frittered away his genius in writing tame lyrics, and had he devoted himself to satire, he might have rivalled the masterpieces of Juvenal and Dryden; so thought Macaulay, and so will think every one who turns to the picture of Pulteney, mangled and battered in the ruthless couplets of 'Curio.' Akenside's blank verse is charming, and we shall have to go back to the Elizabethan masters to find anything so plastic, so richly cadenced, so variously harmonious. His 'Inscriptions' and his 'Hymn to the Naides' are more thoroughly Hellenic than anything English literature had to show since Milton. We wonder they are not selected for translations at the Universities. He appears to have been more successful as a poet than as a medical practitioner, and one of the retorts he got from a recalcitrant patient is worth recording. "Doctor," said the wag, "after all your remarks, my opinion of your profession is this: the ancients endeavored to make it a science and failed, and the moderns to make it a trade and succeeded." Smollett ungratefully introduced him in 'Peregrine Pickle' as Dr. Smelfungus.

Contemporary with Akenside, and intimately acquainted with him, was Dr. Armstrong, whose taciturnity has been immortalised by Thomson, whose surliness and cynicism seem to have furnished Abernethy with a model, and whose genius is evinced in 'The Art of Preserving Health.' He began his career with 'The Economy of Love,' a poem which speaks more for his honesty than for his tact and delicacy. Besides his *chef-d'œuvre* just alluded to—a poem which in spite of its prolixity abounds in really eloquent passages—he produced a volume of essays, a number of medical treatises, and several miscellaneous pieces. He favored the public also with some verses which he was pleased to call 'Imitations of Shakespeare.'

Next on our list stands Dr. James Grainger, whose ode on Solitude, praised so highly by Johnson, who paid

the author the high compliment of repeating "with great energy" the exordium, was also one of the favorite poems of Nathaniel Hawthorne. His didactic poem 'The Sugar Cane' has gone the way of his friend Smart's 'Hop Garden.' It is a curious monument of the misplaced ingenuity of the eighteenth century. Addison observes of Virgil that he tosses about his manure with an air of majesty, and poor Grainger's attempts to be majestic over receipts for a compost of weeds, mould and stale, and over the symptoms and cure of the yaws, his bathetic line, "Now, Muse, let's sing of rats," was too much for the gravity of a polite circle at Sir Joshua Reynolds's who had been assembled to hear the poet read his manuscript. His description, however, of a hurricane and earthquake, and his episodic tale of Junio and Theana, have been justly commended by Chalmers, but 'The Sugar Cane' has, we fear, sunk below extracts. His version of Tibullus is sometimes happy, though what poetical powers he had were probably quenched by hack-work and professional struggles. He died at St. Christopher's in December 1767. In Tobias Smollett Medicine must recognise one of its brightest literary ornaments, and his admirers are not likely to complain of the neglect of their favorite, though since Dickens made his appearance it may be questioned whether there is any one who could, like Porson, repeat whole scenes from his novels. Dickens's more refined humor has spoiled us for the coarser and more homely work of the Scotch surgeon, yet is the day far distant when Strap, and Pipes, and Commodore Trunnion, and Bowling, and Lismahago, and Mathew Bramble shall cease to charm. What wondrous vitality this man must have had, what hardships he struggled through, proudly and silently. No wonder he wagged a bitter tongue, and wielded an irritable and caustic pen. He knew men far too well to respect them, though one could have wished that there had been a little more of the generous tolerance, the higher tone, the nobler spirit of Henry Fielding, in his rough transcripts from life. There goes a story that he once went to visit his mother in disguise after a period of long absence, and that she recognised him by "his old roguish smile." It is this roguish smile that lights up every page of his writings, plays over all the sordid scenes and dismal holes in which his genius too often loves to linger. He died world-worn, exhausted, at Leghorn in 1781, aged only fifty-one. Could he have held out for a year or two longer he would have ended his toilsome days—and his arduous struggles with poverty—on a handsome estate in the enjoyment of a handsome competence. Six years before Smollett died there passed away another physician whose memory is still preserved at Cambridge by the medals given annually for Greek and Latin Odes and Epigrams; this was Sir William Browne. In all the annals of eccentricity it would be difficult to find his match. He was an excellent scholar, and is the author of numberless treatises on literary, political, and scientific subjects. When Foote introduced him in his 'Devil upon Two Sticks,' and made him the laughing-stock of half London, instead of being offended the good doctor sent the cruel wag a card complimenting him on his successful caricature, but adding that, as he had forgotten his muff, he took the liberty of sending him the very one he wore, to complete the resemblance. In his will, which was written in a medley of Greek, Latin, and English, his devotion to Horace is singularly illustrated. "On my coffin when in the grave I desire may be deposited in its leather-case my pocket Elzevir Horace —Comes viæ vitæque dulcis at utilis, worn out with and by me." He used to say that he preferred St. Luke to all the Evangelists, because of the purity of his Greek, and he made no doubt that Dr. Friend was quite right when he asserted that this purity arose from the Apostle's professional familiarity with the writings of the Greek physician. Towards the end of the eighteenth century another physician was beginning his literary career at Lichfield—Dr. Erasmus Darwin, once one of the most popular poets in England. In some respects a foolish and eccentric man, he yet managed to accomplish a good deal of solid work in the seventy years during which he wrote and practised. His 'Botanic Garden' and 'Loves of the Plants,' his miscellaneous pieces, and

his 'Temple of Nature,' are poems full of splendid and sonorous declamation, and are perhaps the most successful attempts to embody the truths of science in verse which have ever been made in English. His high-flown and extravagant style was inimitably parodied by Canning and Frere in the 'Loves of the Triangles,' but it ought not to be forgotten that from this poet-doctor Campbell learned the principles of his versification. His great, his damning defect is his want of variety and repose: like Claudian, he cloys by his monotonous sweetness; like Gibbon and Macaulay, he wearies by his unrelieved brilliance. Nor must we forget Dr. John Moore—the father of the hero of Corunna. His voluminous works are now almost forgotten—yet two of them at least scarcely deserve such a fate. In his 'Zeluco' he illustrates with no common power the eternal truth that vice is but gilded woe, and that in spite of all appearances to the contrary the prosperity of the scoundrel is hollow and unreal; in another novel, 'Edward,' he reverses the picture: they are both drawn from the life, and are the fruits, it is easy to see, of minute personal observation operating on exceptionally wide experience. In John Leyden, another surgeon, Sir William Jones might have found a rival in Oriental lore, and English literature lost a graceful and accomplished poet. We have often thought that Sir Walter Scott's memoir of this young scholar—who died before his time at Batavia, in Java, August 28, 1811, is the most delightful of his miscellaneous works. Everybody knows the lines in 'The Lord of the Isles':

> "Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
> That loved the light of song to pour:
> A distant and a deadly shore
> Has Leyden's cold remains."

Dr. Walcot, better known as Peter Pindar, very soon exchanged medicine for preaching, though he appears to have been equally unsuccessful in both. The doctor had a living presented to him in Jamaica, by his patron Sir William Trelawny, but he soon "emptied the church." He used to give his congregation ten minutes, and when after that time no one appeared, he and his clerk would betake themselves to the sea-shore to shoot ring-tailed pigeons. He lies quiet enough now in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, but for many years he poured out series after series of libels and satires which have no parallel for venomous scurrility, coarse and boisterous humor, audacious invective, and manifold ability. They used to make poor George III. and all good Tories shake in their shoes. In striking contrast to this witty reprobate stand those respectable physicians — Mason Good, Beddoes, Currie, and Madden—who contributed much interesting matter to miscellaneous literature. The first translated Lucretius into blank verse; the second was the author of the once famous essay on Health; the third was the first to introduce Robert Burns to the notice of the English public; and the fourth wrote an interesting work on the 'Infirmities of Men of Genius.' Bonnel Thornton, the translator of Plautus, and the author of some of the best papers in the *Connoisseur*, deserves notice, and so also does the learned and indefatigable Dr. Aikin. John Locke, Crabbe, and Keats prepared themselves for surgeons, and so consequently form links in the golden chain, and Lever and Samuel Warren also walked the hospitals. Nor must we forget that Sainte-Beuve, the prince of French critics, is also to be numbered among the votaries of Medicine.

But there is another point at which the two professions touch, and this forms one of the most pleasing passages in the annals of literature; we mean the relationship between men of genius so often stricken with bodily ailments, and those whose care and duty it is "to stand between man and his doom." Who can forget Dryden's grateful acknowledgment of the services of Hobbes and Guibbons? or Cheselden's goodness to Pope? or Meade's to Gay? or Arbuthnot's to every literary man with whom he came into contact. "There is no end of my kind treatment from the faculty," writes Pope, a few weeks before he died; "they are in general the most amiable companions, and the best friends as well as most learned men I know."

Brocklesby's tender and devoted attention to Johnson and Burke was as honorable to the faculty as to literature. He even offered, in his noble admiration of

Johnson, to take his irritable patient into his own house; and listen, reader, to Johnson's dignified compliment to medicine—was it not ample fee?—

"Whether what Temple says be true, that physicians have had more learning than the other faculties, I will not stay to inquire, but I believe every man has found in physicians great liberality and dignity of sentiment, very prompt effusion of beneficence, and willingness to exert a lucrative art where there is no hope of lucre."

Steele had many acquaintances, but he never had a truer friend than Samuel Garth, M.D. It was to his doctor friend that he dedicated 'The Lover.' What a beautiful and touching testimony is this to the humanity of the accomplished physician:

"We forgive you that our mirth is often insipid to you, while you sit absent to what passes amongst us from your care of such as languish in sickness. We are sensible that their distresses, instead of being removed by company, return more strongly to your imagination by comparison of their condition to the jollities of health."

The best friend poor Chatterton ever had was the kind Bristol surgeon. Dr. Cotton's 'Visions' have dropt into oblivion, but Cowper's acknowledgment of his skill and care will give the physician of St. Albans his passport to immortality; and as long as 'Pendennis' shall be read, so long will the name of Dr. John Elliotson be deathless. — *Temple Bar.*

FLOWERS AND THEIR UNBIDDEN GUESTS.

THOSE who are familiar with Mr. Darwin's charming work on the *Fertilisation of Orchids*, and who have watched the progress of physiological botany since its publication in 1862, cannot fail to be struck with the abundance of evidence which has been adduced in support of his broad generalisation, that 'Nature abhors perpetual self-fertilisation.' In the vegetable world, observation has been constantly accumulating proof of the necessity of intercrossing with independent sources of life for the preservation and multiplication of species.

Self-fertilisation, it may be here mentioned, lies in the production of fruitful germs by a single flower. Cross-fertilisation implies the production of similar germs from different flowers of the same species; and this necessitates the transference of the pollen from the anthers of one flower to the stigma of another. The chief agents in this work of cross-fertilisation, which is essential to the health and vigor of plants, are insects. Variety of form, and brilliancy of color, and richness of odor in flowers are not provided only for the gratification of man. They have higher ends to serve in the economy of nature; and, except in the realms of poetical imagination, no flower is ever 'born to blush unseen,' or 'waste its sweetness on the desert air.' Attracted by their bright colors and sweet scents, insects feed upon the nectar which is secreted within the blossoms, and so become the means of transporting the pollen from flower to flower; and the contrivances by which they are induced to visit the nectaries, and thus secure the processes of fertilisation, are alike manifold and wonderful.

Nature, however, must furnish means of protection as well as of attraction. There are multitudes of insects which would prove highly injurious to flowers, by robbing them of their nectar without conferring any corresponding benefit in the work of fertilisation. The blossoms, therefore, must be protected from such visitants; and that many curious contrivances exist for the exclusion of these unwelcome guests recent observations have shown. As Darwin opened up a new and unexplored region by his observations on the attractive properties of flowers, so Dr. Kerner of Innsbrück, in a recent work on *Flowers and their Unbidden Guests* has introduced us to a new field for interesting research, by pointing out some of the curious contrivances of Nature for guarding her treasures against the inroads of such insects as would effect only useless plunder. The questions which are opened up by the study of such contrivances have wider bearings than any which have yet been followed out; such as the influence of structural development upon the variation of species, and consequently upon natural selection. Of this we may rest

assured, that no morphological characters are without some functional significance in the path of natural progress. But more extended observations on the biology of plants must be made before any very certain conclusions on such subjects can be reached. The chief result of Dr. Kerner's delightful work is to show that as the presence of nectar in a flower furnishes conclusive evidence of cross-fertilisation through the agency of animal life, so, almost as certainly, will there be found some contrivances by which the nectar is preserved from attacks that would prove injurious to the continuance of the species.

It may not be out of place here to remind our readers that they need not be deterred from the observation of these contrivances by the fear of scientific lore. The mastery of a few simple terms and details of botanical structure, with the aid of the beautiful plates which accompany Dr. Kerner's work, will enable the most unlearned to prosecute such investigations with ease, while the pleasure of their summer rambles will be enhanced a thousandfold.

Some idea of the value of protective agencies may be formed by considering the extreme delicacy of many of the floral organs which are engaged in the work of fertilisation. Leaves are no less essential than flowers to the continuation of a plant's existence, for in them are formed the materials for the flower. A leaf, however, may be damaged by being partially eaten, or may undergo change by the production of galls, without any fatal effect to the whole. In the case of the organs within the blossom, their delicacy is such that the smallest change in size or shape, or the slightest disturbance through external influences, during the period of fertilisation, may render the whole apparatus powerless to effect its purpose. In the common Louse-wort (*Pedicularis*), for example, when fertilisation takes place in the individual flower, the result seems to depend upon a single movement of the corolla. The upper petals of this flower form a beak-shaped tube, in which the dusty pollen will be found at the end of the blossoming period. The fertilisation then depends upon an angular movement of the corolla, by which the pollen is rolled upward through the tube to the stigma. This angular movement must be of definite strength to accomplish its purpose, and this would be rendered impossible, if the corolla were in any way injured or disturbed during the flowering period. Hence the necessity of protection from the injurious influences of weather or the attacks of animals. In many species of plants the fatal effects, which would result from extensive destruction of leaves by animals, are guarded against by the presence of alkaloids, and other chemical compounds in the cellular juice, rendering them unpalatable. Many of the larger grazing animals would sooner go without food than touch the leaves of these plants. Of the plants which form the staple food of herbivorous animals, there will always be a sufficiency to secure their continuance after animal wants have been supplied; but the question of leaf-preservation is of importance in its bearing upon flowers, inasmuch as these are developed from the materials which the leaves supply.

It is in flowers, however, that the most varied contrivances, for the preservation of their organs against the attacks of animals of all kinds, are to be found. In some we find the result obtained by the secretion of distasteful substances, such as alkaloids, resins, and ethereal oils. It is remarkable that, as a rule, herbivorous animals have a distaste for flowers. Any one may observe how carefully cattle and sheep avoid plucking most of the flowers which abound in their pasturage. The beauty of the blossoms has no attraction for them. The richness of the odors seems only to repel them. It is worthy of note, however, that it is only when the flowers are fresh that they are thus carefully avoided by ruminant animals. When their work is done and they are dried up, the chemical compounds which protected them in the field are either volatilized, or so changed that they lose their scent, and, mixed with hay, they are readily eaten. While, however, the ethereal oils which abound in flowers render them repulsive to grazing animals, they serve to attract others, especially insects, whose visits are needful for the work of cross-fertilisation.

Wingless animals are in all circumstances unwelcome guests to flowers. They reach the blossoms only by climb-

ing; and even if they did no harm to its organs while sucking the nectar, they frequently could not reach the flower of another plant without descending and crawling along the ground. This process, besides involving waste of time, would expose the pollen attached to them to the risk of being rubbed off, or destroyed by contact with soil or moisture. Moreover, these insects pay no heed to the kind of flowers which they visit. They pass from one to another indiscriminately, and it would thus be by mere chance that the pollen would reach another flower of the same species. It is a very remarkable fact that the winged insects which do the work of cross-fertilisation confine themselves, in their rapid flight from flower to flower, to blossoms of the same species. The bee, for instance, will confine itself during a single journey to the flowers of one and the same species, and never seems tempted to turn to others till it has returned to the hive with its spoil.

The most unwelcome, and yet the greediest of wingless insects, are ants. They are gifted with exceptional powers of smell, and are therefore attracted to any sweet substance from a great distance. Dr. Kerner relates an interesting example of this. In the house of one of his colleagues at Innsbrück, some dried pears which were laid upon the ground-floor were immediately attacked by ants. To prevent their interference, the pears were transferred to a room on the second story; but the following day the ants were busy at work. On investigation it was found that they had made their way up-stairs by means of a bell-wire, which communicated with the garden, and passed by the window of the room in which the pears were deposited. These busy little creatures, moreover, do not suspend their activity during the night, as is proved by observations on night-blooming flowers, while their perseverance is only equalled by their industry.

To prevent the useless depredations of such insects, numerous protective contrivances exist. For instance, in *Phygelius Capensis*, a Cape flower which is rich in nectar, all access to the coveted food during the process of fertilisation is rendered impossible to insects like ants by the ovary forming, as it were, a plug at the base of the tubular corolla, while stronger insects can without difficulty insert their probosces into the nectar pits. But so soon as fertilisation takes place and the flowers fall off, the obstruction is removed, and the ants are free to avail themselves of the nectar, which they do greedily. The common *Antirrhinum* furnishes a more familiar example of such mechanical protection. Here it is secured simply by the closure of the lips of the corolla. They remain closed so long as the stigma is not fertilised; and while bees can easily effect an entrance by forcing open the compressed lips, such insects as ants are effectually excluded. So soon, however, as the stigma has been covered with pollen, the tension of the corolla is relaxed, the lips separate, and the ants are free to carry off the nectar as they please.

The visits of such insects are generally prevented by the secretion, on various parts of the plant, of a viscid substance, which bars their passage in attempting to reach the flowers. Stems and leaves, flower-stalks and bracts, and frequently the calyx, the external sheath of the flower itself, afford protection in this way. The Rock-lychnis (*Lychnis viscaria*) and the beautiful Butter-wort (*Pinguicula vulgaris*) may serve as illustrations. Various ends are served by such secretions; and in the case of *Pinguicula*, when we remember that it is one of the insect-eating plants, we can scarcely agree with Dr. Kerner in regarding the viscid secretion on its leaves as having, for its 'primary function,' the exclusion of insects from the flower. This, however, is not the least important of its functions. By its stickiness it forms an effectual trap to prevent their upward progress. Of other wingless insects, among the most formidable, from the extraordinary rapidity with which they multiply, are Aphides. Every cultivator of roses knows too well what the 'green-fly' means. These little creatures will be found swarming on the under-sides of leaves, on flower-stalks, and even on the exterior of the flowers; but fortunately they are rarely to be found within the blossoms, whose juicy tissue they would speedily pierce and destroy. With soft bodies and long delicate limbs, they avoid all except smooth surfaces. Bristles or hairs form a sufficient barrier against their attacks.

Another set of guests which are unwelcome to flowers, because useless for the purposes of cross-fertilisation, are soft-bodied animals, such as snails, slugs, and caterpillars. Viscid secretions would not be effectual in excluding these visitants, especially snails, which can easily overcome the obstruction by coating the sticky surface with their own slime. An effectual bar to the approach of such animals is secured by thorns, prickles, and bristles. They are at once repelled by any sharp point coming in contact with their bodies. The arrangement of these means of defence is sometimes striking in adaptation. While thorns, which protect the leaves behind them, are pointed horizontally or in an ascending direction, an array of prickles and bristles on various parts of the plant will be found pointing downwards, so as to prevent the ascent of animals which crawl from beneath. The individual flower-heads of composite species, such as thistles, furnish familiar examples; and it will generally be found that the accumulations of these obstacles are greater the nearer the approach to the flower-head. In many plants whose stems and leaves are perfectly smooth, the involucre, or combination of bracts which surround the flower, is fully furnished with such means of defence.

The protective appliances which we have hitherto noticed have had in view the exclusion of animals which creep upward, and are therefore developed on the path which they must tread. But flowers are exposed to the visits of numberless flying insects, which are too small to effect any good purpose in the process of fertilisation. We find, therefore, that inside the flowers themselves there are numerous provisions for the exclusion of such guests. These generally consist of soft hair-like formations (*trichomes*), developed in various forms on different portions of the floral organs. One of the most striking of these formations is a circular collection of hairs having the free ends pointed inwards, yet so arranged as to leave an aperture, through which larger insects may thrust their probosces in reaching the nectar. These circular arrangements have been termed 'weels,' from their resemblance to the so-called wicker baskets which are used by fishermen for catching eels. In the Dead-nettle (*Lamium*), in most species of Speedwell (*Veronica*), in Passion-flowers, and in Lilies, these formations may easily be observed. In various positions and arrangements, as may be necessary for protecting the organs of fructification, these hair-like processes are developed within the blossoms, forming weels, nets, trellises, lattices, or fringes of countless forms and of marvellous beauty. The same ends are served by the peculiar formation of different parts of the flower. These are often manifestly designed to protect the nectar from the ravages of unwelcome guests. They are curved or dilated, laminated or arched, thickened or constricted, forming grooves, tubes, tubercles, chambers, pouches, 'in such endless variety of form as to render it a difficult task to give a general view of them.'

A very remarkable provision of Nature in the case of night-blooming flowers consists in a temporary suspension of the functions of parts which serve to attract insects. During the sunshine they are safe from the attacks of enemies; while with evening, these functions resume their activity, and allure the insects that search for nectar after sunset. The coloration of these night-blooming flowers is peculiar. In the daytime, insects are doubtless attracted by variety of color as well as by scent, and there can be no doubt that they discriminate colors. Sir John Lubbock has shown that this is the case with bees. He placed some honey upon slips of glass, with paper of various colors underneath them. After he had accustomed the bees for a time to find the honey upon the blue glass, he washed it clean, and placed the honey upon the red glass instead. The bees on returning did not fly at once to the red glass, as they should have done if they had been guided alone by the sense of smell. They went first to the blue glass, and it was only after they failed to find a supply on the accustomed color, that they sought it elsewhere. Variety of color would be useless in the twilight or during the night; and therefore among flowers which blossom after sunset, the inner surface of the petals is simply white, the outer surface being of some inconspicuous color, as greenish-brown, dirty yellow, or ash-gray. Dur-

ing the daytime, when these flowers are closed, they remain unobserved, appearing as if withered ; while in the evening, when open, their white petals render them distinctly visible.

Dr. Kerner has made several night-blooming species of *Silene* a special study. In these plants each flower generally lasts three days and three nights. During the day they are curled up, and appear as if wrinkled and withered ; but as soon as evening approaches the wrinkles disappear, the petals become smooth, the flowers unfold in all their freshness ; and during the period of fertilisation, their internal organs fulfil their functions in exact correspondence with the opening and shutting of the corolla. In the daytime these flowers are entirely destitute of fragrance ; but in the evening, simultaneously with the opening of their petals, they exhale a rich odor. They are safe, therefore, from the attacks of enemies during the sunshine ; while their viscid footstalks protect them from such wingless visitants as might be disposed to find them out at night. By this temporary suspension of function they are reserved for the visits of insects, which prove useful in promoting the great ends of cross-fertilisation.

Many of the peculiarities of structure to which we have referred have other ends to serve than those indicated. For instance, minute prickles, and bristles, and hair-like trichomes, as well as peculiarities of formation in various parts of the blossom, fulfil the function of what Dr. Kerner calls 'path-pointers.' The benefit or injury which may result to a flower from visits of insects which promote the work of cross-fertilisation, depends upon the mode of their entrance. If they should reach the nectar without coming in contact with the organs of fructification, there would be manifestly useless waste. To prevent this, many contrivances exist. In one species of *Pedicularis*, for example, a groove, bordered on each side by a swelling, runs along the median line of the lower lip of the corolla. To effect fertilisation, the bee must pass its proboscis down this groove in reaching the nectar ; for only in this manner can it cause the upper lip to incline forward, so that the pollen may fall out of the anthers, and the stigma be brought into contact with its body. Should the bee insert its proboscis higher up, above the groove, this motion of the corolla could not take place, and the mechanism by which fertilisation is secured would not be brought into play. To secure this object, therefore, the upper lip is studded with small sharp teeth which compel the bee to find an entrance in the only way which can effect the process of fertilisation.

Many other interesting examples might be quoted. Enough, however, has been said to indicate the interest of such investigations. Oftentimes our interpretation of the designs and secrets of Nature may fail in accuracy, and generalisations may require to be modified ; but we should remember that, without careful observation of processes and patient accumulation of facts, we cannot reach a higher and truer appreciation of her marvellous laws. The humblest observer of the flowers of the field may take part in such investigations, and find pleasure in adding to the stores of our knowledge, regarding the many wonderful appliances by which Nature secures the fertilisation and the preservation of her species. 'The beauty and the poetry of flowers,' as Darwin truly says, 'will not be at all lessened to the general observer' by investigation of the minute details of structure, and observation of the multiplicity of means by which Nature accomplishes her ends. —*Chambers's Journal.*

THE MELANCHOLY OF THE EDUCATED ENGLISH.

We published some months since two articles, in one of which it was maintained and in another denied that, owing to the intellectual circumstances of the age, there was every probability of a positive decrease in the joy, or gladness, or capacity of mirth within the Western world. The articles were doubtless read and forgotten as such things are, but it was noteworthy that the disputants, differing on all else, admitted, as a fact, a certain increase in the heaviness or

gloom of the present intellectual atmosphere. To-day, glancing over the endless magazines as they stream in, almost too many to read, and far too thought-stimulating to enjoy, we have been struck with two efforts, made by two literary men, in two widely different modes, to state and explain their own conviction that the more oppressive or melancholy view is the truer one. Mr. James Payn, in prose, through the *Nineteenth Century*, and Mr. H. D. Traill in a poem, in the new magazine, *Time*, express in very different ways the self-same thought,—that melancholy is in our time increasing, till mirth is dead, and till the more cultivated, the more enlightened, the more thoughtful a man may be, the less he can retain any of the old buoyancy and boyishness of spirit, the old capacity for laughter, and enjoyment, and boisterousness of mood. Mr. Payn gives his opinion as that of the landlord of a "Midway Inn," who watched the old guests and watches the new, and finds that they are changed :—

"There is now no fun in the world. Wit we have, and an abundance of grim humor, which evokes anything but mirth. Nothing would astonish us in the Midway Inn so much as a peal of laughter. A great writer (though it must be confessed scarcely an amusing one), who has recently reached his journey's end, used to describe his animal spirits depreciatingly, as being at the best but vegetable spirits. And that is now the way with us all. When Charles Dickens died, it was confidently stated in a great literary journal that his loss, so far from affecting 'the gaiety of nations,' would scarcely be felt at all; the power of rousing tears and laughter being (I suppose the writer thought) so very common. That prophecy has been by no means fulfilled. But what is far worse than there being no humorous writers amongst us, the faculty of appreciating even the old ones is dying out. There is no such thing as high-spirits anywhere."

The desire to be "out of it all" increases, Mr. Payn says, fast, till old age is no longer looked forward to with pleasure. So strongly does he feel the prevalence of this weariness, that he even derives from it a theory to the disadvantage of his own *métier*, which is that of writing novels, not, we fear, first-rate, though they have something separate in them, suggesting that the "enormous and increasing popularity of fiction" is due to the willingness of readers to find themselves "anywhere, anywhere out of a world" which wearies and vexes and perplexes them to death, not because, as the writer in the *Spectator* held, of any overplus of sympathy for distant suffering, but because they know too much, yet have no certainty about anything, and especially no certainty about the future. Hell and heaven, even if still believed in, have lost their terrors and their attractions. The fear of hell is gone, and the hope of heaven is being outgrown, as the "schoolboy finds his paradise no more in home." "The attractions of the place," says Mr. Payn, who, it is evident from the context, has no intention to be irreverent, "are dying out, like those of Bath or Cheltenham." The guests at the Midway Inn are very, very weary, even of their rest. Mr. Traill tells us the same thing, and one more thing in verse, which, though it would hardly have been written had Mr. Fitzgerald never translated Omar Khayyam, is nevertheless very fine :—

"Vainly the farce of gaiety is played ;
Death smiles sardonic on the poor parade ;
Nor can our hollow laughters exorcise
That spectre whom the old-world revellers laid.

The rose they wreathed around the careless head,
The wine they poured, the perfumes that they shed,
The eyes that smiled on them, the lips they pressed,
For *us* what are they ? Faded, vapid, dead !

Dead is for us the rose we know must die ;
Long ere we drain the goblet it is dry ;
And even as we kiss, the distant grave
Chills the warm lip and dims the lustrous eye!

Too far our race has journeyed from its birth ;
Too far Death casts his shadow o'er the earth.
Ah, what remains to strengthen and support
Our hearts, since they have lost the trick of mirth ?

The stay of fortitude ? The lofty pride
Wherewith the sages of the Porch denied
That pain and death are evils, and proclaimed
Lawful the exit of the suicide ?

Alas, not so ! No Stoic calm is ours ;
We dread the thorns who joy not in the flowers.
We dare not breathe the mountain-air of Pain,
Droop as we may in Pleasure's stifling bowers.

What profits it, if here and there we see
A spirit nerved by trust in God's decree,
Who fronts the grave in firmness of the faith
Taught by the Carpenter of Galilee?

Who needs not wine nor roses, lute nor lyre,
Scorns life, or quits it by the gate of fire,
Erect and fearless—what is that to us
Who hold him for the dupe of vain desire?

Can we who wake enjoy the dreamer's dream?
Will the parched treeless waste less hideous seem
Because there shines before some foolish eyes
Mirage of waving wood and silver stream?"

The sixth verse in our quotation is the best as well as the saddest of all, and rounds-off the tale of melancholy with a touch which we had half-forgotten.' With the loss of the capacity of enjoyment there has come no loss of the sybarite shrinking from pain, and Clubmen to-day are no more Stoics than they are Christians.

The two utterances, neither of which will perhaps strike our readers as powerfully as both have struck ourselves, are the more remarkable, because they both come, not from idle dreamers, men sickened by continuous enjoyment of leisure, but from men of the world, immersed in affairs, and much more likely to be suffering from over-work than to be melancholy from idleness. Mr. Payn is a novelist, Mr. Traill a journalist, and neither has much cause to complain of the treatment of mankind. Yet both declare, one in numbers and one in prose, but both with an air of sincerity, that the gloom of the world they live in, this London world around us, increases, till men are so definitely less happy, that Mr. Traill says they are "in despair," and Mr. Payn that they are anxious to be "out of it all." These are exaggerated expressions no doubt, intended to produce broad literary effect; but there is, as far as our experience goes, truth in the description. The Byronic affectation of fifty years ago has no place now; men try to be sincere, even in their whinings; and the weariness, though acknowledged, is no more boasted of than a physical deformity or disqualification would be. It simply exists like fog, and the perception of its existence no more diminishes the virtues, or even the industry, of the men who perceive or feel it than the fog does. Indeed, that is the side of the matter which would most have interested and puzzled our grandfathers. They, good people! believed, what was perhaps quite true in their time, that melancholy, ennui, weariness—call it what you please—came only to the idle, and would have prescribed a good "rousing" course of work as the infallible cure; but to-day it comes chiefly to the workers, and makes men miserable who are toiling like navvies for a success or an object which, when attained, they know will be like ashes in their mouths. They fail in no diligence, no attention, and often in no self-denial; they do not seclude themselves from men; and they live, we think, on the whole, better lives than of old; yet they recognise to themselves the tastelessness of everything,—even of the critical insight from which the recognition comes. They are weary of it all, even in middle-age and when they have succeeded, so weary, that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, as Mr. Payn intimates, that were the choice in their own hands, and one which affected only themselves, they would rather avoid the long life which ancient moralists promised as one of the rewards of God to those whom he approved.

Both Mr. Traill and Mr. Payn in substance, though under different forms of words, attribute this growing melancholy mainly to the loss of a hope which sustained our fathers, and no doubt that loss involves a great loss in the capacity of joy, but the explanation will not entirely content any careful observer. It does not cover all the facts. The men of the ancient civilisations, who had often as little hope as Professor Clifford, had often also a deep joy in life; and that conjunction, entire disbelief in any other life and a high estimate of this one, is said to be a definite note of character among educated Italians. It is the root of their horror of capital punishment, a horror so deep that no considerations of public safety, however obvious, seem able to overcome it. Moreover, it is vain to snatch a victory over the sceptics, as some clergymen try to do in the pulpit, by expatiating on their melancholy, for melancholy as deep may be noted in men with whom the belief in a future state is not the result of a

balance of probabilities, but the outcome of an instinctive certainty which they could not tear out, if they would. Melancholy is as present to Ultramontanes as to any Pyrrhos of the drawing-room. Nor can we quite explain it by the hardening of the conditions of life, as Mr. Payn seems inclined to do, for on some sides at least the conditions have become less hard. There is more competition, less leisure, more strain; but there is less terror, less physical pain, or more alleviation for it, and far, very far, less oppression. Look how littérateurs like Mr. Payn and Mr. Traill lived a century and a half ago, and look how they live now! We should be much more ready to assign the disease to the development of the imagination in most men, producing a chasm between what they are, and what they would, if they could be, which they cannot bridge over,—a sort of dual self in them, in which, to use a terminology we would rather avoid, one Ego is always pricking or twitching the other Ego, till rest or peacefulness is impossible. There is a very characteristic letter from the Prince Consort to his eldest daughter, the Crown Princess of Prussia, in the new volume of his Life, about the cause of nostalgia or home-sickness, a letter full of his special thoughtfulness, and of the priggishness which hid much of his mental power :—

"I explain this hard-to-be-comprehended mental phenomenon thus. The identity of the individual is, so to speak, interrupted; and a kind of Dualism springs up by reason of this, that the *I which has been*, with all its impressions, remembrances, experiences, feelings, which were also those of youth, is attached to a particular spot, with its local and personal associations, and appears to what may be called *the new I* like a vestment of the soul which has been lost, from which nevertheless *the new I* cannot disconnect itself, because its identity is in fact continuous. Hence the painful struggle, I might almost say, spasm of the soul.

That fight between two Egos goes on very keenly in the men of whom our authors are speaking, and is one cause at least of much distressing melancholy. But we are not sure there is not another cause, too, the one which Mr. Payn endeavors, and fails, to express in the phrase "over-education." We cannot help suspecting that the cultivated, pressed by incessant advances in their knowledge, by rapid developments in their intellectual interests, by constant temptations to new *entraînements*, sometimes irresistibly strong, are beginning to feel the melancholy which springs of a disparity between their brain-muscle—to use an erroneous but much-wanted term—and the work unconsciously required of it. That is the melancholy which kills out savages. It is impossible to read the careful observations now made upon Red Indians, some South-American tribes, and all the tribes of Australia, without believing that their sadness, the sadness which affects their vital powers, is the result of contact with a civilisation which is too "strong," too perplexing, too complicated, too like an atmosphere in its steady pressure, for them to escape it, or struggle with it, or, with their untrained powers, endure it. They die sad, of too continuous excitement of the brain. Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and knowledge is over-taxing the cultivated, and especially those who lead the more excited lives of cultivation, till it is exercising the effect which over-education has upon many boys. The English cultivated do not die like the Australians, but they grow sad and weary. The brain is unconsciously fatigued till spirits disappear and the capacity of pleasure is diminished as it is by over-training. Men are jaded, in fact, and in the trainer's dialect made "stale," rather than oppressed with true melancholia. If that is true, and it must in part be true, the disease may be temporary, and pass with the generation, the next one acquiring with the effort at self-defence either some new strength, or what is more probable, a habit of indifference to the calls on their minds which will act as a protection. They will in colloquial phrase instinctively "take things easier," yield more readily and in more india-rubber fashion to the incessant impact from without. We think we perceive that tendency in the young, and though exasperating, it may yet be healthy. We can conceive no worse prospect than a gradual increase from generation to generation of the weariness of life, till cultivated Englishmen, like cultivated Russians, arrived at the conclusion that everything existing was unendurable, and nothing better was to be expected or desired.—*The Spectator*.

A COQUETTE.

SHE rambled through the meadows wide,
So richly gemmed with dew;
Her hair was bright as golden light,
Her eyes were azure blue.
And shily, there, the farmer lad
Betrayed his love and woe:—
She passed him by
With head held high,
And coldly answered "No!"

She wandered to the woodland pool,
By wild flow'rs all begirt;
She saw her beauty in its depth,
And smiled—the pretty flirt!
And there the curate told his love,
Tho' hope was almost dead;
But though she sighed,
She nought replied,
She only shook her head!

She lingered by the broad park-gate—
The old lord lingered, too:
He sought the maiden for his bride,
And knew, too, how to woo.
And though he feigned love's sad despair,
Her answer he could guess;
But could not spy
Her triumph high!—
She smiled and whispered, "Yes!"—*Temple Bar.*

GENERAL ALBERT J. MYER.

BY THE EDITOR.

ALBERT J. MYER, the subject of our portrait this month, is more commonly and widely known as "Old Probabilities," from his connection with the weather reports issued from the War Department at Washington. He was born at Newburgh, New York, on the 20th of September, 1828, was graduated at Geneva College in 1847, took the degree of M.D. at the University of Buffalo in 1851, and in 1854 was appointed assistant surgeon in the United States Army. From 1858 to 1860 he was on special duty in the Signal Service, and in the latter year was made Major and Chief Signal Officer in the army, serving in New Mexico and the Rocky Mountains till May, 1861. In June he was made Signal Officer on the staff of General Butler at Fortress Monroe, and afterward of General McClellan, and took part as Chief Signal Officer in nearly all the engagements during the peninsular campaign. In November, 1862, he took charge of the Signal Office at Washington.

Here his work was particularly valuable, and he was successively brevetted as lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general, the last being for "distinguished services in organizing, instructing, and commanding the signal corps of the army, and for its especial service October 5th, 1864," at Allatoona, Georgia. He was made Colonel and Chief Signal Officer of the army in July, 1866, and introduced a full course of study of signals at West Point and

Annapolis. By virtue of an act approved February 9th, 1870, he was charged with the special duties of the observation and giving notice by telegraph and signals of the approach and force of storms on the northern lakes and seacoast, at the military posts in the interior, and at other points in the States and Territories. He organized the Meteorological Division of the Signal Office, being assigned to duty according to his commission as brevet brigadier-general in June, 1871. By an act approved March 3, 1873, he was placed in charge of the special duties of telegraphy, etc., being authorized to establish signal stations at lighthouses and at such of the life-saving stations as are suitable for the purpose, and to connect these stations by telegraph with such points as may be necessary. In 1873 he was a delegate to the International Meteorological Congress at Vienna; and the Weather Reports issued from the Signal Office under his supervision have become famous throughout the world.

The foregoing notice is taken in the main from Appletons' "American Cyclopædia."

LITERARY NOTICES.

RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. The Fine Arts. By John Addington Symonds. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

This is the third volume of a series which, under the general title of "Renaissance in Italy," is intended by its author to furnish a connected and complete survey of Italian culture at a certain period of history. The first volume is entitled "The Age of the Despots," and deals with the politics of the period; the second is entitled "The Revival of Learning," and deals with its scholarship. These have already been published, and met with a very favorable reception in England, where the importance of the subject and the suggestiveness of Mr. Symonds's treatment of it have been cordially recognized. A fourth volume is being written on "Italian Literature," and that will conclude the series. In a Note to the American edition, the author says that "though these books taken together, and in the order planned, form one connected study, still each aims at a completeness of its own, and each can be read independently of its companions. That the author does not regard acquaintance with any one of them as essential to a profitable reading of any other has been shown by the publication of each with a separate title-page and without numeration of the volumes, while all three bear the same general heading of *Renaissance in Italy*."

By reason of this completeness and independence of each volume, the publishers in introducing the work to the American public have been enabled to select that division of it which seemed most likely to please and attract; and the third volume was chosen on account of the present American demand for works on the Fine Arts. That the choice was a judicious one will be conceded at once by every reader; for while there are many who might be indifferent to the scholastic and political aspects of even so important a period as the Renaissance, no intelligent person can fail to perceive the value of a philosophical survey of the Fine Arts during what is on the whole the most prolific and splendid epoch of their history. And Mr. Symonds's treatise has this peculiar value for the general reader, that it surveys the arts, not as in the ordinary annals and histories of art —as an independent and isolated phenomenon —but in their relation to the general culture and circumstances of the period. We venture to think that the reader can obtain from it a better idea of the reasons why art, and particularly painting, attained such preëminence and achieved such results as the typical expression of that intellectual revival or new birth known as the Renaissance, than from any other single work that has appeared in English; and, moreover, that he will get from it a more vivid and intelligible conception of the distinguishing qualities and characteristics of the different schools and artists. The minute details and long catalogues of paintings which usually enter so largely into such treatises are deliberately omitted by Mr. Symonds; but he endeavors, and we think successfully, to impress upon his readers clear ideas of the function and limitations of the several arts, and of the essential features and achievements that marked the successive steps of their development during the Renaissance period.

In his first chapter Mr. Symonds discusses the Problem of the Fine Arts, explaining the radical distinction between the art of Greece and the art of the Renaissance, the different aims and methods of Sculpture and Painting, the reasons why Painting became the supreme Italian art, and the relation of the fine arts to Christianity. In discussing this latter problem —which is declared to be "the most thorny

question offered to the understanding by the history of the Renaissance"—he points out with characteristic lucidity the inherent and inevitable antagonism between the spirit of figurative art and the spirit of Christianity—the one glorifying human life while the other contemns it,—and shows that the reason why art at the commencement of the Renaissance period became the "handmaid of religion" was that the Church compromised by embodying in its doctrine and ceremonial a vast number of Pagan or human elements which painting could set forth in form and color, and which occupied almost the exclusive attention of the earlier artists. The unforeseen result of this unnatural alliance, however, was that art gradually secularized Christianity by omitting its very pith and kernel, and restoring to humanity the sense of its own dignity and beauty. "The first step in the emancipation of the modern mind was thus taken by Art, proclaiming to men the glad tidings of their goodliness and greatness in a world of manifold enjoyment created for their use." This first chapter is far more valuable than its brevity would indicate, or than anything we have said of it would imply, and the reader who has fully mastered it has possessed himself of the most important and elementary principles that underlie all questions connected with art. A chapter each is assigned to Architecture and Sculpture; but the bulk of the volume is devoted to Painting, which, as we have said, was the supreme and typical art of the Italian Renaissance. A separate and highly interesting chapter is assigned to Michael Angelo, and another to Benvenuto Cellini, and a final chapter traces the decadence of painting to the extinction of the Renaissance impulse in the latter half of the sixteenth century.

The publishers have issued the book in handsome style, and provided it with an excellent index; and they intimate that should it meet with a reception in any degree approaching its acknowledged merits, it will be followed in due time by the other volumes of the series.

LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY. By John Burroughs. Boston: *Houghton, Osgood & Co.*

That robust, wholesome, out-of-door charm which has characterized all Mr. Burroughs' previous writings is not less distinctive of the present volume. To read him is to catch a breath of the fresh country air, to inhale the aroma of the woods, to hear the singing of birds, and to perceive with unwonted clearness the meaning of those multitudinous appeals which Nature makes to the eyes, and ears, and souls of her devotees. Modern science no longer allows any one to be oblivious of the importance of the exact observation of physical phenomena; but it is writers like Gilbert White of Selborne, old Izaak Walton, and Mr. John Burroughs who reveal to us the charm and the interest which lie in such observation. They exemplify what we may call the romance or poetry of science, strewing the arid highway of knowledge with flowers, and cheering the steps of the wayfarer with music, with visions of the curious and beautiful, and with sweet odors.

The title of "Locusts and Wild Honey" is rather an allegory than a definition; but it describes with sufficient accuracy the somewhat miscellaneous contents of the book. These consist of essays on "The Pastoral Bees," on "Sharp Eyes," on "Strawberries," and "Is it Going to Rain?" on "Speckled Trout," on "Birds and Birds," on "A Bed of Boughs," on "Birds' Nesting," and on "The Halcyon in Canada." The reader will be apt to think of these essays that the one last read is the most delightful of the series, and he will hold to this opinion, perhaps, until he begins the next; but the one which, on the whole, is the most suggestive is that on "Sharp Eyes," for in it the author reveals the secret of that wondrous art of observation which has furnished him with materials for all the rest. Some one has acutely said that there are hundreds who could not describe what they saw even after seeing it; but that there are thousands who can describe their observations, such as they are, for one who can really *see*. Mr. Burroughs is one of the few who can see; but it would be a mistake to suppose that the whole secret of his charm lies in his faculty of looking—"gazing," as he calls it. In him the alert and trained senses of the scientist are directed and interpreted by the heart and brain of a poet.

RECENT ISSUES IN APPLETON'S HANDY-VOLUME SERIES. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

The Handy-Volume Series has now attained the dimensions of a small library, and maintains the high standard of excellence and variety which its earlier issues promised. The only fault that could be found with it was that some of its volumes were too valuable for the more or less ephemeral form in which they were published; but the publishers have now obviated this objection by issuing the choicest numbers of the series in a very tasteful and inexpensive cloth binding.

Among the volumes so issued is *Ruskin on Painting*, which is substantially an abridgment of Ruskin's "Modern Painters," presenting the main argument of that work and most that is of permanent value in it, with the exception of those special discussions which could be rendered intelligible only by means of elaborate engravings. The selection of passages is preceded by a Biographical Sketch, in which will be found a brief summary or outline of Ruskin's life and character, and an appreciative estimate of his place in literature and his ser-

vices to art. This is No. 29 in the series, and No. 30 is a novelette entitled *An Accomplished Gentleman*, by Julian Sturgis, author of "John-a-Dreams." There is much delicacy and refinement of art in this story, and an almost too exquisite polish of style; but the story itself is piquant and entertaining, even if it fails to please. The accomplished gentleman whose experiences it narrates is accomplished in the Barry Lyndon sense, and the rest of the dramatis personæ are like unto him, but the satire is managed with a grace and dexterity of which Thackeray himself need not have been ashamed.—No. 31 is a reprint of *An Attic Philosopher; or a Peep at the World from a Garret*, being the Journal of a Happy Man, from the French of Emile Souvestre. This is doubtless familiar, at least by name, to the great majority of readers; but it is one of the purest gems of literature, and age has not in the slightest degree dimmed its lustre.—No. 32 is a rollicking story of adventure, by Wilkie Collins, entitled *A Rogue's Life, from his Birth to his Marriage*. It was written over twenty years ago as a contribution to "Household Words," and is now republished in a revised and improved form. Mr. Collins apologizes for "the tone of almost boisterous gayety in certain parts" by explaining that the story was written at Paris, when he had Charles Dickens for a near neighbor and a daily companion, and when his leisure hours were joyously passed with many other friends, all associated with literature and art; but he thinks "the Rogue can surely claim two merits, at least, in the eyes of the new generation: he is never serious for two moments together; and 'he doesn't take long to read.'" In point of fact the story is one of the best things that the author has written.

RUDDER GRANGE. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Those who enjoy a bit of broad burlesque, bordering more often upon downright nonsense, than upon what can be properly called humor, yet always droll and amusing, will find Mr. Stockton's book very much to their taste. It can be warranted to keep the most stolid reader in a constant chuckle, if not on a broad grin, and those who take it up in the right mood will enjoy many hearty laughs. Nor is it only and simply amusing. It reveals much power on the part of the author in conceiving and portraying character; it is realistic without being commonplace; it is full of movement and animation; and it contains touches and episodes which show that the author could appeal successfully, if he chose, to quite other feelings than those which respond to drollery and fun-making. In fact, it indicates such variety of power and versatility of resource that the reader can hardly avoid the conviction that the author is rather frittering himself away in such work as this, and might confidently venture upon something much more ambitious.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

WE hear that Madame Michelet is preparing a history of the childhood of Michelet.

AN Indian translation of *Romeo and Juliet* has appeared at Bombay. The chief personages of the drama bear the names of Ajaysintha and Vilasvati.

A TRANSLATION of *Hamlet* by Senhor Bulhão Pato, a poet of some note in Portugal, has just been issued from the press of the Academia Real das Sciencias at Lisbon.

THE preparation of the life of the late Dr. Livingstone, which it has been announced is to appear under the auspices of his family, has been entrusted to Prof. Blaikie of Edinburgh.

SIGNOR COPPINO, Italian Minister of Public Instruction, has brought under the consideration of the Italian Educational Board a bill to promote important reforms in female instruction.

THE eleventh volume of the 'Catalogue de l'Histoire de France' of the department of printed books in the National Library in Paris is nearly ready for publication. Two volumes containing the index will soon follow.

MR. BONAPARTE WYSE, the author of several works in the Provençal language, has just obtained the golden olive branch, valued at some 700 francs, or first prize, at the poetical tournament lately held at Cannes in celebration of the Lord Brougham centenary.

MR. QUARITCH is about to publish a catalogue which will be principally occupied with rare books on Scottish history, topography and genealogy, as well as old and scarce editions of works which are celebrated in Scottish literature. The same catalogue will include sections devoted to Wales and to Ireland.

THE first instalment of Prof. Max. Müller's *Sacred Books of the East* will shortly appear. The first volume contains a translation of the Upanishads, by the editor; the second, the Shû King, Shih King, and Hsiao King, translated by Prof. Legge; the third the Sacred Laws of the Aryas, translated by Dr. Georg Bühler, of Bombay.

MR. GIBBON, the novelist, has met with an unexpected bit of good fortune. Some years ago an Edinburgh doctor, after reading "Robin Gray," asked to make the personal acquaintance of the author. This was easily accomplished, and so delighted was the doctor that,

on his death a few months ago, it was found that he had left Mr. Gibbon a handsome legacy, and the absolute reversion of his property on the death of his wife.

M. RENAN'S sixth volume of the "Origines du Christianisme," with the title of 'L'Église,' is completely in type. The series will, however, not be concluded with this volume, as the author intended. A seventh will follow, which will contain chiefly the history of Marcus Aurelius and of Montanism. The index to the seven volumes will be issued separately.

PROF. DIETERICI, of Berlin, having now finished collating the Arabic text of the Theology, attributed to Aristotle, contained in a Berlin MS., with another to be found in a Paris MS., will soon begin to print the work, with a German translation. The value of his edition will be much enhanced by the list of the technical terms in Arabic, Greek, and German, which he promises to supply at the end.

IN a short time will be published a new and much improved Synopsis of the Contents of the British Museum, suggested, we believe, by the present Principal Librarian and Secretary, and issued by order of the Trustees to supply a comprehensive and trustworthy guide for the general visitor to the Museum. It will indicate the most important and characteristic objects in each department, and supply much information which the old Synopsis did not include.

WE hear that the most racy of the six pieces in Mr. Browning's new volume is to be "Ned Brass," a man given to oaths and ill-conditioned generally, who has been converted by John Bunyan, and yet finds the old flesh striving hard against the new spirit, especially in the matter of swearing. "Pheidippides," with his splendid couple of runs from Athens to Sparta, in the second of which he gasps out the news of victory with his dying breath, will recall the well-remembered "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix."

PROF. SKEAT has done a good service to students of Early English and the Bible by persuading the delegates of the Clarendon Press to issue in a small stout cheap volume the Purvey, or second and more accurate text of the large quarto *Wycliffite Versions* of the New Testament, so faithfully edited by the late Mr. Forshall and Sir Frederic Madden. The boon is enhanced by a reprint of the admirable Glossary to the book, so far as it relates to the New Testament. The Early English Text Society had always intended to do this work—under a new editor—if the Press would not do it; and they now rejoice that they are saved the cost and labor of the undertaking. We only hope that the success of the reprint of the New Testament will soon lead to that of the Old, whose vocabulary is necessarily the greater, and will therefore be more useful to students of Early English.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO. have in preparation a work entitled 'The English Poets: Selections with Critical Introductions,' edited by Mr. T. H. Ward, Tutor and late Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. The design, which is similar to that of Crépet's 'Les Poëtes Français,' is to provide a really representative selection from the English poets, other than the dramatists, from Chaucer to Landor and Clough. The different poets have been undertaken by different writers, who will be responsible for the selections and will add short critical introductions. By a division of labor of this kind it is thought that it will be possible to produce a fuller and truer impression of the characteristics of English poetry than it would be in the power of any one critic to convey. The book will be in four volumes, crown octavo, and it is hoped that the first two volumes will be ready before the end of the year. The general introduction will be written by Mr. Matthew Arnold, and the following writers, among others, have promised to take part in the work:—The Dean of St. Paul's, the Dean of Westminster, Sir Henry Taylor, the Rector of Lincoln, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Prof. Nichol, Prof. Skeat, Mr. Thomas Arnold, Mr. Pater, Mr. William Jack, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Saintsbury, Mr. Edmund Gosse, and Mr. J. C. Collins.

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE LUNAR CRATER HYGINUS.—Lord Lindsay and Dr. Copeland have made some interesting and instructive observations on the varying appearance of the region near Hyginus, confirming, as they point out, the well-known fact that this region "is full of complicated shallow irregularities and strongly-marked differences of tone, which tend together to produce great apparent changes of surface configuration, with change of illumination; and, further, to show that there exist striking features in the immediate neighborhood which have hitherto escaped clear detection, but of which some traces may be found in the comparatively old map of Lohrmann." Their statements would hardly be intelligible, even to lunar students, without the drawings which accompany their paper. Let it suffice to observe, that they fully make out their case; and though their observations have no direct bearing on Dr. Klein's supposed recognition of a new crater in this region, yet indirectly they tend to increase the doubt with which the more cautious astronomers had received the announcement of the reported change. The

facts collected also show, as Lord Lindsay and Dr. Copeland say, "with what extreme caution all presumed evidence of change on the moon's surface ought to be received, and how necessary it is to accumulate observations made under various and particularly under *low* illumination."

LAKE TANGANYIKA.—One of the puzzling problems of Lake Tanganyika would appear to be at last definitely settled. Lieutenant Cameron, we know, asserted that it was drained by the Lukuga creek flowing to the westward; but this view was afterwards combated by Mr. H. M. Stanley, who, however, admitted that the creek would probably one day form an outlet for the lake. This appears now to be the case, for Mr. E. C. Hore, the scientific member of the London Missionary Society's party recently established at Ujiji, reports that he has been informed by the Arabs there that during the last rains the waters of the lake rose so high that the grass, papyrus, reeds, &c., which choked up the course of the Luguka, were entirely swept away, and that the creek is now an overflowing river. One of these Arabs, indeed, goes even further, and asserts that he went down the river to the Kamolondo lake, which there is good reason to believe is not a lake at all, but a broad part of the upper Lualaba river.—*Academy.*

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE MICROPHONE.—In experiments with the microphone, the disturbing effect of local sounds is so great as in many instances to obscure the result. In a paper read some months ago at the Physical Society, Professor Hughes stated that he had spoken to forty microphones at once; and they all seemed to response with equal force. And on examining every portion of his room—wood, stone, metal, in fact all parts—and even a piece of india-rubber: all were in molecular movement whenever he spoke. As yet he has found no such insulator for sound as gutta-percha is for electricity. Caoutchouc seems to be the best; but whatever the quantity made use of in the experiment, the microphone still reported all it heard. On this Professor Hughes remarks: 'The question of insulation has now become one of necessity, as the microphone has opened to us a world of sounds, of the existence of which we were unaware. If we can insulate the instrument so as to direct its powers on any single object, as at present I am able to do on a moving fly, it will be possible to investigate that object undisturbed by the pandemonium of sounds which at present the microphone reveals where we thought complete silence prevailed.'

Professor Palmieri of Naples has found that by connecting a microphone and telephone with a seismograph—instrument for recording earthquake shocks—he can hear even the slightest manifestations of underground disturbance, and detect the earliest grumblings of Vesuvius.

THE INFLUENCE OF BRAIN WORK ON THE GROWTH OF THE SKULL AND BRAIN.—Messrs. Lacassagne and Cliquet communicated an interesting paper on the subject to the *Société de Méd. Publique et d'hygiène professionnelle.* Having the patients, doctors, attendants, and officers of the Val de Grace at their disposal, they measured the heads of 190 doctors of medicine, 133 soldiers who had received an elementary instruction, 90 soldiers who could neither read nor write, and 91 soldiers who were prisoners. The instrument used was the same which hatters employ in measuring the heads of their customers; it is called the conformator, and gives a very correct idea of the proportions and dimensions of the heads in question. The results were in favor of the doctors; their frontal diameter was also much more considerable than that of the soldiers, &c. Nor are both halves of the head symmetrically developed: in students, the left frontal region is more developed than the right; in illiterate individuals, the right occipital region is larger than the left. The authors have derived the following conclusions from their experiments. 1. The heads of students who have worked much with their brains are much more developed than those of illiterate individuals, or such as have allowed their brains to remain inactive. 2. In students, the frontal region is more developed than the occipital region, or, if there should be any difference in favor of the latter, it is very small; while, in illiterate people, the latter region is the largest.—*London Medical Record.*

THE "PERSONAL EQUATION" IN ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Mr. Otto Struve, astronomer at the Imperial Observatory of St. Petersburg, has discovered that in all his observations of stars carried on during thirty-five years there is a systematic error. He has ascertained the amount of error by measurements of artificial stars, and can therefore make the necessary correction to his long series of observations. He supposes that the error has a physiological origin dependent on certain peculiarities of the eyes; and he suggests that all observers should test themselves rigorously with a view to accuracy in comparison of observations. For years past astronomers have been accustomed to allow for what they call the "personal equation" in reconciling discrepancies of observation.

THE VENOM OF SERPENTS.—The poison of serpents has generally been regarded as a sort of poisonous saliva, acting after the fashion of soluble ferments. M. Lacerda, of Rio de Janeiro, has made some observations upon the

venom of a rattlesnake, which led him to believe that this fluid contains formed ferments analogous to the Bacteria. Placing a drop of the poison upon a glass slide previously washed with alcohol, and slightly warmed, he examined it under the microscope, and saw "a sort of protoplasmic filamentous matter, formed by a cellular aggregation, arranged in an arborescent form, like that of certain Lycopodiaceæ." He observed the formation of spores within a thickened filament, which finally broke up and disappeared setting free the spores, which then affected a linear arrangement. He describes the modes of multiplication of these spores, namely, by scission and by interior nuclei.

The phenomena observed in the blood of animals killed by the bite of the snake were as follows:—The red globules presented small bright points on the surface of the disc; these sometimes formed projections, and became more and more numerous. Finally, the globule was completely destroyed, and replaced by a number of very brilliant ovoid corpuscles, endowed with spontaneous oscillatory movements; these ovoid corpuscles did not separate from the mass of the globules, but remained within it, and the globules became fused together to form a very different amorphous paste. Alcohol swallowed, or injected beneath the skin, was found to be the best antidote.

INTRA-MERCURIAL PLANETS.—M. Camille Flammarion, the well-known French astronomer, has been examining in *La Nature* the evidence in favor of intra-mercurial planets, and particularly that furnished by Messrs. Watson and Swift. On the latter M. Flammarion says: "While it is possible that the American observers saw an intra-mercurial planet, or even two, we cannot, in view of the special difficulties of the situation, the confusion of figures, and the negative observations of the other observers, concede it to be an absolute and incontestable fact that they saw even so much as one. The fact is not yet certain." After reviewing the whole testimony thus far available on this interesting point, the French writer sums up as follows: "The hypothesis of a single body comparable to Mercury, gravitating in close proximity to the sun, and on a plane probably inclined to the solar equator, seems to us to be so open to objections as to be untenable. Still, the mathematical theory of universal attraction proves that there is a cause for the retardation observed in the motion of Mercury, and that this cause cannot be found by augmenting the mass of Venus—a quantity now determined with great exactitude—but must be sought for in some disturbing mass between Mercury and the sun. But this mass may not be a planet worthy of the name of planet; it may consist of a great number of asteroids like the minute fragments which gravitate between Mars and Jupiter—asteroids so small that oftentimes they escape the notice of observers of the sun and of eclipses, though some of them may be large enough to be seen under certain rare conditions. This latter theory is the one which we adopt."

"COSMIC DUST."—Something further concerning the fall of metallic particles, "meteoric matter" or "cosmic dust," from the atmosphere has been published in the *Monthly Notices* of the Royal Astronomical Society. Certain observers are of opinion that "it is continually falling in quantities which, in the lapse of ages, must accumulate so as materially to contribute to the matter of the earth's crust." Mr. Ranyard, Secretary of the Society, remarks: "There can be little doubt that the air up to a great height above the earth's surface is impregnated with dust." And he suggests that "the blue color of the sky may be caused by dust derived from the fragments of meteors, the smaller particles of which may possibly occupy months or even years in falling to the earth." There is reason to believe that a portion of this floating dust comes from regions of space beyond the solar system. The planets therefore, on their travel through space with the sun, are more exposed to the falling dust on their northern than on their southern hemispheres, which may account for the preponderance of land in the north, and "for the fact which has been so frequently pointed out by physical geographers, that the great terrestrial peninsulas all taper towards the southern pole." When meteoric masses break up, much occluded gas is thrown out, and the quantity will vary accordingly as the region through which the earth passes is rich or poor in meteors. In the latter case, our atmosphere would decrease in height, "and we should have a temperature at the sea-level corresponding to the present temperature of our mountain-tops. In the language of geologists, a glacial epoch would be the result. If, on the other hand, the earth pass through a region rich in meteors containing occluded carbonic acid gas, the atmosphere would increase in depth, and a period like the carboniferous period might ensue, in which a semi-tropical vegetation might again flourish on the coasts of Greenland." In these speculations thoughtful minds will perhaps find more than a passing entertainment.

A POWERFUL SPECTROSCOPE.—In the young science of spectroscopy, as in others, an important element of progress is the improvement of instruments for dealing with the phenomena presented, and many minds are engaged on this. A new spectroscope of remarkable power has just been brought to the notice of the French Academy by M. Thollon. Its chief feature is

the use of sulphide of carbon prisms, which are closed laterally not by plates with parallel faces, but by prisms of the form of Amici's—*i.e.* having curved sides meeting at an angle (which, however, is much smaller than Amici's prism). The refringent angles of these prisms are in an opposite direction to that of the sulphide prism. Two of these compound prisms are substituted by M. Thollon for the simple prisms in a spectroscope, which he formerly described to the Academy. Without going into further details we may simply state that an enormous dispersion is obtained; with a magnifying power of 15 to 20 times, the spectrum has a length of 15 mètres. The angular distance of the D lines of sodium is about 12′, whereas that produced by M. Gassiot was only 3′ 6″. This instrument should throw considerable light on the structure of the spectrum, and M. Thollon has already noticed some interesting facts. The lines of sodium and magnesium present a dark nucleus passing into a nebulosity, which becomes gradually merged in the continuous spectrum. Many lines have been split up, and all that have been thus resolved have been found to belong to two different substances. One of the hydrogen lines presents a nebulosity without a nucleus. M. Thollon remarks on the magnificence of the spectrum of carbon from the electric arc, observed with the new instrument. The spectra of iron, copper, and magnesium in the same arc were also seen with admirable clearness and brilliancy. These new spectroscopes have been constructed for M. Thollon by the able optician M. Laurent.

VARIETIES.

Home "Comforts" and their Effect on Health.—It is not clear, but it may be suspected, that there is some element at work, in the present state of civilisation, which renders the more gently nurtured, or more highly cultured, members of society specially unfitted to resist malarious influences. Connected with this must be borne in mind the manner in which the external atmosphere is more and more kept out from our houses. Doors and windows close better, draughts are more carefully excluded, than of old. Appliances are introduced for artificially warming the passages and vestibules, the natural function of which places is to afford a graduated transition from the warm atmosphere of a chamber to the external temperature. Clothing is much more complex than was formerly the case. In the time of our grandfathers a man was called a puppy if he wore an overcoat. What would those hardy gentlemen have said to the "Ulsters" of the present day? or the sealskin jackets and coats? Human habit is so much modified by circumstances, that the adoption of all these safeguards against an occasional chill may have a direct tendency to lower the resisting power of the constitution. And there are well-known facts that square with this view. Such is the influence on the constitution of the prolonged heat of tropical or sub-tropical countries. The inference is not unnatural that the greater comfort, as we regard it, at all events the more sustained heat, which we are steadily giving to our abodes, is really tending to lower our constitutional power of resistance, not only to the great tonic, cold, but to those influences against which that tonic has the prime function of strengthening the frame.—*Builder.*

Why so Depressing?—Unwonted depression and uneasiness, accompanied with loss of appetite and inability to sleep, are the prevalent causes of complaint just now among the "tolerably well" section of the community; and, with a large measure of accuracy, the condition, modified as it is by individual peculiarities of state and idiosyncracies, is attributed to the weather. The relations which subsist between such mental depression as constitutes melancholia and the defective discharge of its functions by the skin may help to explain the phenomenon. The connection of cause and effect may not be clearly made out, and the part which the nerve-centres play in the production of the result may be as obscure as that which they exercise in the control of occasional pigmentary deposits; but the broad fact remains. When the skin does not act freely, when its functions are seriously impeded or arrested, melancholy broods over the mind, just as in the case of a subject of melancholia, as a formulated disease, the skin becomes dense and inactive. It is not a random conjecture, therefore, that the intense and prolonged, albeit unaccustomed and unexpected, cold and damp work their depressing influences mainly through the skin. This is a trite remark, but it is one that may with advantage be made just now, because, in the interests of health-preservation, especial pains need to be taken to secure the freest possible action of the great surface system of excretory glands and the transuding apparatus generally. Warmer clothing, especially at night, frequent ablutions, with sufficient friction, and the promotion of skin activity by every legitimate form of exercise, are obvious measures of health which everybody ought to understand and all should practice.—*Lancet.*

A Letter of Martin Luther's.—You have of course all of you heard of Martin Lu-

ther, and of the grand work he did more than three centuries ago. Many of you will probably have read the story of his life, and will know what a busy and troubled one it was. But Luther was a very loving father, and in the midst of all his cares and anxieties found time to write long letters to his children. Here is a very beautiful one sent by him to his eldest boy, during the Diet of Augsburg, in 1530:

"Grace and peace be with thee, my dear little boy! I rejoice to find that you are attentive to your lessons and your prayers. Continue to be so, my child, and when I come home I will bring you some beautiful things. I know of a smiling garden, full of children in golden dresses, who run about under the trees, eating apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and plums. They jump and sing, and are full of glee, and they have pretty little ponies with golden bridles and silver saddles. As I went by this garden, I asked the owner of it who those children were, and he told me they were the good children, who loved to say their prayers, and to learn their lessons, and who fear God. Then I said to him, 'Dear sir, I also have a boy, little John Luther; may not he too come to this garden to eat those beautiful apples and pears, to ride those pretty little ponies, and to play with the other children?' And the man said, 'If he is very good, if he says his prayers, and learns his lessons willingly and cheerfully, he may come, and he may bring with him little Philip and little James. Here they will find fifes and drums and other nice instruments to play upon, and they shall dance, and shoot with little crossbows.' Then the man showed me in the midst of the garden a beautiful meadow where the children danced. But all this happened in the morning before the children had dined; so I could not stay till the beginning of the dance, but I said to the man, 'I will go and write to my dear little John, and teach him to be good, to say his prayers, and learn his lessons, that he may come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Magdalene, whom he loves very much; may he bring her with him?' The man replied, 'Yes; tell him that they may come together.' Be good, therefore, my dear little boy, and tell Philip and James to be good also, that you may all come and play in the beautiful garden. I commit you to the care of God. Give my love to your Aunt Magdalene, and kiss her for me.

"From your papa, who loves you,

"MARTIN LUTHER."

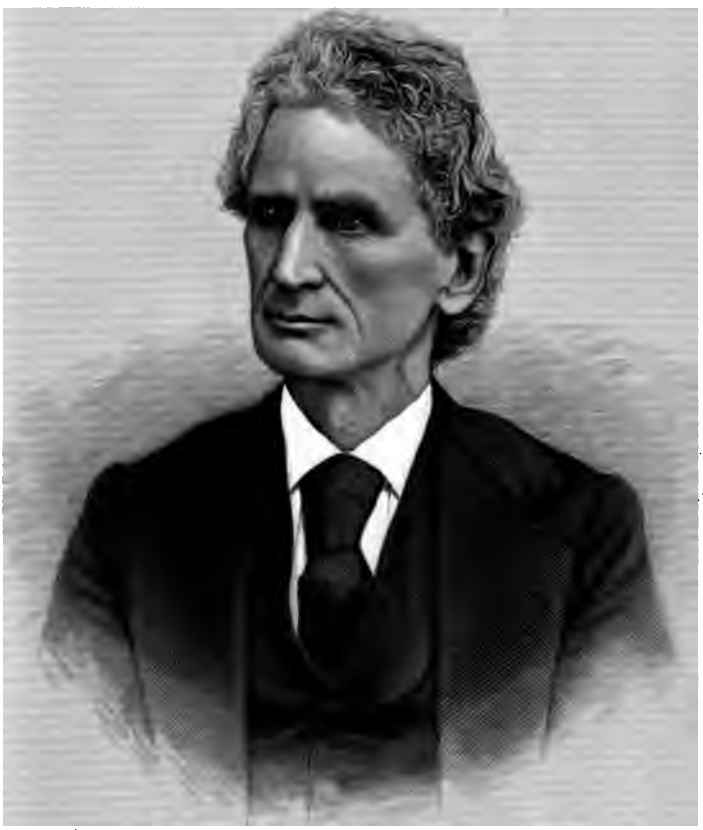
The story of the beautiful garden is, of course, an allegory, as I dare say you will have imagined, and by its means Luther endeavored to impress uopn his little son the desirability of doing good, not only for the sake of the happiness which is the result of a good life on earth, but also to obtain the after reward of heaven.—*Little Folks' Magazine.*

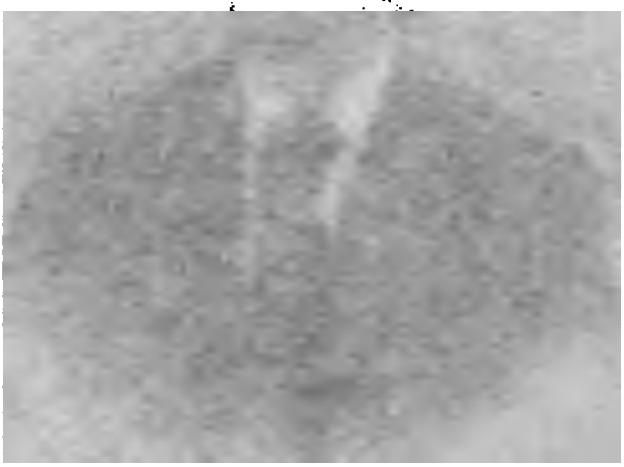
THE FALL OF EMPIRES.—Of all the empires whose rise and fall have been recorded in history, there is not one that has owed its ruin or decay to checking the lust of unmeasured territorial acquisition. The wisest of the Roman emperors was also the one who even recalled the boundaries of his dominions from beyond the Danube. Every one can discern and denounce the private folly of the farmer who covets more and more land, when he has neither capital nor skill to turn to account what he has already got; though he does not commonly proceed by covenants taken in the dark lest his landlord should come to know what sort of deed he is signing. But it requires a steady eye and a firm resolution to maintain the good tradition of all our bygone statesmen at a juncture when all tradition is discarded for newfangled or, as Mr. Roebuck calls them, "original" devices, and the mind of folly finds utterance through the voice of authority. England, which has grown so great, may easily become little; through the effeminate selfishness of luxurious living; through neglecting realities at home to amuse herself everywhere else in stalking phantoms; through putting again on her resources a strain like that of the great French war, which brought her people to misery and her throne to peril; through that denial of equal rights to others, which taught us so severe a lesson at the epoch of the Armed Neurality. But she will never lose by the modesty in thought and language, which most of all beseems the greatest of mankind; never by forwardness to allow, and to assert, the equal rights of all states and nations; never by refusing to be made the tool of foreign cunning for ends alien to her principles and feelings; never by keeping her engagements in due relation to her means, or by husbanding those means for the day of need, and for the noble duty of defending, as occasion offers, the cause of public right, and of rational freedom, over the broad expanse of Christendom.—*The Right Hon. W. L. Gladstone, in the "Nineteenth Century."*

CONSOLATION.

WHEN the pale wreath is laid upon the tomb,
Love's last fond homage offered to the dead,
And the bereft, with tears and drooping head,
Bid mute farewell on sadly turning home,
Sister and brother, widowed love and friend,
Review, as in a solemn vision then,
Their dear one's life, its bliss and bitter pain,
Its restless hopes now ever at an end.
The common thought lifts them above despair,
One brief thanksgiving is on every tongue:
That faithful heart shall never more be wrung
With cold unkindness or with aching care;
That generous mind no stern rebuffs shall vex;
That busy brain no problems dire perplex.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.





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THE NEW BULGARIA.

BY AN EASTERN STATESMAN.

THE principle of the divine right of Kings has given way of late years to that of the divine right of Nationalities; and the attention of the world has been drawn to facts of history which had long escaped the notice of philosophers. It is no longer an accepted truth that nations, like individuals, are born, attain maturity, grow old, and die. This may be true of empires, but distinctions of race and nationality survive the overthrow of kingdoms. The Jews are not the only people who have maintained a separate national existence, under the most unfavorable circumstances. The case of the Armenians is almost as remarkable; and the Greeks have survived the Persian, Macedonian, Roman, and Ottoman Empires to reappear in the nineteenth century, very little changed from what they were when Homer sang the legend of the Trojan war. And now another nation, whose very name had been almost forgotten, is rousing itself from the sleep of centuries to assert its returning vitality. The facts in regard to this national awakening have been obscured by the political interests involved in the events of the past few years, and have been strangely misrepresented by interested parties. The telegraph, the correspondent, and the consul have combined to fix the attention of the world upon atrocities—suffered or committed—rather than upon the essential facts of history. But the time has come when the politician as well as the philosopher should understand the origin and development of this national movement. The latter may find new facts upon which to base a theory in regard to the survival of nations; and possibly the former may see that diplomatic intrigue is not the only cause of political changes.

Some fifteen hundred years ago there

existed a Bulgarian kingdom on the banks of the Volga. Whence these Bulgarians came, who they were, and why they were called by this name, cannot be certainly known ; but there is reason to believe that they were of Finnish origin. Their kingdom lasted up to the time of the Mongol invasion in the thirteenth century. The ruins of the ancient city of Bulgar still exist, and the Czar of Russia still bears the title of Prince of Bulgaria. Nothing is certainly known of their language, except that a document exists, of the eighth century, in which a Bulgarian king demands interpreters who can speak both Bulgarian and Slavic. This would seem to prove that the languages were not the same.

During the latter half of the seventh century a portion of the Bulgarians of the Volga left their homes, under the leadership of the Kral Asparuch, and emigrated to the West. They crossed the Danube about 680 A.D., and occupied the country as far as the Balkans. It was at that time nominally under the rule of Constantinople, and was peopled by Slavic tribes. It does not appear that any serious effort was made by the Greeks to repel these invaders, and the people submitted to the rule of Asparuch ; but, as has often happened in these national migrations, the native element proved to be the stronger ; the Bulgarian language disappeared, and the people were amalgamated into a single nation ; retaining the name of the conquerors, and but little else. This new Bulgarian nation was converted to Christianity about the year 860 by the two Slavic apostles, Cyril, the theologian and Methodius the painter, who afterwards converted the Slaves of Bohemia. These monks were natives of Salonica, and the story of their mission to King Boris is too well known to be repeated here. It was the skill of the painter, who pictured the Day of Judgment, rather than the arguments of the theologian, which converted the king, and through him the nation.

The capital of the kingdom at that time was Preslava, a city near Shumla. There is no connected history of the Bulgarian Kingdom, a fact which is less surprising when we reflect how little is known of the Byzantine Empire, even of events like the sieges of Constantinople by the Saracens, whose defeat saved Europe from Mohammedanism ; but many important facts in regard to the Bulgarians may be gleaned from Byzantine history and from Slavic writers. The first Bulgarian Kral who assumed the title of King was Terbel, who was rewarded by the Emperor of Constantinople with the title of Cæsar, about the year 715, for the service which he had rendered in defeating the Saracens. The Emperor Nicephorus invaded Bulgaria in 811, but was defeated near Shumla by King Krum and slain, with many of his nobles. Two years later Krum appeared before the walls of Constantinople and ravaged the surrounding country. In 913, Simeon, the greatest of the Bulgarian kings, besieged Constantinople, and compelled the Greeks to submit to the terms of peace which he imposed. He ruled over Bulgaria, Thrace, Servia, and Croatia. In the latter part of the century the Greeks conquered the country, but it was almost immediately freed by King Samuel, whose capital was at Ochrida in Macedonia, and who waged a fierce war with the Empire for nearly forty years. The Greeks finally triumphed in 1019 under the Emperor Basil, who was surnamed the " Slayer of the Bulgarians." It was he who put out the eyes of 15,000 Bulgarian prisoners, leaving one in each hundred with a single eye to conduct his blind companions home. For nearly a hundred and seventy years the Bulgarian Kingdom was more or less under the control of the Empire, but no effectual measures were taken to bring the people under the yoke of the law, and it became independent again in 1186 under King Assen, whose capital was Tirnova. This king utterly routed the armies of the Emperor Isaac Angelus, and compelled him to recognize his independence. The kingdom was consolidated by the skill and power of Ivan, the sucessor of Assen, who is known in European history as Calo-John, or John the Handsome. He determined to cut every link which bound him to Constantinople, and sent an embassy to Pope Innocent III., from whom he received a royal title and a Latin archbishop ; but in 1205, disgusted at the pretensions of Baldwin, the Latin Emperor of Constantinople, he allied himself with the

Greeks, defeated the Latins, took Baldwin prisoner, and held him until his death, in spite of the orders and prayers of the Pope. He also defeated and killed Boniface, King of Salonica.

His successor, Ivan Assen II., besieged Constantinople and carried on incessant wars, now with the Greeks, and now with the Latins, seeking to weaken both and seize the Empire of the East for himself; but his sudden death in 1241 put an end to his ambitious schemes; and a stronger than Greek or Bulgarian was soon to appear and subdue them both. The last of the Bulgarian kings was Ivan Shishman (Shishman is a Turkish word, meaning "fat"), who, after resisting the Turks, sometimes by craft and sometimes on the battle-field, was finally captured in his last stronghold on the Danube in 1393. His kingdom was annexed to the New Ottoman Empire.

No nation was ever more thoroughly conquered. For almost 500 years they submitted quietly to the Turkish rule, and there is no record of any effort on their part to throw it off and regain their independence. Many of them became Mohammedans, and are now known as Pomaks, but most of them submitted to every indignity rather than give up their Christian faith. At the time of the Greek revolution some efforts were made by the Bulgarians to aid the Greeks, and when the Russians occupied the country, some "atrocities" were committed upon the Turks in several towns, but there was nothing which could be called a rebellion. There was not even an inclination to aid the Russians. All life and hope had been crushed out of the people by the weight of the Turkish yoke.

The ecclesiastical history of these centuries may be told in a few words. King Boris, after his conversion, negotiated with Rome and Constantinople, but finally accepted an archbishop from the Patriarch. In the time of Simeon there was a Bulgarian Patriarch at Preslava, independent of Constantinople. Samuel transferred the Patriarch to Ochrida. Assen recognized the Pope, and received a Latin archbishop at Tirnova. At the time of the Turkish conquest, the Patriarch, who was again of the Orthodox Church, was transferred to Ochrida, where he continued until 1777, when the Patriarch of Constantinople succeeded, by intrigues with the Turks, in securing the abolition of this see, annexing it to his own jurisdiction. This was the end of the Bulgarian Church, which survived the Kingdom almost four hundred years, and was no doubt the means of preserving the Bulgarian nation from destruction. It is believed by many that the absorption of the Bulgarian Church was a part of a grand scheme for Hellenizing all the Christians of European Turkey, to prepare the way for a restoration of the Greek Empire. This is possible, for this idea has been cherished by the Greeks ever since the fall of Constantinople; but those who are acquainted with the history of the Patriarchate will be more inclined to believe that the immediate motive was a desire to increase the revenue of the Patriarch.

This brief sketch of the history of the Bulgarian Church and Kingdom has been given here simply as a necessary introduction to the history of the national awakening, which first attracted the attention of Europe in 1859, but which had really commenced many years before.

It was supposed for some years to be simply an ecclesiastical contest with the Greek Patriarch, and to some extent it was so. It was inevitable, from the very constitution of the Ottoman Empire, which recognizes the Patriarch as the civil as well as the ecclesiastical head of a National Church, that the first return of national consciousness should bring the people into conflict with their bishops, who were appointed by the Patriarch, not on account of their piety, but for their supposed skill in political intrigue. Whatever may have been the motive for suppressing the Bulgarian Patriarchate, there is no question about the aim of the Greeks since the revolution. They have sought by every possible means to destroy the Bulgarian nationality, and have made use of the Church for this purpose. Greek bishops were appointed everywhere, whose chief work was to Hellenize the Bulgarians, to substitute Greek books, schools, and religious rites for Bulgarian; and, so far as possible, to make the people believe that they were Greeks. There was at first but little opposition to this attempt; and the unimportant conspira-

cies at Tirnova in 1840, and at Sofia in 1844, were more Greek than Bulgarian. Had the bishops been better or wiser men it is possible that they might have brought about a hearty alliance between the two nationalities. There were, of course, always some ecclesiastics of the Bulgarian race, and among them men who remembered their nationality and protested against the Greeks. The Bishop of Vratza was one, and he was exiled in 1800. Neophyte Bosveli, of Kotel, was exiled for the same reason in 1845, and in 1846 Hilarion, who afterwards became the leader of the Bulgarian movement. There appears to have been no general dissatisfaction among the people before 1840; but from that time petitions were constantly coming to the Porte and the Patriarchate for the removal of bishops. It is unnecessary to add that very little attention was paid to them. About this time a determined effort was made by a Bulgarian named Rakovsky, of Kotel, to awaken the national spirit of the people. He was educated at Athens and Paris, and was in the Turkish service at Constantinople. About 1845 he went to Austria, and, after some years, established a newspaper at Novisat, in Croatia, which was printed in French and Bulgarian, and designed to rouse the Bulgarians to action. It was secretly circulated all through the provinces, and widely read. It was no doubt one of the influences which led the Bulgarians to establish schools and cultivate their own language, and ultimately it led to the establishment of a revolutionary committee at Bucharest; but this was in 1865.

It was the Crimean war which finally brought the Bulgarian movement to a head. Its influence upon the people themselves was very great. It roused their hopes, quickened their intellectual life, excited their interest in the nations of Europe, and directed attention to their own inferiority. But it had a still more important influence upon their destiny. The Turkish Government, during the war, had found the Bulgarians thoroughly loyal, while the Greeks had made no secret of their sympathy with Russia. At the close of the war the Patriarch was ordered to call an assembly to reform the Church and satisfy the complaints of the Bulgarians against their bishops. The Porte was anxious to reward the Bulgarians for their loyalty, and increase their influence in the Holy Synod, as the best means of checking the revolutionary influence of the Church. After many difficulties and delays, this assembly finally met in 1858; but the Patriarch managed to have Bulgaria represented almost exclusively by Greeks. There were but three Bulgarian members, and one of these was the servant of the Greek Bishop of Widin. They were refused a hearing, and their demand for an adequate representation in the Synod treated with contempt, although they constituted a majority of the Orthodox Church in Turkey. This refusal to listen to the legitimate demands of the Bulgarians not only roused the nation to defend its rights, but also offended the Sublime Porte, and led the Turks to support the Bulgarians. This was the origin of the Bulgarian Question. The Greeks were warmly supported by Russia, and felt strong enough to refuse all compromise. The Bulgarians had but little faith in the friendship of the Porte, or in their own strength, and would have been very glad to accept a small part of what they demanded. A conciliatory policy on the part of the Patriarch would have quieted the agitation, and settled the question at once; but he chose the opposite course, and the breach grew wider every day.

An important influence was exerted upon the Bulgarians at this time by the establishment of American missionaries in Bulgaria. They opened schools, circulated the Scriptures and other books in the Bulgarian language, and did all in their power to rouse the intellectual life of the people. The Evangelical Alliance also interested itself to prevent the exile of the three bishops who were the leaders of the Bulgarians in this controversy.

At this crisis these bishops showed more than ordinary courage, virtue, and honesty. When they appealed to the foreign Ambassadors for support they were informed that they might secure not only their personal liberty, but the complete emancipation of their people, by declaring themselves Protestants or Catholics. The most tempting offers were made to them on behalf of the

Pope and the Emperor Napoleon, but they had the courage to refuse and suffer persecution. They knew that their people were Orthodox, and that a nominal adhesion to any other Church would only divide the nation and prevent the real reform which they desired. So they were imprisoned and exiled. The Porte could not protect them without infringing upon the recognized rights of the Church. This at once roused and united the Bulgarian people, who drove off the Greek ecclesiastics and went without bishops for ten years.

The combat went on slowly at Constantinople with varying fortune, but throughout Bulgaria the people seemed to be inspired with the single thought of educating their young men. Schools of a high order were established and maintained by voluntary contributions in all the principal towns. Literary societies were formed. Young men were sent to Russia, where they were generally supported by charitable individuals, also to Constantinople, especially to the American Robert College, and to the principal cities of Europe, to secure a higher education than could be given in Bulgaria. Newspapers were established, and every effort was made to provide the people with books. It is doubtful whether any nation ever made such rapid progress as did the Bulgarians during these years of conflict with the Patriarch. It finally became evident to the Patriarch and to the Porte that something must be done. A Commission was appointed by the Turkish Government to settle the question. Fuad Pacha, the Grand Vizier, was President, and Greeks and Bulgarians were both represented. On the removal of Fuad Pacha, Aali Pacha took his place. The negotiations were long and complicated, but Aali Pacha finally presented two projects, and invited the parties to choose between them. The Greeks rejected both, but the Bulgarians accepted one, which had been originally suggested by the Greek Patriarch Gregorius, but had been rejected by the Synod. After some delay Aali Pacha issued a Firman for the execution of the project accepted by the Bulgarians. But the opposition of the Greeks, supported by Russia, was so vigorous, that it remained a dead letter. No attempt was made to carry it out, and negotiations between the parties continued. The excitement throughout the country meanwhile increased, and a serious riot took place in Constantinople, when the Bulgarians attempted to celebrate Epiphany in their own church in opposition to the orders of the Patriarch.

Mahmoud Neddim Pacha was then Grand Vizier, and, under the influence of Achmet Vefik Effendi, his Musteshar, he gave orders for the execution of the Firman and the appointment of a Bulgarian Exarch. The Firman did not contemplate anything more than a partial separation of the Bulgarians from the immediate jurisdiction of the Patriarch, to whom the Exarch was subordinate: but the Greeks responded to the Firman by excommunicating the Exarch and all those Bulgarians who should recognize his authority, and declaring them schismatics. No reply to the notification of this action has ever been received by the Patriarch from the other branches of the Orthodox Church; but, so far as is known, it was generally regarded as a serious blunder. But it had its designed effect. It made it impossible for the Turks to execute the Firman, and carried the conflict between Greek and Bulgarian into every town and village where both nationalities were represented. It was a delicate situation for the Turks. They had encouraged the Bulgarians and led them on to this point. Now they had to decide whether they would recognize the action of the Greeks and treat the Bulgarians as schismatics, or whether they would ignore that action and execute the Firman, which was based upon the theory that the Bulgarians were still a part of the Orthodox Church. If they took the former course, then they must allow both Greek and Bulgarian bishops in every city and in every Government Council in Bulgaria. If the latter, then the Firman decreed that the bishops must be Greek or Bulgarian, as the majority of the population was of one or the other nationality. This was what the Bulgarians demanded, but the Greeks protested against delivering Orthodox Greeks over to the jurisdiction of an excommunicated Bulgarian bishop.

The Turks followed their usual policy. They decided nothing. They encouraged negotiations between the par-

ties, and trusted to *Kismet* to find some solution for the difficulty. But meanwhile the excitement in the provinces was daily increasing. The partial execution of the Firman had sent Bulgarian bishops to a number of important sees; the Exarch had been recognized; the Patriarch no longer exercised any control over the Bulgarians; but still nothing was settled.

Just at this time Mahmoud Neddim Pacha was exiled and Mithad came into power. Soon after, the Sultan was deposed, and all was confusion, but Mithad refused to execute the Firman, and used all his influence to excite the animosity of the Greeks against the Bulgarians. At the time of the Conference of Constantinople the Bulgarian Exarch was the only ecclesiastic who had the courage to brave the Turkish Government and refuse to protest against the action of the European Powers. He was exiled and deposed by the Porte, and there was some question of abolishing the Church, but another Exarch was chosen, and the question of the status of the Bulgarian Church remains unsettled to this day.

Meanwhile, in the summer of 1875, the insurrection broke out in Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was chiefly the result of Austrian intrigue, and was supported by Austrian money and sympathy. The Bulgarians had nothing to do with it, either directly or indirectly. The Church question, which originated with the Turks themselves, was in no sense political, and the Bulgarians had no thought of rebellion. A revolutionary committee was organized at Bucharest in 1865, composed of young men, who were in part disciples of Rakovsky and in part Socialists. This committee varied in numbers and in personality from year to year, but it was generally made up of criminals who had escaped from Turkey, of Bulgarian students who had been expelled from Russia for their Nihilist views, and occasionally of young men of good character who had fled from Bulgaria to escape punishment for political crimes which they had not committed. It was strictly a Bulgarian association, but was, for a time at least, affiliated to the "International." Its influence in Bulgaria was very limited, and the better class of Bulgarians at Bucharest had no sympathy with it; but it was very active, and its agents labored incessantly to establish committees in the Bulgarian towns. A man called "the deacon," whose name was Lefsky, was their chief agent for many years, but he was finally caught and hung. He had some success in gaining over boys and young men who had nothing to lose, and committees were organized from this material in many towns; but the respectable classes had nothing to do with them, and the peasants knew nothing about them. The general plan of the committee was to send over a band from Roumania every year or two to create disturbance, rouse the suspicion of the Turks, cause the arrest and execution of innocent persons, and thus rouse the people to desperation and revolt. The first inroad was made in 1867, and their expectations were fully satisfied by the fierce and indiscriminate manner in which Mithad Pacha undertook to strike terror into the Bulgarians. Another raid was made in 1870, another still in 1875. In both these cases the utmost severity was exercised by the Turkish Government, and a great number of perfectly innocent persons were hung or exiled to the fortresses of Asia. Still there was no general excitement among the people and no thought of revolt, except among a few hot-headed young men, who were ready for anything, but who had neither money nor influence. The whole attention of the people was concentrated upon the pending ecclesiastical question.

But the revolt in Bosnia and Herzegovina had excited the hopes of Servia, and the Bucharest Committee was encouraged to make new efforts to organize an outbreak in Roumelia to support the Servians, as soon as they should declare war with Turkey. In the autumn of 1875, two Bulgarian spies, in the employ of the Turks, reported the existence of a conspiracy at Eski Zagraa; and many persons were imprisoned and exiled. It was true that agents of the Bucharest Committee were in the town, and that it was known to many Bulgarians that an effort would be made to organize an insurrection, but beyond this there was no conspiracy there. At this time all the plans of the Bucharest Committee became known to the Turkish Govern-

ment, but nothing was done during the winter to interfere with them. They were allowed to go on and gain as many adherents as they could. The Turkish population however was greatly excited, and made every preparation for civil war. This reacted upon the Christians, and led many who had before opposed all such attempts, to sympathize with the preparations made by the committees; but still the mass of the people remained hostile to the movement.

In the early spring of 1876 the Governor of Philippopolis telegraphed to Constantinople that there would soon be trouble in his province, but that he would guarantee the peace if he could have a reinforcement of one battalion of cavalry. This demand was repeated several times, but no attention was paid to it. It would have been easy to prevent an outbreak, but, for some reason, it was rather encouraged than otherwise. There has been much speculation as to the motives which led the Turkish Government to take this course, and those who see the hand of Russia in everything attribute it to the influence of General Ignatieff; but the probability is that the Turks foresaw that a war with Servia was inevitable, and feared that, when it broke out, it would be followed by a rebellion in Roumelia, which would cut the Turkish line of communication with the frontier. It was thought better to encourage a weak insurrection before the war, and then put it down in such a way as to strike terror into the hearts of the people and prevent any possibility of trouble afterwards.

If this was the plan, it was a success, but there was a recoil upon which the Turks had not counted. They had taken every precaution against publicity which was possible; all communication with the province was cut off; but it was not long before the whole civilized world was excited by the story of the Bulgarian massacres, and Turkey was irrevocably condemned. For her it was a fatal blunder for which nothing could atone. She lost the protection of England. She was condemned by Europe. She was left to contend alone with Russia. She was dismembered by the Congress of Berlin, because public opinion would not tolerate a Government which had deliberately planned and executed the Bulgarian massacres. England sought to save Turkey in the autumn of 1876, and again at the Conference. Even Sir Henry Elliot used all his influence in the summer to put an end to these atrocities; but all this friendly counsel was wasted, and, to this day, the Turks cannot understand how they lost the friendship and protection of the Western Powers.

The result astonished the Bulgarians almost as much as it did the Turks. There are many who seem to suppose that these people deliberately had themselves massacred in order to secure the sympathy of Europe. Nothing could be farther from the truth. They detested the Turkish rule, as do all the Christian subjects of the Porte, but they had no hope of escaping from it. The insignificant insurrection in the province of Philippopolis was the work of the Bucharest Committee, and was led by an enthusiastic young Bulgarian who called himself Benkovski, a native of Koprivshtitza. No doubt he, and the boys and peasants who followed him, imagined that they could rouse the nation and drive out the Turks, or at least maintain themselves until war was declared by Servia; but the people generally had no sympathy with the rebellion, and no faith in the possibility of defending themselves against the Turks.

While the massacres were going on, the Bulgarians made no appeal to Europe, and had no idea that Europe had any interest in them. A single man in Philippopolis found means to communicate the facts secretly to a friend in Constantinople, who gave them to the correspondents of the *Times* and the *Daily News*, and at the same time communicated them to Sir Henry Elliot. From the commencement of the massacres in May until the arrival of Mr. Baring and Mr. Schuyler in Philippopolis in July, the feeling of the people was of utter hopelessness and helplessness. In September, when it became known that their sufferings had excited intense sympathy in England, then, for the first time, they began to hope that all this blood had not been shed in vain—tha there was a possibility of securing some degree of self-government. In January, 1877, they would have accepted the plan of the Conference with grateful enthusi-

asm. It was not until the Russian armies had crossed the Danube that they began to hope for deliverance from Turkish rule. Then large numbers joined the Russian army as volunteers, and General Skobeloff testifies that he had no better or braver soldiers. But the horrors of that summer effaced all recollection of the massacres of the previous year. There was a reign of terror in Roumelia, after General Gourko's raid across the Balkans, which rivalled the most terrible scenes of the Greek Revolution.

There is no doubt but that Suleiman Pacha deliberately undertook to exterminate the Christian population and execute the oft-repeated threat, that when the Turks left Roumelia they would leave nothing but a desert behind them. How far he acted under orders from Constantinople is a disputed question, but he claims to have done nothing without the express approval of the Sultan.

When the war was over and the Treaty of St. Stephanos had been signed, the Bulgarians believed that their freedom from Turkish rule had been secured. They were not altogether satisfied, because a part of their territory had been given to Roumania, and another part to Servia, but they accepted their freedom as cheaply bought at this price. They had no fear of the Congress of Berlin, and took no pains to be represented there, for they had no idea that the Powers who had agreed to the protocol of Constantinople could have any desire to restore the Turkish rule in Bulgaria. When the treaty was published, their surprise was almost as great as their disappointment. They saw at once that these decisions were due to the influence of Austria and England; and it was universally believed that these Powers intended to overwhelm the Bulgarian population of Roumelia by the importation, not only of the former Turkish population, who had fled at the approach of the Russian armies, but also of the whole Mussulman population from beyond the Balkans.

Then commenced an agitation, which has continued ever since, and which has given rise to many regrettable events. No Russian influence was needed to fan the flame, and, in fact, there has been no uniform Russian policy in Bulgaria. There has been no unity of opinion or of action among the Russian civil and military authorities. The most contradictory advice has been given by different men, and by the same men at different times. Not unfrequently the Bulgarians have been blamed and even punished for doing exactly what they had been advised to do. Russian influence has been diminishing rather than increasing since the signature of the Treaty of Berlin. The rivalries and jealousies of the leading generals have done much to produce this state of things. Still they have generally sympathized with the aspirations of the Bulgarians. They have encouraged them to resist the return of the Turks to Roumelia, and have done what they could to hasten and perfect the organization of a Bulgarian army. The agitation in Bulgaria is genuine, spontaneous, and, at least, excusable. The Bulgarians have been determined for months to resist the return of the Turkish troops to the Balkans. They regard this occupation as an attempt to separate Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia by force, and, moreover, they foresee the evils which must result from the permanent encampment of a large, hostile army in the midst of the quiet Christian villages of the Balkans. It is no sympathy with Russia, no desire to resist the will of Europe, no wish to threaten Constantinople, that moves the Bulgarians to resist the execution of the Treaty of Berlin. They feel as any other people would feel whose fate had been decided without consulting their interests or their wishes, who had been emancipated from a hated despotism and were about to be placed under it again by force, who had realized the hope of a united nationality and found themselves divided again to gratify the ambitious dreams of a kingdom like Austria. The Turks can never regain possession of the Balkans except by war, and no one can blame the Bulgarians for defending their country. On the part of the Turks the desire to do this is simply a matter of pride. They have no possible advantage to gain from it. They have not the means to build great fortresses and maintain a powerful army in the midst of a hostile population in the isolated passes of the Balkans. Such an occupation would be of little value with Shumla, Sofia, and the north-

ern slopes of the Balkan in the hands of an enemy. It would be the worst possible position to occupy for the defence of Constantinople. The chief result of such an occupation would be to change the Bulgarians from the most peaceable and unwarlike people in European Turkey into a nation of soldiers. This is as undesirable for Turkey as for Bulgaria.

The European Commission, which has been elaborating a Constitution for Eastern Roumelia, has no doubt done its best to give the people as good a government as the Treaty of Berlin would allow, but it complains that the Bulgarians are ungrateful. It is true that they have not manifested much sympathy for the Commission, and would probably have prevented its meeting at Philippopolis if it had not been protected by Russian bayonets, but their hostility has resulted simply from their desire to be united to Bulgaria. They had no other means of protesting against the Treaty of Berlin. They may have acted unwisely, but no Englishman would think of denying their right to protest, or of blaming them for not gratefully accepting a government imposed upon them by force.

Beyond the Balkans, in Tirnova, the ancient capital, an assembly met on February 22nd to adopt a Constitution and choose a prince. This assembly and its work have been so fully described by the correspondents of London papers that nothing more needs to be said of it. Mr. Palgrave, H.B.M. Consul-General, who has been in Tirnova during the session, reports most favorably of the intelligence, liberality, and good sense of the members, whose chief fault has been their inexperience.

Much has been written since the massacres of 1876 in regard to the *character of the Bulgarian people*. There has been some indiscriminate praise and much unqualified abuse. But few of these writers have had such personal knowledge of the people as could qualify them to express an opinion. Newspaper correspondents have visited the country during the war, and many, perhaps most of them, have expressed their opinions honestly on this subject; but these opinions are of little value, because they were necessarily based upon very imperfect knowledge of the people, under very unfavorable circumstances. Many books have been written by residents in different parts of the country, but in many cases they have drawn the most false and absurd conclusions from their local experience. In one case at least the author of a popular book has mistaken the language and nationality of the people among whom he lived. The most honest, impartial, and satisfactory book is that of Mrs. Blunt, the wife of H.B.M. Consul at Salonica, "Twenty Years' Residence among the People of Turkey;" but "a Consul's wife and daughter" is not always in a position to form a just estimate of the character of people whose language she does not understand, and of whom she sees but little.

There are special reasons why it is difficult to form a general estimate of the character of the Bulgarians. It must be remembered that they have been under the bondage of the Turks for five hundred years, and under that of the Patriarch for a hundred years. Forty years ago their condition was worse than that of the serfs of Russia, and it was almost an insult to call a man a Bulgarian. The awakening of national life from this sleep of centuries has been one of the most remarkable events in the history of Europe, and the intellectual development of the people has gone on with unprecedented rapidity, but it had exerted only a limited influence upon the peasantry when the disturbances commenced in 1876. The progress of education and enlightenment had been confined to the towns and larger villages, where the people enjoyed a certain degree of liberty, and had learned how to secure protection for their lives, honor, and property by a judicious use of *backsheesh*.

There are certain national characteristics which may be mentioned as common to all Bulgarians, but in many respects there is a very marked difference between the peasants and the townspeople. As a whole, the Bulgarians are more decidedly Europeans than any other nationality in the Turkish Empire. They are not unlike the Germans. As a race they are both *industrious* and *frugal*—far more so than any other race in Turkey. The latter of these virtues is often carried to an unpleasant extreme, but the former is seen to advantage in all classes. The Bulgarian stu-

dent, for example, applies himself to his books with a devotion and patient perseverance which more than compensate for any lack of brilliancy. He generally attains the highest rank in scholarship by means of hard work rather than from any natural love of learning; but this last will be developed with the growth of the nation. Thus far schools have been established chiefly from patriotic motives—from a feeling that it was only by education that the people could be elevated to the rank of a civilized nation.

Another national trait is *obstinacy*, which is perhaps nothing more than an excess of the virtue of perseverance, or possibly a development of conservatism. The Bulgarian is slow to accept new ideas, but when he has once adopted them no amount of persuasion, persecution, or suffering will move him to abandon them. This spirit of obstinacy has given the Bulgarians the reputation of being quarrelsome, and in one sense they are so: they are disputatious; but, as a general rule, not passionate or revengeful. This spirit naturally leads to an excessive development of individuality, which is at present a source of weakness in the nation, but which will probably disappear, in some measure, as the necessities of national life develop parties, and as certain men come to be recognized as leaders.

The Bulgarians are eminently *religious*, and are virtuous in their family relations; but their religion is, of course, tainted with the superstition which is always developed by ignorance, and their morality is perverted by the lack of honesty and truthfulness which is always found in a subject race. Still, in all these particulars, they compare very favorably with the other Christian races in Turkey. In all the Eastern Churches there is a lack of spiritual life, which results from the fact that the ecclesiastical organizations are rather political than religious in their character. This is especially true of the Greek and Bulgarian Churches, but there is a very strong feeling among the Bulgarians that henceforth the Church must devote itself to spiritual affairs, and abstain from all interference with politics. The American missionaries in Bulgaria have been well received by the people, and have met with very little opposition. In the exclusively Bulgarian villages, where the character of the people is best seen, the tone of morality is high. Crime is almost unknown. Poverty and drunkenness are rare, and the family life is pure and civilized, though patriarchal in its character. The Bulgarians are essentially *Democratic* in their ideas, although there is no inclination towards a Republican form of Government as in Greece. It is rather the idea of social equality and equal rights. They not only have no aristocracy, but there are no servile expressions or elaborate titles in the Bulgarian language. These expressions have only been used in their relations with the Turks, and this intercourse has always been carried on in the Turkish language. Such titles and expressions are therefore associated in their minds with the hated despotism of their Mohammedan oppressors, and can never be applied to Bulgarians. This spirit has been manifested in the assembly at Tirnova in such a manner as to astonish the Russians, and it has attracted the attention of the Commission at Philippopolis. Three years ago a certain class of writers represented the Bulgarians as no better than sheep. The same writers now denounce them as wolves, always ready to devour meek and innocent Turks. The truth is simply this—the Bulgarian peasant has been for five hundred years in hopeless bondage. He has suffered from the Turks such indignities as have never been inflicted upon the Christians of Asia Minor. It has been no unusual thing for him to find himself suddenly deprived of his property by an edict of which he had never heard. It has been no rare occurrence for a Turk to mount upon his back and compel him to carry him to the next town. His daughters were often carried off by force to Turkish harems; and when a Moslem Bey entered his village, he ate up his provisions, ravished his wife or daughters, and often took his life. For all this there was no redress. The Turkish police were his worst enemies. Within five years they have inflicted the most horrible tortures upon peasants who had not the means to pay their taxes. It is no doubt true that in 1876, when these outrages were carried on upon a larger scale, the Bulgarians, in their hopeless-

ness, submitted to their fate very much like sheep. It is also true that since the war these ignorant peasants have often revenged themselves upon the Turks, and have resisted their return to Eastern Roumelia. If this is not very Christian, it is at least very human. These Bulgarian peasants are in fact neither sheep nor wolves. They are simply men, possessing the good and the bad qualities of their race, debased by ignorance and oppression, brought too suddenly from bondage to comparative freedom, but naturally quiet, industrious, frugal, and capable of a higher civilization than any race in Turkey.

It was unfortunate for the Bulgarians that the great crisis in their history came when it did. They were not ready for it. Ten years longer under Turkish rule, especially if this could have been modified as was proposed by the Conference of Constantinople, would have consolidated the nation, reconciled the Greeks to the idea of union with the Bulgarians, given time for the extension of the public schools from the towns to the villages, and for a more general elevation of the people. It would have given the people recognized and trusted leaders. There are now many well-educated, clever young men in the country, but they are not generally known, and they have not the age and experience which are necessary to command full respect and confidence. There are men who have local influence, but there is not one who is recognized as a leader of the nation. The plan agreed upon by the Conference of Constantinople was exactly adapted to the actual condition of the nation. It would, no doubt, have resulted in the ultimate dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, but this change would have come gradually, and possibly without any war. After the war this scheme was impracticable. Then the Bulgaria of the St. Stephanos Treaty, with some modifications perhaps, was the best solution possible, but it was replaced at Berlin by an arrangement which was very nearly the worst possible for every one concerned, except Russia and Austria. For them it has the advantage of securing continued anarchy and confusion in European Turkey.

Under this Berlin Treaty it is impossible to foresee what will be the political affinities of the Bulgarians in the future. Just now the European Powers seem to be vying with each other in the effort to force the Bulgarians to look to Russia as their only friend and possible ally. In the spring of 1875, before the outbreak in Herzegovina, I made a tour in Bulgaria, and made a special effort to ascertain the feeling of the people in regard to the different European Powers. I found an unexpected unanimity of opinion. The only Power universally feared and hated was Austria. In regard to Russia there were various shades of opinion; but there was a general feeling that Bulgaria had much to hope from her hostility to Turkey, and much to fear from her ambition to extend her territory. She would no doubt improve the first opportunity to deliver them from the Turks, but she might annex them to herself afterwards. They would rather take their chance, and wait for Turkey to fall to pieces, than be swallowed up in Russia; for it was the reality of a Bulgarian nation, and not the dream of Panslavism, in which they were interested. In regard to England, the question was always asked, how it was that a free Christian State could be the ally and defender of Moslem despotism? They would prefer the friendship of England to that of any other Power, but they saw no hope of ever securing it. After the massacres, and at the time of the Conference, there was a complete change of feeling. The people were filled with hope that, at last, they might count upon the friendship and protection of England; but the Congress at Berlin and the alliance with Austria have brought back the old feeling that English diplomacy is an inscrutable mystery. They manifested very little interest in Italy or Germany, but France was always spoken of with enthusiasm. This feeling in regard to France seemed to result in part from the vigor with which French Consuls defended the rights of the Christians, but still more from the conduct of France in the Italian war of 1859. The influence of this war upon the Christian nationalities in Turkey has not been noticed by European writers; but, in fact, it marked the beginning of a new era. Up to that time the Christians of Turkey had no idea of national-

ity as distinct from religion. A man was Catholic, or Orthodox, or Armenian, or Protestant; but no one ever thought of nationality as something distinct from this. The very word *millet*, which the Turks apply to the Christian communities, and which foreigners translate "nation," means only a religious sect. But the Franco-Austrian war taught the people of Turkey the new and startling fact that religion and nationality were not the same thing. From that day the Christians have been more inclined to tolerate religious differences and to seek for national unity and emancipation. This change has been very marked among the Armenians; but it was in European Turkey that the influence of this idea was most apparent. It impressed upon the Bulgarians the fact that, although they were Orthodox, they were not Greeks, and it led them to look to France as the champion of this new idea of nationality. She had gone to war to rescue the Italians from a bondage like that under which the Bulgarians were groaning; she might, at some time, do the same thing for them. Even now this feeling is prominent, and it would be easy for France to secure a controlling influence, not only in Bulgaria, but in all European Turkey. The present Government of France has turned its attention exclusively to the Greeks, and has shown no inclination to favor the Bulgarians; but no Bulgarian would object to the annexation of Thessaly and Epirus to Greece, and, so long as there is no question of Macedonia, there is no reason why France should not exert an equal influence over both Greeks and Bulgarians.

Macedonia is the real battle-ground of these nationalities. Both claim it, and each hopes to secure it; but each fears that it may be appropriated by Austria. If it is annexed to Bulgaria or occupied by Austria, Greece can never expand into a new Byzantine Empire or realize her "grand idea." In view of this fact, every effort has been made by the Greeks to prove that a majority of the population is Greek, and a very large amount of money is expended there annually to extend the use of the Greek language. The Bulgarians, on the other hand, claim that more than half of the population is Bulgarian, and that not more than half of the remainder is Greek. The American missionaries in Macedonia believe that this claim of the Bulgarians is well-founded, and base this judgment upon the language of the people, which is generally Bulgarian, and upon the fact that the people believe themselves to be Bulgarians. It is probable that, if it is not appropriated by Austria, it will ultimately fall to Bulgaria; but, since the Treaty of Berlin, no part of the Turkish Empire has suffered so much as this unfortunate province. It was provided in the Treaty that reforms should be inaugurated there under the direction of the Eastern Roumelia Commission, and it was of the highest importance to the Turkish Government to make this province at once a model of good government; but thus far nothing has been done. The whole province has been given over to anarchy and confusion. Brigands and Bashi-bazouks have alternately plundered and massacred the people. And the infamous Chevket Pacha was the man chosen to restore order. He remained at Monastir until he was driven out of the city by the Mussulman Beys themselves. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of Macedonia—however it may be for the interest of Greece, Bulgaria, Austria, and Russia to prolong this state of anarchy—it is to be hoped that England and France will interest themselves in securing the execution of that part of the Treaty of Berlin which promises good government to Macedonia.

It is not easy to forecast the future of the Bulgarian nation. It depends almost equally upon the patience and good-will of the Great Powers of Europe and upon the patience and good sense of the Bulgarians themselves. They have risen suddenly to life from a sleep of centuries; they have no acknowledged leaders, and but little experience of self-government; they have unrealized hopes and ambitions, and are surrounded by watchful and hostile races; they are poor, and burdened with a debt for which they are not responsible; they have not been permitted by Europe to unite under a single Government, but have been divided into five sections to gratify the ambition or quiet the fears of other nations. But, on the other hand, they owe all that they have gained to the

aid and protection of other nations rather than to their own efforts, and the opportunity is offered them of proving to the world that they are worthy of its confidence and support. They have all the advantages of a fertile country, protected from foreign invasion by a great European Treaty; they have all the good qualities of their race to work upon, and can devote themselves exclusively to its development; they have nothing to pull down—they have only to build up. It is not to be expected that they will be contented with the arrangements of the Treaty of Berlin, or cease to demand the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. Europe expects this, and will endure it patiently, but the Bulgarians also must patiently wait for the time when Europe can grant this boon without danger to herself. If the Bulgarians use their newly-acquired liberty wisely, the people of England will not be the last to sympathize with their aspirations.—*Contemporary Review.*

CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

"THE eagle," said one of the wisest of men, "does not nestle securely in the very bosom of Jove, the day on which he has quarrelled with a beetle." How much more serious, however, is the predicament of the royal bird, if he has offended, not a humble insect, but an animal of a far higher order. This was the misfortune which befell Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. Justly or unjustly, for we know but one side of the story, he roused against him the anger of the "literary whale" * of his generation, and his memory suffers from it unto this day, in spite of the partial reparation which was made by his assailant. It is not my intention in the following paper to attempt to do anything towards rehabilitating Chesterfield, who had unquestionably his fair share of faults. Persons who set to work to rehabilitate damaged reputations are peculiarly apt to be attacked by a dangerous form of the *rabies biographica*, and to confound truth and falsehood, right and wrong, in their headlong advocacy. The object of the following pages is far more humble, and purely practical. Mr. Leslie Stephen, not the least eminent of an eminent family, has adopted, or almost adopted, what appears to me a monstrously unjust criticism of Dr. Johnson's upon a work of Chesterfield's, which ought in my judgment to be far more generally read than it is; and I am anxious, by recalling to the attention of some readers of this Review what really was the essential part of the teaching of Chesterfield, to do something towards making the study of his *Letters to his Son* what I think they ought to be, a regular portion of the education of every Englishman who is likely to enter public life tolerably early. Bfeore going further, however, it is absolutely necessary to admit, without any qualifications, that the book has some very grave defects. These fall for the most part under three heads.

1st. There are a number of coarse expressions and allusions thinly scattered through the four volumes which are, although they occur in all the light literature of last century, not the less repugnant to modern eyes and ears.

2nd. The whole book is pitched, so to speak, an octave too low, if not for the day in which it was written, at least for that in which we have the good fortune to live. A man of the world, as shrewd as Chesterfield, would in the year 1879 have grasped the truth that to make an assured and honorable success in politics now, a character ought to be broader and deeper than that on the building up of which he labored so assiduously. There must be just as much shrewdness and knowledge of the world as ever, in the composition of the politician who is to play at the gold table and to win; but there must be, in an age when great masses are to be moved, a good deal more enthusiasm, a good deal more sympathy, and a good deal more poetry.

3rd. There are a great variety of pas-

* Peter Pindar prophesied very truly of Boswell—

"Triumphant thou thro' Time's vast gulf shalt sail,
The pilot of our literary whale."

sages which inculcate what we have happily learned to think a most detestable morality. Chesterfield drew a broad distinction between ordinary dissipation and the gallantry which the practice of his times authorised in all continental countries, and to this topic he recurs with provoking frequency.

If I were engaged in estimating his character, it would be necessary to linger on this disagreeable subject, and to inquire what weight ought to be given to it in balancing his faults against his virtues. I cannot, however, make it too clear that I am not engaged in estimating his character. That was done very well more than a generation ago by the late Lord Stanhope in his History, and by Mr. Hayward in an Essay which has been reprinted.

My object is, as I have said, a purely practical one. To examine, namely, how far his *Letters to his Son* can be made useful at the present day, and it fortunately happens that all his bad morality may, for that particular purpose, be left on one side. "No one," says an eminent legal writer, "however feloniously disposed, can run away with an acre of land," and it is not less certain that no young gentleman on his grand tour, however lax may be his principles, could form in every capital which he entered those intimate relations with ladies of position and reputation which Chesterfield is always pressing upon his son; although he would find it but too easy, if he had a turn that way, to indulge in those grosser forms of vice which Chesterfield so justly and so continually reprobates. The society in which Philip Stanhope moved is as dead as the Heptarchy, and we may treat the objectionable passages in the *Letters* as simply non-existent.

As to how far Chesterfield's views with regard to the women of his own day squared with the facts, it is beside my purpose to inquire; but certain it is that any one who, professing to be a man of the world, repeated these views as the result of his own observations on good society in the times in which we live, would, *ipso facto*, prove that he usurped a title to which he had no shadow of claim, and drew his conclusions, not from the experience of life, but either from books or from his own extremely foolish inner consciousness. Whatever may have been the case a hundred and fifty years ago, there cannot be the slightest doubt that any young man of adequate merit and position, who was properly introduced, and would take a little trouble, could now pass from capital to capital, living everywhere in the society of women who would do all for his manners that Chesterfield desired, and more even for his mind and his morals than they did for his manners.

Before we can estimate Chesterfield's educational ideas correctly we must understand what he proposed to effect. He proposed, then, to make his natural son, Philip Stanhope,—a youth of fair, but not shining abilities, cursed by nature with curiously ungainly manners,—an all-accomplished man, worthy to stand in the first rank of politics, now as a Member of the House of Commons, now as a negotiator at foreign courts, now as the confidential adviser of the heir to the throne, and now as Secretary of State. He wished to do this in an age when personal influences were much more powerful than they are in our day, when the people had very little power, when the idea of a Frenchman's fighting for "la patrie" as he would fight for "l'honneur du Roi" seemed wildly preposterous; when a letter in Germany might be returned if only one of twenty titles were omitted in the address—in short, in that world of minute etiquette and endless formalities which M. Taine has so well described in the first volume of his book on the *Ancien Régime* and the *Revolution*.

This being the problem to be solved, it is clear that importance would have to be attached to many things which are nowadays, to borrow a happy German-student phrase, "colossally unimportant;" while on the other hand, the world having progressed much since the middle of last century, many things now of great moment could not be expected to find a place. On the whole, however, the reader will, it is to be hoped, think that there is much more of what is permanently valuable than is usually supposed in the book to which it is sought to direct attention.

What then was Chesterfield's system? And, first, what was its foundation?

Its foundation, startling as the reply may appear to those who know his book only by hearsay, was morality and religion, *as their author understood them*. If we turn, for example, to Letter cxx.* we find the following passage: "As to the moral virtues, I say nothing to you; they speak best for themselves, nor can I suspect that they want any recommendation with you; I will, therefore, only assure you that, without them, you would be most unhappy."

Again in Letter cxxiii., after some observations about knowledge, we read: "For I never mention to you the two much greater points of religion and morality, because I cannot possibly suspect you, as to either of them."

Again, in Letter cxxxii. occur these words:

"Pray let no quibbles of lawyers, no refinements of casuists, break into the plain notions of right and wrong, which every man's right reason and plain common sense suggest to him. To do as you would be done by, is the plain, sure, and undisputed rule of morality and justice. Stick to that; and be convinced that whatever breaks into it, in any degree, however speciously it may be turned, and however puzzling it may be to answer it, is, notwithstanding, false in itself, unjust, and criminal."

Looking on to Letter clxviii., we find this:

"While you were a child, I endeavored to form your heart habitually to virtue and honor, before your understanding was capable of showing you their beauty and utility. Those principles, which you then got, like your grammar rules, only by rote, are now, I am persuaded, fixed and confirmed by reason. . . . I have therefore, since you have had the use of reason, never written to you upon those subjects: they speak best for themselves; and I should, now, just as soon think of warning you gravely not to fall into the dirt or the fire, as into dishonor or vice."

Nothing could exceed Chesterfield's horror and detestation of the ribald talk against morality, which was a not unnatural though calamitous result of the revolt against superstition, which formed so important a part of the history of the last century. On that subject he writes with a passion which he shows about hardly anything else.

Thus in Letter cxciii. he says:

"I hope in God, and I verily believe, that you want no moral virtue. But the possession of all the moral virtues, *in actu primo*, as the logicians call it, is not sufficient; you must have them in *actu secundo* too: nay, that is not sufficient neither; you must have the reputation of them also. Your character in the world must be built upon that solid foundation, or it will soon fall, and upon your own head. You cannot therefore be too careful, too nice, too scrupulous, in establishing this character at first, upon which your whole depends. Let no conversation, no example, no fashion, no *bon mot*, no silly desire of seeming to be above what most knaves, and many fools, call prejudices, ever tempt you to avow, excuse, extenuate, or laugh at the least breach of morality; but show upon all occasions, and take all occasions to show, a detestation and abhorrence of it."

With regard to religion he observes in Letter clxxx.:

"Putting moral virtues at the highest, and religion at the lowest, religion must be allowed to be a collateral security, at least to virtue; and every prudent man will sooner trust to two securities than to one."

As to the form of his religion, Chesterfield began by being a bigoted, but soon became a very moderate member of the Church of England, extending his tolerance even to the Roman Communion, which, associated as it was with opposition to the rising spirit of inquiry and with the exiled dynasty, he heartily disliked both as a philosopher and a politician; but to whose priests and services he directs his son to show on all occasions proper respect.

On this foundation Chesterfield desired to raise a solid superstructure of knowledge, beginning, of course, with what we now call the "three r's," and the subjects usually taught to children before they go to school. A large portion of the first volume is filled with letters upon the elements of political geography and history, generally written in French, which was carefully taught to young Stanhope from the very first. Of what we now call Physical Geography there is of course not a trace.

Soon Latin and Greek were added, and made the staple of education for some years under competent private tutors; and later, at Westminster, "Classical knowledge," that is, Greek and Latin, the boy is told, while still only about twelve years of age, "is absolutely necessary for everybody, because everybody has agreed to think and to

* My references are throughout not to Lord Stanhope's edition, which, although the best, is scarce and dear, but to the third edition (1774), which is more easily procured.

call it so." . . . "You are by this time, I hope, pretty near master of both, so that a small part of the day dedicated to them, for two years more, will make you perfect in that study."

It would be an error, however, to conclude from this passage, that the writer did not attach importance to the study of the classics for their own sake. Many of his judgments about particular authors, as for instance where he speaks with contempt of the Greek epigrams, some of which are amongst the most exquisite of human compositions, are sufficiently absurd. For the letters and *De Oratore* of Cicero, however, for the History of Thucydides, and the Orations of Demosthenes, he had evidently a genuine admiration; and again and again enjoins their study. Classical reading, indeed, filled a larger place in young Stanhope's training than a wise man, who had in view the same objects as Chesterfield, would now allow it to do in the case of his son. It must not be forgotten, however, that in the middle of the last century the importance of Greek and Latin works, weighed against the other literary productions of the human mind, was enormously greater than it is now. German literature cannot be said to have existed, and the number of works of a high order, either in French or English, was trifling compared with what we now enjoy. Numerous passages could be cited to prove that Chesterfield had an eye for what was best in the writings of his contemporaries. Pope, Atterbury, Hume, Robertson, and Voltaire, receive indifferently the tribute of his respect for the excellence of their style and other merits, while he uses the very strongest language to describe the impression made upon him by the eloquence of Bolingbroke, of whom he has left a portrait worthy to be set side by side with some of Clarendon's. He was anxious that Philip Stanhope should write good Latin, and has some exceedingly sensible remarks upon that subject in Letter cxxxii., in which he contrasts the Latin of a gentleman with the "Latin of a pedant who has probably read more bad authors than good." Were he alive now, he would doubtless be very indifferent to his son's writing Latin at all. Circumstances, however, are entirely changed. In Chesterfield's time, not only did learned men still correspond not unfrequently in Latin, but the power of writing good Latin might at any moment have been useful to a man who, like Philip Stanhope, was intended to spend much of his life in countries where he would be brought into contact with men who use Latin as the language of business, which indeed was the case to a considerable extent in Hungary up to 1835, and in Croatia even later. Then, again, a great many branches of human knowledge, of which the elements should be mastered during the course of a general education, did not then, at least for educational purposes, exist. Chesterfield speaks with respect of geometry and astronomy, desiring that his son should know their elements; but for him, as for most of his contemporaries, natural science had no being. To him a man who occupied himself with it was as frivolous a trifler as one "who contemplates the dress, not the characters, of the company he kept."

Now all this is altered. So able a person would have seen clearly that in an age when material progress has become such an important feature in the life of all civilised nations, when everything seeks for a scientific basis, it would be worse than futile for one who aspired to be in the forefront of politics, not to have at least a general acquaintance with, and a sympathy for, one of the most important, if not indeed for the time the most important, portion of human activity. He is always urging his son to be the "omnis homo," the universal man, and to describe any man by such a name at the present day, to whom natural science was a sealed book, would be merely a bad joke. We may then be certain that as he could not increase the number of minutes in an hour, and as an important part of his system was to allow some six hours a day for work, and to devote the rest to exercise and pleasure, he would have suppressed the writing of Latin, and indeed every accomplishment, however elegant, which did not go to build up his ideal of a statesman fully equipped for his work in the world.

A good foundation of Greek and Latin having been laid, Chesterfield's next care was to make his pupil perfect in

German, Italian, and French, so that he might employ all those languages with ease, and become acquainted with what his father considered to be best in their literatures. Chesterfield had the greatest respect for the French authors of the age of Louis Quatorze: of the Italians he recommended especially Tasso and Ariosto, giving the preference to the second. His literary criticisms, in short, were the criticisms of most intelligent men in that age; sensible enough as far as they went, but rarely going below the surface of things. Woe be, it has been well said, unto the nineteenth century, in so far as it denies the eighteenth, for it generally loses itself in dreams if it does. In criticism, however, it has certainly a right to boast that it is "far better than its fathers."

Young Stanhope, who, when he left England, already knew a good deal of French, was sent abroad with the Rev. Mr. Harte, a man of some learning, and the author, at a somewhat later period, of a *Life of Gustavus Adolphus*. They travelled by Heidelberg to Switzerland, and settled first at Leipzig, where, in addition to working at Latin and Greek, Stanhope heard lectures on public law and the law of the Holy Roman Empire, studied the principal European treaties, and began to make himself acquainted with the best works on modern history, then a task far less formidable than it would be at present.

His father kept urging him to increase his knowledge of geography, "wearing out his maps by constant reference to them." He insisted, as I have said, on a perfect knowledge of French, German, and Italian, but treated Spanish rather as a counsel of perfection, pretty much as he would, if writing now, have treated Russian.

He advised his son to make himself acquainted with all the circumstances of every country in which he might be; to question every man whom he came across about the things which he knew best, and liked most to talk—old soldiers about war and fortification, priests about the ceremonies and tenets of their respective churches, diplomatists, and more especially the Venetian and Sardinian agents (of whom Chesterfield had a particularly high opinion), about political affairs. Nor did the old statesman fall into the error which has been too common amongst diplomatists, of thinking that commercial matters were only fit for the attention of consuls. On the contrary, he pressed Philip Stanhope to learn as much as he could about them, by reading whatever he could find that was really good, from Huet's treatise on the commerce of the ancients to Sir Josiah Child's little book, which might be called, he says, the *Grammar of Commerce*. It is true that the mind of the teacher was full of the illusions that beset the world before the days of Adam Smith; but this did not arise from any carelessness or want of interest in the subject.

During his son's residence at Leipzig, Chesterfield's exhortations to the cultivation of good manners became incessant. These exhortations—which occupy so large a portion of the Letters as to have become associated with his name to such a degree as to have entirely thrown into the shade their most important features, and to have greatly misled people as to their author's character, fall into three categories.

First come a series of precepts so elementary as to be useless nowadays to any boys who have been decently brought up, but which are curious enough as showing how very low was the standard of manners in the middle of the eighteenth century at our public schools and universities.

Secondly, we find a great multitude of injunctions which were extremely valuable for one who was to spend a great part of his life in courts, as courts were during the "torrent's smoothness" which preceded the Niagara of the French Revolution. Many of them hold good at the present day, many do not; but it is unnecessary to dwell upon either. They were the tools of Philip Stanhope's trade, but are too technical to give any value to the book for general purposes now.

Thirdly, we have a number of maxims which are, and always will be, of great importance. I subjoin a very few of these:

"In the case of scandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief." (Letter cxxxiv.)

"A man of the world must, like the chameleon, be able to take every different hue;

which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a necessary complaisance, for it relates only to manners, and not to morals." (Letter cxxxiv.)

"Cautiously avoid talking of either your own or other people's domestic affairs. Yours are nothing to them, but tedious; theirs are nothing to you. The subject is a tender one; and it is odds but you touch somebody or other's sore place: for, in this case there is no trusting to specious appearances; which may be, and often are, so contrary to the real situations of things that, with the best intentions in the world, one often blunders disagreeably." (Letter cxxxv.)

"The scholar, without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable." (Letter xcvi.)

"There are two sorts of good company; one which is called the *beau monde*, and consists of those people who have the lead in courts, and in the gay part of life; the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe." (Letter xcvi.)

"All general reflections, upon nations and societies, are the trite, threadbare jokes of those who set up for wit without having any, and so have recourse to common-place." (Letter lxxviii.)

"Company is a republic too jealous of its liberties to suffer a dictator even for a quarter of an hour."* (Letter cc.)

"Good breeding carries along with it a dignity that is respected by the most petulant. Ill-breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid. No man ever said a pert thing to the Duke of Marlborough. No man ever said a civil one (though many a flattering one) to Sir Robert Walpole." (iv. 304.)

"When the old clipped money was called in for a new coinage in King William's time, to prevent the like for the future, they stamped on the edges of the crown pieces these words, *et Decus et utamen*. That is exactly the case of good breeding." (iv. 304.)

There is not a shadow of foundation for the idea that the manner which found favor with Chesterfield was an over-elaborate or affected one. That Dr. Johnson should have considered it so to be is natural enough, but as a matter of fact it was simply the kind of manner which is the usual outcome of good-feeling, a strong desire to please, and a wide acquaintance with men and things.

The objects of his supreme horror and aversion were the young Englishmen who were sent to travel abroad at twenty, "but who in truth stayed at home all the while, for, being very awkward, confoundedly ashamed, and not speaking the languages, they go into no foreign company—at least, none good." Of these he has given a number of sketches, as in Letters cl., clxi., &c. &c.

The kind of manner which Chesterfield approved, has been approved ever since, and will be approved to the end of time, by all competent judges. I do not know that it has ever been better described, than by a man who was the very antithesis of Chesterfield, in the warmth of his feelings, the loftiness of his ideal, and the depth of his enthusiasm. In a letter marked by all that curious felicity of style which received and deserved the enthusiastic praise of Montalembert, Albert de la Ferronays writes:

"Quant à l'élégance, je me fie à toi et je suis sûr que tu as celle que tu sais, celle que j'aime, ce bon goût cosmopolite qui n'est d'aucun pays et qui est de tous: un cachet étranger, ni italien, ni français, ni espagnol, mais de tout un peu, de rien en entier; une tournure à part, une mise à part, un parfum à part: tu me comprends, n'est-ce pas?"

The reason why Chesterfield so constantly referred to the subject of manners was, that they were Philip Stanhope's weak point. All his father's efforts never succeeded in making him other than what he was born, a very uncouth and clumsy person. Even Mr. Harte, who was much attached to him, and who was himself as unfortunate, admitted that Stanhope wanted nothing except good manners, but that the want of them, considering his destination, was a fatal one.

The best as well as the most numerous of Chesterfield's maxims refer much more to the conduct of life than to manners, understood in their narrower sense.

Such are the following:

"I would wish you to be a Corinthian edifice, upon a Tuscan foundation; the latter having the utmost strength and solidity to support, and the former all possible ornaments to decorate." (Letter clvi.)

"Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the

* It is curious to compare Chesterfield's idea of conversation with that of Dr. Johnson. To the latter conversation was a gladiatorial combat, in which he succeeded best who showed the greatest skill in fence combined with the strongest sinews. To the former it was either a means of adding to one's knowledge, or a harmless relaxation from business, in which he succeeded best who gave to his companions the greatest amount of pleasure.

thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things." (Letter clviii.)

"Tout brillant qui ne résulte pas de la solidité et de la justesse de la pensée, n'est qu'un faux brillant. Le mot italien sur le diamant est bien vrai à cet regard, *quanto più sodezza, tanto più splendore.*" (Letter ccv.—in French.)

"Pray be always in motion. Early in the morning go and see things; and the rest of the day go and see people." (Letter ccxlvi.)

"The political reflections (in the Memoir of Cardinal de Retz), which are most of them printed in italics, are the justest that ever I met with; they are not the labored reflections of a systematical closet politician, who, without the least experience of business, sits at home and writes maxims; but they are the reflections which a great and able man formed, from long experience and practice in great business. They are true conclusions drawn from facts, not from speculations." (Letter cxiii.)

"A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones." (iv. 298.)

"A man who tells nothing, or who tells all, will equally have nothing told to him." (iv. 298.)

"When a man of sense happens to be in that disagreeable situation, in which he is obliged to ask himself more than once, *What shall I do?* he will answer himself, Nothing. When his reason points out to him no good way, or at least no way less bad than another, he will stop short and wait for light. A little busy mind runs on at all events, must be doing; and, like a blind horse, fears no dangers, because he sees none. *Il faut savoir s'ennuyer.*" (iv. 299.)

"Patience is a most necessary qualification for business; many a man would rather you heard his story than granted his request. One must seem to hear the unreasonable demands of the petulant unmoved, and the tedious details of the dull untired. That is the least price that a man must pay for a high station." (iv. 299.)

"In business, an elegant simplicity, the result of care, not of labor, is required. Business must be well, not affectedly dressed; but by no means negligently. Let your first attention be to clearness, and read every paragraph after you have written it, in the critical view of discovering whether it is possible that any one man can mistake the true sense of it, and correct it accordingly." (Letter ccxxxiii.)

"Lay aside the best book whenever you can go into the best company; depend upon it you change for the better." (Letter ccxlviii.)

"Trivial futile books swarm and buzz about one every day; flap them away, they have no sting." (Letter ccxlviii.)

"Common sense (which in truth is very uncommon) is the best sense I know of: abide by it; it will counsel you best." (Letter cxxii.)

"The height of abilities is, to have *volto sciolto* and *pensieri stretti*; that is, a frank, open, and ingenuous exterior, with a prudent and reserved interior." (Letter cxxxiv.)

"Young as you are, I hope you are in haste to live; by living, I mean living with lustre and honor to yourself, with utility to society; doing what may deserve to be written, or writing what may deserve to be read: I should wish both." (Letter clxxxvii.)

From Leipzig young Stanhope went with his tutor to the Courts of Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, whence they passed into Italy. While in that country he was encouraged by his father to pay a fair amount of attention to art and antiquities; although, even there, history, languages, and society were to be his chief care. His Murray, by the way, was to be Alberti, a work "from whence I am assured," says Chesterfield, "that Mr. Addison, to save himself trouble, has taken most of his remarks and classical references."

After leaving Italy, tutor and pupil travelled by slow journeys to Paris, whence Mr. Harte returned to England, but his late charge remained, devoting himself, or being supposed to devote himself, not apparently with any great success, to his "exercises."

The exercises on which Chesterfield insisted were riding, fencing, and dancing. It is odd that in the case of a person who was to move so much about the world as Philip Stanhope, he should not have added swimming. For field-sports he had the most hearty contempt, and avowed it in a manner which seems strange when we think what a large place they now fill in the lives of men of his class in England. In Letter cxxiv. he says:

"All gaming, field-sports, and such sort of amusements, where neither the understanding nor the senses have the least share, I look upon as frivolous, and as the resources of little minds, who either do not think or do not love to think."

Again, in Letter cxlviii., we find these words:

"Sottish drinking, indiscriminate gluttony, driving coaches, rustic sports such as fox-chases, horse-races, &c., are, in my opinion, infinitely below the honest and industrious professions of a tailor and a shoemaker, which are said to *déroger*."

Again, in Letter ccxxx., he remarks:

"The poor beasts here are pursued and run down by much greater beasts than themselves; the true British fox-hunter is most undoubtedly a species appropriated and peculiar to the country which no part of the globe produces."

Possibly the brilliant way in which

hunting is now managed in this country might have induced him somewhat to modify his language; but he would, it can hardly be doubted, have sympathized with him who said, "England is the only country on the face of the earth where you are thought to have given a sufficient account of a gentleman of fortune and position, and one creditable to the person spoken of, if you say, 'He is a Master of Hounds.'"

It is interesting to speculate as to what he would have thought of the interest excited, not in the crowd, but amongst people of his own rank, by the Boat Race, or the Public Schools Match at Lord's. The cricket of his day he classes with pitch-farthing, evidently considering both as very good games for little boys. Eight-oared boat-racing had not broken out in those times.

During Stanhope's residence in Paris, his father directed him to see all the best forms of society, to go much to Court and to the foreign ambassadors, to frequent as much as he was allowed to do the society of the more eminent men of letters, Montesquieu, Fontenelle, and the like. He was also to pay much attention to the courts of justice, and the general principles of the French law.

After a short visit to England, the young man returned to Paris, where he continued his education, and worked as a supernumerary attaché at the Embassy, under Lord Albemarle. After that he passed into Germany, and went eventually to Hanover, in the suite of the Duke of Newcastle.

"It is your first crisis," writes his father; "the character which you acquire there will, more or less, be that which will abide by you for the rest of your life. You will be tried and judged there, not as a boy, but as a man; and from that moment there is no appeal for character: it is fixed. To form that character advantageously you have three objects particularly to attend to; your character as a man of morality, truth, and honor; your knowledge in the objects of your destination, as a man of business; and your engaging and insinuating address, air, and manners, as a courtier; the sure and only steps to favor. Merit at Courts, without favor, will do little or nothing; favor, without merit, will do a great deal; but favor and merit together will do everything." (Letter ccl.)

Stanhope was now at the age when most boys are on the eve of leaving school. About a year afterwards his father wrote to him as follows:

"You are now but nineteen, an age at which most of your countrymen are illiberally getting drunk on port, at the University. You have greatly got the start of them in learning; and if you can get the start of them in the knowledge and manners of the world, you may be very sure of outrunning them in Court and Parliament, as you set out so much earlier than they. They generally begin but to see the world at one-and-twenty; you will by that age have seen all Europe. They set out upon their travels unlicked cubs; and in their travels they only lick one another, for they seldom go into any other company. They know nothing but the English world, and the worst part of that too, and generally very little of any but the English language; and they come home at three or four-and-twenty, refined and polished (as is said in one of Congreve's plays) like Dutch skippers from a whale-fishing. The care which has been taken of you, (to do you justice) the care you have taken of yourself, has left you, at the age of nineteen only, nothing to acquire but the knowledge of the world, manners, address, and those exterior accomplishments. But they are great and necessary acquisitions, to those who have sense enough to know their true value; and your getting them before you are one-and-twenty, and before you enter upon the active and shining scene of life, will give you such an advantage over all your contemporaries, that they cannot overtake you; they must be distanced." (Letter cclxiv.)

The reader who has accompanied me thus far will have seen that Chesterfield was not easily satisfied in the matter of solid acquirements, and the following passage will impress that fact even more firmly on his mind.

In a letter written to Stanhope, when he was only seventeen, his father says:

"When I cast up your account as it now stands, I rejoice to see the balance so much in your favor; and that the items *per contra* are so few, and of such a nature, that they may be very easily cancelled. By way of debtor and creditor, it stands thus:

Creditor, by		Debtor, to
French.		English.
German.		Enunciation.
Italian.		Manners.
Latin.		
Greek.		
Logic.		
Ethics.		
History.		
Jus	Naturæ.	
	Gentium.	
	Publicum.	

This, my dear friend, is a very true account, and a very encouraging one for you. A man who owes so little, can clear it off in a very little time, and if he is a prudent man will; whereas a man who by long negligence owes a great deal, despairs of ever being able to pay; and therefore never looks into his accounts at all." (Letter cxcvii.)

It is not quite clear what Chesterfield meant by Ethics and Logic, but it is hardly probable that Stanhope had devoted any great amount of attention to either study. The other items on the creditor side, however, imply a large amount of acquisition for a boy of seventeen. As a matter of fact, thanks to the abominable arrangements of our schools and colleges, a far humbler curriculum than that which Philip Stanhope had passed through at seventeen, is not finished till two or three-and-twenty, even by clever young men. And there is no reason to suppose that Philip Stanhope was clever. He was brought up on a plan which was relatively good, under excellent teachers; that was all the mystery.

Now, we should be well content, in the case of a man who desired to arrive at the highest political success, if general education could be finished by one or two-and-twenty. The literature that ought to be read early, even if attention is only given to the very best books in each language, has enormously increased since Chesterfield's day; so have the mass and complication of modern history, and time must be found for the attainment of sound general ideas with reference to the elements of natural science, political economy, and our own municipal law. All this might well cover the whole period before one or two-and-twenty, even if time were gained by beginning the classics late, abandoning Latin composition, and throwing overboard everything now taught which could not successfully re-state the reasons of its existence.

A man, however, who aimed at the highest political success for his son, would not be satisfied without giving him a special preparation for politics, after his general education was complete. The range over which the modern statesman's knowledge must extend is far greater than that which was sufficient in the middle of the last century. A modern English statesman who limited his views as completely to Europe as Chesterfield very properly did, would inevitably be a very bad statesman. Nearly the whole of our existing colonial empire, and nearly the whole of our Indian Empire, have grown up since those days. In one of his later letters Chesterfield just mentions Clive, but, naturally, without having the faintest inkling of the way in which the deeds of the "bright-eyed young adventurer" would react upon and complicate our European position. An English statesman must in these days, if he would be anything but a blind guide, extend his view over the whole world. To him, more than to anybody else, apply the wise words of M. Laffitte, in his remarkable, and surely not sufficiently well-known book, *Les grands types de l'Humanité* :—

"Les chefs européens, il y a encore deux siècles, n'avaient guère à porter leur regards au delà de l'Occident. C'est tout au plus si la Turquie, de temps à autre, venait leur rappeler qu'il existait des orientaux. Toute la diplomatie se pratiquait entre populations qui s'étaient élevées ensemble, qui avaient contribué toutes, bien qu'à des degrés divers, à fonder une même civilisation, qui possédaient une croyance commune, dont les mœurs et les lois n'étaient point trop différentes. Mais aujourd'hui l'homme d'état doit porter dans sa tête la planète entière. L'Occident n'est qu'un point, l'Afrique et l'Asie l'inquiètent autant et plus qu'une partie quelconque de la vieille Europe; il faut conclure des traités avec les peuples de l'extrême Orient; il faut savoir ce qui se passe à Pékin, à Jeddo, à Calcutta, ou à Benarès. Comment cultiver ces relations, nouer ces alliances, gouverner en un mot, si l'on ignore ces populations, si l'on n'apprécie pas à leur valeur les civilisations qu'elles ont constituées? Le temps où l'on traitait de barbares ou d'imbéciles tout ce qui n'était pas chrétien est définitivement passé."

If, then, some knowledge of India and other Asiatic countries, together with some acquaintance with the British colonies, must be added to those subjects on which Chesterfield insisted, it is evident that we want more time. But the two great subjects we have mentioned are far indeed from exhausting the list of new requirements. The relations not only of the states of the Old World, but of those of the New, have become part of the knowledge which a man who destined his son for a political career, with the hopes which Chesterfield kept before his mind, would naturally desire him to possess.

If, however, more time is required for preparation, more is available. It has been seen that young Stanhope was already beginning the world at nineteen. He had, however, two advantages which even the sons of the greatest magnates cannot now command. His father could put him in the House of Commons as soon as he was of age, and could keep

him in it while he fulfilled diplomatic functions abroad, only coming home to take part in its proceedings from time to time, at the call of the Government of the day, or as suited his own convenience. So that his political education for the highest posts was really being continued for a long time in the best possible way.

Few, however, are those who have the good fortune to get even into the House of Commons in these days at one or at five-and-twenty; while no one finds himself at either of those ages both a legislator and a diplomatist. Now, too, that the custom of allowing ministers and ambassadors to attach persons, in whom they take an interest, to their legations or embassies has ceased to exist, and that private secretaryships are given chiefly to members of the permanent Civil Service, the chance of young men who are preparing for political life getting any training in business of the highest and widest kind is much diminished. The best substitute for it which circumstances permit is probably that which so many take to, namely, writing in newspapers and periodicals. But that, although it has many advantages, does not call into play the same faculties, and is subject to many drawbacks. Inconvenient, however, as it is that young men should have so few opportunities of being trained to statesmanship, it is in the nature of things, and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that, until the wealthy take the trouble really to train their sons for a political career, it will ever be otherwise. Constituencies naturally look out for a member who they think well represent them well when first elected, and cannot, except in rare cases, be expected to speculate on what he may become in a dozen years.

There is probably only one thing that could be done by the community, which would at all tend to give to the education of the highest class in this country a really statesmanlike turn, but happily that is a thing which it is for other reasons most important to do.

A very great and real improvement might be effected in the training of that class, if it were once for all determined that the diplomatic service was to be composed exclusively of persons of high intellectual attainments. The and least invidious way to effe would be to have, once a year, an ination open to every man under five-and-twenty in those subjects Chesterfield, if he were now amon would have prescribed. This ex tion should be conducted by a composed of ex-ministers, ambas and other functionaries of the rank, with, of course, a proper a of technical assistance. It shoul arranged as to bring out, not only edge, but also readiness, and pr of mind; and should therefore be ly *viva voce*. The standard sho kept extremely high, and it sho surrounded by a far greater amc dignity and public recognition th other examination. The names more than twelve of the best can should be announced by the exa in a class list, from which the Se of State for Foreign Affairs sho his own absolute discretion, sele persons to fill the attachéships regular line of the service, and the ships in the Foreign Office, which fall vacant during the year; wh ministers and ambassadors should powered to take as supernumerary attachés, and with no claim to the service, any persons whose were found in the list. If such amination were set on foot, and pr organized, it may be hoped that in it would become an object with siderable percentage of those your who do not require to go into a r making profession, but who wou the opportunity of having their advertised to the nation as those sons who had given themselve success to the kind of studies wh at the root of statesmanship. Suc would undoubtedly have a better in many constituencies than p who could not bring forward an monials to their political knowled ability. The fact of a man taken this or that degree at the U sities conveys very little to the m an electoral committee, even wh degree taken really represents kno of a kind important to them, w only rarely the case, but the gu afforded by such an examinatio suggest would be altogether differ

After some further travelling in Germany, Stanhope returned to England, and took his seat in the House of Commons. His father had been long turning his attention in that direction, for the House of Commons was then, much more than it is even now, the natural road to be taken by any one who, not born a peer, wished to arrive at a great position in the State. That assembly is doubtless much changed and improved since the day when so keen an observer as Chesterfield could write as follows :

"To bring this directly to you ; know that no man can make a figure in this country but by Parliament. Your fate depends upon your success there as a speaker ; and, take my word for it, that success turns much more upon manner than matter. Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Murray, the Solicitor-General, uncle to Lord Stormont, are beyond comparison the best speakers ; why ? only because they are the best orators. They alone can influence or quiet the House ; they alone are so attended to, in that numerous and noisy assembly, that you might hear a pin fall, while either of them is speaking. Is it that their matter is better, or their arguments stronger, than other people's ? Does the House expect extraordinary informations from them ? Not in the least ; but the House expects pleasure from them, and therefore attends ; finds it, and therefore approves." (Letter ccxi.)

"The receipt to make a speaker, and an applauded one, too, is short and easy. Take of common sense *quantum sufficit*, add a little application to the rules and orders of the House, throw obvious thoughts in a new light, and make up the whole with a large quantity of purity, correctness, and elegancy of style." (Letter cclxxii.)

It may be that no orator of our day has equalled the elder Pitt in his highest flights, but good speaking of the kind just below the highest has increased so much, that a man who was satisfied with the amount and kind of excellence which Chesterfield prescribed would not stand out from his fellows enough to obtain any great name.

Again, the vast variety of business which the House of Commons has accumulated in its own hands requires for its proper transaction a far greater amount of special knowledge than was requisite to meet the comparatively simple exigencies of Chesterfield's day, and the men who have that special knowledge are respectfully listened to, even when they speak detestably.

Still, after all allowance has been made for the change of circumstances, there remains a great deal of truth in Chesterfield's remarks. A musical well-managed voice, and a graceful manner of speaking, go very much further with the House of Commons than is at all generally supposed by those who are not intimately acquainted with it. Of course, it would be easy to mention men on both sides of politics who have had very great success in spite of the possession of almost every defect against which Chesterfield warned his correspondent ; but I suppose there are few men who have been long familiar with it, who would not say that adequate abilities accompanied by the sort of charm which a man like the late Lord Herbert had in so supreme a degree, would advance a man in the House of Commons more quickly than the most commanding genius, unaccompanied by that charm.

The letters which can properly be called educational end with that of 27th November, 1754, number cclxxix., in the fourth volume, and those which extend from 1756 to Philip Stanhope's death, in 1768, are at once of less interest, and far fewer in number.

Chesterfield's labors turned out only very partially successful, but they failed precisely where he expected them to fail. In 1748, he had written to his son : "I will tell you, sincerely, my hopes and fears concerning you. I think you will be a good scholar, and that you will acquire a considerable stock of knowledge of various kinds : but I fear that you neglect what are called little, though in truth they are very material things ; I mean gentleness of manners, an engaging address, and an insinuating behavior ; they are real and solid advantages, and none but those who do not know the world, treat them as trifles. I am told that you speak very quick and not distinctly ; this is a most ungraceful and disagreeable trick, which you know I have told you of a thousand times ; pray attend carefully to the correction of it. An agreeable and distinct manner of speaking adds greatly to the matter ; and I have known many a very good speech unregarded, upon account of the disagreeable manner in which it has been delivered, and many an indifferent one applauded, for the contrary reason." (Letter cxv.)

This was exactly what happened

Philip Stanhope turned out an extremely well-informed, nay, learned man; but he showed no aptitude whatever for oratory, all but breaking down in his maiden speech, while he was quite remarkable for the want of those manners of which his father had said to him, very early in the day, that "though the last, and it may be the least ingredient of merit," they were, however, "very far rom being useless in its composition."

It would have been vain to argue in favor of Chesterfield's method from the accident of its having succeeded in the case of Philip Stanhope, and it is equally vain to argue against it from the accident of its having partially failed with him. It must be judged on its own merits, but it would be very interesting to learn from some critic who, like Chesterfield, had directed great affairs, what, if any, are its weak points, other than those which, however important, are not of its essence, and to which I have pointedly called attention at the outset of these remarks.

If Chesterfield's method, with the large modifications which have been suggested, is not the best education for a statesman before he is old enough to take a part in politics, then which is the best?

That is a question which *les classes dirigeantes* in all countries had better ask and answer wisely, if they are not ere long to be contemptuously thrust aside by the new social strata as *les classes digérantes*. Let them show that they are fit to lead, and they will continue to do so for many a long day, at least in England. They have wealth and hereditary predisposition in their favor; why should they not add to these advantages a reasonable amount of taking trouble?

When every other avocation is beginning to discard mere rule of thumb, perhaps a little more systematic training for the most dignified of all avocations would not be wholly amiss. From time to time some political genius appears who seems so great that no training would have made him greater. That, however, is probably an optical illusion, produced by the atmosphere of admiration through which we gaze on him. Even in medicine we hear of wonderful things being done by irregular practitioners. An orthodox physician said disparagingly of one of these who was attending a friend of mine the other day, "Ce n'est pas unmédecin, c'est un guérisseur!" We may smile at that, but none the less do we usually prefer that our medical attendants should have been educated for their profession.—*Fortnightly Review.*

FOOD AND FEEDING.

BY SIR HENRY THOMPSON.

I THINK I shall not be far wrong if I say that there are few subjects more important to the well-being of man than the selection and preparation of his food. Our forefathers in their wisdom have provided, by ample and generously endowed organisations, for the dissemination of moral precepts in relation to human conduct, and for the constant supply of sustenance to meet the cravings of religious emotions common to all sorts and conditions of men. In these provisions no student of human nature can fail to recognise the spirit of wisdom and a lofty purpose. But it is not a sign of ancestral wisdom that so little thought has been bestowed on the teaching of what we should eat and drink; that the relations, not only between food and a healthy population, but between food and virtue, between the process of digestion and the state of mind which results from it, have occupied a subordinate place in the practical arrangements of life. No doubt there has long been some practical acknowledgment, on the part of a few educated persons, of the simple fact that a man's temper, and consequently many of his actions, depend on such an alternative as whether he habitually digests his food well or ill; whether the meals which he eats are properly converted into healthy material, suitable for the ceaseless work of building up both muscle and brain; or whether unhealthy products constantly pollute the course of nutritive

supply. But the truth of that fact has never been generally admitted to an extent at all comparable with its exceeding importance. It produces no practical result on the habits of men in the least degree commensurate with the pregnant import it contains. For it is certain that an adequate recognition of the value of proper food to the individual in maintaining a high standard of health, in prolonging healthy life (the prolongation of unhealthy life being small gain either to the individual or to the community), and thus largely promoting cheerful temper, prevalent good nature, and improved moral tone, would require almost a revolution in the habits of a large part of the community.

The general outlines of a man's mental character and physical tendencies are doubtless largely determined by the impress of race and family. That is, the scheme of the building, its characteristics and dimensions, are inherited; but to a very large extent the materials and filling in of the framework depend upon his food and training. By the latter term may be understood all that relates to mental and moral and even to physical education, in part already assumed to be fairly provided for, and therefore not further to be considered here. No matter, then, how consummate the scheme of the architect, nor how vast the design, more or less of failure to rear the edifice results when the materials are ill chosen or wholly unworthy to be used. Many other sources of failure there may be which it is no part of my business to note; but the influence of food is not only itself cardinal in rank, but, by priority of action, gives rise to other and secondary agencies.

The slightest sketch of the commonest types of human life will suffice to illustrate this truth.

To commence, I fear it must be admitted that the majority of British infants are reared on imperfect milk by weak or ill-fed mothers. And thus it follows that the signs of disease, of feeble vitality, or of fretful disposition, may be observed at a very early age, and are apparent in symptoms of indigestion or in the cravings of want manifested by the 'peevish' and sleepless infant. In circumstances where there is no want of abundant nutriment, over-feeding or complicated forms of food, suitable only for older persons, produce for this infant troubles which are no less grave than those of the former. In the next stage of life, among the poor the child takes his place at the parents' table, where lack of means, as well as of knowledge, deprives him of food more suitable than the rough fare of the adult, and moreover obtains for him, perchance, his little share of beer or gin. On the whole, perhaps he is not much worse off than the child of the well-to-do, who becomes a pet, and is already familiarised with complex and too solid forms of food and stimulating drinks which custom and self-indulgence have placed on the daily table. And soon afterwards commence in consequence—and entirely in consequence, a fact it is impossible too much to emphasize—the 'sick headaches' and 'bilious attacks,' which pursue their victim through half a lifetime, to be exchanged for gout or worse at or before the grand climacteric. And so common are these evils that they are regarded by people in general as a necessary appanage of 'poor humanity.' No notion can be more erroneous, since it is absolutely true that the complaints referred to are self-engendered, form no necessary part of our physical nature, and for their existence are dependent almost entirely on our habits in relation to food and drink. I except, of course, those cases in which hereditary tendencies are so strong as to produce these evils, despite of some care on the part of the unfortunate victim of an ancestor's self-indulgence. Equally, however, on the part of that little-to-be-revered progenitor was ill-chosen food, or more probably excess in quantity, the cause of disease, and not the physical nature of man.

The next stage of boyhood transfers the child just spoken of to a public school, where too often insufficient or inappropriate diet, at the most critical period of growth, has to be supplemented from other sources. It is almost unnecessary to say that chief among these are the pastrycook and the vendor of portable provisions, for much of which latter that skin-stuffed compound of unknown origin, an uncertified sausage, may be accepted as the type.

After this period arise the temptations

to drink, among the youth of all classes, whether at beer house, tavern, or club. For it has been taught in the bosom of the family, by the father's example and by the mother's precept, that wine, beer, and spirits are useful, nay, necessary to health, and that they augment the strength. And the lessons thus inculcated and too well learned were but steps which led to wider experience in the pursuit of health and strength by larger use of the same means. Under such circumstances it often happens, as the youth grows up, that a flagging appetite or a failing digestion habitually demands a dram before or between meals, and that these are regarded rather as occasions to indulge in variety of liquor than as repasts for nourishing the body. It is not surprising, with such training, that the true object of both eating and drinking is entirely lost sight of. The gratification of acquired tastes usurps the function of that zest which healthy appetite produces; and the intention that food should be adapted to the physical needs of the body and the healthy action of the mind is forgotten altogether. So it often comes to pass that at middle age, when man finds himself in the full current of life's occupations, struggling for pre-eminence with his fellows, indigestion has become persistent in some of its numerous forms, shortens his 'staying power,' or spoils his judgment or temper. And, besides all this, few causes are more potent than an incompetent stomach to engender habits of selfishness and egotism. A constant care to provide little personal wants of various kinds, thus rendered necessary, cultivates these sentiments, and they influence the man's whole character in consequence. The poor man, advancing in years, suffers from continuous toil with inadequate food, the supply of which is often diminished by his expenditure for beer, which, although often noxious, he regards as the elixir of life, never to be missed when fair occasion for obtaining it is offered. Many of this class are prematurely crippled by articular disease, &c., and become permanent inmates of the parish workhouse or infirmary.

It must be obvious to everybody how much more of detail might be added to fill in the outlines of this little sketch. It is meagre in the extreme: ne less it suffices for my purpose; o lustrations may occur hereafter.

But it is necessary to say at this and I desire to say it emphaticall the subject of food need not, eve the views just enunciated, be tre an ascetic spirit. It is to be cons in relation to a principle, in wh may certainly believe, that aliment adapted to develope the indi sound in body and mind, shall n be most acceptable, but that th be selected and prepared so as to scope for the exercise of a refine and produce a fair degree of that ure naturally associated with the tion of the palate, and derived study of the table. For it is certa nine-tenths of the gourmandise w practised, at all events in English ty—where for the most part it is ter of faith without knowledge— more a source of gratification eater's gustatory sense than it is gestible sustenance to his body.

Our subject now shapes itself. must first be regarded in relatio value as material to be used for b up and sustaining that composite ture, the human body, under the conditions in which it may be Secondly, the selection of food, a best modes of preparing it, resul the production of 'the dish,' a of great extent and importance, n dealt with very briefly. Lastly, ercise of taste in relation to the of food and drink, or the art of c ing dishes to form 'a meal,' mu be considered.

I shall not regard this as the which to offer any scientific defini the term food. I shall include its range all the solid materials p ly so regarded and therefore eaten drink being as necessary as solids purpose of digestion, and to supp large proportion of fluid which th contains in every mesh and cell t I shall regard as 'drink' all the which it is customary to swallo our meals, although probably ve if any, of them can be regarded in any strict sense of the term.

Food is essential to the body i to fulfil two distinct purposes, or ply two distinct wants inseparabl

animal life. As certainly as a steam-engine requires fuel, by the combustion or oxidation of which force is called into action for various purposes—as the engine itself requires the mending and replacing of parts wasted in the process of working—so certainly does the animal body require fuel to evoke its force, and material to replace those portions which are necessarily wasted by labor, whether the latter be what we call physical or mental, that is, of limbs or of brain. The material which is competent to supply both requirements is a complete or perfect food. Examples of complete food exist in milk and the egg, sufficing as these do for all the wants of the young animal during the period of early growth. Nevertheless a single animal product like either of the two named, although complex in itself, is not more perfect than an artificial combination of various simpler substances, provided the mixture (dish or meal) contains all the elements required in due proportion for the purposes of the body.

It would be out of place to occupy much space with those elementary details of the chemical constitution of the body which may be found in any small manual of human physiology;* but for the right understanding of our subject, a brief sketch must be presented. Let it suffice to say that carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, the three all pervading elements of the vegetable world, enter largely into the composition of the animal body; and that the two former especially constitute a fuel, the oxidation of which produces animal heat, and developes the force in its varied forms, physical and mental, which the body is capable of exerting. Besides these, nitrogen, obtainable from certain vegetable products, not from all, but forming definite combinations with the three elements just named, is essential to the repair and reproduction of the body itself, being one of its most important constituents. Lastly must be named several other elements which, in small proportions, are also essential constituents of the body; such as sulphur, phosphorus, salts of lime, magnesia, potash, &c., with traces of iron and other metals. All these must be present in the food supplied, otherwise animal existence cannot be supported; and all are found in the vegetable kingdom, and may be obtained directly therefrom by man in feeding on vegetables alone.* But the process of obtaining and combining these simple elements into the more complex forms which constitute the bases of animal tissues—definite compounds of nitrogen with carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen—is also accomplished by the lower animals, which are exclusively vegetable feeders. These animals we can consume as food, and thus procure, if we please, ready prepared for our purpose, the materials of flesh, sinew, and bone, for immediate use. We obtain also from the animal milk and the egg, already said to be 'perfect' foods; and they are so because they contain the nitrogenous compounds referred to, fatty matter abundantly, and the various saline or mineral matters requisite. But compounds simpler in form than the preceding, of a non-nitrogenous kind, that is, of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen only, are necessary as food for the production of animal heat and force. These consist, first, of the fat of animals of various kinds, and of butter; and from the vegetable kingdom, of the fatty matter which exists in grain and legumes, and largely in the olive and in many seeds: secondly, of the starchy matters, all derived from vegetables, such as a large part of wheaten and other flour, rice, arrowroot, and potatoes; together with sugar, gum, and other minor vegetable products of a similar kind. The fats form the more important group of the two, both in relation to the production of heat and force; and without a constant supply of fat as food the body would cease to exist. The vegetable eater, pure and simple, can therefore extract from his food all the principles

* Such as *Physiology*, Science Primer, by M. Foster, M.A., M.D. (Macmillan); *Lessons in Elementary Physiology*, by Professor Huxley (Macmillan). For a full consideration of the subject Dr. Pavy's very complete *Treatise on Food and Dietetics* (Churchill, London, 1875).

* The vegetable kingdom comprehends the cereals, legumes, roots, starches, sugar, herbs, and fruits. Persons who style themselves vegetarians often consume milk, eggs, butter, and lard, which are choice foods from the animal kingdom. There are other persons, of course, who are strictly vegetable eaters, and such alone have any right to the title of vegetarians.

necessary for the growth and support of the body as well as for the production of heat and force, provided that he selects vegetables which contain all the essential elements named. But he must for this purpose consume the best cereals, wheat or oats; or the legumes, beans, peas, or lentils; or he must swallow and digest a large weight of vegetable matter of less nutritive value, and therefore containing at least one element in large excess, in order to obtain all the elements he needs. Thus the Irishman requires ten to eleven pounds of potatoes daily, which contain chiefly starch, very little nitrogen, and scarcely any fat: hence he obtains, when he can, some buttermilk or bacon or a herring to supply the deficiency. The Highlander, living mainly on oatmeal, requires a much smaller weight, since this grain contains not only starch, but much nitrogen and a fair amount of fat, although not quite sufficient for his purpose, which is usually supplied by adding milk or a little bacon to his diet. On the other hand, the man who lives chiefly or largely on flesh and eggs as well as bread obtains precisely the same principles, but served in a concentrated form, and a weight of about two or three pounds of such food is a full equivalent to the Irishman's ten or eleven pounds of potatoes and extras. The meat-eater's digestion is taxed with a far less quantity of solid, but that very concentration in regard of quality entails on some stomachs an expenditure of force in digestion equal to that required by the vegetable eater to assimilate his much larger portions. And it must be admitted, as a fact beyond question, that some persons are stronger and more healthy who live chiefly or altogether on vegetables, while there are many others for whom a proportion of animal food appears to be desirable, if not necessary. In studying this matter, individual habit must be taken into account. An animal feeder may by slow degrees become a vegetarian, without loss of weight or strength, not without feeling some inconvenience in the process; but a sudden change in diet in this direction is for a time almost equivalent to starvation. The digestive organs require a considerable period to accommodate themselves to the performance of work different from that to which they have been long accustomed, and in some constitutions might fail altogether in the attempt. Besides, in matters of diet essentially, many persons have individual peculiarities; and while certain fixed principles exist, such as those already laid down as absolutely cardinal, in the detail of their application to each man's wants, an infinity of stomach-eccentricities is to be reckoned on. The old proverb expresses the fact strongly but truly: 'What is one man's meat is another man's poison.' Yet nothing is more common—and one rarely leaves a social dinner table without observing it—than to hear some good-natured person recommending to his neighbor, with a confidence rarely found except in alliance with profound ignorance of the matter in hand, some special form of food, or drink, or system of diet, solely because the adviser happens to have found it useful to himself!

It will be interesting now to take a general but brief survey of the vast range of materials which civilised man has at his command for the purpose of food; these few preliminary remarks on the chemical constituents of food having been intended to aid in appreciating the value of different kinds.

Commencing with the vegetable kingdom, from which our early progenitors, probably during long ages, drew all their sustenance, the cereals, or cultivated grasses, come first, as containing all the elements necessary to life, and being therefore most largely consumed. Wheat and its congeners, which rank highest in quality, had been distinguished, in the form of bread, as 'the staff of life,' long before the physiological demonstration of the fact had been attained. Wheat, oats, rye and barley, maize and rice, are the chief members of this group; wheat containing the most nitrogenous or flesh-forming material, besides abundance of starch, a moderate amount of fat, together with sufficient saline and mineral elements. Rice, on the other hand, contains very little nitrogen, fat, and mineral constituents, but starch in great abundance; while maize, with a fair supply of nitrogenous and starchy matter, contains the most fat or heat-producing material of the whole group. As derived from wheat must be

named the valuable aliments, macaroni and all the Italian pastes. Derived from barley is malt-saccharine, parent of the large family of fermented liquors known as beer. And from various other grains are obtained, by fermentation and distillation, several forms of ardent spirit. Vinegar, best when produced from the grape, is also largely made from grain.

The legumes, such as beans, lentils, and peas, form an aliment of great value, containing more nitrogen even than the cereals, but with fat in very small proportion, while starchy matter and the mineral elements abound in both groups.

The tuber finds its type in the potato, which contains much starch, little nitrogen, and almost no fat; in the yam also. The roots may be illustrated by the beet, carrot, parsnip, and turnip, all containing little nitrogen, but much sugar, and water in large proportion. Derived from roots and stems of foreign growth, we have arrowroot, tapioca, and sago, all starches and destitute of nitrogen. Fatty matter is abundantly found in the olive, which supplies a large part of the world with an important article of food. The almond and other seeds are also fruitful sources of oil.

Under the term 'green vegetables,' a few leading plants may be enumerated as types of the vast natural supplies which everywhere exist:—The entire cabbage tribe in great variety; lettuces, endive, and cresses; spinach, seakale, asparagus, celery, onions, artichokes, and tomato, all valuable not so much for nutritive property, which is inconsiderable, as for admixture with other food chiefly on account of salts which they contain, and for their appetising aroma and varied flavors. Thus condiments are useful, as the sweet and aromatic spices, the peppers, mustard, and the various potherbs, so essential to an agreeable cuisine. Sea weeds, as laver, and the whole tribe of mushrooms should be named, as ranking much higher in nutritive value than green vegetables. Pumpkins, marrows, and cucumbers, chestnuts, and other nuts largely support life in some countries. The bread fruit is of high value; so also are the cocoanut and the banana in tropical climates.

Lastly must be named all those delicious but not very nutritive products of most varied kind and source, grouped under the name of fruits. These are characterised chiefly by the presence of sugar, acid, vegetable jelly, and some saline matter, often combined with scent and flavor of exquisite quality. Derived from grapes as its chief source, stands wine in its innumerable varieties, so closely associated by all civilised nations with the use of aliments, although not universally admitted to rank in technical language as a food. Next may be named sugar in its various forms, a non-nitrogenous product of great value, and, in a less degree, honey. No less important are the tea plant, the coffee berry, and the seeds of the cacao tree.

There is a single element belonging to the mineral kingdom which is taken in its natural state as an addition to food, namely, common salt; and it is so universally recognised as necessary, that it cannot be omitted here. The foregoing list possesses no claim to be exhaustive, only to be fairly typical and suggestive; many omissions, which some may think important, doubtless exist. In like manner, a rapid survey may be taken of the animal kingdom.

First, the flesh of domestic quadrupeds: the ox and sheep, both adult and young; the pig; the horse and ass, chiefly in France. Milk, butter, and cheese in endless variety are derived chiefly from this group. More or less wild are the red deer, the fallow deer, and the roe-deer. As game, the hare and rabbit; abroad, the bison, wild boar, bear, chamois, and kangaroo, are esteemed for food among civilised nations; but many other animals are eaten by half-civilised and savage peoples. All these are rich in nitrogen, fatty matters, and saline materials.

Among birds, we have domestic poultry in great variety of size and quality, with eggs in great abundance furnished chiefly by this class. All the wild fowl and aquatic birds; the pigeon tribe and the small birds. Winged game in all its well-known variety.

Of fish it is unnecessary to enumerate the enormous supply and the various species which exist everywhere, and especially on our own shores, from the sturgeon to whitebait, besides those in fresh-water rivers and lakes. All of

them furnish nitrogenous matter largely, but, and particularly the white fish, possess fat in very small proportion, and little of saline materials. The salmon, mackerel, and herring tribes have more fat, the last named in considerable quantity, forming a useful food well calculated to supplement cereal aliments, and largely adopted for the purpose both in the south and north of Europe.

The so-called reptiles furnish turtle, tortoise, and edible frog. Among articulated animals are the lobsters, crabs, and shrimps. Among molluscs, the oyster and all the shellfish, which, as well as the preceding animals, in chemical composition closely resemble that of fish properly so called.

I shall not enter on a discussion of the question: Is man designed to be a vegetable feeder, or a flesh-eating or an omnivorous animal? Nor shall his teeth or other organs be examined in reference thereto. Any evidence to be found by anatomical investigation can only be safely regarded as showing what man is and has been. That he has been and is omnivorous to the extent of his means, there can exist no doubt. Whether he has been generally prudent or happy in his choice of food and drink is highly improbable, seeing that until very recently he has possessed no certain knowledge touching the relations which matters used as food hold with respect to the structure and wants of his body, and that such recent knowledge has been confined to a very few individuals. Whatever sound practice he may have attained, and it is not inconsiderable, in his choice and treatment of food, is the result of many centuries of empirical observation, the process of which has been attended with much disastrous failure and some damage to the experimenters. No doubt much unsound constitution and proclivity to certain diseases result from the persistent use through many generations of improper food and drink.

Speaking in general terms, man seems, at the present time, prone to choose foods which are unnecessarily concentrated and too rich in nitrogenous or flesh-forming material, and to consume more in quantity than is necessary for the healthy performance of the animal functions. He is apt to leave out of sight the great difference, in relation to both quantity and quality of food, which different habits of life demand, *e.g.* between the habits of those who are chiefly sedentary and brain-workers, and of those who are active and exercise muscle more than brain. He makes very small account of the different requirements by the child, the mature adult, and the declining or aged person. And he seems to be still less aware of the frequent existence of notable individual peculiarities in relation to the tolerance of certain aliments and drinks. As a rule, man has little knowledge of, or interest in, the processes by which food is prepared for the table, or the conditions necessary to the healthy digestion of it by himself. Until a tolerably high standard of civilisation is reached, he cares more for quantity than quality, desires little variety, and regards as impertinent an innovation in the shape of a new aliment, expecting the same food at the same hour daily, his enjoyment of which apparently greatly depends on his ability to swallow the portion with extreme rapidity, that he may apply himself to some other and more important occupation without delay. Eating is treated in fact by multitudes much as they are disposed to treat religious duty —which eating assuredly is—that is, as a duty which is generally irksome, but unfortunately necessary to be performed. As to any exercise of taste in the serving or in the combining of different foods at a meal, the subject is completely out of reach of the great majority of people, and is as little comprehended by them as the structure and harmonies of a symphony are by the first whistling boy one chances to meet in the street. The intelligent reader who has sufficient interest in this subject to have followed me thus far may fancy this a sketch from savage life. On the contrary, I can assure him that ignorance and indifference to the nature and object of food mark the condition of a large majority of the so-called educated people of this country. Men even boast of their ignorance of so trivial a subject, regard it as unworthy the exercise of their powers, and—small compliment to their wives and sisters—fit only for the occupation of women.

Admitting man, then, to be physically so constituted as to be able to derive all

that is necessary to the healthy performance of all his functions from the animal or from the vegetable kingdom, either singly or combined, he can scarcely be regarded otherwise than as qualified to be an omnivorous animal. Add to this fact his possession of an intelligence which enables him to obtain food of all kinds and climes, to investigate its qualities, and to render it more fit for digestion by heat—powers which no other animal possesses—and there appears no *à priori* reason for limiting his diet to products of either kingdom exclusively.

It is a matter of great interest to ascertain what have become, under the empirical conditions named, the staple foods of the common people of various climates and races—what, in short, supports the life and labor of the chief part of the world's population.

In the tropics and adjacent portions of the temperate zones, high temperature being incompatible with the physical activity familiar to northern races, a very little nitrogenous material suffices, since the waste of muscle is small. Only a moderate quantity of fat is taken, the demand for heat-production being inconsiderable. The chiefly starchy products supply nearly all the nutriment required, and such are found in rice, millet, &c. Rice by itself is the principal food of the wide zone thus indicated, including a large part of China, the East Indies, part of Africa and America, and also the West Indies. Small additions, where obtainable, are made of other seeds, of oil, butter, &c. ; and as temperature decreases by distance from the equator, some fish, fowl, or other light form of animal food, are added.

In the north of Africa, Arabia, and some neighboring parts, the date, which contains sugar in abundance, is largely eaten, as well as maize and other cereals.

Crossing to Europe, the southern Italian is found subsisting on macaroni, legumes, rice, fruits, and salads, with oil, cheese, fish, and small birds, but very little meat. More northward, besides fish and a little meat, maize is the chief aliment, rye and other cereals taking a second place. The chestnut also is largely eaten by the poorer population, both it and maize containing more fatty matter than wheat, oats, and legumes.

In Spain, the inhabitants subsist chiefly on maize and rice, with some wheat and legumes, among them the garbanzo or 'chick pea,' and one of the principal vegetable components of the national *olla*, which contains also a considerable proportion of animal food in variety, as bacon, sausage, fowl, &c. Fruit is fine and abundant ; especially so are grapes, figs, and melons. There is little or no butter, the universal substitute for which is olive oil, produced in great quantity. Fowls and the pig furnish the chief animal food, and garlic is the favorite condiment.

Going northward, flesh of all kinds occupies a more considerable place in the dietary. In France the garden vegetables and legumes form an important staple of diet for all classes ; but the very numerous small land proprietors subsist largely on the direct products of the soil, adding little more than milk, poultry, and eggs, the produce of their small farms. The national *pot-au-feu* is an admirable mixed dish, in which a small portion of meat is made to yield all its nutritive qualities, and to go far in mingling its odor and savor with those of the fragrant vegetables which are so largely added to the stock. The stock-meat eaten hot, or often cold with plenty of green salad and oil, doubtless the most palatable mode of serving it, thus affords a source of fat, if not otherwise provided for by butter, cheese, &c.

Throughout the German Empire, the cereals, legumes, greens, roots, and fruits supply an important proportion of the food consumed by the common population. Wheaten bread chiefly, and some made from rye, also beans and peas, are used abundantly. Potatoes and green vegetables of all kinds are served in numerous ways, but largely in soups, a favorite dish. Meats, chiefly pork, are greatly esteemed in the form of sausage, and appear also as small portions or joints, but freely garnished with vegetables, on the tables of those who can afford animal diet. Going northward, where the climate is no longer adapted for the production of wheat, as in parts of Russia, rye and oats form the staple food from the vegetable kingdom, associated with an increased quantity of meat and fatty materials.

Lastly, it is well known that the inhabitants of the Arctic zone are com-

pelled to consume large quantities of oily matter, in order to generate heat abundantly; and also that animal food is necessarily the staple of their dietary. Vegetables, which moreover are not producible in so severe a climate, would there be wholly inadequate to support life.

We will now consider the food which the English peasant and artisan provide. The former lives, for the most part, on wheaten bread and cheese, with occasionally a little bacon, some potatoes, and perhaps garden greens: it is rarely indeed that he can obtain flesh. To this dietary the artisan adds meat, mostly beef or mutton, and some butter. A piece of fresh and therefore not tender beef is baked, or cooked in a frying-pan, in the latter case becoming a hard, indigestible, and wasted morsel; by the former process a somewhat better dish is produced, the meat being usually surrounded by potatoes or by a layer of some batter, since both contain starchy products and absorb the fat which leaves the meat. The food of the peasant might, however, be cheaper and better; while the provision of the artisan is simply extravagant and bad. At this period of our national history, when food is scarce, and the supply of meat insufficient to meet the demand which our national habits of feeding perpetuate, it is an object of the first importance to consider whether other aliments can be obtained at a cheaper rate, and at the same time equal in quality to those of the existing dietary. Many believe that this object may be accomplished without difficulty, and that the chief obstacle to improvement in the food-supply, not only of the classes referred to, but in that of the English table generally, is the common prejudice which exists against any aliment not yet widely known or tried. The one idea which the working classes possess in relation to improvement in diet, and which they invariably realise when wages are high, is the inordinate use of butcher's meat. To make this the chief element of at least three meals daily, and to despise bread and vegetables, is for them no less a sign of taste than a declaration of belief in the perfection of such food for the purposes of nutrition.

We have already seen that not only can all that is necessary to the human body be supplied by the vegetable kingdom solely, but that, as a matter of fact, the world's population is to a large extent supported by vegetable products. Such form, at all events, the most wholesome and agreeable diet for the inhabitants of the tropics. Between about forty and nearly sixty degrees of latitude we find large populations of fine races trained to be the best laborers in the world on little more than cereals and legumes, with milk (cheese and butter), as food; that little consisting of irregular and scanty supplies of fish, flesh, and fatty matter. In colder regions vegetable products are hardly to be obtained, and flesh and fat are indispensable. Thus man is clearly omnivorous; while *men* may be advantageously vegetarian in one climate, mixed eaters in another, and exclusively flesh-eaters in a third.

I have not hesitated to say that Englishmen generally have adopted a diet adapted for a somewhat more northerly latitude than that which they occupy; that the cost of their food is therefore far greater than it need be, and that much of their peculiar forms of indigestion and resulting chronic disease is another necessary consequence of the same error. They consume too much animal food, particularly the flesh of cattle. For all who are occupied with severe and continuous mechanical labor, a mixed diet, of which cereals and legumes form a large portion, and meat, fish, eggs, and milk form a moderate proportion, is more nutritious and wholesome than chiefly animal food. For those whose labor is chiefly mental, and whose muscular exercise is inconsiderable, still less of concentrated nitrogenous food is desirable. A liberal supply of cereals and legumes, with fish, and flesh in its lighter forms, will better sustain such activity, than large portions of butcher's meat twice or thrice a day. Then again it is absolutely certain, contrary to the popular belief as this is, that while a good supply of food is essential during the period of growth and active middle life, a diminished supply is no less essential to health and prolongation of life during declining years, when physical exertion is small, and the digestive faculty sometimes becomes less powerful

also. I shall not regard it as within my province here to dilate on this topic, but shall assert that the 'supporting' of aged persons, as it is termed, with increased quantities of food and stimulant, is an error of cardinal importance. These things being so, a consideration of no small concern arises in relation to the economical management of the national resources. For it is a fair computation that every acre of land devoted to the production of meat is capable of becoming the source of three or four times the amount of produce of equivalent value as food, if devoted to the production of grain. In other words, a given area of land cropped with cereals and legumes will support a population more than three times as numerous as that which can be sustained on the same land devoted to the growth of cattle. Moreover, the corn-land will produce, almost without extra cost, a considerable quantity of animal food, in the form of pigs and poultry, from the offal or coarser parts of vegetable produce which is unsuitable for human consumption.

Thus this country purchases every year a large and increasing quantity of corn and flour from foreign countries, while more of our own land is yearly devoted to grazing purposes. The value of corn and flour imported by Great Britain in 1877 was no less than 63,536,322*l.*, while in 1875 it was only just over 53,000,000*l.* The increased import during the last thirty-two years is well exhibited in the following extract:—'In 1846 the imports of corn and flour amounted to seventeen pounds weight per head of population; in 1855 they had risen to seventy pounds per head; and in 1865 to ninety-three pounds weight per head of population. Finally, in 1877 the imports of corn and flour amounted to 170 pounds weight per head of population of the United Kingdom.'*

Lastly, those who are interested in the national supply of food must lament that, while Great Britain possesses perhaps the best opportunities in the world for securing a large and cheap supply of fish, she fails to attain it, and procures so little only, that it is to the great majority of the inhabitants an expensive luxury. Fish is a food of great value; nevertheless it ought in this country to be one of the cheapest aliments, since production and growth cost absolutely nothing, only the expenses of catching and of a short transport being incurred.

Having enunciated some general principles which it is important should first be established, I shall offer briefly an illustration or two of the manner in which they may be applied. This brings us to the second division of the subject, viz., the practical treatment of certain aliments in order to render them suitable for food. Dealing first with that of the agricultural laborer, our object is to economise his small pittance, to give him, if possible, a rather more nutritive, wholesome, and agreeable dish—he can have but one—than his means have hitherto furnished. But here there is little scope for change; already said to live chiefly on bread and cheese, with occasionally bacon, two indications only for improvement can be followed, viz., augmentation of nitrogenous matter to meet the wear and tear of the body in daily hard labor, and of fatty matter to furnish heat and force. A fair proportion of meat, one of the best means of fulfilling them, is not within his reach. First, his daily bread ought to contain all the constituents of the wheat, instead of being made of flour from which most of the mineral elements have been removed. But beans and peas are richer in nitrogen than wheat, and equal it in starch, mineral matters, and fat, the last being in very small quantity, while maize has three times their proportion of fat. Hence all of these would be useful additions to his dietary, being cheaper than wheat in the market, although, the retail demand being at present small, they may not be so in the small shops. As an illustration of the value of legumes combined with fat, it may be remembered how well the Erbswurst supported the work of the German armies during the winter of 1870–71, an instructive lesson for us in England at the present moment. It consists of a simple pea soup mixed with a certain proportion of bacon or lard, and dried so as to be portable, constituting in very small compass a perfect food, especially suitable for supporting muscular expenditure and exposure to cold. Better than any flesh,

* *Statesman's Year Book*, 1879, p. 258.

certainly any which could be transported with ease, the cost was not more than half that of ordinary meat. It was better also, because the form of the food is one in which it is readily accessible and easily digested ; it was relished cold, or could be converted in a few minutes into good soup with boiling water. But for our laborer probably the best of the legumes is the haricot bean, red or white, the dried mature bean of the plant whose pods we eat in the early green state as ' French beans.' For this purpose they may be treated thus : Soak, say, a quart of the dried haricots in cold water for about twelve hours, after which place them in a saucepan, with two quarts of cold water and a little salt, on the fire ; when boiling remove to the corner and simmer slowly until the beans are tender ; the time required being about two to three hours. This quantity will fill a large dish, and may be eaten with salt and pepper. It will be greatly improved at small cost by the addition of a bit of butter, or of melted butter with parsley, or if an onion or two have been sliced and stewed with the haricots. A better dish still may be made by putting all or part, after boiling, into a shallow frying-pan, and lightly frying for a few minutes with a little lard and some sliced onions. With a few slices of bacon added, a comparatively luxurious and highly nutritive meal may be made. But there is still in the saucepan, after boiling, a residue of value, which the French peasant's wife, who turns everything to account, utilises in a manner quite incomprehensible to the Englishwoman. The water in which dried haricots have stewed, and also that in which green French beans have been boiled, contain a proportion of nutritious matter. The Frenchwoman always preserves this liquor carefully, cuts and fries some onions, adds these and some thick slices of bread, a little salt and pepper with a potherb or two from the corner of the garden, and thus serves hot an agreeable and useful *croûte au pot.* It ought to be added that the haricots so largely used by the working classes throughout Europe are not precisely either ' red ' or ' white,' but some cheaper local varieties, known as *haricots du pays.* These, I am assured on good authority, could be supplied here at about twopence a pound, their quality as food being not inferior to other kinds.

But haricots—let them be the fine white Soissons—are good enough to be welcome at any table. A roast leg or shoulder of mutton should be garnished by a pint boiled as just directed, lying in the gravy of the dish ; and some persons think that, with a good supply of the meat gravy, and a little salt and pepper, ' the haricots are by no means the worst part of the mutton.' Then with a smooth *purée* of mild onions, which have been previously sliced, fried brown, and stewed, served freely as sauce, our leg of mutton and haricots become the *gigot à la bretonne* well known to all lovers of wholesome and savory cookery. Next, white haricots stewed until soft, made into a rather thick *purée*, delicately flavored by adding a small portion of white *purée* of onions (not browned by frying as in the preceding sauce), produce an admirable garnish for the centre of a dish of small cutlets, or an *entrée* of fowl, &c. Again, the same haricot *purée* blended with a veal stock, well flavored with fresh vegetables, furnishes an admirable and nutritious white soup. The red haricots in like manner with a beef stock make a superlative brown soup, which, with the addition of portions of game, especially of hare, forms, for those who do not despise economy in cuisine where the result attained is excellent, a soup which in texture and in flavor would by many persons not be distinguishable from a common *purée* of game itself. Stewed haricots also furnish, when cold, an admirable salad, improved by adding slices of tomato, &c., the oil supplying the one element in which the bean is deficient ; and a perfectly nutritious food is produced for those who can digest it—and they are numerous—in this form. The same principle, it may be observed, has, although empirically, produced the well-known dishes of beans and bacon, ham and green peas, boiled pork and pease-pudding, all of them old and popular but scientific combinations. Thus also the French, serving *petits pois* as a separate dish, add butter freely and a dash of sugar, the former making the compound physiologically complete, the latter agreeably heightening the natural sweetness of the vegetable.

Let me recall, at the close of these few hints about the haricot, the fact that there is no product of the vegetable kingdom so nutritious; holding its own in this respect, as it well can, even against the beef and mutton of the animal kingdom. The haricot ranks just above lentils, which have been so much praised of late, and rightly, the haricot being also to most palates more agreeable. By most stomachs, too, haricots are more easily digested than meat is; and, consuming weight for weight, the eater feels lighter and less oppressed, as a rule, after the leguminous dish; while the comparative cost is very greatly in favor of the latter. I do not of course overlook in the dish of simple haricots the absence of savory odors proper to well-cooked meat; but nothing is easier than to combine one part of meat with two parts of haricots, adding vegetables and garden herbs, so as to produce a stew which shall be more nutritious, wholesome, and palatable than a stew of all meat with vegetables, and no haricots. Moreover, the cost of the latter will be more than double that of the former.

I have just adverted to the bread of the laborer, and recommended that it should be made from entire wheat meal; but it should not be so coarsely ground as that commonly sold in London as 'whole meal.' The coarseness of 'whole meal' is a condition designed to exert a specific effect on the digestion for those who need it, and, useful as it is in its place, is not desirable for the average population referred to. It is worth observing, in relation to this coarse meal, that it will not produce light agreeable bread in the form of loaves: they usually have either hard flinty crusts, or soft dough-like interiors; but the following treatment, after a trial or two, will be found to produce excellent and most palatable bread. To two pounds of whole meal add half a pound of fine flour and a sufficient quantity of baking powder and salt; when these are well mixed, rub in about two ounces of butter, and make into dough with half milk and water, or with all milk if preferred. Make rapidly into flat cakes like 'tea-cakes,' and bake in a quick oven, leaving them afterwards to finish thoroughly at a lower temperature. The butter and milk supply fatty matter in which the wheat is somewhat deficient; all the saline and mineral matters of the husk are retained; and thus a more nutritive form of bread cannot be made. Moreover, it retains the natural flavor of the wheat, in place of the insipidity which is characteristic of fine flour, although it is indisputable that bread produced from the latter, especially at Paris and Vienna, is unrivalled for delicacy, texture, and color. Whole meal may be bought; but mills are now cheaply made for home use, and wheat may be ground to any degree of coarseness desired.

Here illustration by recipe must cease; although it would be an easy task to fill a volume with matter of this kind, illustrating the ample means which exist for diminishing somewhat the present wasteful use of 'butcher's meats with positive advantage to the consumer. Many facts in support of this position will appear as we proceed. But another important object in furnishing the foregoing details is to point out how combinations of the nitrogenous, starchy, fatty, and mineral elements may be made, in well-proportioned mixtures, so as to produce what I have termed a 'perfect' dish—perfect, that is, so far as the chief indication is concerned, viz., one which supplies every demand of the body, without containing any one element in undue proportion. For it is obvious that one or two of these elements may exist in injurious excess, especially for delicate stomachs, the varied peculiarities of which, as before insisted on, must sometimes render necessary a modification of all rules. Thus it is easy to make the fatty constituent too large, and thereby derange digestion, a result frequently experienced by persons of sedentary habits, to whom a little pastry, a morsel of *foie gras*, or a rich cream is a source of great discomfort, or of a 'bilious attack;' while the laborer, who requires much fatty fuel for his work, would have no difficulty in consuming a large quantity of such compounds with advantage. Nitrogenous matter also is commonly supplied beyond the eater's wants; and if more is consumed than can be used for the purposes which such aliment subserves, it must be eliminated in some way from the system. This process of elimina-

tion, it suffices to say here, is undoubtedly a prolific cause of disease, such as gout and its allies, as well as other affections of a serious character, which would in all probability exist to a very small extent, were it not the habit of those who, being able to obtain the strong or butcher's meats, eat them daily year after year, in larger quantity than the constitution can assimilate.

Quitting the subject of wheat and the leguminous seeds, it will be interesting to review briefly the combinations of rice, which furnishes so large a portion of the world with a vegetable staple of diet. Remembering that it contains chiefly starch, with nitrogen in small proportion, and almost no fat or mineral elements, and just sufficing perhaps to meet the wants of an inactive population in a tropical climate, the first addition necessary for people beyond this limit will be fat, and, after that, more nitrogen. Hence the first effort to make a dish of rice 'complete' is the addition of butter and a little Parmesan cheese, in the simple *risotto*, from which, as a starting point, improvement, both for nutritive purposes and for the demands of the palate, may be carried to any extent. Fresh additions are made in the shape of marrow, of morsels of liver, &c., of meat broth with onion and spice, which constitute the mixture, when well prepared, nutritious and highly agreeable. The analogue of this mainly Italian dish is the *pilau* or *pilaff* of the orientals, consisting as it does of nearly the same materials, but differently arranged. The curry of poultry and the kedgeree of fish are further varieties which it is unnecessary to describe. Follow the same combination to Spain, where we find a popular national dish, but slightly differing from the foregoing, in the *pollo con arroz*, which consists of abundance of rice, steeped in a little broth and containing morsels of fowl, bacon, and sausage, with appetising spices, and sufficing for an excellent meal.

Another farinaceous product of world-wide use is the maize or Indian corn. With a fair amount of nitrogen, starch, and mineral elements, it contains also a good proportion of fat, and is made into bread, cakes, and puddings of various kinds. It is complete, but susceptible of improvement by the addition of nitrogen. Hence in the United States, where it is largely used, it is often eaten with beans under the name of 'succotash.' In Italy it is ground into the beautiful yellow flour which is conspicuous in the streets of almost every town; when made into a firm paste by boiling in water, and sprinkled with Parmesan cheese, a nitrogenous aliment, it becomes what is known as *polenta*, and is largely consumed with some relish in the shape of fried fish, sardines, sausage, little birds, or morsels of fowl or goose, by which of course fresh nitrogen is added. Macaroni has been already alluded to; although rich in nitrogenous and starchy materials, it is deficient in fat. Hence it is boiled and eaten with butter and parmesan (*à l'italienne*) and with tomatoes, which furnish saline matters, with meat gravy, or with milk.

Nearer home the potato forms a vegetable basis in composition closely resembling rice, and requiring therefore additions of nitrogenous and fatty elements. The Irishman's inseparable ally, the pig, is the natural, and to him necessary, complement of the tuber, making the latter a complete and palatable dish. The every-day combination of mashed potato and sausage is an application of the same principle. In the absence of pork, the potato eater substitutes a cheap oily fish, the herring. The combination of fatty material with the potato is still further illustrated in our baked potato and butter, in fried potatoes in their endless variety of form, in potato mashed with milk or cream, served in the ordinary way with *maître d'hôtel* butter, or arriving at the most perfect and finished form in the *pommes de terre sautées au beurre* of a first-class French restaurant, where it becomes almost a *plat de luxe*. Even the simple bread and butter or bread and cheese of our own country equally owe their form and popularity to physiological necessity; the deficient fat of the bread being supplemented by the fatty elements of each addition, the cheese supplying also its proportion of nitrogenous matter, which exists so largely in its peculiar principle caseine. So again, all the suet puddings, 'short cake,' pie-crust, or pastry, whether

baked or boiled, consist simply of farinaceous food rendered stronger nutriment by the addition of fatty matter.

In the same way almost every national dish might be analysed up to the *pot-au-feu* of our neighbors, the right management of which combines nutritious quality with the abundant aroma and flavor of fresh vegetables which enter so largely into this economical and excellent mess.

It will be apparent that, up to this point, our estimate of the value of these combinations has been limited, or almost so, by their physiological completeness as foods, and by their economical value in relation to the resources of that great majority of all populations, which is poor. But when the inexorable necessity for duly considering economy has been complied with, the next aim is to render food as easily digestible as possible, and agreeable to the senses of taste, smell, and sight.

The hard laborer with simple diet, provided his aliment is complete and fairly well cooked, will suffer little from indigestion. He cannot be guilty, for want of means, of eating too much, fertile source of deranged stomach with those who have the means; physical labor being also in many circumstances the best preventive of dyspepsia. 'Live on sixpence a day and earn it,' attributed to Abernethy as the sum of his dietary for a gluttonous eater, is a maxim of value, proved by millions. But for the numerous sedentary workers in shops, offices, in business and professions of all kinds, the dish must not only be 'complete;' it must be so prepared as to be easily digestible by most stomachs of moderate power, and it should also be as appetising and agreeable as circumstances admit.

On questioning the average middle-class Englishman as to the nature of his food, the all but universal answer is, 'My living is plain, always roast and boiled'—words which but too clearly indicate the dreary monotony, not to say unwholesomeness, of his daily food; while they furthermore express his satisfaction, such as it is, that he is no luxurious feeder, and that, in his opinion, he has no right to an indigestion. Joints of beef and mutton, of which we all know the very shape and changeless odors, follow each other with unvarying precision, six roast to one boiled, and have done so ever since he began to keep house some five-and-twenty years ago! I am not sanguine enough to suppose that this unbroken order which rules the dietary of the great majority of British families of moderate and even of ample means, will be disturbed by any suggestions of mine. Nevertheless, in some younger households, where habits followed for want of thought or knowledge have not yet hardened into law, there may be a disposition to adopt a healthier diet and a more grateful variety of aliment. For variety is not to be obtained in the search for new animal food. Often as the lament is heard that some new meat is not discovered, that the butcher's display of joints offers so small a range for choice, it is not from that source that wholesome and pleasing additions to the table will be obtained.

But our most respectable paterfamilias, addicted to 'plain living,' might be surprised to learn that the vaunted 'roasting' has no longer in his household the same significance it had five-and-twenty years ago; and that probably, during the latter half of that term, he has eaten no roast meat, whatever he may aver to the contrary. Baking, at best in a half-ventilated oven, has long usurped the function of the spit in most houses, thanks to the ingenuity of economical range-makers. And the joint, which formerly turned in a current of fresh air before a well-made fire, is now half stifled in a close atmosphere of its own vapors, very much to the destruction of the characteristic flavor of a roast. This is a smaller defect, however, as regards our present object, than that which is involved by the neglect in this country of braising as a mode of cooking animal food. By this process more than mere 'stewing' is of course intended. In braising, the meat is just covered with a strong liquor of vegetable and animal juices (*braise* or *mirepoix*) in a closely covered vessel, from which as little evaporation as possible is permitted, and is exposed for a considerable time to a surrounding heat just short of boiling. By this treatment tough fibrous flesh, whether of poultry or of cattle, or meat unduly fresh, such as can alone be procured during the summer

season in towns, is made tender, and is furthermore impregnated with the odors and flavor of fresh vegetables and sweet herbs. Thus, also, meats which are dry, or of little flavor as veal, become saturated with juices and combined with sapid substances, which render the food succulent and delicious to the palate. Small portions sufficing for a single meal, however small the family, can be so dealt with ; and a *réchauffée*, or cold meat for to-morrow, is not a thing of necessity, but only of choice when preferred. Neither time nor space permits me to dwell further on this topic, the object of this paper being rather to furnish suggestions than explicit instruction in detail.

The art of frying is little understood, and the omelette is almost entirely neglected by our countrymen. The products of our frying pan are often greasy, and therefore for many persons indigestible, the shallow form of the pan being unsuited for the process of boiling in oil, that is, at a heat of nearly 500° Fahr., that of boiling water being 212°. This high temperature produces results which are equivalent indeed to quick roasting, when the article to be cooked is immersed in the boiling fat. Frying, as generally conducted, is rather a combination of broiling, toasting, or scorching ; and the use of the deep pan of boiling oil or dripping, which is essential to the right performance of the process, and especially preventing greasiness, is a rare exception and not the rule in ordinary kitchens. Moreover, few English cooks can make a tolerable omelette ; and thus one of the most delicious and nutritious products of culinary art, with the further merit that it can be more rapidly prepared than any other dish, must really at present be regarded as an exotic. Competent instruction at first and a little practice are required, in order to attain a mastery in producing an omelette ; but these given, there is no difficulty in turning out a first-rate specimen. The ability to do this may be so useful in the varied circumstances of travel, &c., that no young man destined for foreign service, or even who lives in chambers, should fail to attain the easily acquired art.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

MADAME RÉCAMIER.

DURING the period of directorial government in France, three lovely women —the three Graces, as they were styled by the madrigal writers of the time— enjoyed, and according to the unanimous testimony of their contemporaries fully merited, the exclusive prestige of incomparable beauty ; these were Thérèse Cabarrus (Madame Tallien), Joséphine Beauharnais, and Madame Récamier. Their celebrity dated from Thermidor, when Paris, exulting in the downfall of Robespierre and the conclusion of the Reign of Terror, forgot its past troubles in the delirious excitement of the hour, and hailed with feverish eagerness every opportunity of gratifying its thirst for pleasure and ' effervescence of luxury.'

Then, like ' three flowers springing from an extinct volcano,' this trio of sirens emerged from the relative obscurity of private life into the full blaze of notoriety, became the supreme arbiters of taste, and inaugurated that semi-classical costume which none but themselves could have ventured to adopt. Here is Madame Tallien, sketched with his usual picturesque accuracy by Carlyle ; ' her sweeping tresses snooded by glittering antique fillet, bright-dyed tunic of the Greek woman ; her little feet naked as in antique statues, with mere sandals, and winding string of riband, defying the frost ! ' * Here is Joséphine, described by herself in a letter addressed to the future Princesse de Chimay, and inviting her to be present at a ball about to be given at the Hôtel Thélusson : ' Come in your peach-blossom skirt, for it is essential that our dress should be the same ; I shall wear a red handkerchief tied in the créole fashion, a bold attempt on my part, but admirably suited to you, whose complexion, if not prettier, is infinitely fresher than mine. Our rivals must be eclipsed, and utterly routed ! '

* Each toe adorned with a superb emerald.

This red handkerchief, tied in the peculiar manner alluded to, was subsequently discarded by both ladies, but constantly worn by Madame Récamier, who considered it particularly becoming to her, even during the latter years of her life. In other respects, similarity of costume was not uniformly adhered to; while Madame Tallien set the fashion of diaphanous tunics, and Joséphine collected the rarest onyxes, agates, and cameos wherewith to adorn her luxuriant hair, Madame Récamier selected, as the most appropriate accompaniment to her surpassing loveliness, the graceful appendage of the veil. Nothing could have more deliciously harmonised with the perfect oval of her face and the slender but exquisitely moulded symmetry of her form; in Cosway's lifelike portrait of her we see the effect of this simple but all-important adjunct, and comprehend the enthusiasm of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who, when asked what had pleased him most during his stay in Paris, replied: 'Since I have seen Madame Récamier, I can remember nothing else!' There must, indeed, have been something exceptionally attractive in a woman whose powers of fascination were so irresistible, and who to the very latest moment of her existence exercised so enduring an influence over all with whom she came in contact; and as she does not appear to have been endowed with any extraordinary abilities, or even to have particularly shone in conversation, the devotion of such men as Châteaubriand, Benjamin Constant, and Ballanche may be regarded as perhaps the rarest and most significant homage ever offered at the shrine of beauty.

Jeanne Françoise Julie Adelaide Bernard was born at Lyons, December 4, 1777. Her father, Jean Bernard, was a notary in that city; of her mother, whose maiden name was Julie Matton, and who died in 1807, little has been recorded beyond her acknowledged reputation as 'jolie femme.' About 1784, the youthful Juliette (as she was usually styled) commenced her education in a convent at Lyons, M. Bernard having at the same time obtained a post connected with the financial department in Paris, where he took up his quarters in the Rue des Saints Pères. Shortly after, he was joined there by his daughter, who henceforth continued her studies under the best masters of the capital, and, besides attaining some proficiency in instrumental music, was instructed in singing by Boieldieu. During the Reign of Terror, April 24, 1793, when little more than fifteen years old, she married the banker Jacques Rose Récamier, and in 1796 was already cited among the reigning beauties of the time, creating the greatest sensation wherever she appeared. At the Church of St. Roch, where she undertook the office of *quêteuse*, she is said to have so distracted the attention of the congregation, that those who were not near enough to approach her stood on chairs in order to see her; and a similar curiosity was manifested at the promenade of Longchamps. Among her admirers at this period were Barras and Talleyrand, the latter of whom was so captivated by her graceful performance of a shawl dance (afterwards introduced in 'Corinne') that he remarked, he knew no greater pleasure than to look at Madame Récamier, unless it were that of being looked at by her.

In 1798, her husband purchased the hôtel formerly inhabited by Necker in the Rue du Mont-Blanc (now Chaussée d'Antin), and attracted thither all the wealth and fashion of Paris by a series of brilliant entertainments, at one of which Madame Vigée le Brun in her 'Recollections' mentions having been present. There Madame Récamier first met Madame de Staël; their acquaintance gradually ripened into intimacy; and so partial were they to each other's society, that, as Madame Hamelin laughingly observed, the safest way to insure the presence of either was to invite both. It was, we believe, at a dinner party at her house that a young man, delighted at finding himself seated at table with Madame de Staël on his right hand, and Madame Récamier on his left, complimented them ambiguously by thanking his hostess for placing him between wit and beauty; upon which the Swedish ambassadress coolly retorted that this was the first time in her life she had ever been called beautiful.

In 1799, when Lucien Bonaparte was Minister of the Interior, Madame Récamier was invited to a grand banquet

given by him in honor of the First Consul, who, as is well known, was by no means insensible to the charm of a pretty woman. 'Why did you not sit next me at table?' he asked her in the course of the evening. She replied that she could not take such a liberty without having been authorised to do so. 'You did wrong,' said Napoleon; 'the place was intended for you, and you ought to have known it.' This seems to have been almost their last meeting, for although Lucien, whom she personally disliked, occasionally visited her, a circumstance soon after occurred which rendered any further communication between her and the First Consul impossible. Her father, who had been appointed to the office of postmaster-general, was suddenly removed from his post in 1802, on the charge of having allowed certain parties implicated in a royalist conspiracy to address their letters to his house; the matter was strictly investigated by the government, and sufficient proof, if not of his absolute culpability, at least of tacit connivance, was established to warrant his dismissal and subsequent imprisonment. Bernadotte, at Madame Récamier's earnest solicitation, endeavored to intercede in his favor, but in vain; and although eventually released from confinement, M. Bernard's administrative career was virtually closed. Meanwhile, the circle of his daughter's acquaintance counted agreeable additions in the persons of Laharpe, Mathieu de Montmorency, and the Duc de Laval, the two latter of whom remained her attached friends through life; she was still the admired of all admirers, and although, in consequence of her father's misfortune, the festivities of the Rue du Mont-Blanc suffered a temporary interruption, she continued to receive her intimates as usual. M. de Tocqueville alludes as follows to her exquisite tact as *maîtresse de maison*, a passage quoted by Mr. Hayward in his Essays: 'The talent, labor, and skill which she wasted on her *salon* would have gained and governed an empire. She was virtuous, if it be virtuous to persuade everyone of a dozen men that you wish to favor him, though some circumstance always occurs to prevent your doing so. Every friend thought himself preferred.'

The concluding statement is hardly borne out by facts, for it is certain that, however inclined she may have been to court admiration, she never for a moment forgot her position, nor, even at the zenith of her celebrity, was the slightest breath of scandal ever associated with her name. Kotzebue, who saw her frequently during his stay in Paris about this time, corroborates this in an anecdote related in his 'Reminiscences.' 'Happening one day to go with her into a print-shop where she was personally unknown, the dealer showed us, among other novelties that had lately appeared, a caricature of herself. She took it up, and after carefully examining it, laid it on the counter, saying, "This person is probably a woman of doubtful reputation." "On the contrary, madame," replied the print-seller, "very few ladies in Paris enjoy so good a one."' The future victim of Sand is enthusiastic in her praise. 'On my arrival in France,' he says, 'I had a certain prejudice against her; misled by the calumnies published respecting her in Germany, I imagined her to be a coquette whose head was turned by flattery, and wished simply to see, but not to know her. An opportunity of satisfying my curiosity was soon afforded me, for while at the opera one evening, a gentleman sitting near me pointed to a lady who had just entered a box opposite to us, and informed me that it was Madame Récamier. She was dressed in white, without a single ornament; and her modest appearance so pleased me that I gladly accepted the offer of an introduction to her. She received me most affably, and for several weeks I was constantly in her company, and had ample leisure to discover that the reports I had previously heard concerning her were totally unfounded. In the midst of Parisian dissipation, although married to a man old enough to be her father, she conducted herself with the strictest propriety, and was as universally respected as she was admired; having no children, she adopted those left to her charge by one of her nearest relatives, and brought them up as tenderly and carefully as if they had been her own.'

In 1803, Madame de Staël having been ordered by Napoleon to leave Paris, Madame Récamier placed at her

disposal her country house at St. Brice, an act of courage highly resented by the Emperor, and ultimately causing her own disgrace; during the peace of Amiens she visited London,* where, besides being a frequent guest at Carlton House, she enjoyed the society and friendship of the leading notabilities of the period, including Charles Fox, and Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire. Three years later her husband, whose fortune had been irretrievably damaged by financial speculations, became a bankrupt, the hôtel in the Rue du Mont-Blanc, together with his other valuable possessions, was sold, and Madame Récamier found herself suddenly reduced to a state of comparative poverty. At this juncture Madame de Staël, hearing of her friend's embarrassed position, invited her to Coppet, where the Prince Augustus of Prussia, Schlegel, and Benjamin Constant were at that time staying, and organised in her honor a series of private theatricals, Aricie in 'Phèdre' being one of the parts assigned to the charming visitor, who by all accounts, owing to her excessive timidity, did not materially add to the effect of the performance.

In 1811, after the seizure by order of Napoleon of 10,000 copies of Madame de Staël's 'Allemagne,' Madame Récamier, in defiance of a warning privately conveyed to her from the Tuileries, again returned to Coppet, and a sentence of exile from Paris was consequently pronounced against her. We next find her at Châlons, and subsequently at Lyons, where she became acquainted with Ballanche, one of her most sincerely attached friends in after days; and an episode of the first interview between them has been recorded as follows: 'As soon as Ballanche, who was then residing at Lyons, heard of her arrival, he hastened, bashful as he was, to her hotel, and was received by her with such cordiality that he entirely forgot his habitual nervousness, and began to discourse as freely and eloquently as if he had known her all his life. While he was speaking, he observed her turn pale, and on asking the reason, she frankly admitted that the odor of his shoes (which had been newly blacked for the occasion) was insupportable to her. Without saying another word he quietly withdrew, left his shoes outside the door, re-entered the room as if nothing had happened, and, to Madame Récamier's great astonishment, resumed the conversation exactly where he had left it.'

In 1813, she visited Rome and Naples, prolonging her sojourn in the latter city by the express desire of Madame Murat, and in 1814 returned to Paris, after an exile of nearly three years. The death of Madame de Staël in 1816, and the departure from France of her scarcely less intimate friend, Madame de Krüdner, the talented author of 'Valérie,' affected her deeply; and feeling a growing disinclination to mix henceforward in general society, she conceived the idea of establishing herself in some quiet locality, the privilege of admission to which should be exclusively confined to those who, either from long-standing friendship or on account of their own personal merits, had a peculiar claim to her sympathy. No better place could have been selected for the purpose than the Abbaye-au-Bois in the Rue de Sèvres, a vast building formerly a convent, but since the revolution converted into a species of caravansary, the apartments in which were let to different tenants, one of these being the Duchesse d'Abrantis (Madame Junot), who there composed her Memoirs. Thither she definitely retired in 1819, and from that period until her death rarely quitted it except during the years 1823 and 1824, when she visited Italy for the second time, profiting by her stay in Rome to become acquainted with the painters Guérin and Léopold Robert, and renewing her intimacy with Hortense Beauharnais, Duchesse de St. Leu.

She had not been long installed in the Abbaye-au-Bois before the prestige of her name had gathered round her the most distinguished celebrities of the period; the circle of her *habitués*, at first restricted to some half-a-dozen especial favorites, gradually included the recognised leaders of literature and art, forming an assemblage of talent scarcely equalled by the most brilliant *salon* of the preceding century; among these

* In the course of her stay she sat to Cosway for her portrait, perhaps the most faithful resemblance existing of her, not even excepting the fine picture by Gérard in the gallery of the Louvre. David had previously sketched her face, but left it unfinished.

were Châteaubriand, her dearest and most valued friend,* Benjamin Constant, Ballanche, Ampère, Prosper de Barante, Humboldt, Villemain, Eugène Delacroix, and Augustin Thierry; the fair sex being attractively represented by Delphine Gay, our own Maria Edgeworth, and Miss Berry. There the political and social questions of the day were discussed, literary and dramatic novelties criticised, and the latest *bons mots* of M. de Talleyrand circulated; each new-comer contributed his quota of information or amusement to the common stock, varying the conversation by the introduction of every imaginable topic, from the state of Europe to the toilette of Mdlle. Mars. Now and then, the hostess herself would relate some anecdote connected with her youth, one of which, referring to Joseph Buonaparte after his accession to the throne of Naples, has fortunately been preserved. 'I was standing one day,' said Madame Récamier, 'at the door of the Spanish ambassador's hôtel, conversing with the King and M. Beffroy de Reigny, or, if you prefer it, "le cousin Jacques;" the royal carriage was in waiting, and the Prince, who was always very gallant, had just taken leave of me, when I heard a gruff voice muttering something close to my ear. I turned round, and beheld a grenadier, a thorough "vieux de la vieille," who had posted himself by the footway as a sort of amateur sentinel. "Citizen," he blurted out, addressing King Joseph, "thy equipage is ready;" then, changing his tone after a moment's reflection, he added, "whenever it may please your Majesty to step in!"'

The death of her husband in 1830 occasioned no material alteration in Madame Récamier's mode of life; she still held her little court in the Abbaye-au-Bois, the fresh additions to her circle comprising such rising celebrities as Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Mérimée, and Mdlle. Rachel. Up to 1848, her nightly receptions continued without interruption; but the demise of Châteaubriand in that year,* followed shortly after by that of Ballanche, added to the consciousness of failing strength and impaired eyesight, rendered her wholly incapable of exertion, and she lingered on, growing weaker and weaker until 1849, when she was suddenly seized with an attack of cholera, and expired on the eleventh of May, in her seventy-second year.

Ten years later, her 'Recollections and Correspondence' were published in two volumes by her niece, Madame Lenormant; the title, however, of the work is in some respects a misnomer, its contents including a vast number of letters addressed to her by Châteaubriand, Ballanche, the brothers Montmorency, etc., but scarcely anything beyond a few brief and unimportant notes of Madame Récamier herself.—*Belgravia Magazine.*

* 'When he deigned to talk,' says Madame Ancelot in her 'Salons de Paris,' everybody was bound to listen, and no one was allowed to talk a moment longer than seemed agreeable to the idol.'

* When she became a widow, he had earnestly solicited her to marry him; but she dissuaded him from the project by saying *en vraie Parisienne:* 'If I did, where would you pass your evenings?'

CALCULATING BOYS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

In one of the essays of my 'Science Byways' I considered, in a paper 'On some Strange Mental Feats,' the marvellous achievements of Zerah Colburn, one of the most remarkable of the so-called 'calculating boys.' I advanced a theory in explanation of his feats which was in some degree based on experience of my own. I have since found reason to believe that the theory, if correct in his case, is certainly not generally applicable to cases of rapid mental calculation. I now propose to consider, in relation to that theory and also independently, the remarkable feats of calculation achieved by the late Mr. George Bidder in his boyhood. It may be remembered that, in my former paper, I had specially in view the possibility of ascertaining from the discussion of such achievements the laws of cerebral action, and especially of cerebral capabilities. It is with reference to this possibility that I wish now to examine some of the

evidence afforded by the feats of Colburn, Bidder, and other 'calculating boys.'

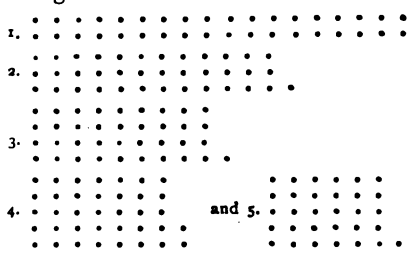
And first, let me show reason for still retaining faith in the theory which I advanced in 1875 respecting Colburn's calculating powers. In so doing, a difference between his feats and Bidder's will be indicated which appears to me important.

So far as the long and elaborate processes of computation are concerned, which Colburn achieved so rapidly and correctly, there may be no special reason for adopting any other explanation in his case than we are forced, as will presently appear, to adopt in Bidder's case. Thus, Colburn multiplied eight into itself fifteen times, and the result, consisting of fifteen digits, was right in every figure. But Bidder could multiply a number of fifteen digits into another number of fifteen digits with perfect correctness and amazing rapidity, and we know that he employed a process familiar to arithmeticians. Again, Colburn extracted the cube root of 268,336,125 before the number could be written down; and this feat was one which had seemed to me beyond the power of any computer employing the ordinary methods, or any modification of those methods. Yet I am inclined now to believe that Bidder would have obtained the result as quickly, simply through the marvellous rapidity with which he applied ordinary processes.

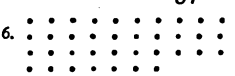
Where, however, we seem compelled in Colburn's case to recognise the employment of a method entirely different from those given in the books, is in cases resembling the following:—He was asked to name two numbers which, multiplied together, would give the number 247,483, and he immediately named 941 and 263, which are the only two numbers satisfying the condition. The same problem being set with respect to the number 171,395, he named the following pairs of numbers: 5 and 34,279, 7 and 24,485, 59 and 2,905, 83 and 2,065, 35 and 4,897, 295 and 581, and lastly, 413 and 415. Still more marvellous was the next feat. He was asked to name a number which will divide 34,083 without remainder, and he immediately replied that there is no such number; 'in other words, he recognised this number as what is called a *prime*, or a number only divisible by itself and unity, as readily and quickly as most people would recognise 17, 19, or 23, as such a number, and a great deal more quickly than probably nine persons out of ten would recognise 53 or 59 as such.' The last feat of this special kind was the most remarkable of all, but the length of time required for its accomplishment, even by this wonderful calculating boy, was such that the evidence does not appear altogether so striking as that afforded by the last case, which I must confess seems to me utterly inexplicable, save on the theory presently to be re-enunciated. Fermat had been led to the conclusion that the number 4,294,967,297, which exceeds by unity the number 2 multiplied fifteen times into itself, has no divisors. But the celebrated mathematician Euler, after much labor, succeeded in showing that the number is divisible by 641. The number was submitted to Zerah Colburn, who was, of course, not told of the result of Euler's researches into the problem, and after the lapse of some weeks the boy discovered the one divisor which Euler had only found with much greater labor.

My theory respecting achievements of this special kind—that is, cases in which a calculator rapidly finds the exact divisors of large numbers, if such divisors exist, or ascertains the non-existence of any exact divisor of such numbers—was based on the known fact that all good calculators have the power of picturing numbers not as represented by such and such digits, but as composed of so many 'things.' Having once this power in no inconsiderable degree myself, and knowing that, when I had it, I frequently used it in the special manner in question, I was led to believe that Colburn and other calculating boys would employ it in that manner, only with much greater rapidity, dexterity, and correctness. Let us suppose that the number 37 is thought of, taking it for convenience of illustration as a representative of some much larger number, whose real nature (as to divisibility by other numbers) is not known. Requiring to know whether 37 is a prime number or not I would not, (in the time to which I now carry back my thoughts) divide the number successively by 2, 3,

&c., but would *see* the number passing through the forms here indicated.



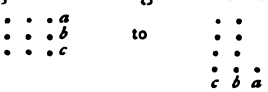
These various arrays would all be formed from the following mental presentation of the number 37 :



which, it will be observed, is derived directly from the number as presented in the common notation. Thus 37 means three tens and seven units, and the groupings above (numbered 6, but really the first pictured grouping) shows three rows of ten dots and one row of seven. It is easily seen that groupings 2 and 3 are in a moment formed from 6. Grouping 2 is formed from 6 by imagining the lowest row of seven dots set into the form

and run over to the right of the three rows of ten dots. Grouping 3 is formed from 6, by imagining the little square of nine dots on the right set into the form

which is done at once by supposing the vertical row of three dots on the right of 6, placed as a horizontal row in the corner under the two neighboring vertical rows of three each ; that is, by changing the three right hand rows from



The changes from 2 on the one hand to 1, and from 3 on the other to 4 and 5, are similarly effected. If the reader will make the actual calculation (using the word *calculation* in its real sense as meaning *pebbling*), taking 37 pebbles, dice, or other objects, and marshalling them first as in 6, and then as in 2 and 1, back again to 6, and then as 3, 4, and 5, he will see how easy the transformations are. But if they are easy when actual objects are shifted about, they are much easier, at least to anyone who can picture groups of objects (dots, or the like) at will, when the mind makes all the transformations. After a little practice the changes above figured for such a number as 37 would be made in a moment, and the changes for a number of several hundreds in half a minute or so—this in the case of a mind not possessing exceptional power in this way. But as a Morphy or a Blackburne can play twenty games of chess blindfold, recognising in each, with amazing rapidity, a number of lines of play on both sides for nine or ten moves in advance—which seems even to an ordinary blindfold player scarcely explicable, and to an ordinary chess-player almost miraculous—so a Colburn or a Bidder would be able to apply the marshalling system above illustrated as rapidly to a number of many millions or billions, as I, when a boy, could apply it to a number of several hundreds. Accordingly I was led to recognise in this marshalling method the explanation of Colburn's wonderful achievements in finding divisors for numbers, or recognising quickly when a number has no divisors.

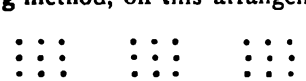
For it will be seen that the groupings 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, above, at once show that 37 has no divisors but itself and unity. (Of course we know in this case that 37 cannot be divided ; and even in the case of much larger numbers we may know, without the trouble of trying the division, or marshalling the pictured number, that such numbers as 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 15, and others, will not divide a number—for instance, if it is an odd number no even number will divide it, and if it does not end with a 5 or a 0 no number ending in 5 will divide it. But, as already explained, the number 37 is to be regarded only as selected for the purpose of conveniently illustrating the marshalling method. A larger number would have required several pages of unsightly groups of dots.) From grouping 1 we see that division by the number 2 will leave one as a remainder, for a dot remains alone on the right. From grouping 2 we see in like manner that one will be left as a remain-

der after division by 3, for the group shows twelve columns of three each, and one over. So grouping 3 shows nine columns of four dots, and one over; grouping 4 shows seven columns of five each, and two over; and lastly, grouping 5 shows six columns of six each, and one over. We need not go on, because it is manifest from grouping 5 that if we took columns of any greater number than six each we should have fewer than six rows of them, and we have already learned that no number less than six is an exact divisor. The marshalling of our number, then, has shown that it is a prime.

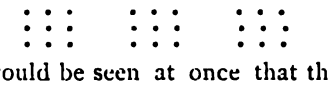
In like manner, if a number has divisors, this method at once shows what they are. Thus, suppose the number had been 36, then we should have obtained groupings 1, 2, 3, and 5, without the odd man over, while the grouping 4 would have shown only one over instead of two. Thus we should have learned that 36 is divisible by 2, 3, 4, and 6 without remainder, and by 5 with remainder one.

So this method shows at once whether a number is an exact square, and if so what its square root is. Thus, if the number had been 36, the marshalling method would give (after perhaps groupings 3 and 4 had been tried) the grouping 5, without the odd man over, and we see that this grouping is a perfect square with six dots on each side. Thus we learn that 36 is a square number, its square root being 6.

For determining whether a number is a perfect cube, the plan which would probably be used by one possessing in a marked degree the marshalling power would be that of grouping his dots into sets having not only length and breadth, as in the groupings above, but height or thickness also. But one less skilful in picturing groupings would simply marshal the number into sets of equal squares, until either he found one set in which there were as many squares as there were dots in the side of each set, or else perceived that no such arrangement was possible. Thus if the number were 27 he would come, by the marshalling method, on this arrangement—



three squares, each three in the side, showing that the number is thrice three times three, or is the cube of three. If the number had been 28, say, so that it had come to be grouped mentally, thus,



it would be seen at once that the number is not a perfect cube; for clearly if we try squares fewer in the side we shall have too many, and if we try squares more in the side we shall have too few. We could have a row of seven squares of four each (two in the side) with none over; but that is not what we want. And with larger numbers the result would be equally decisive; so soon as we had a set of squares nearly equal in number to the number of dots in the side of each, with or without any over, we should be certain the number was not a perfect cube; for of squares one more in the side there would be too many, and of squares one less in the side too few. Thus take the number 421. We should presently get, on marshalling, eight squares, each seven in the side, and 29 over, which would not make such a square; but we should only have six complete squares of eight in the side, and we should have eleven complete squares of six in the side.

I do not know which of the two plans described in the preceding paragraph a skilful mental-marshallist would adopt. In my own mental marshalling, I never had occasion to seek for the cube roots of numbers. I should say, however, that most probably the second would be the method adopted. For while as yet the computer had had little practice this would be the only available method; and after he had once fallen into the way of it he would not be likely, I should say, to take up the other.

So much respecting the theory I adopted in explanation of Colburn's remarkable readiness in finding divisors, detecting primes, and so forth. It still seems to me probable that he largely made use of this method of marshalling, the power of which few would conceive who had not tried it—though, of course, it only has value for those who possess the power of picturing arrays of objects in great number, and of readily marshalling such arrays in fresh order. Yet

it is certain that many calculators proceed on an entirely different plan. For instance, in 1875 I had the pleasure of a long conversation with Professor Safford (of Boston, Mass.), whose skill, when young, in mental calculation had been remarkable. He told me, with regard to the determination of the divisors of large numbers, that he seemed to possess the power of recognising in a few moments what numbers were likely to divide any given large number, and then of testing the matter in the usual way, by actual division, but with great rapidity. He said that to this day he found pleasure in taking large numbers to pieces, as it were, by dividing them into factors ; or else, where no such division was possible, in satisfying himself on that point. He had also come to know the properties of many large numbers in this way, remembering always the divisors of any number he had examined, or its character as a prime if it had proved to be so.

What we know about the late Mr. Bidder, who was in some respects the most remarkable of all the calculating boys, leaves no room to doubt that his processes of mental arithmetic were commonly only modifications of the usual processes,—*not* altogether unlike them, as the theory I formerly advanced would have implied.

The facts now to be related came out in a very interesting correspondence which recently appeared in the pages of the 'Spectator.' The correspondence was suggested by certain remarks respecting the late Mr. G. P. Bidder in a well-written article on Calculating Boys, which seemed to imply that Bidder in after-life showed no marked abilities. 'He had the good sense,' says the writer in the 'Spectator,' 'after delighting the "groundlings" by performing marvellous arithmetical feats, to study carefully a profession. He became a civil engineer of some eminence, enjoyed the confidence and esteem of Robert Stephenson, was once President of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and drew up some tables which are of use to his professional brethren.' The writer in the 'Spectator' went on to discuss the powers shown by Colburn, Bidder, and others, referred to Colburn as admittedly a mediocrity, and then said, 'The only exception to the rule that juvenile calculators prove mediocrities which occurs to us is Whately, who had undoubtedly for a short time an extraordinary aptitude for figures, akin to that of Bidder and Colburn, and who, if he had been unfortunate enough to have had a father as vain and silly as Colburn's was, might have been exhibited to admiring crowds.' Major-General Robertson sent extracts from letters by Professor Elliot and Mr. G. Bidder, eldest son of the late Mr. G. P. Bidder, in which it was clearly shown that Mr. Bidder the elder showed marked abilities through life, and possessed a remarkable capacity for taking broad and accurate views of all questions in which he was engaged. On this point (which lies somewhat outside my subject) I need not say more than that the writer in the 'Spectator,' with a frankness which more than atoned for his error, admitted that he had been mistaken. What now concerns us is the evidence adduced respecting Bidder's calculating powers.

In the first place, it had been noticed in the original article, quite correctly, that there was a distinction between Bidder's powers and Colburn's. It is important to notice this. It confirms my view that they adopted different methods. 'Bidder, as Colburn admits,' says the 'Spectator,' after describing some of Colburn's feats, 'was even more remarkable in some ways ; he could not extract roots or find factors' (the special class of feats which suggested my theory) 'with so much ease and rapidity as Colburn, but he was more at home in abstruse calculations.'

Next let us consider the way in which Bidder's calculating powers were developed from his childhood, one may almost say his babyhood, onwards to a certain point when the study of other matters prevented their further development and caused them gradually to diminish.

We read that at three years of age, 'Bidder answered wonderful questions about the nails in a horse's four shoes ;' but the earliest feat of which I have been able to find exact evidence belongs to his ninth year. When only eight years old, and entirely ignorant of the theory of ciphering, he answered almost

instantly and quite correctly, when asked how many farthings there are in 868,424,121*l.*

A correspondent X. in the 'Spectator,' referring to a somewhat earlier part of Bidder's career as a youthful calculator, says, 'In the autumn of the year 1814, I was reading with a private tutor, the Curate of Wellington, Somersetshire, when a Mr. Bidder called upon him to exhibit the calculating power of his little boy, then about eight years old, who could neither read nor write. On this occasion, he displayed great facility in the mental handling of numbers, multiplying readily and correctly two figures by two, but failing in attempting numbers of three figures. My tutor, a Cambridge man, Fellow of his College, strongly recommended the father not to carry his son about the country, but to have him properly trained at school. This advice was not taken, for about two years after he was brought by his father to Cambridge, and his faculty of mental calculation tested by several able mathematical men. I was present at the examination, and began it with a sum in simple addition, two rows, with twelve figures in each row. The boy gave the correct answer immediately. Various questions then, of considerable difficulty, involving large numbers, were proposed to him, all of which he answered promptly and accurately. These must have occupied more than an hour. There was then a pause. To test his memory, I then said to him, "Do you remember the sum in addition I gave you?" To my great surprise, he repeated the twenty-four figures with only one or two mistakes.'* It is evident, therefore, that in the course of two years his powers of memory and calculation must have been gradually developed.

Bidder was unable at this time to explain the process by which he worked out long and intricate sums. He did not appear burdened by his mental calculations. 'As soon as a question was answered,' says X., 'he amused himself with whipping a top round the room, and when the examination was over, he said to us, "You have been trying to puzzle me, I will try to puzzle you. A man found thirteen cats in his garden. He got out his gun, fired at them, and killed seven. How many were left?" "Six," was the answer. "Wrong," he said, "none were left. The rest ran away." I mention this to show that he was a cheerful and playful boy when he was about ten years old, and that his brain was not overtaxed.' It would be curious to inquire whether Bidder was really the inventor of the now time-honored joke with which he puzzled his examiners. If it had been as well known in 1816 as now, he would hardly have asked a roomful of persons, even though they were college fellows, a question which some one or other of them would have been sure to have heard before. If he really invented the puzzle, it was clever in so young a lad.

The next evidence is more precise. It is given in a letter from Mr. C. S. Osmond, and is derived from an old pamphlet of thirty-four pages, published about the year 1820. From this we learn that when Bidder was ten years old, he answered in two minutes the following question: What is the interest of 4,444*l.* for 4,444 days at 4½ per cent. per annum? The answer is, 2,434*l.* 16*s.* 5¼*d.* A few months later, when he was not yet eleven years old, he was asked, How long would a cistern 1 mile cube be filling if receiving from a river 120 gallons per minute without intermission? In two minutes he gave the correct answer: 14,300 years, 285 days, 12 hours, 46 minutes. A year later, he divided correctly, in less than a minute, 468,592,413,563 by 9,076. I have tried how long this takes me with pen and paper; and, after getting an incorrect result in one and a quarter minute, went through the sum again, with correct result, (51,629,838 and 5,875 over) in about the same time.

* This feat is remarkable, because the power of picturing numbers distinctly before the mental eye, and dealing with them as readily as though pen and paper were used, is not necessarily accompanied by the power of retaining such numbers after they are done with; on the contrary, it must be an advantage to the mental calculator to be able to forget all merely accidental groups of numbers, though of course it is equally an advantage to him to be able to retain all numbers which he may have to use again. I have very little doubt myself that the power of selecting things to be forgotten and things to be remembered is a most useful mental faculty; and that those minds work best in the long run which can completely throw off all recollection of useless matters.

At twelve years of age he answered in less than a minute the question, If a distance of $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches is passed over in a second of time, how many inches will be passed over in 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 55 seconds? Much more surprising, however, was his success when thirteen years old, in dealing with the question, What is the cube root of 897,339,273,974,002,153? He obtained the answer in $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, viz., 964,537. I do not believe one arithmetician in a thousand would get out this answer correctly, at a first trial, in less than a quarter of an hour. But I confess I have not tried the experiment, feeling, indeed, perfectly satisfied that I should not get the answer correctly in half a dozen trials.

No date is given to the following case:—'The question was put by Sir William Herschel, at Slough, near Windsor, to Master Bidder, and answered in one minute: Light travels from the sun to the earth in 8 minutes, and the sun being 98,000,000 of miles off' (of course this is quite wrong, but sixty years ago it was near enough to the accepted value), 'if light would take six years and four months travelling at the same rate from the nearest fixed star, how far is that star from the earth, reckoning 365 days and 6 hours to each year, and 28 days to each month?' The correct answer was quickly given to this pleasing question, viz., 40,633,740,000,000 miles.

On one occasion, we learn, the proposer of a question was not satisfied with Bidder's answer. The boy said the answer was correct, and requested the proposer to work his sum over again. During the operation Bidder said he felt certain he was right, for he had worked the question in another way; and before the proposer found that he was wrong and Bidder right, the boy told the company that he had calculated the question by a third method.

The pamphlet gives the following extract from a London paper, which, if really based on facts, proves conclusively that Bidder was a more skilful computer than Zerah Colburn:—'A few days since, a meeting took place between the Devonshire youth, George Bidder, and the American youth, Zerah Colburne' (*sic*), 'before a party of gentlemen, to ascertain their calculating comprehensions. The Devonshire boy having answered a variety of questions in a satisfactory way, a gentleman proposed one to Zerah Colburne, viz., If the globe is 24,912 miles in circumference, and a balloon travels 3,878 feet in a minute, how long would it be in travelling round the world? After "nine minutes'" consideration, he felt himself incompetent to give the answer. The same question being given to the Devonshire boy, the answer he returned in two minutes—viz., 23 days, 13 hours, 18 minutes—was received with marks of great applause. Many other questions were proposed to the American boy, all of which he refused answering, while young Bidder replied readily to all. A handsome subscription was collected for the Devonshire youth.' This account seems to me to accord very ill with what is known about Colburn's skill in mental computation. That Bidder could deal more readily with very large numbers was admitted by Colburn. But the problem which Colburn is said to have failed in solving during nine minutes is far easier than some which he is known to have solved in a much shorter time. It should be noted that Colburn was nearly two years older than Bidder.

And now let us consider what we know respecting Bidder's method of computation. On this point, fortunately, the evidence is far clearer than in Colburn's case. Colburn, when asked how he obtained his results, would give very unsatisfactory answers—in one case blurting out the rude remark, 'God put these things into my head; I cannot put them into yours.' Bidder, on the other hand, was ready and able to explain how he worked out his results.

The first point we learn respecting his method seems to accord with the theory advanced by myself in 1875, but it will presently be seen that in Bidder's case that theory cannot possibly be maintained. 'From his earliest years,' we are told by his eldest son, 'he appears to have trained himself to deal with actual objects, instead of figures, at first by using pebbles or nuts to work out his sums. In my opinion,' proceeds Mr. G. Bidder, 'he had an immense power of realising the *actual number*.' However, in multiplying he made use of the

ordinary arithmetical process called cross multiplication, by which the product of two numbers is obtained, figure by figure, in a single line. 'He was aided, I think,' says his son, 'by two things: first, a powerful memory of a peculiar cast, in which figures seemed to stereotype themselves without an effort; and secondly, by an almost inconceivable rapidity of operation. I speak with some confidence as to the former of these faculties, as I possess it to a considerable extent myself (though not to compare with my father). Professor Elliot says he,' meaning Mr. G. P. Bidder, 'saw mental pictures of figures and geometrical diagrams. I always do. If I perform a sum mentally, it always proceeds in a visible form in my mind; indeed, I can conceive no other way possible of doing mental arithmetic.' This, by the way, is a rather strange remark from one possessing so remarkable a power of conception as the younger Bidder. Assuredly another way of working sums in mental arithmetic is common enough; and even if it had not been, it might easily have been conceived. Many, probably most persons, in working sums mentally, retain in their memory the sound of each number involved, not an image of the number in a visible form. Thus, suppose the two numbers 47 and 23 are to be multiplied in the mind. The process will run, with most ordinary calculators, in a verbal manner: thus, three times seven, twenty-*one*, three times four, twelve and two fourteen—*one four one*. (These digits being repeated mentally as if emphasised, and the mental record of the sound retained to be presently used when the next line is obtained.') Again: twice seven, *four*teen, twice four, eight and one *nine—nine four*. Then the addition mentally thus, *one*, four and four *eight*, nine and one *ten—one, nought, eight, one*, the digits of the required product. I happen to know that this is the way in which most persons would work a sum of this kind mentally, retaining each necessary digit by emphasising, so to speak, the mental utterance of the digit's name. Of course the process is altogether inferior to the visual process, so to call that in which mental pictures are formed of the digits representing a number. But not one person in ten has the power of forming such pictures.

Of course, one who, like Bidder, could picture at will any number, or set of numbers, and carry on arithmetical processes with such numbers as freely as though writing on paper, would have a great advantage over a computer using ink and paper. He would be saved, to begin with, all inconvenience from the quality of writing materials, necessity of taking fresh ink, and so forth. The figures would start into existence at once as obtained, instead of requiring a certain time, though short, for writing down. They would also always arrange themselves correctly. But this would be far from being all. Indeed, these advantages are the least of those which mental arithmeticians using the visual method possess over the calculator with pen and paper. The same power of picturing numbers which enables the mental worker to proceed in the confident assurance that every line of a long process of calculation will remain clearly in his mental vision to the end of that process, enables him to retain a number of results by which all ordinary processes of calculation can be greatly shortened. He may forget in a day or two the details of any given process of calculation, because he not only makes no effort to retain such details, but purposely hastens to forget them. He would, however, be careful to remember any results which might be of use to him in other calculations. The multiplication table, for instance, which with most persons ranges only to the product 12 times 12, and even then is not retained pictorially in the mind, with Bidder ranged probably to 1000 times a 1000, or even farther. This may seem utterly incredible to those unfamiliar with the wonderful tenacity and range of memory possessed by such men as Bidder the arithmetician, Morphy the chess-player, Macaulay the historian, and others, each in their own special line. There is a case in print showing that a much less expert arithmetician than Bidder possessed a much more complete array of remembered numbers than he did—the case, namely, of Alexander Gwin, a native of Derry, one of the boys employed for

calculation in the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, who at the age of eight years knew the logarithms of all numbers from 1 to 1000. He could repeat them either in regular order or otherwise. Now, every one of these logarithms (supposing Gwin learned them from tables of the usual form) contains seven digits, and there is no connection between these sets of digits by which the memory can be in any way aided. If young Gwin at eight years old could remember all these numbers, we may well believe that Bidder, who probably possessed an even more powerful memory, retained a far larger array of such numbers.

Thus we can partly understand the marvellous rapidity with which Bidder effected his computations. Professor Elliot says on this point that the extent to which Bidder's arithmetical power was carried was to him 'incomprehensible, as difficult to believe as a miracle. You might read over to him fifteen figures, and another line of the same number, and without seeing or writing down a single figure he would multiply the one by the other, and give the result correctly. The rapidity of his calculations was equally wonderful. Giving his evidence before a parliamentary committee rather quickly and decidedly with regard to a point of some intricacy, the counsel on the other side interrupted him rather testily by saying, "You might as well profess to tell us how many gallons of water flow through Westminster Bridge in an hour." "I can tell you that, too," was the reply, giving the number instantaneously.' This, however, be it remembered, proved rather how retentive Bidder's memory was than how rapidly he could compute. For either he knew or did not know the precise breadth, depth, and rapidity of the Thames at Westminster Bridge. If he did not know, he could not have made the computation. If he did know, it could only have been because he had had special occasion to inquire, and we cannot readily imagine that any occasion can have existed which would have required the very calculation which Professor Elliot supposes Bidder to have made on the spur of the moment.

Professor Elliot proceeds to remark on the power of Bidder in retaining vivid impressions of numbers, diagrams, &c. 'If he saw or heard a number, it seemed to remain permanently photographed on his brain. In like manner, he could study a complicated diagram without seeing it when walking and apparently listening to a friend talking to him on some other subject.' Every geometrician, I imagine, can do this. At least, I know that I have often found myself better able to solve geometrical problems of difficulty when walking with a friend, and really (not apparently only) listening to his conversation, than when alone in my study with pen and paper to delineate diagrams and note down numerical or other results. The diagram so thought of stands out before me, as Professor Elliot says that Bidder's mind-diagrams stood out, "with all its lines and letters." The faculty is not, I believe, at all exceptional, though of course the degree in which it was developed in Bidder's case was altogether so.

The process of multiplying a number of fifteen digits by another such number is one which, so far as the ordinary method is concerned, everyone can appreciate. This method is doubtless the best for most arithmeticians, simply because it is one which requires least mental effort in retaining numbers, and also because the operation is one which can be readily corrected. All the fifteen rows of products are present for checking after the process has once been completed on paper. It would be a more difficult process to the mental arithmetician. In fact, I can hardly believe that even Bidder could have retained a clear mental picture of the set of nearly three hundred digits which form the complete "sum." At any rate, we know that the method he adopted was one which most persons would find far more difficult, even using pen and paper, but which requires a much smaller effort of memory on the part of the mental arithmetician. The process called cross-multiplication is not usually taught in books on arithmetic. This would not be the place to describe it fully. But I may be permitted to give an illustration of the process as applied to two numbers, each of three digits only. Take for these numbers, 356 and 428. The arithmetician sets these down in the usual way, and then writes down the

product in one line, figure by figure, beginning with the units' place, so that the sum appears thus :

356
428
152368

He appears to those unacquainted with the method he uses to be multiplying at once by 428, just as one multiplies at once by 11 or 12. In reality, however, the work runs thus in his mind : Eight times six, forty-eight. (Set down eight and carry four.) Five times eight, forty ; twice six, twelve, making fifty-two ; and with the carried four, fifty-six. (Set down six and carry five.) Thrice eight, twenty-four, twice five, ten, making thirty-four ; four times six, twenty-four, making fifty-eight ; and with the carried five, sixty-three. (Set down three and carry six.) Twice three, six ; and four times five, twenty, making twenty-six ; and with the carried six, thirty-two. (Set down two and carry three.) Lastly, four times three, twelve ; making with the carried three, fifteen—which being set down completes the product.

To make a comparison between this method and the ordinary method I have set them side by side, as actually worked out ; for of course there is no essential reason why the cross-method should be carried out without keeping record of the various products employed. Besides, by thus presenting the cross-process we are able to see better what a task Bidder had to accomplish when he multiplied together mentally two numbers, each containing fifteen digits. The processes then stands thus :

356	356
428	428
2848	48
712	40
1424	12
152368	24
	10
	24
	6
	20
	12
	152368
The common process of multiplication.	Cross-multiplication.

It is to be observed that, in the case of large numbers, we do not get more troublesome products in the course of the work when cross-multiplying than in the case of small numbers, like those above dealt with. We get more such products, that is all. Thus in the middle of the above case of cross-multiplication we have three products of two digits each. In the middle of a case of cross-multiplication with two numbers of fifteen digits we should have fifteen such products—at least, products not containing more than two digits. We should also have, if working mentally, a large number carried over from the next preceding process. This we should have even if we were working out the result on paper, but not writing down the various products used in getting the result. To most persons this would prove an effectual bar to the employment of the cross-method, especially as there would be no way of detecting an error without going through the whole work again. It is true this has to be done when the common method is employed. But in this method if an error exists we can recognize where it is. In the other, unless we recollect what our former steps were, we have no means of knowing where an error arose. And quite commonly it would happen that two different errors, one in the original process, and another in the work of checking, would give the same erroneous result, so that we should mistakenly infer that result to be correct.* But to the mental arithmetician, especially when long-continued practice has enabled him to work accurately as well as quickly, the cross method is far the most convenient. We know that this was the method applied by Bidder. And to explain his marvellous rapidity we have only to take into account the influence of long practice combined with altogether exceptional aptitude for dealing with numbers.

Of the effect of practice in some arith-

* This happens frequently in mercantile computations. Thus a clerk may add a column of figures incorrectly, then check his work by adding the same column in another way (say in one case from the top, in the other from the foot) : yet both results will not uncommonly agree, though the incorrect result is obtained in the two several cases by different mistakes.

metical processes curious evidence was afforded by the feats of a Chinese who visited America in 1875. He was simply a trained computer, asserting that hundreds in China were trained to equal readiness in arithmetical processes, and that among those thus trained those of exceptional abilities far surpassed himself in dexterity. Among the various tests applied during a platform exhibition of his powers was one of the following nature. About thirty numbers of four digits each were named to him, as fast as a quick writer could take them down. When all had been given he was told to add them, mentally, while a practised arithmetician was to add them on paper. "It is unnecessary for me to add them," he said, "I have done that as you gave them to me; the total is—so-and-so." It presently appeared that the total thus given was quite correct.

At first sight such a feat seems astounding. Yet in reality it is but a slight modification of what many bankers' clerks can readily accomplish. They will take an array of numbers, each of four or five figures, and cast them up in one operation. Grant them only the power of as readily adding a number *named* as a number *seen* to a total already obtained, and their feat would be precisely that of the Chinese arithmetician. There can be no doubt that, with a very little practice, nine-tenths, if not all, of the clerks who can achieve one feat would be able to achieve the other feat also.

I do not know how clerks who add at once a column of four-figured numbers together accomplish the task. That is to say, I do not know the mental process they go through in obtaining their final result. It may be that they keep the units, tens, hundreds, and thousands apart in their mind, counting them properly at the end of the summation; or, on the other hand, they may treat each successive number as a whole, and keep the gradually growing total as a whole. Or some may follow one plan, and some the other. When I heard of the Chinese arithmetician's feats, my explanation was that he adopted the former plan. I should myself, if I wanted to acquire readiness in such processes, adopt that plan, applying it after a fashion suggested by my method of computing when I was a boy. I should picture the units, tens, hundreds, and thousands as objects of different sorts. Say the units as dots, the tens as lines, the hundreds as discs, the thousands as squares. When a number of four digits was named to me, I should see so many squares, discs, lines, and dots. When the next number of four digits was named, I should *see* my sets of squares, discs, lines, and dots correspondingly increased. When a new number was named these sets would be again correspondingly increased. And so on, until there were several hundreds of squares, of discs, of lines, and of dots. These (when the last number had been named) could be at once transmuted into a number, which would be the total required.

Take for instance the numbers, 7234, 9815, 9127, 4183. When the first was named the mind's eye would picture 7 squares, 2 discs, 3 lines, and 4 dots. When the second (9815) was named there would be seen 16 squares, 10 discs, 4 lines, and 9 dots. After the third (9127), there would be 25 squares, 11 discs, 6 lines, and 16 dots; after the fourth (4183), there would be 29 squares, 12 discs, 14 lines, and 19 dots. This being all, the total is at once run off from the units' place; the 19 dots give 9 for the units, one 10 to add to the 14 lines (each representing ten), making 15, so that 5 is the digit in the tens' place, while 100 is added to the 12 discs or hundreds, giving 13 or 3 in the hundreds' place, and 1000 to add to the 29 squares or thousands, making 30, or for the total 30,359. The process has taken many words in describing, but each part of it is perfectly simple, the mental picturing of the constantly increasing numbers of squares, discs, lines, and dots being almost instantaneous (in the case, of course, of those only who possess the power of forming these mental pictures). The final process is equally simple, and would be so even if the number of squares, discs, lines, and dots were great. Thus, suppose there were 324 squares, 411 discs, 391 lines, and 433 dots. We take 3 for *units*, carrying 43 lines or 434 in all, whence 4 for the *tens*, carrying 43 discs or 444 in all, whence 4 for the hundreds, carrying 44 squares or 468 in all, whence finally 468,443 is the total required.

We can understand then how easy to Bidder must have been the summation of the fifteen products of cross-multiplication to the carried remainder—they would be added consecutively in far less time than the qickest penman could write them down. Probably they would be obtained as well as added in less time than they could be written down. Thus digit after digit of the result of what appears a tremendous sum in multiplication would be obtained with that rapidity which to many seemed almost miraculous. We must further take into account a circumstance pointed out by Mr. G. Bidder. "The faculty of rapid operation," he says, speaking of his father's wonderful feats in this respect, "was no doubt congenital, but it was developed by incessant practice and by the confidence thereby acquired. I am certain," he proceeds, "that unhesitating confidence is half the battle. In mental arithmetic, it is most true that 'he who hesitates is lost.' When I speak of incessant practice, I do not mean deliberate drilling of set purpose; but with my father, as with myself,* the mental handling of numbers or playing with figures afforded a positive pleasure and constant occupation of leisure moments. Even up to the last year of his life (his age was seventy-two) my father took delight in working out long and difficult arithmetical problems."

We must always remember, in considering such feats as Bidder and other "calculating boys" accomplished, that the power of mentally picturing numbers is in their case far greater than we are apt to imagine such a power can possibly be. Precisely as the feats of a Morphy seem beyond belief till actually witnessed, and even then (especially to those who know what *his* chess-play meant) almost miraculous so the mnemonic powers of some arithmetician would seem incredible if they had not been tested, and even as witnessed seem altogether marvellous. Colburn tells us that a notorious free-thinker who had seen his arithmetical achievements at the age of six, "went home much disturbed, passed a sleepless night, and ever afterwards renounced infidel opinions." "And this," says the writer in the "Spectator," from whom I have already quoted, "was only one illustration of the vague feeling of awe and open-mouthed wonder, which his performances excited. People came to consult him about stolen spoons; and he himself evidently thought that there was something decidedly uncanny, something supernatural, about his gift."

But so far as actual mnemonic arithmetical power is concerned, the feats of Colburn, and even of Bidder, have been surpassed. Consider, for instance, the following instances of the strong power of abstraction possessed by Dr. Wallis:—"December 22, 1669.—In a dark night in bed," he says in a letter to his friend, Mr. Thomas Smith, B.D., Fellow of Magdalen College, "without pen ink or paper, or anything equivalent, I did by memory extract the square root of 30000,00000,00000,00000,00000,00000,00000,00000, which I found to be 1,77205,08075,68077,29353, *fere*, and did the next day commit it to writing."

And again: "February 18, 1670.—Johannes Georgius Pelshower (Regiomontanus Borussus) giving me a visit, and desiring an example of the like, I did that night propose to myself in the dark, without help to my memory, a number in 53 places: 24681357910121-41113151618201719212224262830232 52-72931, of which I extracted the square root in 27 places: 157103016871482 8c5-817152171 *proximè*; which numbers I did not commit to paper till he gave me another visit, March following, when I did from memory dictate them to him."

* Mr. G. Bidder's powers as a mental arithmetician would be considered astonishing if the achievements of his father and others were not known. "I myself," he says, "can perform pretty extensive arithmetical operations mentally, but I cannot pretend to approach even distantly to the rapidity and accuracy with which my father worked. I have occasionally multiplied 15 figures by 15 in my head, but it takes me a long time, and I am liable to occasional errors. Last week, after speaking to Prof. Elliot, I tried the following sum to see if I could still do it:

378,201,969,513,825
199,631,057,265,413

and I got, in my head, the answer, 75,576,-299,427,512,145,197,597,834,725; in which I think, if you take the trouble to work it out, you will find 4 figures [out of the 29 are wrong." I have only run through the cross-multiplication far enough to detect the first error, which is in the digit representing thousands of millions. This should be 4 not 7.

Mr. E. W. Craigie, commenting on these feats, says that they "are not perhaps as difficult as multiplying 15 figures by 15, for while of course it is easy to remember such a number as three thousand billion trillions, being nothing but noughts, so also it may be noticed that there is a certain order in the row of 53 figures; the numbers follow each other in little sets of arithmetical progression (2, 4, 6, 8), (1, 3, 5, 7, 9), (10, 12, 14), 11, 13, 15), (16, 18, 20), and so on; not regularly, but still enough to render it an immense assistance to a man engaged in a mental calculation. A row of 53 figures set down at hazard would have been much more difficult to remember, like Foote's famous sentence with which he puzzled the quack mnemonician; but still we must give the doctor the credit for remembering the answer." Mr. Craigie seems to overlook the circumstance that remembering the original number, and remembering the answer, in cases of this kind, are utterly unimportant feats compared with the work of obtaining the answer. If any one will be at the pains to work out the problem of extracting the square root of any number in 53 places, he will see that it would be a very small help indeed to have the original number written down before him, if the solution was to be worked out mnemonically. Probably in both cases, Wallis took easily remembered numbers, not to help him at the time, but so that if occasion required he might be able to recall the problem months or years after he had solved it. Anyone who could work out in his mind such a problem as the second of those given above, would have no difficulty in remembering an array of two or three hundred figures set down entirely at random.

I have left small space in which to consider the singular evidence given by Prof. Elliot and Mr. G. Bidder respecting the transmission in the Bidder family of that special mental quality on which the elder Bidder's arithmetical power was based. Hereafter I may take occasion to discuss this evidence more at length, and with particular reference to its bearing on the question of hereditary genius. Let it suffice to mention here that, although Mr. G. Bidder and other members of the family have possessed in large degree the power of dealing mentally with large numbers, yet in other cases, though the same special mental quality involved has been present, the way in which that quality has shown itself has been altogether different. Thus Mr. G. Bidder states that his father's eldest brother, "who was a Unitarian minister, was not remarkable as an arithmetician; but he had an extraordinary memory for Biblical texts, and could quote almost any text in the Bible, and give chapter and verse." A granddaughter of G. P. Bidder's once said to Prof. Elliot, "Isn't it strange, when I hear anything remarkable said or read to me, I think I see it in print?" Mr. G. Bidder, "can play two games of chess simultaneously," Prof. Elliot mentions, "without seeing the board." "Several of Mr. G. P. Bidder's nephews and grandchildren," he adds, "possess also very remarkable powers. One of his nephews at an early age showed a degree of mechanical ingenuity beyond anything I had ever seen in a boy. The summer before last, to test the calculating powers of some of his grandchildren (daughters of Mr. G. Bidder, the barrister), I gave them a question which I scarcely expected any of them to answer. I asked them, 'At what point in the scale do Fahrenheit's thermometer and the Centigrade show the same number at the same temperature?' The nature of the two scales had to be explained, but after that they were left to their own resources. The next morning one of the younger ones (about ten years old) came to tell me it was at 40 degrees below zero. This was the correct answer; she had worked it out in bed."—*Belgravia Magazine.*

AN INVITATION TO THE SLEDGE.

BY J. A. SYMONDS.

COME forth, for dawn is breaking;
The sun hath touched the snow:
Our blithe sledge-bells are calling,
And Christian waits below.

All day o'er snow-drifts gliding
'Twixt grey-green walls of ice,
We'll chase the winter sunlight
Adown the precipice.

Above black swirling death-waves
We will not shrink nor blanch,
Though the bridge that spans the torrent
Be built by an avalanche.

We'll talk of love and friendship
And hero-hearted men,
Mid the stems of spangled larches
In the fairy-frosted glen.

With flight as swift as swallows
We'll sweep the curdled lake,
Where the groans of prisoned kelpies
Make the firm ice-pavement quake.

We'll thread the sombre forest,
Where giant pines are crowned
With snow caps on their branches
Bent to the snowy ground.

Strong wine of exultation,
Free thoughts that laugh at death,
Shall warm our wingèd spirits,
Though the shrill air freeze our breath.

With many a waif of music
And memory-wafted song,
With the melody of faces
Loved when the world was young.

With dear Hellenic stories
And names of old romance,
We'll wake our souls' deep echoes
While the hills around us dance:

Dance to the arrowy motion
Of our sledge so firm and free,
Skimming the beaten snow-track
As a good ship skims the sea.

Like love, like all that's joyous,
Like youth, like life's delight,
This day is dawning o'er us
Between a night and a night.

O friend, 'tis ours to clasp it !
Come forth ! No better bliss
For hearts by hope uplifted
Hath heaven or earth than this !

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

RUSSIAN COURT LIFE UNDER PETER THE THIRD AND CATHERINE THE SECOND.

WHILE the Empress Elizabeth was slowly dying of disease and inebriation, the Grand Duchess Catherine was seeking popularity with both priesthood and people by much display of extreme grief and piety. She attended the public masses, and prayed with affected fervor for hours together, before the pictures and images of saints, for the restoration of the Empress's health. The Grand Duke in the meantime, "halting between two opinions," was hesitating whether to receive the imperial crown at the hands of the senate, as advised by Count Panin, or to be proclaimed by the army, in accordance with Russian usage, as urged by the veteran Prince Trubetskoi. The pretended reconciliation of the Grand Duke and Duchess had but intensified their mutual aversion ; but Peter still regarded the mental endowments of his wife as so greatly superior to his own that he now sought her opinion as to which course it would be preferable to pursue. Very disdainfully she replied "*qu'il falloit se conformer à l'usage*," for she saw in his question a confession of inability to rule without her aid, and, as its natural consequences, his speedy downfall and her own elevation.

It had been the object of eighteen years' plotting and caballing to frustrate the accession of the Grand Duke to the throne ; yet it took place without the slightest disturbance or show of opposition. The officers of the imperial guard readily swore allegiance to him. A crowd of anxious courtiers, some trembling for their liberty and their possessions, others full of avaricious hope of succeeding to the spoil, speedily surrounded him. The new Czar received them with dignity. He was then thirty-four, and, being freed from the servile restraint in which the late empress had held him, seemed to have cast aside with t the indecision of character for which he had hitherto been remarkable. Adverse as the ministers of the former reign had been to him, he confirmed most of them in their posts ; while those whom he dismissed he neither banished to Siberia nor despoiled of their estates. His first reception ended, he mounted his horse and, attended by a numerous staff, rode through all the streets of St. Petersburg, distributing money amongst the people. The troops thronged about him, calling out, "Behave well to us and we will serve you as faithfully as we did our great mother the Czarina Elizabeth." With the acclamations of the soldiers were mingled the joyous huzzas of the populace, and although Peter's enemies had so long done their best to make even his name hated, and his accession dreaded as a calamity to the country, no sign of discontent was perceptible, no word of ill-will towards him heard.

One of his first acts, after concluding with Frederick II. an armistice which led to a peace that released the Prussian king from difficulties and embarrassments to which, at that stage of the Seven Years' War, he well-nigh succumbed, was to recall the vast multitude of state prisoners with whom the fears and suspicions of Elizabeth and the vindictive jealousy of her favorites had peopled the Siberian deserts. Their number was estimated at not less than 17,000. Amongst them came Biren, the haughty favorite and inhuman minister of the Empress Anne ; also L'Estorq, to whom Elizabeth was chiefly indebted for her throne. Field-Marshal de Munich, too, at eighty-two years of age, and after twenty-one years of exile, revisited St. Petersburg. Dressed in the sheepskin he had worn in Siberia, and surrounded by a numerous family of grandchildren and great-grandchildren, the old soldier appeared before the Emperor. Peter redecorated him with

the various orders he had been deprived of when exiled, and restored him to his military rank.

"Field-marshal," he said, "I trust you may yet be able to serve me notwithstanding your advanced age." Munich replied:

"Neither long exile nor the chilling clime of Siberia has extinguished the ardor I in former days showed for the interests of Russia and the glory of her sovereign. What yet remains to me of life I devote to the service of your majesty, who has called me from darkness to light, from a gloomy hut to the foot of the throne."

The most touching scenes were daily witnessed at St. Petersburg as the victims of oppression returned from the dreary deserts and were welcomed back by their friends, though too often but to die in their arms, exhausted by the hardships and privations of long and rigorous exile. Everywhere blessings were invoked on the head of their humane Czar. The empire resounded with his praises. Transports of enthusiastic joy hailed him as he proceeded in grand state to the senate to read the Ukase that freed the nobles from their servitude to the crown, by abolishing the law that made military service obligatory on them, and that which denied them the liberty of travelling in foreign countries at their pleasure.* A still more important service Russia owed to Peter III. in the abolition of the secret council (*Chancellerie privée*). This inquisitorial and tyrannical tribunal was a terror to all classes. It regarded neither the age, condition, nor sex of its victims. Secretly denounced, on pretences however false or futile, there was no escape from its clutches. Its proceedings were strictly private; its punishments horrible; its deeds of darkness closely hidden from the world.

The Czar endeavored also to correct some of the numerous abuses in the administration of justice. The use of torture he absolutely forbade, whether for extorting evidence or the confession of crime. Commerce, science, and the arts were equally objects of his attention, both for his own instruction and the encouragement of those engaged in them. The most oppressive of the taxes he either reduced or altogether suppressed, and effected many other reforms, indicative of the clemency of his disposition and natural love of justice. Carried away by unbounded admiration of the exalted qualities he so unexpectedly developed, the nobility declared they could scarcely do less than erect a statue of gold to their beneficent Czar. At the state banquets it was noticed that he was more reserved and dignified in conversation and manners, and that he drank with more moderation than, as Grand Duke, had been his habit at his entertainments at Oranienbaum. So thorough, indeed, was the change in his conduct and mode of life that his greatest enemies—his infamous wife and her partisans—momentarily suspended their intrigues, amazed at the alteration that had come over him. Peter was at that time much under the influence of his aide-de-camp-general, the young Ukrainian Count Ghudowitsch, a man of very noble character, and the only really true friend the Emperor seems to have possessed.

But, few and fleeting were the glorious days of the short reign of Peter III. Whether by design or from oversight, Catherine was not named in the manifesto announcing his accession to the throne; a circumstance most mortifying to her pride, and even a cause for some alarm—so many and just reasons had the Czar for complaint against her. Yet Peter failed not to pay her the homage due to her rank as Czarina. In the pompous religious ceremonies incidental to their accession, he revived the practice of Peter I. after he had crowned Catherine, of yielding to her the place of honor in the pageant, and investing her with all the marks of imperial dignity, while he followed in her *cortège* simply as colonel of his regiment. At Court receptions he allowed her to preside alone, he attending in uniform and respectfully presenting to her his Holstein officers, whom he was accustomed to call his comrades. In Peter I. such acts were felt to be but the gracious condescen-

* When Catherine came to the throne she allowed this edict to subsist, not wishing by its abrogation to irritate the Russian nobles; but she virtually annulled it, by exacting that information of intention to travel should be given to her, and her formal permission obtained; and this she did not readily accord—generally the state had then need of the services of the would-be absentee.

sion of the powerful Czar towards the humble wife he had raised to his throne. In Peter III. they were attributed to conscious weakness and incapacity, proclaiming that Catherine was born to reign and he but to serve. Such was her own view of the deference he paid her, and she saw her advantage in it. She was an adept in dissimulation, and on taking up her residence as Czarina at the winter palace—which had just been completed when Elizabeth died—she veiled her immoralities under outward decorum, and held her Court with a dignified affability that gave satisfaction to both the friends and the enemies of the Czar; both of whom she was desirous of gaining. She made it her study to draw around her all who by their character, influence, courage, or skill in intrigue might become useful in furthering her schemes. She affected to take the deepest concern in the interests and glory of "her dear country." To the discontented she was particularly gracious, and secretly cheered them by hints that the changes they looked for were near at hand. She chose her favorites, or lovers, from among the men most obnoxious to her husband, and on whose vengeance and audacity, when it should be convenient to her to make use of them, she could most surely rely.

The sympathies of Peter III. were ineradicably German, and his inability to restrain the expression of them was what most effectually served Catherine in plotting his downfall. Yet his intentions towards the country he had been chosen to rule over were excellent, his reforms the result of an honorable ambition to do good, though some of them were ill-timed; for the Russians as a nation were an enslaved, semi-barbarous, and superstitious people. It was injudicious, no doubt, to attempt to remove from their churches the images so much venerated by the devotees of the semi-pagan Greek religion, and to banish the Archbishop of Novgorod—though his banishment was but of two months' duration—because he opposed their displacement. Also, immediately, to diminish the revenues of the church, though he devoted the surplus to useful secular purposes. A cry of horror rose from the priests and monks and was echoed by the people throughout the land. Far and wide the clergy spread the report that the new Czar was, at heart, a Lutheran; that he had entered the Greek communion only for the sake of the throne. A further outrage to the saints was detected in his giving the names of "Prince George" and "Frederic" to two newly built vessels of war,* and daily some fresh report was circulated of his open contempt of the usages and ceremonies of the religion of the Russians. The devout Catherine, the assiduous student of the encyclopedists, was foremost in deploring the heresy of her husband. Daily she was seen praying with fervor in the churches of St. Petersburg, conforming with scrupulous minuteness to the most superstitious practices; lamenting, too, that she who would restore to the popes and the church all the privileges and emoluments the heretic Czar had deprived them of was "but a cipher, powerless to aid." The deluded clergy, in admiration of her piety, published her praises from house to house.

But unfortunately, not only to the church but also to the army did Peter give offence by his undisguised predilection for all things German. He disbanded "*La garde noble*," and gave the duty at the palace—the especial service of the "imperial cavalry guard"—to his own regiment of Holsteiners. He made his uncle, Prince George of Holstein, Generalissimo of the Russian armies, and introduced the Prussian drill, which was far superior to the Russian; but as it was not only new but had to be learnt, it was felt to be a particularly grave offence by both officers and men. The distinguishing of the different regiments by the color of the facings and collars of their uniform was an innovation greatly resisted, though admitted to be useful. But his most openly offensive act was the soliciting from Frederick a higher grade in the Prussian army. He was promoted to the rank of major-general, which so delighted him that he gave a grand banquet on the occasion. A portrait of Frederick, that Elizabeth had ordered to be thrown aside as lumber,

* Catherine afterwards changed these names to "St. Nicholas" and "St. Alexander," but their holy patrons did not save them from the Turks, who took both vessels during the war of 1768.

was brought out, and a place of honor assigned it,* and Lieut.-General Count Hordt, who had been taken prisoner at Custrin and sent to Siberia by Elizabeth, was with other German officers invited to the Emperor's table. The Prussian prisoners at St. Petersburg were liberated, clothed, and sent home. The territory that the Empress had proposed to annex to Russia was evacuated, and General Czernischeff, who commanded the 30,000 Russian auxiliaries, was ordered to withdraw from his winter quarters in Moravia and unite his troops to those of the King of Prussia. Not only was a separate peace concluded, but Peter, having withdrawn from the Franco-Austrian alliance, entered into a treaty, offensive and defensive, with Frederick, at the same time recommending Maria Theresa not to allow "her unreasonable ambition of recovering Silesia to be an obstacle to a general peace."

Balls, banquets, and fêtes celebrated the signing of the treaty. Peter appeared at them in his Prussian uniform and wearing the order of the Black Eagle. Unfortunately he pledged his Prussian idol so frequently in overflowing bumpers, that in spite of the watchfulness of his mentor, Ghudowitsch, he relapsed for some days into former habits of intoxication. At one of these banquets the Czar gave the health of Prince George of Holstein. All the company rose. Catherine alone remained seated. Irritated at this open disrespect shown to his uncle, he applied to her a gross epithet, admitted to have been as true as it was forcible, but none the less undignified on his part, as well as disrespectful to his guests, publicly to have branded her with. Catherine, thus humiliated, shed tears, and, turning to her chamberlain, Count Strogonoff, made the excuse of a pain in the foot having prevented her from rising, and in an undertone continued to complain to him of the treatment she had been subjected to. This still further irritated Peter, and he ordered the Count, who was one of Catherine's favorites, to be put under arrest. The frequent recurrence of these ebullitions of ill-feeling, to which she artfully strove to incite him, revived all her ambitious hopes of overthrowing him. For her tears excited pity; his irritability, indignation.

Throughout the war with Elizabeth, Peter had kept up a constant correspondence with Frederick, and still continued to inform him fully of all his proceedings. In reply, the king often gave his admirer some good advice. But the counsels of this "preceptor, brother, and friend" were not always followed. Frederick urged him not to make war on Denmark for the sake of expelling the Danes from his duchy of Holstein; he advised him to be crowned without further delay at Moscow, and with all the accustomed pomp and ceremony of that very important rite, considered by the Russians as the sealing of the authority of their Czars; to pay every outward respect to his wife, and above all to omit no precaution for insuring his own safety. But Peter had no fear.

"I walk unattended," he wrote, "in the streets of Petersburg; the soldiers call me their father, and say they like better a man than a woman to reign over them. I do to every one all the good in my power, and I trust in the protection of God—I have therefore nothing to fear."

An additional corps of 20,000 men was organizing to join the forces of the King of Prussia, and Denmark was about to be invaded. But in the midst of fêtes and entertainments, domestic reforms and preparations for war, the Emperor did not forget his mistress, the Countess Woronzoff. This singularly capricious woman, without any great beauty or intelligence, had acquired much ascendency over him. She was strangely fanciful; and childish, yet spitefully fiendish. When she failed readily to obtain by her cajoleries her lover's acquiescence in her whims, she would beat, kick, and pinch him into compliance—conduct which it appears much amused him. She had exacted from him a promise that, after publicly divorcing Catherine, and repudiating Paul, he would marry her. And to facilitate the accomplishment of her scheme, she had induced him to recall Catherine's first lover, Count Soltikoff,

* Such was the enmity of Elizabeth to Frederick II., that during her reign no one dared to make known that he possessed a portrait of the king. Her nephew had a small miniature of him, in a ring, which he was obliged to conceal from her.

from Hamburg, where he had constantly resided since Elizabeth had made him her minister there. The countess had the folly to publicly boast of the honors in store for her, and to give herself many airs on the strength of her great expectations—airs which the ladies of the Court were little disposed to tolerate, and none less so than her sister the Princess Daschkoff. She despised the Countess Romonowna, and ridiculed her absurd pretensions, though the imprudence of Peter's own conduct seemed to give sanction to them.

He had suddenly determined to adopt as his successor the dethroned Czar Ivan. It had been always most industriously reported amongst the people that the imprisoned prince was a helpless idiot. There were reasons for doubting the truth of this. Peter therefore visited Schlusselburg in disguise, with an order, signed by himself, authorizing the governor to allow the bearer and his two friends to have free access to the fortress, and also to the prison of Prince Ivan.

"They discovered the poor prisoner seated, pensively, in a cheerless and feebly lighted room. He was a fine young man, then twenty-one, and upwards of six feet in height. His countenance was handsome but melancholy; his beard and hair very long. He was much startled by the entrance of his visitors; but after he had well observed them and replied to some of their questions, he threw himself on his knees before Peter and, saluting him as Czar, prayed him to mitigate the severity of his fate. 'I have lingered,' he said, 'for many years in the lonely solitude of a darkened cell; but the only favor I ask of you is permission to breathe daily a more free and pure air.' Peter was much affected. 'Rise, prince,' he answered, 'and have no fears for the future. I will do all in my power to make your position less painful.' Ivan related many circumstances of his past life, and while doing so recognized in Baron Korff, who with Ghudowitsch accompanied the Emperor, one of the few humane governors who had been placed over him. A German lieutenant, to whose charge for a time he had been specially entrusted, had furtively taught him to read. But since that officer's removal no books had been allowed him."

The object of the clement Elizabeth had been to brutalize and reduce him to idiocy; but his mind appeared to be singularly clear. He was ignorant, of course, but had a vivid and correct impression of his childlife with his parents, and of the few events of the dreary years that followed it. Peter proposed to give him some education, and gradually to familiarize him with the usages of society, after which he meant to marry him to the Princess of Holstein-Beck, a young cousin of his own. In the meantime he gave orders that every necessary should be provided for Ivan, and every attention and kindness be shown him. He selected a spot for the erection of a pavilion and the planting of a garden for his use. But as he shortly afterwards removed him to St. Petersburg, the pavilion and garden within the walls of the fortress were said to have been a prison he designed for Catherine. But while the Emperor was revolving his plans in the palace of Peterhoff, the Empress, who had chosen for her residence the villa of Monplaisir, in the gardens of that palace, had nearly matured her project for dethroning him. She acted at first with extremest caution, in order to secure the favor of the Greek patriarch, who had taken up his abode in the palace. She attained her object by a display of passionate devotion to the Church. The five brothers Orloff were ready to do her bidding, be it what it might. They were men of the lowest rank, of ruffianly character, without education, and gross in their habits. But they were personally handsome; of gigantic stature and strength; dauntless, audaciously courageous, and ferocious. Two of them were ordinary soldiers in the regiment of guards. The eldest, Gregoire Orloff, had been raised to the rank of a subaltern officer by General Count Schouwaloff, who chose him for his aide-de-camp, on account of his powerful physique and of his being the handsomest man of his regiment. Grégoire was the lover of the Princess Daschkoff, who but lately had returned from Moscow, where her husband had compelled her to live for some time in strictest seclusion, owing to the irregularity of her conduct. Catherine perceiving in her a kindred spirit, they became extremely intimate. The Princess was then but nineteen, and considered very handsome. Her beauty was of the bold and masculine style; her height rather above than below six feet. She affected, like Catherine, to be imbued with the French philosophy of that day, and made great pretensions to learning

and *esprit*. Impetuous, courageous, and at enmity with her sister, she entered into Catherine's schemes with ardor such as mere female friendship would scarcely inspire.* The Princess was not aware that the Orloffs were acquainted with Catherine, whose cause she so vehemently espoused for the sake of Grégoire's advancement as well as to defeat the hopes of her sister. She was, indeed, the life and soul of the revolution; the real heroine of it. Sacrifices that were painful and even revolting to her were made to gain over partisans, and to induce Count Panin, then governor to the young Prince Paul, to promote the cause of her rival. While Catherine was at Peterhoff the Princess remained at St. Petersburg, in order the better to serve her, with the aid of an intriguing Swiss adventurer named Odart.

The aim of all who were conspiring against Peter—Catherine and Orloff alone excepted—was to compel him to abdicate, not to assassinate him, and the approaching fête of St. Pierre, which he was expected to celebrate with copious libations to his patron saint, was considered a favorable time to seize him. One of the band, a Lieutenant Passik, did propose to stab the Emperor while in the midst of his courtiers and with his mistress by his side. Panin forbade this. But the brutal Passik so thirsted for his blood that he lay in wait for him two days, concealed behind the little wooden hut occupied by Peter I. while laying the foundations of St. Petersburg. Strangely enough, the conspirators suggested a difficulty in naming Peter's successor. The prime mover of the plot had not occurred to them, until Catherine herself urged her own pretensions to the sovereign power. The Orloffs and the Princess Daschkoff supported them. Counts Panin and Razumoffsky proposed that Prince Paul Petrowitz should be declared Emperor, and Catherine Regent. She strongly demurred to this. Panin replied:—

"Madame, you have said a hundred times, when you were only Grand Duchess, that you desired but the title of mother of the Emperor. And is that title, indeed, not lofty enough for you? You aspire now to drive your son from the Russian throne; but what right have you to sit there alone? Are you of the blood of the Czars? Were you even born in their empire? Do you think that the ancient and warlike Muscovite nation can recognize for its sovereign a Countess d'Anhault?"

Much more, in the same strain, he addressed to her, but Catherine, as she told him, was not convinced by his arguments, forcible as they were. She still urged her claim to the supreme authority. "If it were not in her hands, how could she recompense the devotedness of her friends?" But Panin continued firm. His firmness and boldness also silenced and convinced the rest of the conspirators. Catherine then secretly promised him the post of first minister; but it was the Princess Dachkoff who finally overcame his objections.

The fleet and the regiments destined to invade Denmark were ready at Cronstadt, and Peter proposed to take the command on the day following his festa. He was then entertaining at Oranienbaum a party of the most distinguished nobles and ladies of the Court. Catherine, pretending that he had threatened her with imprisonment, remained secreted at Monplaisir. The Emperor was to be seized on his arrival at Peterhoff, but the event was precipitated in consequence of a soldier of Passik's regiment inquiring of his captain, whom he supposed to be of their party, at what hour they were to take up arms against him. The officer was much surprised at

* The Princess and Catherine in after-years were often at variance, and as often reconciled. The Princess was appointed Director of the Academy of Sciences, and President of the Russian Academy. But she was rather a pretentious "blue stocking" than a woman of learning. She coveted the rank of colonel of the guards, and was well fitted to perform its duties. For many years she edited for Catherine the journals of St. Petersburg, suppressing or falsifying the accounts of foreign papers of public events of importance. The Empress allowed her subjects to know only as much as she chose of what was passing in the world, and forbade the introduction of foreign journals into Russia. Had any one been so daring as to procure even the *Frankfort Gazette*, he would have run the risk of forgetting how to read, in the deserts of Siberia. Later in life the Princess became extremely penurious. She allowed no fires to be lighted at the sessions of the academy. The members sat there almost freezing with cold, while Madame la Présidente was muffled up to the eyes in furs. She would beg, too, of her military friends their old gold and silver lace, which she unravelled and sold.

the question, yet dissembled with the man and drew from him the secret of the conspiracy. Passik was immediately arrested, but had the presence of mind to avail himself of a moment to write on a scrap of paper, "Instantly, or we are lost." He thrust this into the hand of the man placed temporarily over him, telling him that a good reward awaited him if he carried it to the Princess Daschkoff. She received it. Panin was with her. She proposed that they should act immediately, to save themselves from the sure vengeance of the Czar should their plot fail. Panin was not willing; he said it was better to wait, and seemed rather to desire to withdraw from the affair altogether. But the Princess, after dismissing him, dressed herself, as she often did, in the uniform of the guards, and went to the Pont Vert, the usual place of rendezvous, to meet Orloff and other officers. Her news alarmed them greatly; that night, they declared, their work must be done, lest both troops and people should assemble for the defence of their sovereign. Their own soldiers, on whom alone they could rely, having bribed them with promises of money and brandy, were prepared to rise at the first signal, and Alexis Orloff undertook the perilous commission of fetching the Empress from Peterhoff. At two in the morning he arrived at Monplaisir. Catherine was awakened by her watchful duenna, Ivanowna, who put a paper into her hand—"Not a moment to lose—a carriage waits for you."

Hastily she dressed; descended to the garden, and recognized in the messenger Alexis Orloff. Some hurried words of explanation were murmured; she entered the carriage, and Alexis, lashing the horses furiously, drove off with the utmost speed. Suddenly, when little more than half way to St. Petersburg, the hardly driven animals came to a standstill, then fell, exhausted, to the ground. All efforts to revive them were unavailing. Every moment of delay was fraught with danger. Catherine and her companion therefore determined to continue their journey on foot. They had proceeded some distance when a peasant's cart overtook them. Alexis hailed the driver; Catherine was placed in his wretched jolting vehicle, and in this ignominious fashion the Empress entered the capital, at seven in the morning, worn out with bodily fatigue, but undaunted in spirit. She proceeded to the quarters of the Ismaïloff Guards, when about thirty half-naked soldiers came out to receive her. Alarmed that the whole of the three companies did not turn out on her arrival, as she had expected, she, in a broken, tearful voice, told the men who had gathered round her that she had fled from Peterhoff to seek protection from the Czar, who intended that night to kill both her and her son. That, as she could escape death only by flight, she had come to place herself in the hands of the troops, in fullest reliance upon them. Their indignation at this supposed inhumanity was as great as she had looked for. Officers and men soon assembled in large numbers. The Razumoffskys and Orloffs then appeared, and while the rage and resentment of the soldiers towards the hapless Czar were at their height, the chaplain of the Ismaïloff regiment was summoned to swear them all on the crucifix to die if needful in the cause of injured innocence. Beer and brandy were then distributed, which induced other regiments to follow their example. Some officers, not in the confidence of the conspirators, objected to these proceedings, and were unceremoniously seized and placed under arrest. What seemed to threaten failure had, so far, favored the plot, and at this juncture the Princess Daschkoff, in the uniform of the guards, came on the scene. At the head of a small band of soldiers she rode through the streets to assemble the partisans of the Czarina, shouting as they went loud *vivas* for the Empress Catherine. The inhabitants of the city, moved by curiosity, followed mechanically the movements of the troops and joined in their cries. Adopting the advice of her accomplices, Catherine proceeded to the church of Kasan, where the Archbishop of Novgorod—one of the most ardent of the conspirators—was waiting in his sacerdotal vestments to receive her. Leading her to the altar he there placed the imperial crown on her head, and in a loud voice proclaimed her "Catherine II., Empress of all the Russias." At the same time Paul Petrowitz was de-

clared her successor. A *Te Deum* was then sung, after which Catherine was accompanied to the winter palace by her adherents, a shouting multitude, and a drunken soldiery.

Her calumny of the morning had been crowned with so much unlooked-for success, that the falsehood of the Czar's murderous intentions was diligently circulated by the priests, and was believed by the ignorant people. On the same day Catherine issued a manifesto to her "*fidèles sujets*," setting forth the great danger to which her beloved country had been exposed from the sacrilegious intentions (so happily frustrated) of the *ci-devant* Czar to overthrow the orthodox religion. It concluded with: "*Touchée du peril de nos sujets, et surtout ne pouvant nous réfuser à leurs souhaits sincères et unanimes, nous avons monté sur notre trône impérial de Russie.*" While this manifesto was being largely distributed, the Empress, in the uniform of the guards—borrowed from Count Talitzin—and wearing the order of St. André, passed on horseback, with a drawn sword in her hand, and accompanied by the Princess, also in uniform, through the lines of troops drawn up to salute her as their sovereign. Potemkin, an ensign of the cavalry guards, and then a youth of sixteen, seeing that the Empress's sword was without a "*dragonne*," advanced towards her and respectfully offered his own.

"The curveting and capering of his horse as he rejoined his squadron gave Catherine an opportunity of observing the beauty, the graceful figure and skilful horsemanship of the youth—seen then for the first time—who some ten or twelve years later exercised such unbounded influence over her, and who, in fact, for sixteen years ruled the Empire."

Catherine and her partisans were wreathed with oak-leaves. Branches of oak were carried by the people and the troops, and under the stimulating influence of brandy and beer the bacchanalian procession joyously paraded the city. In the evening Catherine and Prince Paul dined at an open window of the palace.

Riding in advance of the Emperor—who, accompanied by the nobles and ladies of the Court, was on his way to Peterhoff to celebrate his festat—the aide-de-camp, Ghudowitsch, was met by a servant from Peterhoff. In great terror he informed him of the abduction of the Empress, or her secret flight from Monplaisir, and of the alarm of her household in consequence. Dismayed at this intelligence, for what had taken place at St. Petersburg was not yet known beyond the capital, the Czar hastened on to the palace. All was consternation and confusion. None could solve the mystery, when, from amidst the trembling domestics, a man, disguised as a peasant, advanced and put a paper into the Emperor's hand. It contained a few hurried lines of warning, and information of what had occurred. The bearer was the servant of Bressan, a *perruquier*, to whom Peter had rendered some service. He alone of the many who had benefited by his reforms made an effort to warn him of the danger that threatened him. Marshal de Munich, Ghudowitsch, and other officers who still could be relied on were with him. Their advice, promptly followed, might have saved him. His situation was not yet so desperate but that his presence at the head of troops still not tampered with would have brought back many who had yielded to their fears, their ignorance of the extent of the rebellion, and to the influence of strong drink. But, alas! Peter had not the energy of mind the occasion demanded. His disaster had the effect of a thunderbolt, and paralyzed him. He replied not to those who urged him to immediate action, but rushed from the palace and wandered alone on the seashore. There he wasted the precious moments that should have been employed in assembling his troops and marching on the capital. When he decided to do so—it was already too late.

The Chancellor Woronzoff, however, "craved leave to set out for St. Petersburg, to remonstrate with the Empress and bring her to her senses." Seeing how far matters had advanced, he gave in his adhesion to her. But, to save appearances, and in case of a possible change of affairs, he begged to be confined in his house, with a guard set over him. Villebois and his cavalry had, hitherto, resisted all attempts to seduce them. The Marshal also ventured on remonstrance; but Catherine imperiously silenced him. "I sent for you," she

said, "not to ask your advice but to give you my orders;" and he and his squadron soon succumbed to the pressure of the hour. Peter's messages to Catherine were received like those of Joram to Jehu, "What hast thou to do with peace? Turn thee behind me," and like them they obeyed, and came not to him again. But again, Munich counselled the wavering sovereign instantly to proceed to Cronstadt, where troops were assembled to embark for Denmark. This advice was supported by other officers, and General Liévas was sent on to announce the arrival of the Czar, who preferred to linger at Peterhoff until the evening. The delay was fatal to him. When his two yachts cast anchor in the harbor and the answer "the emperor" was returned to the sentinel's *qui vive?* "We have no emperor" was shouted back to him, and a few *vivas* for Catherine II. immediately followed this response. This was but a *ruse* of two or three daring partisans of his audacious enemy. Had he, when Ghudowitsch seized his hand and said "Let us jump on shore, none will dare fire on you," but done so, there still had been a chance for him. "Jump on shore, I will follow," cried the aged but intrepid De Munich. But the Countesses Woronzoff and Zamisky were in Peter's yacht; the former implored him not to leave her, and he could not decide to do so. The cables were cut, in their haste to launch off, but whither should Peter betake himself? "Czar," exclaimed Munich, "you may still join your squadron at Revel. Instantly do so. Take ship there; press on to Pomerania; put yourself at the head of your army, and return to Russia. I venture to affirm that in six weeks St. Petersburg and the whole of the empire will have submitted to you." But the women were frightened; though the smooth sea and the soft summer night seemed to reassure them and to enforce Munich's counsel. The infatuated Peter listened to their fears rather than to the entreaties of his friends, and the yachts turned their prows towards Oranienbaum.

There his Holstein regiment gathered around him, and swore to die in his defence. They conjured him to march with them to meet the Empress, who was on her way at the head of her army to fight against him. But he chose the feeble alternative of writing to her, and offered to cede the Russian crown, requiring only a pension, and permission to return to Holstein. She deigned no reply, but concerted with his messenger, his Chamberlain Ismaïloff, who was quite ready to betray him, that he should persuade him to leave his 800 Holsteiners at Oranienbaum and, trusting to her clemency, return to Peterhoff. The Czar objected to this proposal, but Ismaïloff persuaded him that he endangered his life by hesitating. At length he yielded. He passed through the avenue to the palace between a double line of Cossacks. The strictest silence was observed. On alighting, the Countess Woronzoff was seized by the soldiers, and her sister Daschkoff, who was present to witness her discomfiture, tore the *cordon* she wore from her neck, and the Empress decorated the Princess with it. The Czar was hurried up the grand staircase. His orders and other insignia of his rank were taken from him; his pockets were searched and the whole of his clothing, with the exception of his shirt, stripped off. Barefooted, and nearly naked, he was exposed to the outrages and insults of the soldiery. At last an old cloak was thrown over him, and he was locked in a room and a guard placed at the door. Soon after he was visited by Count Panin, deputed by Catherine to obtain from him his abdication in due form; and, on a promise that his request to return to Holstein would be acceded to, he wrote, signed, and sealed all that was asked of him. A strong guard and escort immediately entered to take him, as they represented, to the imperial palace of Robscha, but, instead, they conveyed him with great secrecy to the small country villa of Mopsa, belonging to Razumoffsky.

He had been there some days when Alexis Orloff and Teploff (natural son of the Archbishop of Novgorod) presented themselves, to announce, as they said, his speedy release, and to beg him to dine with them. According to Russian custom, small glasses of brandy were first served. Orloff had brought with him some deadly mixture, which, while his companion engaged the Czar

in conversation, he contrived to pour into the glass he handed to him. Unsuspectingly, he drank it off, and very soon experienced the most violent pains. Orloff handed him a second glass, saying "it would relieve him." He refused it, taxed the ruffian with his crime, and called loudly to his servant for milk.

The two wretches then endeavored to force him to swallow another draught. The German valet, who had been allowed to stay with his master, hearing his cries rushed in. Peter threw himself into his arms. "They prevented me from reigning in Sweden," he said.* "They have torn from me the crown of Russia, yet they are not satisfied. They would now take my life." The servant earnestly interceded for him, but was thrust out of the room. Peter being tall and strong, for some time struggled desperately with his murderers, though both were extremely powerful men. The younger of the Counts Baratinsky, who commanded the guard, came to their aid. Orloff had already thrown his victim on his back, and, with his knee pressed on his chest, was grasping his throat with one hand while he held back his head with the other. Aided by Baratinsky, Teploff passed a handkerchief round his neck, and while Orloff held him they completed the murder by strangulation. In the violence of his struggle for life Peter so tore the face of Baratinsky that to the end of his days the scars remained, an evidence of his participation in that deed of blood.

The joyful news that the dethroned Czar was no more was carried with all speed to his widow. It was decided to delay for a day the public announcement of his death, and that evening she held a Court reception with more than her accustomed gaiety. On the morrow there was a grand state banquet, at which her bereavement, as arranged, was made known to her. She was startled, overwhelmed by the sad and sudden intelligence, even shed a few tears. The guests followed suit; those who were, as well as those who were not, in the secret. They of course were dismissed, prayed "to stand not upon the order of their going, but to go at once." To hide her deep grief, or joy, she fled to her boudoir and remained for several days in seclusion, visited only by Grégoire Orloff and the Princess Daschkoff. But while thus secluded, a declaration was prepared, and published in her name, to the effect that—

"On the 7th day after our accession to the throne we were informed that the ex-Emperor was suffering from a violent attack of colic, a complaint to which he had for years been subject. That in order that we might omit no Christian duty, or neglect that command of the divine law which enjoins us to care for the life of our neighbor, we desired that everything should be done to afford him immediate relief and prevent any fatal result from his dangerous malady. But to our immense grief and regret we were informed yesterday that it has pleased the Almighty to terminate the ex-Emperor's career. We have ordered that his body be brought to the monastery of Newsky, there to be interred. As the sovereign and mother of our people, we, at the same time, exhort our faithful subjects to let past errors be forgotten, and while taking their last leave of him to pray to God for his soul. Also that they will regard this sudden judgment as one of the inscrutable decrees of the Almighty, and the result of that providential care which it pleases Him to bestow on ourself, our imperial throne, and our beloved country. July 19, 1762."

An announcement that "the *ci-devant* Emperor had died of a violent colic" was also sent to each of the foreign ministers.

For three days the body lay exposed at St. Alexander Newsky. It was dressed in the Prussian uniform; the lacerated hands were gloved, but the blackened face bore testimony to the kind of death the Czar had met with. Those who had the courage to comply with the Russian custom of kissing the mouth of the deceased suffered from the contact with his poisoned lips. The day of the funeral was a day of sorrow and desolation at St. Petersburg. The populace followed the soldiers with imprecations for having shed the blood of this last descendant of the great Peter. No arrests were made; for it was deemed politic to allow this demonstration of popular feeling to pass unnoticed. The Holstein Guards were the chief mourners, and received proofs of sympathy from those who but a very short time before had been foremost in execrating them. A vessel was waiting at Cronstadt, by order of the Empress,

* The crown of Sweden was offered to him at the time Elizabeth chose him for her heir.

to convey these troops to their country. The next day they embarked, but the vessel had scarcely left the harbor ere it foundered, and all on board perished; as probably was intended, as no aid was offered to the drowning men.

Catherine II. was thirty-three when she usurped the throne of Russia. She had then lost all the grace of figure which in earlier days had been her chief attraction. Rather below the middle height, her *embonpoint* is described as already indicating the excessive obesity of her later years. Her face was large, her eyes prominent, her eyebrows strongly marked. She had a well-formed mouth, a heavy double chin, and vice and crime had imparted a hardness and effrontery to her features and their expression, to which the man's dress and cap she so frequently wore gave a still more masculine air. Every court in Europe was well aware by what infamous means she had become Empress of Russia, yet none hesitated to acknowledge her, some even rejoiced at her accession. But to the surprise and disappointment of Maria Theresa, she confirmed the peace that Peter had concluded with Frederick II., and ordered the Russian troops to evacuate Prussia. In the same spirit, too, she evinced disdain and aversion towards the Court of Versailles. She assured the King of Denmark that she would not make war upon him; but none the less sent Prince George of Holstein to command in the duchy on the part of Russia, while in order to wrest Courland from Poland she sent troops to reinstate Biren there. Frederick II. sent her the order of the Black Eagle, which she wore in public, thus repeating another of Peter's alleged crimes.

The five ruffian brothers Orloff she raised to the rank of count. On her favorite Grégoire she bestowed the further honor of the order of St. Alexander Newsky, and gave him the important command of Lieut.-General of the Russian armies. To others who had assisted to enthrone her, and to assassinate her husband, she gave vast estates, with their due proportion of serfs. Owing to the reckless extravagance of Elizabeth; the wholesale appropriation of public money by her ministers; and the disorder in the financial arrangements of the short reign of Peter III., the treasury was pretty nearly empty; so that beer and brandy were the only rewards bestowed on the soldiers, except here and there some promotions. Towards the friends and partisans of the late Emperor she affected much leniency. To get rid of the aged Munich, she sent him as governor to Livonia, where he died at the age of eighty-five. Ghudowitsch she imprisoned, but soon after released him, and offered him a command; but he declined her favor, and retired to his estates. The Countess Woronzoff was ordered to reside at the distance of a thousand versts beyond Moscow. It was at this time that the Princess Daschkoff solicited the colonelcy of the Preobaginsky Guards. Catherine refused, and with some ironical remarks that roused the anger of the Princess. Still more was she exasperated on discovering the intrigue between Orloff and the Empress. With her natural impetuosity she sought her dear friend, and overwhelmed her with cutting reproaches. She revealed Catherine's secret to those who had favored her elevation to the throne, and many were indignant when they found that they had been working at and furthering plots for the advancement of a brutal frequenter of the *casernes* and *cabarets*. Catherine forbade the Princess to appear at Court, and compelled her to reside with her husband's family at Moscow.

But she found it easier to purchase the services of unprincipled, mercenary men than to win real popularity. The reaction in favor of Peter was at this period general. There was everywhere an extraordinary demand for his portrait. His faults and follies appeared to be forgotten; his humanity and the good he had done alone remembered. The navy declared that it had been tricked into a show of rebellion, and the army was reproached for selling their emperor and father for an extra can of beer. A rising of the nation was dreaded, and Catherine was even in danger of a fate similar to her husband's. The priesthood, however, still adhered to the cause of the Czarina. Had she not saved the holy religion of Russia from a despoiling heretic? Were they not looking to her for the restoration of the church property he had sacrilegiously

alienated? Catherine determined to put a bold face on matters, and immediately to complete at Moscow the most solemn and sacred part of the ceremony of coronation. Grégoire Orloff and Bestucheff—whom she had recalled from banishment and restored to estates and honors—accompanied her; also Prince Paul and his governor, Count Panin, with a numerous staff. All whom she thought it dangerous to leave behind, both of the nobles and ladies of her intriguing Court, were ordered to form part of her retinue. The regiments commanded by the Orloffs were her escort; and money was distributed amongst the troops who were to receive her at Moscow. But no acclamations greeted the Empress and her brilliant *cortége*. The child Paul alone excited interest and curiosity. It was known that she had no love for him, and it would have caused no surprise to learn that he, like his reputed father, had also died of a violent colic.

It was, however, not easy to daunt Catherine. She had studied the Russian character. "*Cette nation*," she said, "*ne sait qu'obéir quand la main qui la conduit pèse sur elle*," and accordingly she bore herself sternly and haughtily.

The Archbishop of Novgorod awaited her at the ancient chapel of the Czars, where in the presence of popes and monks, courtiers, ladies, officers, and troops, he solemnly crowned her. She made no stay in the old capital of Russia, for she was held in such abhorrence that a revolution, not easy to put down, was feared as the result of her continued presence there. The priesthood, who had been foremost in rebelling against Peter, soon joined in the cry against her; for instead of revoking the late Czar's edict respecting church property, she referred it to the consideration of a synod, appointed by herself, who entirely confirmed it. Catherine's throne was, indeed, a most unstable one for the first ten or twelve years of her reign. The name of Prince Ivan was constantly on the lips of the people, and there were plots to restore him to the throne. Catherine had sent him back to his dungeon at Schlusselburg; but during a mysterious journey she made to Livonia to meet her vassal, King Poniatowsky, who was in disguise, lest the feelings of the reigning favorite, Orloff, should be too deeply wounded—she secretly visited the young prince in the fortress, and gave orders that he should be more closely guarded. Also, that two officers should sleep in his cell, and that if any attempt at a rescue were made he should instantly be shot. An order to this effect, signed by herself, was left with the governor, and was afterwards produced as authorizing the foul deed. For, not many days after, the semblance of such an attempt was made by an officer, bribed for the work, and poor Ivan at last found peace in death. He was surprised during sleep, but wrestled with his murderers, who overcame him by stabbing him in the back, then beat him with their blunderbusses till he died.

"Le peuple la regardait," says a French writer of the time, "comme une des femmes les plus coupables qui eussent jamais usurpé une couronne. Il détestait sa puissance, mais il rampait à ses pieds."

So strong, so general, was the feeling against her that even her adherents Counts Panin and Razumoffsky, doubting whether the life of Paul were not also in danger, were for undoing what in no small measure was their own work, and agreed that it was advisable to dethrone their Empress.

There had been reports that Peter III. had really escaped from his assassins, and in the course of a few years six pretenders came forward successively to personate him. The last of them, Pugatcheff, is said to have been remarkably like him. The revolt in his favor was widespread, and with difficulty subdued; occasioning great commotion and bloodshed throughout the empire. Twice within a short period Moscow was desolated by the plague; and the sparsely peopled country was further depopulated by the secret emigration of whole tribes of Kalmucks, who fled to the borders of China to shield themselves from Russian oppression. These events were regarded as the judgments of Heaven, and Catherine was well aware of the feeling against her. But she declared herself fearless, for "Providence had placed her on the throne, and she had ascended it with regret only to spare Russia from the evils that threatened it." Her Court increased in splendor, luxury, and reckless extravagance, and

to amuse the discontented there was kept up a continual round of dissipation —brilliant *fêtes*, illuminations, masquerades, and private French theatricals succeeded each other nightly. Amongst the most pompous *spectacles* of the day were the grand tournaments at which both ladies and cavaliers engaged in combats.

The Empress also applied herself diligently to affairs of state; attended the council-chamber; read all the despatches, and the correspondence of the foreign ministers (which it was customary to intercept), dictated the answers or made minutes for her secretaries. She endeavored to strengthen her authority by introducing useful reforms, founding schools, hospitals, and other public institutions. By the dazzling Asiatic splendor with which she surrounded herself, she hoped to efface the memory of her German origin and her usurpation, and to hide her crimes under the military glory of her reign. Therefore she prepared to ravage Poland; to attack the Turks; to fight the Swedes. She was ambitious, too, of promulgating a new code of laws, and deputations from all the provinces of Russia were summoned to attend at Moscow to hear it read. It consisted of a collection of extracts from Montesquieu's "Esprit des lois," and though utterly impracticable was heard with unbounded applause, which gratified her incredible vanity. A severely flattering address was presented to the wise legislatrice, and the titles of "*Sage, prudente, et mère de la patrie*" were accorded her. Copies of this address she sent to most of the sovereigns of Europe. She was, however, more anxious to obtain their recognition of the title of "Imperial Majesty." It had not been generally given by the European Courts to the Czars, or sovereigns of Russia, and Louis XV. still refused it to Catherine. This annoyed her exceedingly, and she displayed much animosity towards the Court of France. She knew that Louis had been fully informed of the particulars of Peter's assassination. The Duc de Choiseul wrote to the French ambassador, "*Le roi pense que la haine de Catherine II. est beaucoup plus honorable que son amitié.*" The French minister also incited the Turks to declare war against Russia by representing Catherine's encroachments in Poland as menacing the safety of the Ottoman empire.

But if she affected disdain for the French Court she very anxiously desired the applause of the philosophers, the distinguished men of letters and artists of France. Their popularity was so great that to secure their voices was, as she well knew, to secure for herself the hundred-tongued trumpet of renown. Their rapacity was equally well known to her, and few were there of any note who did not receive valuable presents from her, and many proofs of her munificence and appreciation of their learning and genius. To Voltaire she sent a collection of gold medals, valued at 100,000 French livres, besides, at different times, large sums of money, and furs and jewels for his niece. From his watch manufactory at Fernay she ordered a supply of gold watches for distribution as presents. She proposed to D'Alembert to undertake the education of Prince Paul, though probably with little sincerity, foreseeing that D'Alembert, who was far from needy, and had less love for money than some other of her philosopher friends, would decline the honor. Nor could she tempt Voltaire to her Court. He had not forgotten the mortifications of Berlin and Sans-Souci, and preferred the ease and freedom of Fernay. The philosopher of Paris, Diderot, the most offensive and immoral of the encyclopedists, did accept her invitation to St. Petersburg, and was extremely well received. Every day after dinner he expounded to her with much enthusiasm his notions of the liberties and rights of the people. She listened attentively, approved and gave him praises without stint, but in his absence declared that "should any one pretend to disseminate such notions amongst the people, she would send him to preach his maxims to the bears of Siberia." Diderot was much embarrassed in his circumstances, and offered his library to Catherine. She bought it for 50,000 francs, leaving him in possession of it, with a salary of 100 louis, as her librarian, and paying him this salary fifty years in advance. This act of generosity was duly announced in *Le journal littéraire de Bucharest*, of which, as well as of several other

journals, the writers were paid by her to celebrate in exaggerated language similar acts of liberality. She corresponded with the pedantic Marmontel, and would have had him also at her brilliant and dissipated Court. She translated into Russian the chapter on tolerance in his "Bélisaire," while she was everywhere acting with intolerance and depopulating the country by her wars.

But it was Voltaire whose favor she was especially anxious to secure and to pay most lavishly for. The poet was then the chief dispenser of glory and fame. Overlooking her crimes, he readily responded to her *voix dorée* in his epistles to "his empress"—and thus the wars and the projects of Catherine, and even her literary pretensions, were celebrated far and wide. He saluted her as the "Semiramis of the North," a compliment probably meant to conceal a cutting epigram—the shade of Ninus wandering in the palace of Babylon, suggesting thoughts of the murdered Czar at Peterhoff. In the midst of the grand drama of the war in Turkey and Poland she announced all her victories to Voltaire, concealed or palliated her defeats. He himself followed the war in all its phases, and in every way sought to urge the Russians to seize on Constantinople.

"Votre Majesté," he wrote, "d'un côté force les Polonais d'être heureux" (partition of Poland) "et de l'autre elle pourrait avoir affaire aux Mussulmans malgré Mahomet; s'ils vous font la guerre il pourra bien arriver ce que Pierre le Grand avait autrefois en vue—c'était de faire de Constantinople la capitale de l'empire Russe. J'espère tout de votre génie et de votre destinée. Mustapha ne doit pas tenir contre Catherine. On dit qu'il n'aime pas les vers; qu'il n'a jamais été à la comédie, et qu'il n'entend pas le français. Il sera battu, sur ma parole. Je demande à votre Majesté la permission de venir me mettre à ses pieds et de passer quelques jours à sa Cour, dès qu'elle sera à Constantinople; car je pense, et très-sérieusement, que si les Turcs doivent être chassés de l'Europe ce sera par les armées Russes. L'envie de vous plaire les rendra invincibles."

Voltaire, in his affectation of poetic enthusiasm, urged Catherine even to the conquest of Greece and its annexation to Russia. "*Je voudrais vous demander à souper*," he writes, "*à Sophios, ou au Péléponése.*" "*Léandre et Héro vous favorisent du haut des Dardanelles.*"

Of the numerous lovers, or favorites, of Catherine II., the most celebrated and distinguished was Prince Potemkin. He is said to have been the only man who had ever dared to make love to her before she had given him the signal to do so, and that he was truly and romantically captivated by her. But this is very difficult to believe; for she was forty-five when he first rose to favor. She had grown very stout; the graces of youth had long taken flight; her life had been one of personal profligacy, unparalleled, except perhaps by that of the Empress Elizabeth. She was thoroughly cold-hearted, cruel, hypocritical, and selfish. Her vanity was inordinate, and the grossest flattery acceptable to her. She may therefore have believed that Potemkin, who was seventeen years her junior, was enamored of *her* rather than of the wealth and honors she so lavishly showered on the men who obtained her favor. Potemkin was poor, and of a humble family of Smolensk. But he was six feet four, extremely handsome, ambitious of wealth and fame, and as audacious, unscrupulous, and unprincipled as his imperial mistress herself. Count Ségur, who knew him well, says:

"Il était, en effet, colossal comme la Russie. Il rassemblait, comme elle, dans son esprit, de la culture et des déserts. On y voyait aussi la gros-sièreté du onzième siècle et la corruption du dix-huitième, la superficie des arts et l'ignorance des cloîtres; l'extérieur de la civilisation et beaucoup de traces de barbarie."

He was accustomed to present the Empress with a plate of cherries every New Year's Day, obtained at an enormous cost. He sent couriers into all countries for nosegays, or a hundred miles for a melon, or to the Crimea for grapes. The Prince de Ligne said "there is something barbarously romantic in his character." His victories increased the celebrity of the Empress, "*l'admiration fut pour elle*," says Ségur, "*et la haine pour son ministre.*" His death was as extraordinary as his life. He had spent a whole year in the most degrading dissipation, from which his health suffered. Hoping to regain it by retiring to Nicolaeff, he set out with his niece, the Countess Branicka, for an estate he had there. On the journey he became worse, and desired to be lifted from his carriage and placed under a tree on the roadside. Scarcely had his servants laid him there, than, heaving a

deep sigh, but without uttering a word, he expired. He was in his forty-seventh year; his death took place on the 15th of October, 1791. Another of Catherine's most notorious and influential favorites, Grégoire Orloff, became insane, from the effects, it was reported, of powerful drugs administered by Potemkin, who was jealous of his continued credit with the Empress.

Not satisfied with having dismembered and taken possession of half of Poland, with the conquest of the Crimea, and part of the frontiers of Turkey, and with the annexation of Courland, Catherine was meditating conquests in Persia, and laying out plans for the accomplishment of her cherished project of making the Bosphorus of Thrace to the south, the Gulf of Bothnia to the north, the Vistula to the west, and the Sea of Japan to the east, the frontiers of her vast empire, when death put an end to her schemes. She died suddenly on the 9th of November, 1796. She was in her usual spirits that morning, had taken her accustomed cup of coffee, and had retired to her boudoir. Remaining there much longer than usual, her attendants became alarmed, and at last ventured to enter the room. They found her lying senseless on the floor. She had been seized with apoplexy, her physician attended and bled her, and she so far revived as to make an effort to speak. But whatever her wishes may have been, she could not articulate them. Again she painfully essayed to give utterance to some thought that seemed to oppress her. It was supposed she desired to name Alexander her successor to the exclusion of Paul, but the sound that at last escaped her lips was a piercing, agonizing shriek. Those who stood around felt a thrill of fear—the Great Empress Catherine II. was dead!

Paul I. had been deeply humiliated by constant surveillance. He was hated by the infamous woman he had been taught to call mother, and had been rigorously excluded from all participation in public affairs. He had had but a straitened allowance, while millions were expended on profligate paramours, and no European Court at all approached in luxury and splendor that at which he resided, and now, in his forty-third year, was called to preside over. In his youth he had been lively, active, amiable, courteous; he was now suspicious, irritable, violent, without capacity for the business of state; full of caprice, sometimes unjust, severe, even cruel, "a madman with lucid intervals." Another tragedy was the result. Paul was required to abdicate; he refused. If he would not consent to forfeit his crown, then he must forfeit his life. On the night of the 23d of March 1801 a band of conspirators rushed into the Emperor's room. When seized he made a desperate resistance—then begged for life. But a scarf with a running knot was passed round his neck.

The deed was soon done. Paul, like Peter, was strangled, and Alexander reigned in his stead. Thus ended this century of Russian Court life, intrigue and crime.—*Temple Bar.*

THE HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE AMERICAN CHURCHES.*

As elsewhere I have spoken of the historical aspect of the United States, so here I propose, in the same manner and with the same reservations, to speak of the historical aspect of the American Churches; and as then I ventured at times to point the moral to the peculiar audience of Birmingham, so here I may be allowed to make analogous applications to my clerical audience in Sion College.

I. Before I enter on any details let me offer some general remarks.

(1.) It will be observed that I speak, not of "the American Church," but of

* An address delivered in Sion College, March 17, 1879. The authorities on which this sketch is founded are the usual works connected with American History. Perhaps I should specify more particularly Palfrey's *History of New England*, Beardsley's *History of the Church in Connecticut*, Bishop White's *Memoirs of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, Anderson's *History of the Colonial Church*, Stevens's *History of Methodism*. The rest speak for themselves; and I have derived much from the kindness of American friends in oral communication.

"the American Churches." It is the custom with many English Churchmen to speak of "the American Church" as if there were but one, and that a branch of our own form, established in America. A moment's reflection will show the erroneousness of this nomenclature. It is not only that other Churches in America are of far larger dimensions, but that from the nature of the case it would be as absurd to speak of the "Church of America" as it would be to speak of the "Church of Europe."

Each separate state is as it were a separate kingdom, and although the religious communities are not precisely conterminous with the different states, yet one or other predominates in these different commonwealths, and although a like complexion runs through almost all of them, the distinctions between what may be called the National Churches of the several States will perhaps never be altogether effaced.

During the war of Independence the Churches were set in hostile array by their politics. The Congregationalists were all Whigs; the Episcopalians, most of them, Tories. "The Quakers," * says Franklin, "gave to the Revolution every opposition which their vast abilities and influence could suggest." During the great Civil War the Churches in the North and South were completely torn asunder by the distinction of political principle, and since the war it is with difficulty that any of them have been again re-united. The Southern Bishops asked for readmission to the Episcopal Convention, but on the express condition that no censure was to be passed on their departed colleague, Bishop Polk. The Northern Bishops consented to readmit them, but after much hesitation. The Methodists and Presbyterians of the North and South have not yet entirely coalesced. The Pope, in the plenitude of his infallibility, shrank from pronouncing a judgment on the question of slavery such as might alienate from his Church either the North or the South.

It is this variation of ecclesiastical organization in the different States which explains the principle that has often misled European bystanders, namely, that which excludes from the consideration of Congress all concerns of religion. This, by whatever other influence it may have been accomplished, is the natural result of the almost necessary exclusion of the central government from the domestic arrangements of the particular States. Long before and long after the Congress had been established, the governments of individual States still exercised an undoubted control over the ecclesiastical affairs of their particular communities.

The whole system is or was till recently more or less what we should call concurrent establishment or concurrent endowment. The principle of Establishment in America existed till our own time in a galling and odious form, such as never existed in England, that of a direct taxation in each State for whatever was the predominant form of religion. This has now disappeared,* but the principle of endowment still continues; and if the endowments of Harvard College in Massacuhsetts, or Trinity Church in New York, were attacked, the programme of the Liberation Society would in this respect meet with a resistance in the United States as sturdy as it awakens in England.

(2.) Again, as with the United States at large, so also in regard to their religious development, the truth holds that they exhibit the marks of a young, unformed, and, so to speak, raw society. The American Churches from the first retained and still retain traces of a state of feeling which from the Churches of the older continent have almost passed away. The intolerance which is the mark of the crudity of newly-formed communities was found in the United States long after it had ceased in the mother country. Baptists and Quakers, for their religious opinions, were cruelly scourged in the State of Massachusetts after any such barbarous punishment, on any purely theological grounds, had vanished from England. A venerable Baptist has recorded † his sufferings whilst exposed to the lash of his persecutors, in language worthy of an early Christian martyr, and the sufferings of

* Sargent's *André*, 122.

* See an excellent article on the Anglo-American Churches, in the *London Quarterly*, vol. xlvii. p. 414.

† Grant's *History of the Baptists*, p. 447.

the Quakers have been made the subject of a tragedy by Longfellow. Even as late as 1750 an old man is said to have been publicly scourged in Boston, for non-attendance at the Congregationalist worship.*

On the question of slavery, which in the American Churches reached, both in North and South, the dignity of a religious dogma, there were instances, even within our own time, of the missionaries of abolition being burnt alive at the stake long after any such punishment was inflicted even in Scotland even on witches.†

The exclusiveness of public opinion against some of the prevailing forms of religious belief in America till within twenty or thirty years ago, was at least equal to any thing found amongst ourselves. A well-known English traveller passing through the states where Unitarian opinions were not in vogue, tells us that she was warned in significant terms that she had better conceal them if she wished to find social reception.‡ The passion for pilgrimages, relics, and anniversaries is, with some obvious modifications, as ardent as in the European Churches of the Middle Ages, and the preternatural multiplication of the wood of the Mayflower is said to be almost as extraordinary as the preternatural multiplication of the wood of the True Cross.§

(3.) Again, the social estimation of the different Churches bears a striking resemblance to those distinctions which in other forms might have been found in the Churches of Europe centuries ago. These relations are in detail often the reverse of what we find in Europe, but this does not make less significant the general fact of the combination of certain religious convictions with certain strata of society.

Let me briefly give a sketch of these social conditions as they now appear, inherited no doubt in large proportion from the historical origin of the different creeds. At the top of the scale must be placed, varying according to the different states in which they are found, the Unitarian Church, chiefly in Massachusetts; the Episcopal Church chiefly in Connecticut and the Southern States. Next, the Quakers, or Friends, in Philadelphia, limited in numbers, but powerful in influence and respectability, who constituted the mainstay of Pennsylvanian loyalty during the War of Independence.* Next, the Presbyterian Church, and close upon its borders and often on a level with it, the Congregationalists. Then, after a long interval, the Methodists; and following upon them, also after an interval, the Baptists; and again, with perhaps a short interval, the Universalists, springing from the lower ranks of Congregationalists. Then, after a deep gulf, the Roman Catholic Church, which, except in Maryland and the French population of Canada and of Old Louisiana, is confined almost entirely to the Irish. Their political influence is no doubt powerful; but this arises from the homogeneousness of their vote. There are also a few distinguished examples of Roman Catholics in the highest ranks of the legal profession.

Below and besides all these are the various unions of eccentric characters, Shakers and the like, who occupy in the retired fastnesses of North America something of the same position which was occupied by the like eccentric monastic orders of mediæval Europe.

In what respects these various religious communities have contributed to American society results superior or inferior to those of the National Churches of Europe, is well discussed by Mr. Thomas Hughes in his chapter on this subject, in *The Old Church and what to do with it*, which (with two trifling exceptions) I adopt as so completely coinciding with my own impressions, as to render any further discussion of the matter useless in this place.

II. We will now leave these general remarks, and take the different Churches in the order of their chronological formation, dwelling chiefly on those which have the largest significance.

* Wilberforce, *History of the American Church*, 116.

† Miss Martineau's *Western Travel*, iii. 81, 174; ii. 208. *Society in America*, i. 148, 150. Garrison at Boston narrowly escaped death, *Western Travel*, iii. 76; *Society in America*, i. 176.

‡ Miss Martineau's *W. T.* 180, 211; S. A. ii. 15, 29, 227.

§ Lyell, Second Visit, i. 120.

* Sargent's *André*, 119.

(1.) Passing over for the moment the two great outlying Roman Catholic settlements in the Southern States and Canada, which, as not being of British origin, cannot be fairly brought within the scope of these remarks, the first solid foundation of any religious community in the United States was that of the New England Churches. These, being derived from the Puritans who escaped from the detested yoke of the legislation of the Stuart kings, gave a color to the whole religion of the first civilization of North America.

There are considerable varieties in detail. The Puritans* of Salem, who regarded themselves as nonconforming members of the Church of England, looked with aversion on the separatist principles of the Pilgrim Fathers who landed in the Mayflower at Plymouth. It was long before this breach was healed, and the distinction, jealously guarded in the retrospect even at the present day, is not unimportant, as bringing before our minds the true historical position of the Puritans in the mother country. The pathetic expressions of affection for the Church of England—"England," as they said, "and not Babylon"—the passionate desire not to leave it, but to reform it—this was the well-spring of the religious life of America as it was the well-spring of the religious life of those distinguished English pastors whom the Act of Uniformity compelled reluctantly to abandon their posts in the National Church at home.

Another variation amongst the Puritan settlers was that which divided the Presbyterians from the Congregationalists. The Congregationalists, as they have insisted upon terming themselves,† instead of taking the name of "Independents," which their co-religionists have adopted in England, carried on the line of ecclesiastical policy which would probably have prevailed in England had Richard Cromwell remained seated on his father's throne, and transmitted his sceptre to another and yet another Oliver, with whatever modifications the national circumstances might have produced. The names of the streets of Boston still bear witness, or did till within a few years ago, of the force with which the recollection of those days clung to the New England colonists. Newbury Street, from the battle of Newbury; Commonwealth Street, from the English Commonwealth; Cromwell Street, from the great Protector: and amongst the Christian names, which are remarkable indications in every country of the prevailing affections of the period, are a host of Biblical appellations which in the mother-country, even amongst Nonconformists, have almost become extinct:—Kind, Light, Lively, Vigilance, Free-grace, Search-the-Scriptures, Accepted, Elected, Hate-evil, Faint-not, Rest-come, Pardon, Above-hope, Free-gift, Reformation, Oceanus (born on the Mayflower), Peregrine (first child born after the landing of the Pilgrims), Return, Freeborn, Freedom, Pilgrim, Donation, Ransom, Mercy, Dependence, Hardy, Reliance, Deliverance, Experience, Consider, Prudence, Patience ("Patia"), Standfast, Sweet, Hope, Hopestill, Urbane, Rejoice, Welcome, Desire, Amity, Remember, Hasty, Prosper, Wealthy, Mindwell, Duty, Zealous, Opportunity, Submit, Fearing, Unite, Model, Comfort, Fidelity, Silence, Amen, Reason, Right, Rescue, Humble.

There are three romantic stories which have come down to us from those early times. One is the only legend which Walter Scott has incorporated into his romances from the history of America, the apparition of the Regicide Goffe in a battle with the Red Indians at Hadley; the second, the anecdote of the firmness of Judge Davenport at New Haven on the supposed arrival of the Day of Judgment during an extraordinary darkness; thirdly, the self-imposed penance of Judge Sewell at Salem for his persecution of the witches.

Two great institutions owe their origin to the first Congregationalist settlers—Harvard College, of the American Cambridge in Massachusetts, Yale College, in the city of Elms at New Haven—each with its splendid hall and chapel—each with its group of smaller edifices, destined doubtless to grow up into a constellation of colleges.

Two characters of apostolic zeal ap-

* See the Oration of the Hon. W. C. Endicott, p. 170, on the Commemoration of the Landing of John Endicott at Salem.

† The name was given by Conant.

peared in connection with the mission to the Indians. One was David Brainerd, the heroic youth (for he was but twenty-nine when he died) who devoted to the service of the Indians a life as saintly as ever was nurtured by European Missions. "Not from necessity but by choice, for it appeared to me that God's dealings towards me had fitted me for a life of solitariness and hardship, and that I had nothing to lose by a total renunciation of it. It appeared to me just and right that I should be destitute of home and many comforts of life which I rejoice to see other of God's people enjoy. And at the same time I saw so much of the excellency of Christ's kingdom, and the infinite desirableness of its advancement in the world, that it swallowed all my other thoughts, and made me willing, yea, even rejoice, to be made a pilgrim or hermit in the wilderness, and to my dying moment, if I might truly promote the blessed interests of the great Redeemer, and if ever my soul presented itself to God for His service without any reserve of any kind it did so now. The language of thought and disposition now was, 'Here am I—Lord, send me;' send me to the jungle, the savage pagans of the wilderness—send me from all these so-called comforts on earth, or earthly comfort—send me even to death itself if it be but in Thy Name and to promote Thy kingdom." *

The other was "the Apostle of the Indians," John Eliot, whose translation of the Bible into their language remains as the monument both of his own gigantic effort and the sole record of their tongue, and also of the friendly relations which the Church of England then maintained with its separated children. It was supported by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—"the Venerable Society," as the Americans call it—and by Sion College.† He lies in the churchyard on the rocky hill of Roxbury, in the suburbs of Boston.

2. The Presbyterians, who in Great Britain furnished so large an element to the contending Churches at the time of our civil wars, but who, with us, have almost entirely receded or been confined to the great Presbyterian communion on the other side of the Tweed, in America have kept up alike their inborn vigor and their numerical force. Amongst them rose the one theological name of the early period of American eccelsiastical history which still possesses a European fame. In the secluded village of Stockbridge, amongst the Berkshire hills, a wooden cottage is shown which for many years was the residence of Jonathan Edwards. It was there that he composed his book on the *Freedom of the Will*, which is said to be the most powerful exposition of the doctrines of necessity dear alike to the Calvinistic theologian and to the modern scientific investigator.*

It may be of interest for a moment to recall his outward manner of life as the tradition of it is there preserved, because it shows that the apparent incongruities of ecclesiastical preferment and individual character are not confined to the anomalies of European Churches. He was sent out there as a missionary to the Indians and pastor to the colonists, but it is said of him with a simplicity that provokes a smile, that thirteen out of the twenty-four hours were devoted to study in his house; that his time out of doors was chiefly devoted to cutting wood and riding through the forest; that he never visited his people except they were sick, and did not know his own cattle. He is laid in the cemetery of Princeton, the chief Presbyterian university of which in his latter years he was president; and hard by lies his grandson, the satan of American history, Aaron Burr.

One other name of later days belongs alike to the theology of Europe and America, connected in like manner with the Presbyterians or Congregationalists. It is that of Mr. Robinson, the author of *Biblical Researches in Palestine*. A simple solid granite pillar marks the site of his grave in the most beautiful of American cemeteries, that of Greenwood, in the neighborhood of New York. He was the first explorer of Palestine who saw it with the eyes of a

* Anderson's *History of the Colonial Church*, iii. 460.

† Anderson, ii. 386, 387, 398.

* It is difficult precisely to classify Edwards' ecclesiastical position. He began and ended as a Presbyterian, but was much connected in the interval with Congregationalists.

mind fully prepared for what he was to discover, and capable of seeing what he had to describe. His works may be superseded by later investigators and more attractive writers, but he will always be regarded as the founder of modern sacred geography.

It was inevitable that the Presbyterian body in America should be increased and fortified by an influx of those holding the same creed or form of Church government from Scotland and Ulster. It is in Canada chiefly that these have found their home. There alone amongst the Colonial settlements of Great Britain the rancor of Orangemen against Papists still continues in unbroken force. The streets of Montreal have been the scene of riots as furious as those which have disturbed the thoroughfares of Belfast. There also the distinction between the Established and the Free Church of Scotland has been carried beyond the Atlantic, and although in the almost necessary absence of fuel to keep alive the division, the two sections have within the last few years been brought to an outward coalition, yet it was only three years ago that a dispute on the question of the duration of future punishment almost again rent them asunder; the members of the old National Church of Scotland maintaining without exception the more merciful and (we trust) Biblical view of this question, and the members of the Free Church equally adhering, according to their characteristic usage, to the more narrow and traditional opinion.

A word should be given to the Dutch Reformed Church, which exists amongst the American forms of Presbyterianism. It has a kind of European reputation in the pages of Washington Irving and of Mrs. Grant's *Memoirs of an American Lady*.* Döllinger, when asked what theologians the Americans had produced, answered "Only two—Channing" (of whom we shall speak presently) "and the Dutch Reformed pastor, Nevin," the author of *The Spirit of Sect*, and father of the present accomplished chaplain to the Episcopal American Church at Rome.

(3.) The next infusion into the ecclesiastical elements of America were the two great Communions which I have already mentioned, the Baptists and the Methodists.

Of the Baptists it is only necessary here to say that in numbers they surpass all other American Churches, except the Methodists, including, as they do, not merely many of the humbler classes in the Northern States, but also a large proportion of the negroes in the South. One interesting feature in their history deserves to be recorded. Many are accustomed in these latter days in England to speak as if the chief mode by which religion is propagated must be the importance attached to sacramental forms. It is worth while for us to contemplate this vast American Church, which, more than the corresponding community in England, lays stress on its retention of what is undoubtedly the primitive, apostolical, and was till the thirteenth century, the universal mode of baptism in Christendom, which is still retained throughout the Eastern Churches, and which is still in our own Church as positively enjoined in theory as it is universally neglected in practice, namely, the oriental, strange, inconvenient and, to us, almost barbarous practice of immersion. The Baptist Churches, although they have used our own Authorized Version, and will, we trust, accept our new revision, yet in their own translation of the Bible have substituted "immersion" for the more ambiguous term, "baptism." The attraction which this ceremony of total ablution, in the burning heats of the Southern States, offers to uneducated minds is said to be one of the most powerful motives which have induced the negroes to adopt the Baptist communion. A measure of the want of education amongst these primitive converts may be given in the story told of the triumphant tones in which a negro teacher of the Baptist Church addressed a member of the chief rival communion. "You profess to go to the Bible, and yet in the Bible you find constant mention of 'John the Baptist,' John the Immerser. Where do you ever find any mention of 'John the Methodist?'"

(4.) This leads us to that other communion whose progress through the United States alone exceeds that of the Baptists. John Wesley and George

* II. 92. I. 38, 267.

Whitefield alone, or almost alone, of eminent English teachers were drawn beyond the limits of their own country to propagate the Gospel, or their own view of it, in the Transatlantic regions. John Wesley's career in Georgia, although not the most attractive of his fields of labor, is yet deeply interesting from his close connection with one of the noblest of all the religious founders of the American States, General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia. "In the heart of the evergreen forest, in the deep solitude of St. Simon's Island, is the great oak with its hanging moss, which they still call 'Wesley's Oak,' underneath which he preached to the colony in the wilderness." George Whitefield produced by his preaching the same extraordinary effect which he had produced in England, of which the crowning example is the impression he left on the hard, homely, philosophic mind of Benjamin Franklin; and thorough Englishman as he was, he terminated his marvellous career, not in England, but in America, and his bones still remain to be visited like the relics of a mediæval saint in the church of Newburyport in Massachusetts.

It would seem as if three elements conduced to the remarkable position of the American Methodists. First, for the more educated classes the Arminianism of Wesley, to which in their uncultured way the Transatlantic Methodists still adhered, furnished some kind of escape from the stern Calvanism of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists of New England; and it may be that out of this tendency sprang that remarkable off-set from Congregationalism of which I have already spoken, the Universalists.

Secondly, the Episcopal organization of this community, which, although differing from the more regular forms under which it is preserved in the Roman, English, and Lutheran Churches, has yet justified Wesley's adoption of it by the coherence which it has given to a system otherwise so diffusive.*

Coke, the first Methodist, the first Protestant Bishop* of America, has a life and death not unworthy of the vast Church of which he was the virtual founder. He was the right hand of Wesley—inferior, no doubt, but still his chief supporter. "I want," he said, on his last visit to America, "the wings of an eagle and the voice of a prophet, to proclaim the Gospel east and west, and north and south." He was consecrated Bishop by Wesley with the full approval of the most saintly and one of the most churchmanlike of Wesley's followers, Fletcher of Madeley. He crossed the Atlantic eighteen times. He traversed for forty years the British Isles, the United States, and the West Indies. He found his grave in the Indian Ocean on his way to the wide sphere of Missionary labor in the East Indies.

Thirdly, the hymns, originating in the first instance from the pens of John Wesley and his brother Charles, and multiplied by the fertility of American fancy, have an attraction for the colored population corresponding to that ceremonial charm which I have already described as furnished to them by the Baptists through the rite of immersion.

(5.) We now come to the latest, but not the least important developments of American Christianity. Out of the Calvinism of the New England Churches, much in the same way as out of the Calvinism of Geneva itself, under the influence of the general wave of critical and philosophical inquiry which swept over the whole of Europe in the eighteenth century, there arose in the famous city, which by its rare culture and social charms may claim to be the Geneva of America, that form of Congregational-

* For the futile attempts of Coke to procure Episcopal ordination for the Methodist clergy from the Church of England and the Episcopal American Church, see Stevens' *History of Methodism*, iii. 129, 130. Coke wrote to Lord Liverpool and also to William Wilberforce to offer himself as the first Bishop of India (*Ibid.* iii. 329. Tyerman's *Life and Times of Wesley*, iii. 434).

* The name of Bishop, as applied to an Episcopal office created by a Presbyter, may, in the ordinary parlance of modern Europe, be regarded as a solecism. But in the rude organization of primitive times, such a use of the word was a necessity. All the Bishops of the second century must have been created by Presbyters of the first century, and this usage continued in Alexandria down to the fourth century. — See Bishop Lightfoot's exhaustive treatise on the Christian Ministry in his work on the Epistle to the Philippians, p. 228, 229.

ism, which, for want of a better name, has been called partly by its enemies and partly by its friends, Unitarianism. Not great in numbers,* except in Boston and its neighborhood, but including within itself almost all the cultivated authorship of America in the beginning of this century, the Unitarian Church at that period was unquestionably at the summit of the civilized Christianity of the Western continent. Its chief representative was one of the few names which, like Jonathan Edwards, has acquired not only an American but a European splendor, Dr. Channing. The stiff and stately style of his works will hardly maintain its ground under the altered tastes of our generation. But it is believed that his sermons may still from time to time be heard from English pulpits where we should least expect to find them. And both in England and America there still remains the strong personal impression which he left on those who knew him.

Those who can remember him describe the dignified courtesy and gracious humility which gave even to his outward appearance the likeness of an ancient English dignitary; and with this was combined, in the later period of his life, a courageous zeal rarely united with a cautious and shrinking temperament like his, in behalf of the cause of Abolition, then, in his native State and amongst his own peculiar circles, branded with unpopularity amounting almost to odium. "When he read a prayer, it left upon those who listened the impression that it was the best prayer that they had ever heard, or when he gave out a hymn, that it was the best hymn they had ever read." To some one who was complaining of the strenuous denunciations in the Gospel Discourses, he opened the New Testament and read the passages aloud. As soon as he had finished, his hearer said, "Oh, if that was the tone in which they were spoken, it alters the case."† When he came to this country he visited the poet Wordsworth, and years afterwards the poet would point to the chair in which he had sat, and say, "There sat Dr. Channing." Coleridge, after his interview, said of him, "Dr. Channing is a philosopher in both possible senses of the word. He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love." * When he died he was borne to his grave in the cemetery at Mount Auburn amidst the mourning of all Boston; and the bells of the Roman Catholic chapel joined with those of Protestant church and chapel and meeting-house in muffled peals for the loss of one who, as his gravestone records, was "honored," not only "by the Christian society of which for nearly forty years he was pastor," but "throughout Christendom." †

The neighborhood of Newport was the scene of his early life.‡ "No spot on earth," he said, "helped to form me like that beach." He was a complete Bostonian, yet he had a keen sense of the social superiority of the Virginians.§ He was a thorough American, but in the Napoleonic war his love for England was as strong as if he had been born in Britain.‖

One or two characteristic anecdotes may be given of his general culture.

Speaking of Cervantes, whom he could not forgive for his satire on Don Quixote, he said—"I love the Don too much to enjoy his history." The following passage in substance singularly coincides with the celebrated but long subsequent passage of Cardinal Newman on the religious aspect of music. "I am conscious of a power in music which I want words to describe. Nothing in my experience is more inexplicable. And instinct has always led me to transfer the religious sentiment to music; and I suspect that the Christian world under its power has often attained to a singular consciousness of immortality. Facts of this nature make us feel what an infinite mystery our nature is, and how little our books of science reveal it to us."

We may add various passages, which give a just estimate of the catholicity of his theological sentiments. "Read to me," he said to his friends in his last hours, "the Sermon on the Mount."

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* One-fifth of the population in Boston. Lyell's Second Visit, i. 172.

† *Life*, ii. 286; iii. 449.

* II. 219. Compare Wordsworth's account, ii. 218. † I. 136. ‡ I. 100.

§ Life, i. 82. ‖ I. 332.

And when they closed the Lord's Prayer, "I take comfort," he said, "and the profoundest comfort, from these words. They are full of the divinest spirit of our religion." "I value Unitarianism," he remarked, "not as a perfect system, but as freed from many errors of the older systems, as encouraging freedom of thought, as raising us above the despotism of the Church, and as breathing a mild and tolerant spirit into the members of the Christian body. I am little of a Unitarian; I have little sympathy with Priestley or Belsham, and stand aloof from all but those who strive and pray for clearer light, who look for a purer and more effectual manifestation of Christian faith." *

"I do not speak as a Unitarian, but as an independent Christian. I have little or no interest in Unitarians as a sect."

"Until a new thirst for truth, such, I fear, as is not now felt, takes possession of some gifted minds, we shall make little progress."

"The true Reformation, I apprehend, is yet to come."

"What I feel is that Christianity, as expounded by all our sects, is accomplishing its divine purpose very imperfectly, and that we want a Reformation worthy of the name; that, instead of enslaving ourselves to any existing sect, we should seek, by a new cleansing of our hearts, and more earnestness of of prayer, brighter, purer, more quickening views of Christianity."

"We have reason to suppose, from what has been experienced, that great changes will take place in the present state of Christianity; and the time is, perhaps, coming when all our present sects will live only in history."

"God is a spirit, and His spiritual offspring carry the primary revelation of Him in their own nature. The God-like within us is the primary revelation of God. The moral nature is man's great tie to divinity. There is but one mode of approach to God. It is by faithfulness to the inward, everlasting law. The pure in heart see God. Here is the true way to God."

"Could I see before I die but a small gathering of men penetrated with reverence for humanity, with the spirit of freedom, and with faith in a more Christian constitution of society, I should be content."

"Strive to seize the true idea of Christ's character; to trace in His history the working of His soul; to comprehend the divinity of His spirit. Strive to rise above what was local, temporary, partial in Christ's teaching, to His universal, all comprehending truth."

It is said that there was in the warmth * of Unitarian preachers at that time something quite unlike the coldness frequently ascribed to it. One fervent spirit at least, though divided from it in later days, sprang from the Unitarian Church, Theodore Parker. He also, though not so extensively, was one of the few American theologians known beyond his own country; and with all the objections which may be made against his rough and untimely modes of thought and expression, he must be regarded as the first pioneer, on the Transatlantic continent, of those larger views of critical inquiry and religious philosophy which have so deeply influenced all the Churches of the old world

(6.) We now come to what is in one sense the earliest, in another, the latest born of the American Churches. Before the arrival of the Mayflower in the Bay of Plymouth there had already entered into the James River that adventurous colony, headed by the most marvellous of all the explorers of the Western world in those days, the representative of Raleigh, Captain John Smith. In him and in his settlement were the first parents of the Church of England in America. The first clergyman was Robert Hunt, vicar of Reculver in Kent, who was the chaplain of the unruly crew, and who celebrated in Virginia the first English Communion of the New World on Sunday, the 21st of June, 1607. We hear little of the early pastors; but any church might be proud to trace back its foundation to so noble a character as the devout sailor-hero John Smith. "In all his proceedings he made justice his first guide and ex-

* See his candid estimate of English Theology, ii. 148–151, and of all Churches, i. 352. See also i. 344, 387, 406; ii. 38, 400.

* Lyell, Second Visit, i. 76.

perience his second, combating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity more than any dangers. He never allowed more for himself than for his soldiers with him—into no danger would he send them where he could not lead them himself. He never would see us want what he either had or could by any means get us. He would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay. He loved action more than words, and feared covetousness more than death. His adventures were our lives, and his loss our own deaths."* An accomplished scholar of our own time has said, "Machiavelli's *Art of War* and the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius* † were the two books which Captain John Smith used when he was a young man. Smith is almost unknown and forgotten in England his native country, but not in America, where he saved the young colony in Virginia. He was great in his heroic character and his deeds of arms, but greater still in the nobleness of his character."

But the Church of England in Virginia did not reach at any time that high state of religious and moral development which belonged to the Puritan shapes of English Christianity in New England. No doubt the influence of the founders of Maryland and Georgia must have conduced to its spread in those southern regions; but in the Northern States it was usually regarded as a mere concomitant of those English Governors who resided in their capital cities.

The Anglican clergy were more or less treated as Dissenters. In the State Archives at Hartford there is still to be seen a petition from the Episcopal clergy of Connecticut urging the Governor of the State to use his influence in inducing the Congregationalist clergy to allow them access to the Eucharist. There is something highly instructive in a record which represents the clergy of the Church of Archbishop Laud and Bishop Ken acknowledging the spiritual validity and value of sacraments administered by Congregationalists, and half imploring the civil power to force this rival Church to allow them to participate in its communion.

Although from time to time the intention arose of sending a Bishop from England to administer and consolidate the English Church in those parts, the project was never seriously entertained, and it was in the absence of such an element that John Wesley felt constrained to authorize the irregular episcopate of the Methodists.

One splendid name—the greatest of Deans—was suggested for this position—Jonathan Swift. Happily—or unhappily—for America the project came to naught. But it is impossible not to reflect on the different fate of the English Church in America had its first bishop been that most wonderful genius, that most unhappy man, of his age.* The American clergy also narrowly escaped the misfortune of a succession of nonjuring bishops.†

The wranglings of the Virginian and Maryland clergy with their vestries never mount to the dignity of history, till on that fatal day when the dispute with the "parsons" on the tithe and tobacco duty suddenly called forth the most eloquent orator of the Revolution—the rustic Patrick Henry—

> "The forest-born Demosthenes—
> Whose thunder shook the Philip of the Seas;"

whose speech on that day passed into a proverb for a successful oratorical effort—"He is almost equal to Patrick Henry when he pleaded against the parsons." ‡

There were, however, from time to time flashes of interest shown by the English Church for its American children. Two are so remarkable as to deserve special notice. When Nicholas Ferrar, the monastic recluse of Gidding, sent a friend to minister to the dying pastor of Bemerton, George Herbert presented to Ferrar the manuscript of his poems. When Ferrar undertook to procure from the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge the necessary license for printing them it was found that two lines were not al-

* Narrative of Pots, in Smith's *History of Virginia*, p. 93, quoted in Anderson's *History of the Colonial Church*, vol. i. p. 252. See also the address on "The Historical Aspect of the United States," *Macmillan*, January, 1879.

† George Long in the Preface to the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*, p. 27.

* Anderson, iii. 222, 267.

† Wilberforce, 161.

‡ Anderson, iii. 236–241.

lowed to pass without remonstrance. They were these—

> "Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
> Ready to pass to the American strand."

It is believed that they were suggested to Herbert by his intimacy with Ferrar, who, himself a member of the struggling Virginian company, had at one time thought of devoting his life to the New World. Ferrar accordingly strove hard for their retention. The Vice-Chancellor at last permitted their appearance, adding his hope, however, that the world would not take Herbert for an inspired prophet.* They remain to show if not the prophetic at least the poetic and religious interest which the small germ of the Church of England in America had for the Keble of that age.

Another still more memorable example occurs in the next century. The romantic scheme of Berkeley for the civilization of Bermuda and the evangelization of the Indians, led him to settle for two years at Newport in Rhode Island. He was the first Dean† (for he was not yet Bishop) who ever set foot on the American shores. His wooden house ("Whitehall") still remains. The churches of Rhode Island still retain the various parts of his organ. The cave in the rock overhanging the beach —the same beach that "formed the mind" of Channing—is pointed out where he composed *The Minute Philosopher*. Yale College is proud to exhibit his portrait and his bequest of books. His chair is the chair of state in the college of Hartford. And the University of California, in grateful memory of the most illustrious Churchman who ever visited the New World, has adopted his name, and has inscribed over its portal those famous lines in which he expressed, with even larger scope than Herbert, his confidence in the progress of America—

> "Westward the course of empire holds its way;
> The first four acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
> Time's noblest offspring is the last."

This blessing has been often applied to the American States—some portion of it may perhaps descend to the American Churches, especially that in which Berkeley himself took most interest.

But these brilliant incidents are exceptions. The vestiges of the English Church in America previous to the separation have chiefly now for us but an antiquarian charm. In the cities which fringe the eastern coasts there exist churches few and far between, built at this period. Some of them were built of bricks brought out from England. They are most of them copied from the model of our St. Martin's in the Fields. They retain the internal arrangements—the high reading-desk, the towering pulpit, the high pews, the Creed and Ten Commandments, which now, alas! have almost disappeared from every church in London. In the next century, if America is wise enough to preserve these venerable antiquities, they will be visited by English Archæologists as the rare survivals of a form of architecture and of ecclesiological arrangement which in England will have become entirely extinct. The solid communion plate, the huge folio Prayer-books presented by Queen Anne and George I., still adorn their altars; and the prayers for the Royal Family may be identified by peering through the leaves which were pasted together at the time when the Revolution rendered it impossible for the words any more to be used.

Naturally when the war broke out between the colonies and the mother country these scattered congregations of English churchmen with their pastors, in many instances adhered to the cause of the monarchy, and when the separation was at last accomplished many of them fled from their posts and took refuge in the nearest English port, at Halifax. But then arose the question by what means the "episcopal government" could be preserved when the connection with the English Crown and Church had been so completely severed.

From two separate centres arose the determination, if possible, to reunite the severed link. At the time when Presbyterianism and Congregationalism in Boston were gradually developing into Unitarianism, a movement originating partly from the same sentiment of reaction against the Calvinistic teachers of New Haven manifested itself in Connecticut.

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* Anderson, i. 362.

† A great dignitary of the English Church, called "Dean."—Anderson, iii. 482.

The two teachers in the College of Yale, its "Rector" and its "Tutor," Cutler and Johnson by name, being convinced of the superiority of the Anglican system to that in which they had been nurtured, with a resolute firmness which overcame all difficulties, crossed the ocean and sought ordination at the hands of the Bishops of the English Church. They were welcomed by Dean Stanhope in the Deanery of Canterbury, and they were ordained by Bishop Robinson in St. Martin's Church. They were perhaps the first native colonists who had received ordination in England, and it may be that this connection with St. Martin's led to that reproduction of it as the ideal of church architecture, which I have already noticed. Johnson at Yale College had been held in high estimation, and had been the first to introduce the Copernican in the place of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy which had been taught there till 1717. He became the friend of Berkeley, and ultimately the first president of King's College, now Columbia College, at New York, the first Episcopal College in America. This movement, which took place long before the Revolution, formed a soil on which Anglican tendencies might naturally fructify. Accordingly it was from Connecticut, when the crisis of the Revolution was accomplished, that a bold spirit first conceived the notion of obtaining for himself, and through himself for his country, episcopal consecration. It was Samuel Seabury. He came over to England with the resolve of seeking this consecration, if possible, from the English bishops—and if, owing to obvious difficulties, they were unable to grant it, to seek it from the Episcopal Communion in Scotland. This last alternative was the one which he adopted. It has often been said that when repulsed by the English bishops, he was on his way to receive the Episcopal succession from Denmark,* but was diverted from his intention by the counsel of Dr. Routh of Oxford, then a young man, who advised him to claim it from Scotland. Whatever Dr Routh may have said, it is an error to suppose that this was what influenced Seabury's determination. A letter* still extant shows beyond question that it was part of his original instructions when he crossed the Atlantic. If any English clergyman confirmed him in his resolution to cross the Tweed it was the eccentric though amiable George Berkeley, the Bishop's son.

From the Scottish bishops, accordingly, in a small chamber of the humble dwelling of the Scottish "Primus" in Aberdeen, Seabury received his consecration. A fac-simile of the agreement which those bishops made with him is kept in the Episcopal College of Hartford in Connecticut. The original is in the possession of Dr. Seabury of New York. It contains, amongst other provisions, three conditions, characteristic of the narrow local views of that small, insignificant, suffering body. The first was, that Seabury should use his utmost endeavors to prevent the American clergy or bishops from showing any countenance to those clergy in Scotland who had received ordination at the hands of their dreaded rivals, the English bishops. It was in fact an anticipation of the modern protest against Bishop Beccles. The second was that he should endeavor as far as possible to retain in America that one shred of the old English liturgy to which, through good and evil fortune, and amidst all other accommodations to Presbyterian usages, the Scottish Episcopal Church still adhered, namely the arrangement of the Communion office in the First Book of King Edward, retained in the Laudian liturgy.† The third was, that the civil authorities should only be mentioned in general terms, a proposal evidently intended to cover the Scottish omission (from Jacobite scruples) of the names of the Royal Family in Great Britain. Another point that he endeavored to carry out, at the solicitation of the Scottish Jacobites, was the exclusion

* The question of going to Denmark was afterwards suggested in reference to the consecration of Bishop White, but never followed up.—White, 20, 27.

* This letter of Mr. Fogg is published in *Church Documents*, vol. ii. 212, 213. Since this address was delivered much useful information, of which I have availed myself, has been given me by the Rev. Samuel Hart, of Hartford, Connecticut.

† There are differences in detail between the First Prayer-book of Edward VI., the Laudian Liturgy and the Scottish Office. But these are beside our present purpose.

of laymen * from ecclesiastical assemblies; but in this he failed, though gaining the point that Bishops should not be tried by the laity.

Under these conditions, and with the high ecclesiastical spirit natural to himself, and fortified by his connection with these nonjuring divines, Seabury returned. Long afterwards he maintained a dignity which must be regarded as altogether exceptional, not only by Americans, but by Englishmen. There remains in the college at Hartford a huge black mitre, the only genuine Protestant mitre on which the eyes of any English Churchman have ever rested. It was borne by Bishop Seabury, not merely as an heraldic badge or in state ceremonial, but in the high solemnities of his own church in Connecticut. To his influence also must be attributed that singular office in the American Prayer-book, happily not obligatory, the one exception to its general tone, on which we shall presently enlarge—the Office of Institution of the Clergy, containing every phrase relating to ministerial functions, which both from the English and American Prayer-books, had been carefully excluded—"altar," "sacerdotal," "apostolic succession." This office, although now hardly ever used in the American Episcopal Church, yet remains, we will not say as a "dead fly causing the ointment to stink," but at any rate as a mark of the influence which Seabury's spirit continued to exercise after his death.†

But it was felt then, as it has been felt since, that any American Church conducted upon these principles was certain to fail,‡ and happily for the continuance of anything like Anglican principles on the other side of the Atlantic, others were found at that trying time of a totally different stamp, who were able to secure and transmit a nobler and larger view of the system of the Church of England.

Amongst the clergy of Philadelphia, there was one who had sided with the colonists in their struggle against the English Crown. William White, the Rector of Christ Church, was the bosom friend of Washington, and Washington, who was one of the old Virginian gentry himself, was an adherent, if not (which is much disputed) a communicant, of the old Church of England. White was the chaplain of the first congress held in Philadelphia; and, when the separation was finally accomplished, he and others like-minded with him, undertook to frame a scheme for the reconstitution of the English Church in America.

The same liberal tendency which pervaded the Church of England itself at that period was not unknown to these, its American children. According to the slang of the time, White and his colleagues were denounced by the extreme Churchmen of the day as "Socinians;" * and if we regard the partisan usage, which included under that name Tillotson and Burnet, and all advocates of toleration and enlightened learning, they had no reason to repudiate a title so given. They perceived that if an independent church, deriving its existence from the Church of England, was to arise in America, it must adapt itself not only to the changed political circumstances, but also to the newer and better modes of feeling which had sprung up since the last revision of the Prayer-book at the restoration of Charles II. They took for a model the main alterations (so far as they knew them) proposed in the time † of William III., by the latitudinarian divines of that period, which in England were unfortunately baffled by the opposition of the High Church and Jacobite clergy in the Lower House of the Southern Convocation.

These modifications were almost all in the same good direction. A few verbal alterations were occasioned by the fastidiousness which belonged partly to the phraseology of the eighteenth century, and partly to the false delicacy said to be one of the characteristics of American society. But the larger changes were almost entirely inspired by the liberal thought of that age.

* White's Memoirs, pp. 200, 290.

† The Office was published in 1804. Seabury's death (see a striking account of it in Beardsley's *History of the Church in Connecticut*, i. p. 435) was in 1796.

‡ Even Bishop Wilberforce felt this.—*History of the American Church*, 261.

* Wilberforce, 216.

† These alterations were at that time known either through tradition or the records of Collier and Burnet. The exact details were not printed in England till 1854.

White and his colleagues felt the incongruity of still continuing in the services of Ordination and Visitation, words of ambiguous meaning, derived from the darkest period of the Middle Ages, unknown to the ancient or Eastern Church, which our English divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had either not the knowledge or the courage to reject. In the Ordination Service an alternative expression to the objectionable formula was offered, to which Seabury appears to have reluctantly consented. In the Visitation Service it was omitted altogether. They brought out in the Catechism the spiritual character of the Eucharist. They modified the questionable passages of the Marriage and the Burial services. They swept away from the Commination Service all the prefatory portion, containing the incongruous wish for the restoration of primitive discipline and the curses on impenitent sinners, leaving only the few collects at the end. They allowed an alternative in the selection of the Psalms which avoids the more vindictive and exclusively Judaic elements of the Psalter. They permitted the explanation of the Ten Commandments in the spirit of the Two Great Commandments of the Gospel. They introduced the liberty of abridging the services, and thus of avoiding the constant repetitions which still to many minds form a stumbling block in the English Liturgy. They relaxed the obligation of Immersion and of the sign of the Cross in Baptism. They gave permission either to omit altogether any special Eucharistic formula on Trinity Sunday, or to use a Biblical alternative for the excessive scholasticism of that in the English Prayer-book. They anticipated, though not in the same form, but still with the same intention, the improvements in the Calendar of Lessons which have been adopted by the English Church within the present year. They foresaw the difficulty of maintaining in the public services the use of phraseology so doubtful, and with difficulties so obvious, to large classes of their countrymen, as some of the expressions contained within the old confessions. In the so-called Apostles' Creed, they proposed to omit the clause containing the belief of the Descent into Hell which once constituted the chief element in the primitive conception of redemption. The so-called Nicene Creed, possibly from the conviction that a document in parts so strangely mistranslated and interpolated as that in the English Prayer-book, had no special claim to their regard, they proposed to omit altogether, as also the so-called Athanasian Creed. When they began their negotiations with the English Primates on the conditions of consecration, one at least of the English bishops hesitated to give a sanction to these sweeping changes. The American clergy consented so far to replace the Nicene Creed, as to allow it to be used as an alternative to the Apostles' Creed, but even then, without any compulsory obligation to use it. The disputed clause in the Apostles' Creed they restored, but with the permission to omit it, or to use an alternative expression.* The Athanasian Creed, with the feeling which no doubt faithfully represented all the more enlightened and Christian thought at that time, they positively refused to re-admit under any terms whatsoever. Accordingly, with the full acquiescence of the English hierarchy, that document has vanished never to return, not only from the Prayer-book, but even from the Articles of the American Episcopal Church. The forms of subscription which in England had operated so fatally in the exclusion of some of the best and wisest clergy of the Church at the time of the Restoration; which weighed so heavily on the consciences of many of the English clergy in the eighteenth century; and which fifteen years ago were at last happily altered in England, owing to the pressure of liberal statesmen, who had not at that time abandoned the wholesome task of reforming the Church of England, never existed in the American Episcopal Church, which thus remained an instructive example of a church enabled to maintain itself by conformity † to its book of devotions, without the stumbling-blocks which as

* "*And any Churches may omit the words* HE DESCENDED INTO HELL, *or may, instead of them, use the words,* HE WENT INTO THE PLACE OF DEPARTED SPIRITS, *which are considered as words of the same meaning in this Creed.*"

† White, 320, 362.

Bishop Burnet foresaw long ago, are inherent in almost any form of subscription to elaborate formularies of faith.*

Such are the conditions under which the American Episcopate was obtained from the English prelates under an Act of Parliament framed for that express purpose, which whilst allowing full freedom to propagate English Episcopacy in the separated Colonies, carefully guarded the English Constitution in Church and State in a spirit, the vigor of which had at that time not been enfeebled. Such were the characteristic elements of the English latitudinarianism of the eighteenth century, which a Church regarded by some High Churchmen as the model of ecclesiastical perfection did not hesitate to adopt. Such were the improvements in which it had the honor of forestalling, not indeed the nobler aspirations of British theology, but the tardy and reluctant steps of recent British Anglicanism and of recent British Nonconformity. Such are the proofs of the long advance which the American Episcopal Church, as well as the English authorities in sanctioning its foundation on these conditions, had made in spiritual discernment and ecclesiastical learning beyond the prevailing prejudice which in our own day has hitherto retarded most of these obvious improvements.

The incorporation of Bishop Seabury, with his Scottish antecedents, was not accomplished without a struggle. Although he and Bishop White acted on the whole cordially together, there were those amongst the founders of the American Church who felt the danger of associating themselves with a communion so one-sided as the small nonjuring sect in Scotland.† But this was overruled. One permanent trace only of the Scottish consecration was left, the Scottish Communion Office. This last, however, although by ignorance and passion it has been often regarded as an approach to the mediæval views of the Eucharist, in point of fact is more Protestant, because more spiritual,* than that which the Church of England has itself retained. With these liberal sentiments, the American Episcopal Church started upon its arduous career. Discredited by its connection with England at a time when the very name of England was hateful—small in numbers against the overwhelming proportions in which the other Churches of America had propagated themselves, it maintained with some difficulty its hold even on the Eastern States of the Republic. Gradually, however, as the sentiment against England, under the genial influence of Washington Irving and the American poets, faded from view, the attractions of the revised English Liturgy won their way. From seven bishoprics it has now increased to sixty, and it has attained a place amongst the cultivated portions of American society, at least equal, and in many places superior, to that which was formerly in the exclusive possession of the Unitarian Congregationalists.

What may be the future fortunes of the American Episcopal Church it would be rash to predict. When we consider the vast numerical superiority of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and still more of the Methodists and Baptists, it is difficult to suppose that it can ever reach such a position as to entitle it to be regarded as the representative Church of the United States. But a sojourn in America somewhat disinclines a spectator to attach too much importance to vast numbers whether in

* The form of subscription is as follows:—"I do believe the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the Word of God, and to contain all things necessary to salvation, and *I do solemnly engage to conform to the doctrines and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.*"

† Granville Sharpe in England protested against the Scottish consecration (White, 312), and in America the Convention of 1786 refused to acknowledge the validity of his ordinations (Anderson, iii. 400).

* The prominence given to the spiritual sacrifice of "themselves, their souls and bodies," offered by the laity, and which in the present English Prayer-book is relegated to a subordinate place in the Communion office, is, in the Liturgy of the Scottish Church, as in the First Prayer-book of King Edward, incorporated in the very heart of the Consecration Prayer, and thus gives a death-blow to the superficial, mechanical, and material ideas of sacrifice which belong to the ancient or mediæval notions of the Eucharist. The importance ascribed to the Invocation of the Holy Spirit as borrowed from the Eastern Church, is less liable to superstitious abuse than the value which both the Roman and English Churches attribute to the repetition of the formula of Institution.

the statistics of population, or money, or distance. "Size," said Professor Huxley, in addressing an intelligent and sympathetic audience at Baltimore, "is not grandeur." We are rather led to hope that there, as in the older countries of Europe, the future will be ultimately in the hands, not of the least educated, but of the most educated portions of the community, and in that portion the Episcopal Church of America will have a considerable part to play if it only remains faithful to the liberal principles on which it first started.

Berkeley, even in his day, observed of the English Church in America that all the other Churches considered it the *second best;* and when, in order to relieve themselves of the duty of paying their contribution to the dominant Church of each State, American citizens had to certify that they belonged to some other communion, the common expression was, "We have left the Christian Church, and joined the Episcopals." That residuary, secular, comprehensive aspect which is so excellent a characteristic of the National Church of England, is more or less true of its offshoot in the New World. It is still the Themistocles of the American Churches.

Again, although perhaps its divines and pastors have not yet acquired a European fame, it has sent forth missionaries, bishops, and clergy, who have endeavored perhaps more than the ministers of any other communion to keep pace with the rapidly increasing westward emigration, and have on the frontiers of barbarism maintained something like a standard of civilization.

And yet further, there is a powerful section of its clergy who rule its ecclesiastical congresses and fill its pulpits with a true zeal for the cause of enlightenment, inquiry, and charity, dear to all liberal Churchmen.

These circumstances may well lead us to regard the Episcopal Church of the United States, if amongst the smallest of the American communions, yet not the least important. No doubt the spirit of Bishop Seabury has at times prevailed over the spirit of Bishop White; and it has been remarked of it by a kindly Nonconformist, that its tone of exclusiveness towards other Churches is sometimes not less arrogant and intolerant than the utmost pretensions known in England.* Still in practice it contains a body of enlightened men willing to live on equal and friendly terms with their Congregational and Presbyterian brethren, and to welcome from this country everything which tells of free thought, large sympathy, and hope for the future of humanity.

(7.) One word, in conclusion, which touches all the American Churches equally. The changes which have already taken place in their historical retrospect are such as to open a long vista in their historical prospect. The old dogma of the colonists of New England has faded away, that all "vicars, rectors, deans, priests, and bishops were of the devil;" nor could there be now any shadow of pretext for ascribing to the Congregationalist Churches the belief that every tenth child was snatched away from its mother's side by demons in the shape of bishops.† The technical representations of the doctrine of the Trinity which Channing refused to admit are gradually giving way to the Biblical representations of it which Channing would gladly have accepted. The rigid Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards has almost ceased to exist.‡ "The pale Unitarianism of Boston," § which Emerson condemned, is becoming suffused with the genial atmosphere which Emerson has done so much to promote, and which is shared by the higher minds of all the Churches equally. In proportion as the larger culture and deeper spirit of the European continent penetrates the American mind, there is a hope that the more flexible forms of the American nation will open the way to the invisible influences of the invisible Church of the future; and that in that proportion all the American Churches

* *London Quarterly*, xlvii. 445. The candid recognition (in this Nonconformist Essay) of the general excellence of the Episcopal Church of America and of its probable future is very significant.

† Sargent's *Life of André*, 59.

‡ There is in Hartford a small community called "the old Lights," who still insist on conformity to the doctrines of extreme Calvinism; and similar isolated instances may exist elsewhere. But these are evidently exceptions.

§ Wilberforce's *American Church*, p. 31.

may rise out of the provincial and colonial condition of thought which has hitherto starved their mental life. We trust that they will bear in mind the prospects held out to them by the ancient pastor who in his farewell to the Pilgrim Fathers from the shores of Europe uttered those memorable words: "I am persuaded that the Lord hath more truth yet to come for us—yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. Neither Luther nor Calvin," he said, and we may add neither Edwards nor Channing, neither Seabury nor White, "has penetrated into the whole counsel of God." They must receive as an article of the covenant both of American and European Christianity, that, in the words of their own latest intellectual oracle,*

"Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host."

They will know that—

"The word unto the Prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken."

They will know that—

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

SCHOPENHAUER ON MEN, BOOKS, AND MUSIC.

MANY readers who have neither leisure nor inclination to master Schopenhauer's scheme of metaphysics, nor German enough to read his non-philosophical works with ease, may yet like to know what the great pessimist thought on men considered as social and intellectual beings, on books and authors, lastly on music and art generally: topics on which he mused perpetually and had much to say. The metaphysician was ever the keen observer to whom nothing human was alien. He could not be said to live in the world, but he knew it as few practical men have done, and not only its outer but its inner life, its æsthetic as well as its material side.

Insight led him farther than experience leads the majority, and, theoretic pessimist *par excellence* though he was, as a moral teacher he has nevertheless some valuable lessons to give us, and cheerful lessons too. What indeed, will many readers ask with pardonable incredulity, can this cynic of cynics, this uncompromising misanthrope and unparalleled misogynist, teach the rest of mankind? A little patience, good reader, and the question shall be satisfactorily answered. It must first be borne in mind that Schopenhauer does not profess to instruct the great, unthinking, unlettered multitude, the "common herd," for whom he cannot conceal his contempt. He says, somewhere, "Nature is intensely aristocratic with regard to the distribution of intellect. The demarcations she has laid down are far greater than those of birth, rank, wealth, or caste in any country, and in Nature's aristocracy, as in any other, we find a thousand plebeians to one noble, many millions to one prince, the far greater proportion consisting of mere *Pöbel, canaille*, mob." For the latter class—from his point of view, the preponderating bulk of mankind—it may be, excellent citizens and heads of families, but without pretence either to originality, thought, or learning, and dominated by the commonplace, he entertains a positive aversion. It was less the incapacity of ordinary mortals that irritated him than their love of talking about what they do not understand, and that worst of all conceits, the conceit of knowledge without the reality. Stupidity was Schopenhauer's bugbear; mental obtuseness, in his eyes, the cardinal sin, the curse of Adam, the plague spot in the intellectual world; and whenever opportunity arose he fell to the attack with Quixotic fury and impatience. "Conversation between a man of genius and a nonentity," he says somewhere, "is like the casual meeting of two travellers going the same way, the first mounted on a spirited steed, the other on foot. Both will soon get heartily tired of each other, and be glad to part company."

Equally good is the following psychological reflection:

"The seal of commonness, the stamp of vulgarity written upon the greater number of physiognomies we meet with, is chiefly accounted for in the fact of the entire subjection of the

* *The Problem*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

intellect to the will; consequently, the impossibility of grasping things except in their relation to the individual self. It is quite the contrary with the expression of men of genius or richly endowed natures, and herein consists the family likeness of the latter throughout the world. We see written on their faces the emancipation of the intellect from the will, the supremacy of mind over volition; hence the lofty brow, the clear contemplative glance, the occasional look of supernatural joyousness we find there in perfect keeping with the pensiveness of the other features, notably the mouth. This relation is finely indicated in the saying of Giordano Bruno, '*In tristitiâ, hilaris; in hilaritate, tristis.*'"

Here he brings his sledge-hammer upon the dunderheads without mercy:

"Brainless pates are the rule, fairly-furnished ones the exception, the brilliantly-endowed very rare, genius a *portentum*. How otherwise could we account for the fact that out of upwards of 800 millions of existing human beings, and after the chronicled experiences of six thousand years, so much should still remain to discover, to think out and to be said?"

True enough, it required a Pascal to invent a wheelbarrow, and doubtless we must wait for another before discovering the cure for a smoking chimney and other everyday nuisances. But Schopenhauer does not content himself with scourging stupidity; he goes to the bottom of the matter, and at the risk of touching metaphysical ground, we extract the following elucidation of an everyday mystery. Who has not gazed with puzzledom on the initial letters, names, and even mottoes cut upon ancient public monuments in all countries, from the pyramids of Egypt to the monoliths of Carnac, from the crumbling walls of the Dionysiac theatre at Athens to the tombs in the Campagna? Nothing is too solemn or too sacred for these incorrigible scratchers or scribblers, who seem indeed to have made the journey to the uttermost ends of the world for the sake of carving John Smith or Tom Brown on some conspicuous relic of former ages. As far as we know, Schopenhauer is the first to explain this mischievous and absurd habit of the tourists whose name is Legion:

"By far the greater part of humanity" (he says) "are wholly inaccessible to purely intellectual enjoyments. They are quite incapable of the delight that exists in ideas as such; everything standing in a certain relation to their own individual will—in other words, to themselves and their own affairs—in order to interest them, it is necessary that their wills should be acted upon, no matter in how remote a degree.

"A naïve illustration of this can be seen in everyday trifles; witness the habit of carving names in celebrated places. This is done in order that the individual may in the faintest possible manner influence or act upon the place, since he is by it not influenced or acted upon at all."

To understand Schopenhauer's classification of mankind, we should master his metaphysical scheme; but for our present purpose, the following explanation will suffice:—The world of dunderheads—the stupid, the ignorant, and the self-sufficient—are, according to his theory, to be distinguished from the intellectual, the gifted, the high-souled, and the noble-minded, in the *subjectivity* of their intellect—in other words, the subjection of intellect to will; whilst with the choice spirits, the flower and *élite* of mankind, the reverse is the case; and this *objectivity*, or emancipation from the will, enables them to live outside the restricted little world of self; and instead of being interested in things only as they immediately affect their own wills, *i.e.*, interests, feelings, and passions, they are interested in the larger wider life of thought and humanity. "Every man of genius," he says somewhere, "regards the world with purely objective interest, indeed as a foreign country:" and in another passage, following out the same line of thought, he gives an apt simile by way of illustrating his theories:

"The average individual (*Normal Mensch*) is engrossed to the vortex and turmoil of existence, to which he is bound hand and foot by his will. The objects and circumstances of daily life are ever present to him, but of such taken objectively he has not the faintest conception. He is like the merchants on the Bourse at Amsterdam, who take in every word of what their interlocutor says, but are wholly insensible to the surging noise of the multitude around them."

Cynical although this may sound, no one can write more genially than Schopenhauer when on his favorite theme of genius. If he castigates his arch-enemy—the *Normal Mensch*, nonentity, dunderhead, fool, as the case may be—he glows with poetic ardor and descants with appropriate warmth on the *Genialer*: which word we may take to mean the man of genius as well as the gifted, the intellectually genial, the uncommon as compared with the commonplace inhu-

manity. It was not only that Schopenhauer realized the worth and value of genius and rare mental endowments to the world at large, but he compehended what those precious gifts are to the individual himself. He understood that inscrutable felicity, that happiness past finding out, neither to be bestowed nor required, which is based on intellectual supremacy, a high spirit, a noble, unworldly nature. Characters of the loftiest type had inexhaustible fascinations for him ; it was the wine with which he loved to intoxicate himself ; the ambrosia on which he fed like an epicure. He never wearies of descanting upon the nature of that true joy which, to use the words of Seneca, is a serious thing : " The joy born of thought and intellectual beauty." Would that space permitted a translation of his entire chapter entitled " Von Dem, was Einer ist," *Parerga*, vol. i. ; for this, if nothing else, would put Schopenhauer before us in the light of a moral teacher, inculcating the superiority of spiritual, moral, and intellectual truth over material good and worldly well-being. " Happiness depends on what we are—on our individuality. For only that which a man has in himself, which he carries with him into solitude, which none can give or take away, is intrinsically his :" and elsewhere he says :

" As an animal remains perforce shut up in the narrow circle to which Nature has condemned it, our endeavors to make our domestic pets happy being limited by their capacities, so is it with human beings. The character or individuality of each is the measure of his possible happiness, meted out to him beforehand, natural capacities having for once and for all set bounds to his intellectual enjoyments : are these capacities narrow, then no endeavors or influences from without, nothing that men or joys can do for him, suffice to lead an individual beyond the measure of the commonplace, and he is thrown back upon mere material enjoyments, domestic life, sad or cheerful as the case may be, mean companionship and vulgar pastime, culture being able to do little in widening the circle. For the highest, the most varied, the most lasting enjoyments are those of the intellect, no matter how greatly in youth we may deceive ourselves as to the fact. Hence it becomes clear how much our happiness depends on what we are, while for the most part fate or chance bring into computation only what we have, or what we appear to be."

Not in this passage only, but in a dozen others, Schopenhauer has contrasted the existence of the worldling, the devotee of business or pleasure, the materialist, or the empty-pated, living, intellectually speaking, from hand to mouth, with that of the thinker, the student, the man of wide culture and many-sided knowledge and aspiration. " There is no felicity on earth like that which a beautiful and fruitful mind finds at its happiest moments in itself," he writes ; and this consideration leads him to some rather uncharitable remarks upon society, so called, and its unsatisfactoriness in so far as the *Genialer*, intellectual or genial-minded, are concerned :

" The more a man has in himself, the less he needs of others, and the less they can teach him. This supremacy of intelligence leads to unsociableness. Ay ; could the quality of society be compensated by quantity, it might be worth while to live in the world ! Unfortunately, we find, on the contrary, a hundred fools in the crowd to one man of understanding ! The brainless, on the other hand, will seek companionship and pastime at any price.

" For in solitude, when all of us are thrown upon our own resources, what he has in himself will be made manifest. Then sighs the empty-pated, in his purple and fine linen, under the burden of his wretched Ego, whilst the man rich in mental endowments fills and animates the dreariest solitude with his own thoughts. Accordingly we find that every one is sociable and craves society in proportion as he is intellectually poor and ordinary. For we have hardly a choice in the social world between solitude and commonplaceness."

So much for Schopenhauer's classification of mankind, since in substance it amounts to this. Wise men and fools, thinkers and empty-pates, illuminating spirits and bores—he is never tired of drawing the distinction between them, and ringing the changes on their respective merits and demerits. Bitter, cynical, sarcastic as he is, his strictures are for the most part true, and if boredom or stupidity, like other human infirmities, admit of alleviation, Schopenhauer shows the way. All that he has to say on education, the cultivation of good habits in youth, the proper subjection of the passions to reason, is admirable. He, as usual, goes to the root of the matter, and begins with trying to hammer into the understandings of his countrypeople those elementary notions of hygiene and physical training we find so wanting among them :

"As we ought above all things to cultivate the

habit of cheerfulness, and as nothing less affects it than wealth, and nothing more so than bodily health, we should strive after the highest possible degree of health, by means of temperance and moderation, physical as well as mental; two hours' brisk movement in the open air daily [Heavens! what do German professors say to *that?* and the next prescription also must alarm them still more], and the free use of cold water, also dietary rules."

All who are familiar with German domestic life know how, even in the best educated classes, such things are still neglected, to the great detriment of health, sedentary habits especially being carried to a pitch which appears to ourselves incredible. When Schopenhauer reprimands his countrymen severely upon their want of common sense in these matters, we feel the strictures to be deserved, and must remember that he wrote thirty years ago; his voice being among the first, if not the very first, raised in Germany on behalf of soap and water, and exercise. In a sentence he happily enunciates the primary principles of education, not considered as merely a system of instruction, but in the comprehensive sense of the word:

"Above all things, children should learn to know life in its various relations, from the original, not a copy. Instead of making haste to put books in their hands, we should teach them by degrees the nature of things and the relation in which human beings stand to each other."

From education we pass to the subject of culture, so called; in other words, that self-education which men and women pursue for themselves throughout the various stages of their existence. We find such a process going on in all classes. Some people have one way of instructing themselves, some another; but we may fairly take it for granted that books are or profess to be the principal instructors of adult humanity. Seeing the enormous numbers of worthless books published, and the vast amount of time squandered upon their perusal, we cannot honestly deny the following assertions:

"It is the case with literature as with life: wherever we turn, we come upon the incorrigible mob of humankind, whose name is Legion, swarming everywhere, damaging every thing, as flies in summer. Hence the multiplicity of bad books, those exuberant weeds of literature which choke the true corn. Such books rob the public of time, money, and attention, which ought properly to belong to good literature and noble aims, and they are written with the view merely to make money or occupation. They are therefore not merely useless, but injurious. Nine-tenths of our current literature has no other end but to inveigle a thaler or two out of the public pocket, for which purpose author, publisher, and printer are leagued together. A more pernicious, subtler, and bolder piece of trickery is that by which penny-a-liners (Brodschreiber) and scribblers succeed in destroying good taste and real culture. . . . Hence the paramount importance of acquiring the art *not* to read; in other words, of not reading such books as occupy the public mind, or even those which make a noise in the world, and reach several editions in their first and last years of existence. We should recollect that he who writes for fools finds an enormous audience, and we should devote the ever scant leisure of our circumscribed existence to the master spirits of all ages and nations, those who tower over humanity, and whom the voice of Fame proclaims: only such writers cultivate and instruct us. Of bad books we can never read too little; of the good, never too much. The bad are intellectual poison, and undermine the understanding. Because people insist on reading not the best books written for all time, but the newest contemporary literature, writers of the day remain in the narrow circle of the same perpetually revolving ideas, and the age continues to wallow in its own mire."

This is severe, but who, in these days of book-making and inordinate reading of the emptiest kind, will affirm that the philosopher's strictures are unmerited? Schopenhauer knew what literature is, and had nurtured his intellect on the choicest, not only of his own country but of others; and he could not brook the craving for bad books and the indifference to works of genius that he saw around him. It was not, however, the smatterer, but the bookworm and the pedant he had in his mind when penning the sentence:

"Mere acquired knowledge belongs to us only like a wooden leg and a wax nose. Knowledge attained by means of thinking resembles our natural limbs, and is the only kind that really belongs to us. Hence the difference between the thinker and the pedant. The intellectual possession of the independent thinker is like a beautiful picture, which stands before us, a living thing, with fitting light and shadow, sustained tones, perfect harmony of color. That of the merely learned man may be compared to a palette covered with bright colors, perhaps even arranged with some system, but wanting in harmony, coherence, and meaning."

Feelingly and beautifully he writes elsewhere about books:

"We find in the greater number of works, leaving out the very bad, that their authors have

thought, not seen—written from reflection, not intuition. And this is why books are so uniformly mediocre and wearisome. For what an author has thought, the reader can think for himself; but when his thought is based on intuition, it is as if he takes us into a land we have not ourselves visited. All is fresh and new. . . . We discover the quality of a writer's thinking powers after reading a few pages. Before learning what he thinks, we see how he thinks—namely, the texture of his thoughts; and this remains the same, no matter the subject in hand. The style is the stamp of individual intellect, as language is the stamp of race. We throw away a book when we find ourselves in a darker mental region than the one we have just quitted. Only those writers profit us whose understanding is quicker, more lucid than our own, by whose brain we indeed think for a time, who quicken our thoughts, and lead us whither alone we could not find our way."

In the same strain is the following extract from his great work, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*:

"It is dangerous to read of a subject before first thinking about it. Thereby arises the want of originality in so many reading people; for they only dwell on a topic so long as the book treating of it remains in their hands—in other words, they think by means of other people's brains instead of their own. The book laid aside, they take up any other matters with just the same lively interest, such as personal affairs, cards, gossip, the play, etc. To those who read for the attainment of knowledge, books and study are mere steps of a ladder leading to the summit of knowledge—as soon as they have lifted their feet from one step, they quit it, mounting higher. The masses, on the contrary, who read or study in order to occupy their time and thoughts, do not use the ladder to get up by, but burden themselves with it, rejoicing over the weight of the load. They carry what should carry them."

Upon books in the abstract Schopenhauer has much that is suggestive to tell us, and here also we must perforce content ourselves with a few golden grains from the garnered stores before us.

He was a stupendous reader: and he read not only the masterpieces of his own age and country, but of most others. Oriental literature, the classics of Greece and Rome, the great English, Spanish, Italian, and French authors, were equally familiar to him. We cannot recall a literary masterpiece he had not studied; and the more he read, the more eclectic he became. As a critic, he is as original as he is suggestive, whether one can always agree or not. Take the following:

"To my thinking, there is not a single noble character to be found throughout Homer, though many worthy and estimable. In Shakespeare is to be found one pair of noble characters—yet not so in a supreme degree—Cordelia and Coriolanus, hardly any more; the rest are made of the same stuff as Homer's folk. Put all Goethe's works together, and you cannot find a single instance of the magnanimity portrayed in Schiller's Marquis Posa."

And these remarks on history:

"He who has read Herodotus will have read quite enough history for all practical purposes. Every thing is here of which the world's after-history is composed—the striving, doing, suffering, and fate of humanity, as brought about by the attributes and physical conditions Herodotus describes."

But he would not discourage the student of history:

"What understanding is to the individual, history is to the human race. Every gap in history is like a gap in the memory of a human being. In this sense, it is to be regarded as the understanding and conscious reason of mankind, and represents the direct self-consciousness of the whole human race. Only thus can humanity be taken as a whole, and herein consists the true work of this study and its general overpowering interest. It is a personal matter of all mankind."

His running commentaries on some of the literary *chefs-d'œuvre* of various epochs are acute and ardently sympathetic pieces of criticism. He was, as is well known, a great, if somewhat theoretical, admirer of England and any thing English, and had a positive passion for some of our writers—Byron, for one. The reader may find abundant criticism with frequent citations from many authors, in *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, and these may be enjoyed without plunging ourselves into the gulf of metaphysics.

We must add that he writes always in a lucid manner. Schopenhauer was indeed a German who knew what style meant, and this might have formed his epitaph had *he* permitted any: "I will have nothing written on my tomb," he said, "except the name of Arthur Schopenhauer. The world will soon find out who he was"—a prediction which indeed came true. Doubtless the limpid, clear-flowing style of his prose has no little contributed to the popularization of his works. However weighed down with metaphysics, his writings are generally so transparent in expression, and so clear in conception, as to form delightful

reading—the maliciousness adding piquancy here and there.

But it is on the subject of nature and art generally, above all, his darling theme of music, that we find him at his best and happiest.

The sneer has now vanished from his lips, and instead of gall and wormwood we have honeyed utterances only. Whilst none could more pungently satirize the things he hated, none could more poetically extol the things he loved—witness his chapters on music, art, and nature. Of course, only scientific musicians, and perhaps also musicians wedded to the music of the future, can fully appreciate his theories; but all who care for music at all, and understand what it means in the faintest degree, will read with delight such passages as these:

"How significant and full of meaning is the language of music! Take the *Da Capo*, for instance, which would be intolerable in literary and other compositions, yet here is judicious and welcome, since in order to grasp the melody we must hear it twice.

"The unspeakable fervor or inwardness (*innige*) of all music by virtue of which it brings before us so near and yet so remote a paradise, arises from the quickening of our innermost nature that it produces, always without its reality or tumult."

Music, indeed, is bound up with Schopenhauer's metaphysical theories; and rather than miss one of the most exquisite passages on this subject in his *opus magnum*, we for once graze lightly on metaphysical ground. The following requires to be carefully thought over:

"The nature of man is so constituted that his will is perpetually striving and perpetually being satisfied—striving anew, and so on, *ad inf.*, his only happiness consisting in the transition from wish to fulfilment and from fulfilment to wish: all else is mere ennui.

"Corresponding to this is the nature of melody, which is a constant swerving and wandering from the key-note, not only by means of prefect harmonies, such as the third and dominant, but in a thousand ways and by every possible combination, always perforce returning to the key-note at last. Herein, melody expresses the multiform striving of the will, its fulfilment by various harmonies, and finally, its perfect satisfaction in the key-note. The invention of melody—in other words, the unveiling thereby of the deepest secrets of human will and emotion—is the achievement of genius farthest removed from all reflective and conscious design. I will carry my analogy further. As the rapid transition of wish to fulfilment and from fulfilment to wish is happiness and contentment, so quick melodies without great deviations from the key-note are joyous, whilst slow melodies, only reaching the key-note after plainful dissonances and frequent changes of time are sad. The rapid, lightly-grasped phrases of dance-music seem to speak of easily reached, everyday happiness: the *allegro maestoso*, on the contrary, with its slow periods, long movements and wide deviations, bespeaks a noble, magnanimous striving after a far-off goal, the fulfilment of which is eternal. The *adagio* proclaims the suffering of lofty endeavors, holding petty or common joys in contempt. How wonderful is the effect of minor and major! how astounding that the alteration of a semitone and the exchange from a major to a minor third should immediately and invariably awaken a pensive, wistful mood from which the major at once releases us! The *adagio* in a minor key expresses the deepest sadness, losing itself in a pathetic lament."

Such brief citations suffice to show us in what light Schopenhauer regarded music, but all who wish to master his theories on the subject must turn to his works themselves, wherein they will find, as our French neighbors say, *à quoi boire et à quoi manger:* in other words, intellectual sustenance, equally light, palatable, and nourishing, to be returned to again and again with unflagging appetite. The world of art, like the world of thought and philosophy, was more real and vital to him than that of daily life and common circumstances; and how he regarded a musical composition, a picture, a book, or any true work of art, the following happy similes will testify:

"The creations of poets, sculptors, and artists generally contain treasures of deepest recognizable wisdom, since in these is proclaimed the innermost nature of things, whose interpreters and illustrators they are. Every one who reads a poem or looks at a work of art must seek for such wisdom, and each naturally grasps it in proportion to his intelligence and culture, as a skipper drops his plummet line just as far as the length of his rope allows. We should stand before a picture as before a sovereign, waiting to see if it has something to tell us and what it may be, and no more speak to the one than to the other—else we only express ourselves."

This last sentence shows Schopenhauer's intensity of artistic feeling, nor must it be for a moment supposed that he was insensible to nature. In his last lonely years at Frankfurt, and indeed throughout his life, long country rambles were his daily recreations, the wholesome rule of "two hours' brisk movement in the open air," which he laid down for his countrypeople, not

being neglected by himself. Many of us know Frankfurt pretty well, and can picture to ourselves exactly the kind of suburban spot which might have suggested this thought to the great pessimist :

"How æsthetic is Nature ! Every corner of the world, no matter how insignificant, adorns itself in the tastefullest manner when left alone, proclaiming by natural grace and harmonious grouping of leaves, flowers and garlands that Nature, and not the great egotist man, has here had her way. Neglected spots straightway become beautiful."

And then he goes on to compare the English and French garden, with a compliment to the former, which unfortunately it has ceased to deserve. The straggling, old-fashioned English garden Schopenhauer admired so much is now a rarity—the formal parterres, geometrical flower beds, and close-cropped alleys he equally detested, having superseded the easy natural graces of former days. He adored animals no less than nature, and amid the intricate problems of his great work and the weighty questions therein evolved concerning the nature and destiny of human will and intellect, he makes occasion to put in a plea for the dumb things so dear to him. His pet dog, Atma, meaning, in Sanscrit, the Soul of the Universe, was the constant companion of his walks, and when he died, his master was inconsolable. The cynic, the misanthrope, the woman-hater was all tenderness here.

Was Schopenhauer happy or not? Who can answer that question for another? He was alone in the world, having never made for himself a home or domestic ties ; he hated society—except, as we have seen, that infinitesimal portion of it suited to his intellectual aspirations, his favorite recreations being long country walks and the drama. It also amused him to dine at a *table d'hôte*, which he did constantly in the latter part of his lifetime. But that he understood what inner happiness was we have seen, and the secret of it he had discovered also. If joy of the intenser kind is born of thought and spiritual or intellectual beauty, no less true it is, that everyday enjoyment depends on cheerfulness, and with the following golden maxims, suited alike for the *Normal Mensch* and the *Genialer*, commonplace humanity and the choicer intellects among whom Schopenhauer found his kindred, may aptly close this little paper :

"What most directly and above every thing else makes us happy, is cheerfulness of mind, for this excellent gift is its own reward. He who is naturally joyous, has every reason to be so, for the simple reason that he is as he is. Nothing can compensate like cheerfulness for the lack of other possessions, whilst in itself it makes up for all others. A man may be young, well-favored, rich, honored, happy, but if we would ascertain whether or no he be happy, we must first put the question—is he cheerful? If he is cheerful, then it matters not whether he be young or old, straight or crooked, rich or poor : he is happy. Let us throw open wide the doors to Cheerfulness whenever she makes her appearance, for it can never be unpropitious : instead of which, we too often bar her way, asking ourselves—Have we indeed, or have we not, good reasons for being content? Cheerfulness is the current coin of happiness, and not like other possession, merely its letter of credit."

We will close this paper with a few quotations culled here and there from the four volumes before us. It is alternately the sage, the artist, the satirist who is speaking to us.

"Poverty is the scourge of the people, ennui of the better ranks. The boredom of Sabbatarianism is to the middle classes what week-day penury is to the needy.

"Thinkers, and especially men of true genius without any exception, find noise insupportable. This is no question of habit. The truly stoical indifference of ordinary minds to noise is extraordinary : it creates no disturbance in their thoughts, either when occupied in reading or writing, whereas, on the contrary, the intellectually endowed are thereby rendered incapable of doing any thing. I have ever been of opinion that the amount of noise a man can support with equanimity is in inverse proportion to his mental powers, and may be taken therefore as a measure of intellect generally. If I hear a dog barking for hours on the threshold of a house, I know well enough what kind of brains I may expect from its inhabitants. He who habitually slams the door instead of closing it, is not only an ill-bred, but a coarse-grained, feebly-endowed creature.

"It is truly incredible how negative and insignificant, seen from without, and how dull and meaningless, regarded from within, is the life of by far the greater bulk of human beings !

"The life of every individual, when regarded in detail, wears a comic, when regarded as a whole, a tragic aspect. For the misadventures of the hour, the toiling and moiling of the day, the fretting of the week, are turned by freak of destiny into comedy. But the never-fulfilled desires, the vain strivings, the hopes so pitilessly shattered, the unspeakable blunders of life as a whole, with its final suffering and death, ever make up a tragedy.

"Mere clever men always appear exactly at the right time : they are called forth by the

spirit of their age, to fulfil its needs, being capable of nothing else. They influence the progressive culture of their fellows and demands of special enlightenment; thereby their praise and its reward. Genius flashes like a comet amid the orbits of the age, its erratic course being a mystery to the steadfastly moving planets around.

"Genius produces no works of practical value. Music is composed, poetry conceived, pictures painted—but a work of genius is never a thing to use. Uselessness indeed is its title of honor. All other human achievements contribute towards the support or alleviation of our existence; works of genius alone exist for their own sake, or may be considered as the very flower and bloom of destiny. This is why the enjoyment of art so uplifts our hearts. In the natural world also we rarely see beauty allied to usefulness. Lofty trees of magnificent aspect bear no fruit, productive trees for the most part being ugly little cripples. So, also, the most beautiful buildings are not useful. A temple is never a dwelling-place. A man of rare mental endowments, compelled by circumstances to follow a humdrum career fitted for the most commonplace, is like a costly vase, covered with exquisite designs, used as a cooking utensil. To compare useful people with geniuses is to compare building stones with diamonds.

"Could we prevent all villains from becoming fathers of families, shut up the dunderheads in monasteries, permit a harem to the nobly-gifted, and provide every girl of spirit and intellect with a husband worthy of her, we might look for an age surpassing that of Pericles.

"Virtue, no more than genius, is to be taught. We might just as well expect our systems of morals and ethics generally to produce virtuous, noble-minded, and saintly individuals, as æsthetics to create poets, sculptors, and musicians."

[The above article gives a highly favorable view of the keen-witted, well-to-do cynic, who so carefully skimmed the daily cream of his readings and meditations during many years, producing many good remarks, but establishing no claim, in our humble opinion, to the character of a great teacher.—Ed.]

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC.

Chapter XIII.

Love v. Prudence.

Léon's non-appearance at breakfast did not give rise to any anxiety at the Campagne de Mersac. In that easy-going household no one was expected to give an account of him or herself before the dinner-hour; and, as for its master, if, as often happened, business or pleasure took him into the country for a day or two at a time, it was only by chance that he gave notice of his intended absence. Jeanne, therefore, when she heard from Fanchette that M. le Marquis had not returned on the previous evening, felt no misgivings as to her brother's safety, but only some slight disappointment; for the Duchess, who had aged a good deal of late, seldom showed herself now before three o'clock, and eating alone is dull work at the best of times. Jeanne, who was not of an age or temperament to care about food for its own sake, soon disposed of her solitary repast. She took a book into the dining-room with her, hastily swallowed, while she read, such amount of sustenance as seemed necessary to support life, and then stepped out on to the veranda.

It was a cloudless summer morning; the town below was baking and sweltering in the heat, but here, on the breezy hill top, little puffs of cool wind rose and fell, bending the heads of the roses and the stiff white lilies, driving the spray of the fountain across the gravel walks, and rousing a soft sleepy whispering among the pine branches. The winter and spring were at an end; the rains were done with now till October at earliest, and soon the long, weary, hot season would set in, and the grass would grow browner day by day, and the leaves would wither on the trees, and the spikes of the aloes blacken and fall, and there would be no more roses, and every babbling stream would be silenced. But as yet the woods and meadows were still of a vivid green, the garden was ablaze with flowers, many-colored butterflies fluttered and poised themselves over the beds, little bright-eyed lizards darted hither and thither upon the stone-walls. All nature was astir and rejoicing in the sunshine and warmth; and the heat was not too great for comfort, but only sufficient to afford a good excuse for idleness.

Jeanne, who was by no means an idle person, had got through her day's duties long ago. She had ordered the dinner, added up her accounts, visited the ani-

mals, read aloud to the Duchess for an hour, and had now earned the right to drop into a rocking-chair and rest. She swayed gently to and fro, one foot resting on the ground, and presently her book slipped from her hand and she began to dream. Facing her, beyond the glittering blue bay and the sultry haze of the plain, rose the distant purple mountains behind whose shadowy folds and ridges Fort Napoléon lay hidden. Was M. de Saint-Luc still there? she wondered, or was he even now wending his way homewards, lonely and disconsolate? Poor M. de Saint-Luc! Jeanne had never known how much she really liked him till she had found herself obliged to deal him the cruellest blow that a woman can inflict upon a man. Remembering, with a pang of conscience, how unjust she had been to him, how she had snubbed him and tried to hurt his feelings, and with what quiet patience he had borne it all, she could almost have found it in her heart to wish that it had been possible to her to give him a different answer. But that could never have been; and since things were as they were, how much better it was that he should have spoken out and heard the truth. She would be able to treat him as a friend now; there would be no more misunderstanding; and probably, he on his side, would abstain from uttering those wearisome, labored compliments which had sometimes made his presence positively hateful to her. "If he had only known," thought Jeanne, "what a foolish thing flattery is, and how it disgusts all sensible people! How different Mr. Barrington is! With him one can talk and feel at one's ease; he does not sigh and roll his eyes, and nauseate one with silly speeches."

But when Jeanne reached this point in her soliloquy, a slight conscious smile rose to her eyes and lips, and the faintest flush in the world appeared upon her cheeks. For the truth was that Mr. Barrington had spent the greater part of the preceding day with her, and had said some very flattering things indeed. But then, to be sure, they had not been silly —or she had not thought so. Alas! one man may steal a horse and another must not look over a hedge. Who gets justice in this world? And, for the matter of that, who wants it? If some people rate us below our proper value, others, no doubt, think of us more highly than we deserve; and were it possible to strike a balance and induce everybody to view our failings and merits with the same eyes, all the sunshine would fade out of life, and a dull business become duller yet. As for Barrington, he has been over-estimated on all hands throughout his life, and will doubtless continue to be so to the end of the chapter. Here was Mademoiselle de Mersac, who was worth a thousand of him, thinking over his wise and witty sayings, dwelling upon his many accomplishments, mentally recapitulating the long talks she had had with him during that Kabylian excursion and since, and finding so much pleasure in this employment that she failed to note the passage of time, and was quite startled when a clock in the room behind her struck two. Then, remembering that she had some work to take to the sisters at the neighboring convent, she rose, with a half sigh, fetched her hat and a huge white umbrella, and whistling to Turco, moved slowly away in the hot sunshine.

Five minutes' walk across the dusty high road and through a cornfield brought her to the vast, white, dreary building, with its long rows of small windows and its arched gateway surmounted by an iron cross. One of the sisters peered at her through a lattice, and then opened the door and let her into the cool gloom of the hall. Turco stretched himself out upon the doorstep, and panted, and snapped at the flies.

When Jeanne emerged, half an hour afterwards, and gazed with dazzled eyes into the blinding glare without, she became aware of somebody on a chestnut horse who dismounted as she drew nearer to him, and took off his hat, exclaiming, "So you have come at last! I saw your dog at the door, and I thought I would wait for you; but you were such a long, long time in appearing that I began to be afraid that you were not in the convent after all."

"How do you do, Mr. Barrington?" said Jeanne, holding out her hand in her grave, composed way. "I am sorry that you waited in the heat."

"Why are you sorry? For my sake, or for your own? If I am a bore, I will go away."

"Oh, no!" answered Jeanne, smiling a little. "On the contrary, I am very glad to see you; only if I had known you were there, I would have come out sooner. I was chatting with old Sister Marthe, who is fond of a gossip, and I always like the convent, it is so quiet and peaceful there."

"Isn't it a little like a prison?" asked Barrington, glancing back at the cold, bare structure. He had passed his arm through his horse's bridle, and was walking beside Jeanne towards the high road.

"I do not find it so," she answered. "Often I think that I shall end by taking the veil."

"Good gracious, how horrible!" exclaimed Barrington aghast. "What can have put such an idea into your head? You, of all people? Why, you would not be able to bear the life for a week."

"How can you tell that?" asked Jeanne, raising her grave eyes to his for a moment. "You have not seen the life, and perhaps you do not know very well what would suit me. I think I could be happy enough in a convent; all the sisters are contented. I do not speak of the present, of course; I have other things to do—Léon to look after, and Madame de Breuil. But changes will come; Léon will marry, and the Duchess is very old. One must think of the future sometimes."

"I hope," said Barrington, "that the future has some brighter destiny than that in store for you."

She made no reply, and the pair walked on silently side by side for another hundred yards or so. Barrington, when he alluded to the possibility of some bright future destiny for his companion, had a very distinct idea in his own mind of what he wished that destiny to be, but he had not yet quite decided that he would offer it to her. Or rather, though he believed his decision to be firm, and, indeed, had declared to himself more than once during the past four-and twenty hours that it was so, he was not quite sure that he would take the present opportunity of revealing it. He was generally considered to be an impetuous, enthusiastic, romantic sort of fellow; but those who knew him best were aware that his character contained, by way of counterpoise, a strong underlying vein of prudence; and, moreover, that this prudence had a way of coming forward just in the nick of time, and had on many occasions snatched back its favored possessor from the very brink of some rash action. He was very much in love with Jeanne de Mersac—more so, he thought, than he had ever been with any woman; but then he was also very much in love with himself, and the latter attachment, being of longer standing, was probably more deeply seated than the former. He would not, of course, have admitted this—indeed, he considered himself to be a man of singularly unselfish proclivities—but he had always looked upon marriage as a very serious step indeed, and one not to be taken without much forethought and deliberation. Without having given the subject any very profound consideration, he had nevertheless been, for some years past, pretty firmly convinced that, when the time should come for him to take a wife, his wisest course would be to select a lady for whom he could feel a sincere respect and esteem without having any romantic affection for her. The eldest Miss Ashley might do, or Lady Jane East, or one of the Fetherston girls. Any one of these ladies, and a good many others too, would, as he was aware, be persuaded without difficulty to share his humble lot, and dispense the hospitalities of Broadridge Court. The very best kind of wife obtainable—so Barrington had thought — was a woman neither above nor beneath her husband in rank, neither strikingly handsome nor absolutely plain, neither too clever nor too stupid—a woman who would dress well and manage her household properly, and keep on good terms with the neighbors, and raise no objection if her husband proposed to leave her for a few months at a time while he sought a relaxation in a yachting or shooting trip. Such had been his not very lofty ideal, and to it he had remained faithful through many a desperate flirtation. And was he now to throw all prudence to the winds for the sake of this pale, stately girl, whom he knew to be proud and fond of her own way, who might not improbably prove exacting, and who was a Frenchwoman and a Roman Catholic? He had put this question to himself, with some anxiety,

the night before, and had finally answered it in the affirmative. True love, he thought, should be strong enough to survive sacrifices, and if any such should be called for from him, was she not worth them? He would find an opportunity of seeing her the next day, and would tell her all. A tinge of uncertainty as to what her reply might be contributed to strengthen this heroic determination. And yet, now that the propitious moment had come, he found himself doubting, hesitating, weighing the old pros and cons over again. The upshot of it all was that when he broke the silence, it was only to say :—

"I suppose you will be at the Governor-General's ball to-night?"

"Yes, I think so. Madame de Vaublanc has offered to take me. And you?"

"I shall certainly go if you do."

Then there was another pause, which lasted until the gates of the Campagne were reached.

"May I come in?" asked Barrington. "I want to consult your brother about my horse, who has not been feeding properly for the last day or two. I fancy the heat affects him."

The pretext was a sufficiently shallow one, but it answered its purpose.

"Yes, pray do," answered Jeanne. "I am not sure whether Léon is at home, but I will find out."

She lifted a small silver whistle which she carried at her belt, and blew a shrill summons upon it, in answer to which one of the Arab grooms presently came running out.

"Yes," the man said, in answer to his mistress's inquiry, "M. le Marquis had returned, and had asked for mademoiselle; but, hearing that she was out, he had ridden away again."

"I daresay he will be back before long," Jeanne remarked. "Shall we go into the house and wait for him? It is too hot to sit out of doors."

Barrington followed her into the cool, darkened drawing-room, and, sinking into an easy-chair by her side, let his eyes roam abstractedly over the glazed tiles, the Persian rugs, the low divans, the nooks and recesses which had become so familiar to him. The piano had been left open, with a piece of music on the desk; his own picture of Jeanne on the balcony stood on an easel in one corner; on every table were vases and bowls filled with roses.

"What a charming room this is!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is a nice room," said Jeanne. Barrington had made the same remark so many times before that the subject appeared to her to be pretty well exhausted.

"How commonplace and vulgar English houses will look to me after this!" he went on. "My own drawing-room is tastefully furnished with white and green-striped satin; the carpet is white, with gigantic ferns and cabbage-roses sprawling over it, and the paper, which also has a white ground, exhibits a series of wonderful green birds sitting in gold cages. I often think it is the most appallingly hideous room I ever beheld."

"Why do you not re-furnish it then?" asked Jeanne, laughing.

"I suppose I shall one of these days. Just now it would be hardly worth while, for nobody ever enters it. The rest of the house is well enough, and I have an affection for the old place, though it is dreary work living there all alone. I wonder whether *you* would like it?"

Jeanne not feeling herself called upon to hazard any conjecture as to whether Mr. Barrington's house were likely to please her or not, be resumed presently, "I am sure you would like the garden. People tell me that the turf at Broadridge is the oldest in the county, and we have always been famous for our roses. There are some fine old trees in the park too. I should like you to see it all. Isn't there a chance of your paying your cousins a visit some time or other?"

"Not very much, I am afraid," answered Jeanne. "They have asked me several times, and I have always wished to go to England; but it is difficult for me to get away, especially in the summer, for then I go to Switzerland with the Duchess, and, as Léon does not accompany us, it would be impossible for me to leave her."

"To Switzerland? Dear me! I was thinking of going to Switzerland myself this summer," said Barrington, who had not until that moment had any intention of the sort. "I wonder whether we are likely to meet."

Jeanne's face brightened perceptibly. "I hope we may," she replied cordially. "Shall you be there in August, do you think? *Àpropos*, when do you go back to England?"

"I am not sure that I shall go back at all," answered Barrington slowly. "I hate London, and I don't want to go home. Why should I not stay here, and start when you do? Perhaps I might be of some service to you on the journey."

"Oh, how delightful that would be!" exclaimed Jeanne, half-involuntarily, clasping her hands.

And then Barrington suddenly lost his head. He saw that perfect pale face bent towards him, with parted lips and soft brown eyes with a glad light in them; he saw a blue dress upon which a stray shaft of sunlight fell, and a glittering silver necklace and a pair of joined hands, and he forgot every thing except that he was alone with Jeanne, and that he loved her better than the whole world. Good-by, caution! Good-by, prudence and hesitation and cold common sense? He caught her hands in his, stammering in his eagerness, "Would it be delightful! Would you think it delightful?"

She drew back with a troubled, startled look. "What do you mean?" she murmured. "I—I do not understand——"

"Don't you understand that, if you will only speak one word, I will never leave you again? Don't you understand—"

At this most interesting and critical juncture a tap upon the tiles and the sound of an opening door caused the speaker to break off abruptly. He wheeled round just in time to see the Duchesse de Breuil make her entrance, leaning upon her stick.

Happily, the old lady's powers both of hearing and vision had become a good deal impaired of late; otherwise she could scarcely have failed to remark the agitation of the couple, whose *tête-à-tête* she had so inopportunely disturbed. As it was, she noticed nothing, and sank back into her chair with some amiable expressions of the pleasure that it gave her to find Mr. Barrington in the room. She had taken a fancy to the Englishman, whom she had discovered to be not only a fair French scholar and a man of the world, but, what was better still, a patient listener; and, as she was in a good humor that afternoon, and felt garrulously disposed, she graciously made a sign to him to take a chair by her side, and began to talk politics. She had been reading the newspapers up-stairs, she said, and from what she had been able to gather, it appeared to her that a crisis was imminent in France. That poor M. Bonaparte, with his *plébiscites* and his Olliviers, his caricatures of constitutional government, his failing health, and his disreputable relations, who carried revolvers in their pockets and murdered casual visitors, was evidently near the term of his rule. "They have begun to laugh at him already," said the old lady, nodding her head sagaciously; "and believe me, monsieur, when a man is laughed at in France it is time for him to pack up his trunks. You will see that before long we shall have a Red Republic; and when that has lasted a few months, the nation will return to its allegiance, and the king will ascend the throne of his fathers at last. Ah, I am an old woman, monsieur, and I have seen many things, and I know what my compatriots are. There was a time when I myself had some influence over the course of politics; but that is long ago, and everybody has forgotten all about it now. M. de Talleyrand, who scarcely ever missed one of my Thursdays, used to say that my salon was the only one in Paris in which he could count upon meeting everybody whom he wanted to see. That was when we lived in the Rue Saint-Dominique, and my poor husband was Garde des Sceaux." And so forth, and so forth.

Barrington bore it all with exemplary patience. A very small proportion of the Duchess's recollections reached his understanding; but he continued to look as if he were all attention, and while he encouraged her to prattle on, stole occasional furtive glances at Jeanne, who was sitting a little apart, her hands loosely clasped on her lap, and a little bewilderment still visible in her face, but withal a certain soft joyousness which lent a new and wondrous charm to her beauty, and caused the heart of her wooer to beat high with happiness and hope.

He rose to go at length, and, as he bade her good-by, held her hand a little

longer than he need have done, and whispered, "Till to-night, then."

She said nothing, but raised her eyes to his for a moment, and dropped them again. And then he knew that he had got his answer.

CHAPTER XIV.

M. DE SAINT-LUC SHOWS HIMSELF IN HIS TRUE COLORS.

EVERYBODY knows what it is to wake gasping, trembling, shuddering out of some gruesome dream—to feel even yet the tearing claws and fangs of an imaginary tiger, or the tremendous shock of a fancied railway collision. Gradually—very gradually—the mind of the sufferer shakes itself free from the hold of the dread vision. He rolls his eyes round the familiar walls of his room, and thankfully perceives that he is still there, and not in a Newgate cell after conviction of forgery. He feels for his right leg, and discovers that those two bloodthirsty surgeons who, a moment since, were slicing and sawing it off, existed only in a disordered imagination. He realizes, with a deep sigh of relief, that he did not marry hideous old Mrs. Moneypenny yesterday morning for the sake of her wealth; nor hear of the collapse of the undertaking in which his whole fortune was involved. Nevertheless, some shadow of the grim horror will hang over him yet for an hour or two, vexing him with a vague uneasiness, and, it is to be hoped, impressing him with an increased appreciation of the virtue of abstemiousness. But if such waking sensations be unpleasant enough, how far more terrible is their converse! Calm, peaceful night steals away, bright morning comes with sunshine and stir and sound of voices, and behold! health, wealth, contentment are but rapidly evaporating visions, and it is the nightmare that is the reality! Alas! it is *true* that you are a convicted criminal—Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson *did* put up their shutters yesterday morning, sure enough—What is that brown, fuzzy object on the dressing-table? Can it be an old woman's wig? Oh, horror, horror! What is done is done, and can never be obliterated *in sæcula sæculorum*.

Poor Léon de Mersac, starting out of a deep, reamless slumber, to find himself in a strange room, and striving to recollect where he was and how he had come there, felt his heart die within him as the events of the past night slowly returned to his memory. His first impulse was to pop his head under the bedclothes, and to make a despairing effort to get back into oblivion; but he very soon found that that would not do. Who can fight against patient, inexorable fate? The silly ostrich hides his head in the sand, and falls a prey to the hunter; the little diver-duck bobs under water, time after time, to escape from the gun-barrel that is aimed at him, but gets shot in the long run; and Léon, coming up to the surface at length, with a groan, had to confront a neat little column of figures terminating in an imposing total of fr. 255,800.

A knock at the door roused him from his woebegone contemplation of this tangible evidence of calamity, and presently in stepped Saint-Luc's valet, a dapper, smooth-shaven, soft-footed little fellow, with twinkling black eyes and a perpetual smile upon his thin lips. Was M. le Marquis sufficiently reposed? he inquired in his pretty mincing Parisian French. He had been in once—twice before with coffee, but M. le Marquis was so profoundly asleep that he had not ventured to disturb him; and now it was already past ten o'clock, and M. le Vicomte had sent him to ask whether M. le Marquis would be ready for déjeûner in an hour's time. Then, having arranged upon the toilet-table and the sofa sundry articles which he had brought with him—brushes, razors, a clean shirt, and other necessaries—he requested M. le Marquis, in case he should require any thing further, to give himself the trouble to touch the bell, and noiselessly withdrew.

With a heart as heavy as lead, Léon got up and dressed himself. "I wonder Saint-Luc is not afraid to trust me with a razor," he thought, smiling grimly as he took up that implement. He did not, however, allow his mind to dwell upon self-destruction, having finally disposed of that question overnight, but shaved himself with a tolerably steady hand; and, as soon as his toilet was completed, crossed the passage and entered his friend's sitting-room.

A pleasant rush of light and color,

and a fragrant scent of flowers and fruit, met him on the threshold. Beyond the wide-open French windows was a balcony, whose fluttering striped awning, while it shut out the full glare of the sun, did not exclude a glimpse of blue sparkling sea and snowy distant sails. On a breakfast-table, prepared for two persons, were arranged vases of flowers and dishes piled up with oranges, grapes, bananas, and pomegranates; the silvered necks of two bottles of champagne protruded from their ice-pails; and there, reclining in a camp-chair, was Saint-Luc himself, gorgeous in a crimson silk dressing-jacket, and perusing, with tranquil contentment, one of a batch of newspapers just arrived from France.

The sight of all this bright cheerfulness smote the incomer with a sensation of incongruity not unmixed with injury. He had hitherto been so completely occupied with efforts to realize and meet the catastrophe that had befallen him, that he had hardly found room in his mind for any feeling of resentment against the man who had, in so unaccountable a manner, been its cause; but now he did begin to wonder, with a certain dull pain, why he should have been treated with such deliberate cruelty. "To win a small fortune of your friend is allowable, and only the way of the world, I suppose," reflected this unfortunate young philosopher, "but surely it is scarcely good taste to invite him to make merry over his own ruin."

Saint-Luc tossed away the *Figaro*, and held out his hand. "So here you are at last, you lazy fellow," he cried in the most light-hearted manner in the world. "And how are you this morning?—the better for your long sleep?"

Léon, with a face as long as his arm, replied very solemnly that he was well enough.

"*Allons!* so much the better! And I hope you have a good appetite. For my part, I am ravenous—nothing makes me so hungry as a sleepless night. Do you like fresh sardines and écrevisses? I have ordered some. I don't know what the rest of the *menu* is, but I told them to put some quails in it. One does not always dine well in this country, but, heaven be praised, one can generally count upon a very tolerable breakfast."

"I can't say I feel much disposed to eat," answered Léon, with a growing sense of ill-usage. "The truth is that I am in great trouble about my losses last night; and my only reason for remaining here was that I must have a talk with you—"

"Ah, bah!" interrupted the other; "let us leave all that till after breakfast; there is no necessity for worrying ourselves about it now. And of course you know that I am not likely to press you for payment. Besides, such luck as you had last night must change before long. Very likely another evening at lansquenet may leave me in your debt."

Léon shook his head. "I have made up my mind," he said, "that I will never play for money again so long as I live."

"Really?" said Saint-Luc, looking at him curiously. "And you imagine that you will keep that resolution?"

"I *must* do so," answered Léon, simply. "I have sworn it."

"Ah! Well, I think you are right. But it is a pity that men invariably take these oaths at the wrong moment. It is after winning, not after losing, that one should bid adieu to the gaming-table."

Then the waiter came in with a tray full of good things on his shoulder; and for the next three-quarters of an hour the conversation turned upon all manner of topics save the one which must, all the time, have been present in the minds of both entertainer and guest. Saint-Luc did most of the talking, and did it well, exerting himself to interest and amuse his hearer, and meeting with some measure of success, though the latter felt more and more, every minute, the singular lack of sympathy shown toward him, and had to summon up a large reserve-fund of pride to cover his mortification. But when black coffee and cigarettes had succeeded to dessert, Léon thought he might, without impropriety, discharge himself of his unpalatable task.

"About that money I owe you, Saint-Luc," he began.

The vicomte blew a cloud of smoke, and nodded to signify that he was attending.

"I can pay you a part of it almost immediately; for the rest I must ask you to wait a few months, or perhaps

longer. I need not trouble you with details; but when I tell you that I shall have to find a new home for Madame de Breuil and Jeanne, you will understand how painful any hurry would be to me."

"You don't mean to say that you think of selling the Campagne!" exclaimed Saint-Luc.

"Unfortunately I have no choice."

"And the farm too?"

"A part of it, certainly. Why, what else can I do?" cried Léon, with some impatience. "Do you suppose I have 250,000 francs at the bank?"

"Is it really so large a sum as that?"

"If you will look at the different acknowledgments I handed to you last night," answered Léon, with suppressed exasperation, "you will find that I am in your debt to the amount of exactly 255,800 francs."

Saint-Luc, in a leisurely manner, drew forth from his waistcoat-pocket a roll of crumpled papers, spread them on the table before him, and made a calculation with the aid of a pencil and pocket-book. "Quite right," he said at length. "That is the exact amount I took down after an original stake of ten napoleons. It certainly was a wonderful run."

"I suppose so."

"Wonderful! I can't at this moment call to mind having seen such another. Of course you pay me when and where you please. In the meantime, I suppose you fully understand that these slips of paper are virtually money—money paid by you to me."

"Undoubtedly," answered Léon, with a gathering frown on his brow which altogether failed to disturb his companion's equilibrium.

"So that to all intents and purposes I may now consider myself in possession of 255,800 francs, to do what I like with. Now there are many ways," continued Saint-Luc, stretching himself out comfortably in his chair, "of spending money won at cards. Looking back upon the rare occasions in my past life when I have netted large sums in this way, I find that my invariable custom has been to throw them out of the window, so to speak, with all possible despatch. I have never failed to repent of so doing, and have always, I believe, declared that nothing would induce me to make such a fool of myself again. In the present instance, however, I do not intend to depart from my usual course. I propose to send your money out of the window much more quickly than I ever sent any money before; and I anticipate nothing but satisfaction from the process."

And suiting the action to the word, Saint-Luc hastily tore up the sheaf of papers which he held, and stepping out on to the balcony, scattered the fragments to the four winds.

Then he returned, threw himself into his chair again, and burst out laughing.

"Confess, now," he said, "you have been thinking all this time that you were breakfasting with a card-sharper, have you not? What an opinion you must have had of me to believe that I was going to ruin you and turn your sister out of doors! Why, my dear boy, I did not want to win even so much as two hundred francs of your money. I put up that stake—why, I don't quite know—intending, if I won, to let you go on doubling till it fell into your hands. Then came those confounded even cards and their absurd rule, which put me out a good deal. I could see nothing for it but to persevere till I lost; but I was uneasy, for I saw that you had completely lost your head (you may perhaps remember that I warned you beforehand that you would do so), and it was evident to me that you would continue to play like a lunatic as long as you could get any one to play with you. Then it occurred to me that if I could give you a sudden overwhelming shock, it would bring you to your senses, send you straight home, and make you swear never to touch a card again. The event, you see, completely justified my forecast. My only fear was that you might have enough of common sense to perceive that no gentleman could by any possibility act as I appeared to be doing. But that, it seems, was a groundless alarm. You must forgive me for having frightened you out of your wits; and some day you will, no doubt, even thank me; for I presume that a man of your simple habits considers an oath as binding, and that you have played your last game of lansquenet."

Léon sat with his jaws agape, looking,

if the truth must be told, a very considerable fool. His first sensation, on seeing those accursed papers fluttering gaily away on the summer breeze, had been one of intense relief, tempered by wonder and doubt. Then for a few moments gratitude had overpowered all other feelings. But finally, emotion becoming subdued by reason, all light and gladness faded out of his face, giving way to the black clouds of care which they had momentarily dispersed.

"You are very kind to me, Saint-Luc," he said slowly, at length—"at all events you have meant to be so. But unfortunately it is impossible that I should take advantage of kindness of that sort. Your having torn up a few bits of paper cannot alter the fact that I owe you 255,800 francs."

"Bah! You never owed me any thing of the sort. For my own purposes I chose to make you think that you did—*Voilà tout!*"

"I lost the money fairly, and I will pay it fairly," answered Léon, doggedly.

"My good friend, you have paid me already. A tradesman sends you in his bill, and gives you a receipt in return for your cheque. If it pleases him to light his pipe with that cheque, what business is it of yours?"

"In such a case I should of course pay him again, and take care that he had ready money the second time."

"And if he threw the money into the sea?"

"Ah, that would be his affair. I, at least, should have discharged my debt. When I shall have handed you what I owe you, you will be at liberty to do what you please with your own."

"Léon, you irritate me; and in this hot weather I am not to be irritated with impunity. Have the goodness to understand, once for all, that what took place last night was a farce from beginning to end; that I never had the most distant intention of winning your money—have none now—nor ever shall have any. In short, I will not take a single *sou* from you; and that is my last word."

Léon shook his head.

"You forget," said he, "that others were playing with us, and saw me lose. What would they think if they heard that I had not paid my debt?"

"Who cares what they think?"

"You may not, but I do. I could not submit to be called a defaulter—nor indeed to be one. It is useless to argue about the matter. I have not your experience of the world, but I do know that every man who respects himself and wishes to be respected is bound by certain conventional laws, which may be absurd, but which are universally recognized. You may sacrifice your prospects, or your happiness, or even your life for a friend, but you must not give him money. And you know it as well as I do."

"I don't know any thing of the kind," returned Saint-Luc. "I have given money to many a friend before now—or at least lent it, which is another way of saying the same thing. But that is not the question. Will you not see, O you most pig-headed boy! that I never really won your money at all?"

"Ask M. de Monceaux whether you did not, and see what he will say."

"I shall not ask him, and I don't care a rush what his answer might be if I did; but this I can tell you, if de Monceaux were in your place he would not think for a moment of paying me after hearing my explanation of my reasons for acting as I did."

"Would he not? I am not very well acquainted with M. de Monceaux, but possibly in our family we may have a different standard of honor from his. I know my father would sooner have sold his coat than remain in any man's debt; and I also have to remember that I am a de Mersac, and must think of the reputation of my family as well as of my own."

Léon was a little bombastic, but he was not altogether in the wrong. It began to dawn upon Saint-Luc that, with the best intentions in the world, he had done a very foolish thing. "Never, so long as I live," he exclaimed, "will I attempt to save a young idiot from the consequences of his idiocy again! I sit up all night over a game of cards which I hate, with a set of men who bore me to death; I play in such a manner as to bring down upon my head the scorn and indignation of the meanest of them; and what is the result? Why, people who are not only innocent of all share in the transaction, but happen to be the very ones whom of all the world

I most desire to serve, are plunged into misery, and will hate the sound of my name for ever; and the very man for whose sake I incur all this obloquy declares his intention of ruining himself ten times more completely than he would have done if I had left him alone. For heaven's sake, Léon, listen to reason, and don't drive me out of my senses."

Léon, however, declined to be persuaded. Neither eloquence, nor patient demonstration, nor entreaty availed to shake his stubborn resolution; nor, in the midst of all his own sorrow, was he free from a certain grim satisfaction at the spectacle of his mentor's distress. "You meant very kindly, I know," he said more than once; "but you have made a most unlucky mistake, and neither of us can repair it now."

Tired out at length, Saint-Luc desisted from further words and began to search in his brain for some expedient whereby the scruples of his debtor might be satisfied without any actual transfer of cash.

"I think," he said hesitatingly, after a rather long silence—"I think I can see one way out of the difficulty."

"And that is?" said Léon, with the air of one open to conviction, but very unlikely to be convinced.

"You said just now that a man cannot take a present of money from a friend—not that I ever proposed to make you such a present; but let that pass. One thing, however, you must admit; anybody may accept money from his nearest relations, and I think you could hardly refuse the sum in question if it were offered to you by—your sister."

"Quite out of the question," answered Léon. "Even supposing that I were enough of a scoundrel to rob Jeanne of her fortune, I could not do so. It is held in trust for her till her marriage."

"Yes; but upon her marriage I have heard—I understood," said Saint-Luc, a little confusedly—that is, Madame la Duchesse told me, one day, that it would become her absolute property."

"That is so certainly, but——"

"Just allow me to finish what I was going to say. You know what my wishes have been, and are, with regard to your sister, and lately you have encouraged me to hope that, in spite of all that has passed, there might still be a chance for me. Well, supposing that I have the great good fortune to succeed, what I would propose to you is this. Let your sister, on her wedding-day, pay you 255,800 francs (a sum which is, I believe, more than covered by her dowry). You will then pass the money on to me, and all will be said and done. I don't see what objection you can make to such an arrangement. You must remember that, in suggesting it to you, I am thinking of her comfort as much as of yours, and that if you agree to it, you will spare her and Madame de Breuil an amount of unhappiness which, in my humble opinion, you have no right to inflict upon them."

Léon hesitated. Providence did, indeed, appear to offer to him, by this means, an honorable and easy road out of his troubles. There was something about Saint-Luc's proposal which was not altogether agreeable to him, and yet when he thought of Jeanne and the Duchess, it seemed to him that he would hardly be justified in rejecting it. One drawback, however, there manifestly was.

"But, Saint-Luc," he said, "if I agree to this you would lose 255,800 francs."

"I should lose nothing. You would pay me; and your sister—by a sort of fiction—would come to me with a diminished dower, that is all. Come, Léon, let us consider the matter settled, and say no more about it. It has given us both a great deal of needless worry as it is."

"Well, but then there is another thing to be considered. I can't answer for Jeanne; she may refuse you a second time. What is to be done in that case?"

"In that case—in that case—oh, well, we need not think about that now."

"But we must think about it. I am not sure that I am right in allowing you to cancel my debt at all, but I am quite certain that the thing can only be done by Jeanne's becoming your wife. Her refusal of your offer would leave us just where we were before."

"Léon, you are, without any exception, the most disagreeable young man I ever encountered. I will bet you 255,-

800 francs to ten centimes that I marry your sister. There!"

"I should not think of making a bet upon such a subject," answered the impracticable Léon.

Then Saint-Luc collected all the sofa-cushions and footstools he could lay hands on, and hurled them, one by one, at the head of his friend. A shower of crusts of bread, lumps of sugar and biscuits, followed in the same direction, and took such effect that Léon, half-laughing, half-indignant, was fain to seek shelter under the table. He bobbed up his head when the fire of projectiles had ceased, and exclaimed remonstratingly, "Saint-Luc, this is a serious matter."

"It will be for you presently, I can assure you. There only remains to me now a cut-glass sugar-basin, and at the very first word you utter having any reference to money matters, you get that basin full on the bridge of your nose. So now you are warned; and you had better go home as quick as you can. As for me, I am going out for a ride." And with that, Saint-Luc vanished into his bedroom, locking the door behind him.

Léon waited for a quarter of an hour, then knocked at the door, and, receiving no answer, went out into the passage to see if he could effect an entrance from that side. Saint-Luc's bedroom was occupied by a couple of housemaids, who were raising a cloud of dust from the carpet; the owner had fled. Under the circumstances it seemed best to Léon to return to the sitting-room and write on a sheet of paper:

"I agree to what you propose. Only, if you fail, you will understand that I still owe you the money. You will have to wait a little longer for it; but perhaps it is best so."

This brief missive he folded and addressed, and then set out homeward, greatly relieved in mind, yet somewhat uneasy as to the future.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLE.

As Mr. Barrington was leaving the Campagne de Mersac by one door, after bidding adieu to his hostess in the manner already described, M. de Fontvieille was entering it through another. This was a very fortunate circumstance for Jeanne, since it gave her, ere long, an opportunity of slipping quietly out of the room and seeking that solitude which just then was her chief desire. M. de Fontvieille had brought with him a copy of Rochefort's new paper, the *Marseillaise*, and the two old folks were soon so fully occupied in perusing the elegant personalities of that gentlemanly print that they scarcely noticed Jeanne's exit.

She strolled away through the orchard at the back of the house, and thence through orange and lemon groves, where starry blossoms mingled with the ripe golden fruit, till she came to a low boundary wall, beyond which stretched waving corn-fields, ending in a waste of palmetto-shrub; and barren upland; and there, perched upon a broad, flat stone, with her back against the trunk of a thick-leaved carob-tree, gave herself up to the unrestrained enjoyment of her newly-found happiness. Until that moment she had never said to herself in so many words that she loved Barrington; yet it had been so for some time past; and now that he had given her a right to interrogate her heart without shame, it seemed to her that she had loved him, and he her, from the first day of their meeting, and that his interrupted avowal was but the formal acknowledgment of a fact long since recognized by both of them. The difficulties which would have to be conquered before she could become Barrington's wife did not, at this moment, cause her any anxiety, though, if she had given the subject a thought, she must have perceived that these were likely to be formidable enough. The strenuous opposition of M. de Fontvieille and the Duchess; banishment from Algeria and from Léon; the serious disadvantages attendant upon the marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant—these were some among the obstacles which she must ere long face, and, if possible, surmount; but, in this first glow of joy, she was able to keep such considerations out of sight, and dwell only on the one triumphant thought that she was loved. "He loves me! he loves me!" she murmured to herself again and again—"and I—oh, how I love him?"

The loitering summer wind caught up this precious secret, whispered it to the

swaying branches, which answered with a sigh, and bore it away seaward toward the town, where Barrington was even now sitting, with a half-pleased, half-puzzled face, saying to himself, "So I have done it at last—that is, pretty nearly done it. I shall meet her at the ball to-night, and then it will be all over. I think I am glad—I am sure I am glad—of course I am glad—I could not live without her—and yet——" Barrington had been in love, and out of love again, many, many times, whereas Jeanne's heart had remained untouched by any suitor till this Englishman had come and captured it almost without an effort. The one absorbing passion of her life had been her devotion to her brother. Since her father's death she had given herself up so completely to him that there had been no room left in her nature for any warmer affection than a moderate liking for the rest of the world. And now, was his place to be taken by a stranger? This question was forced upon her rather abruptly by the sudden appearance of Léon at her elbow; and it was perhaps a twinge of self-reproach that made her embrace him more affectionately than usual, as she exclaimed—

"Léon, how you startled me! Did you rise from the earth or fall from the clouds?"

"No, but one's feet get so swollen this hot weather that I put on my *spadrilles*," replied that matter-of-fact young man, exhibiting a pair of canvas shoes. "I saw you a quarter of a mile off. What are you doing here all by yourself?"

"Nothing," answered Jeanne, blushing a little. "I am so glad you have come back. I thought you must have gone to the fair at Bouffarik."

Léon sighed. "I wish I had!" he muttered involuntarily.

"Why?" asked Jeanne, turning upon him with a quick look of apprehension. "Has any thing happened? Where were you yesterday? At Madame de Trémonville's?"

"Why on earth should I have been at Madame de Trémonville's?" returned Léon, with a petulant gesture. "And what harm could have happened to me if I had been there? I believe, Jeanne, you would like me never to speak to any woman except yourself, Madame de Vaublanc, and the Duchess. I have lost a chance of selling some beasts by not being at Bouffarik—that is all. If you want to know where I was last night, I was in Algiers, dining with Saint-Luc, who has just returned from Kabylia."

"Already?"

"Yes; there was nothing to keep him there after we had left, you know."

Then there was a pause, after which Jeanne remarked, musingly, "I am sorry I have spoken so often against M. de Saint-Luc to you, Léon; I have liked him much better lately than I used to do, and I mean to be good friends with him for the future."

Léon had a vague impression that, under the circumstances, it would be scarcely honorable in him to say much to his sister in Saint-Luc's praise, but he did feel himself at liberty to observe—

"I think you are sometimes a little apt to be prejudiced, *ma sœur*. There is Madame de Trémonville, for instance, a really charming person, whom I am convinced you would like, if you knew her better."

"Oh, never mind her," interrupted Jeanne, with sudden asperity. "She will do very well without my liking; and it is most improbable that I shall ever be better acquainted with her than I am. But I confess I was in the wrong about M. de Saint-Luc."

This was very satisfactory. Léon began to think that all would yet go well; that he would soon have the pleasure of welcoming Saint-Luc as his brother-in-law; that his debt would be wiped out, and that the only abiding result of last night's folly would be a fine crop of good resolutions. But all these fair hopes were annihilated by Jeanne's next words.

"To speak plainly, Léon," she went on, "I should not have disliked M. de Saint-Luc so much if I had not known all along that he was intended to marry me. And then what annoyed me was that, instead of coming forward in a business-like way, as all the Duchess's other protégés have done, stating his advantages and what he required in return for them, offering his hand, and being politely sent about his business, he would hang on and hang on, making me obnoxious presents and following me

about whenever I entered a ball-room, and yet never giving me the opportunity of telling him what is the truth—that I would no more think of marrying him than—than old Pierre Cauvin."

At this forcible announcement Léon's countenance assumed an aspect of the most profound dejection; but Jeanne, who was looking down at the ground and tracing patterns with the point of her shoe, continued, without observing him—

"Now all that is at an end. Do you remember that night at Fort Napoléon, when he and I walked away together after dinner? Well, he asked me then, and I told him it was quite impossible. But I was very sorry; for it seemed that, after all, he had not been thinking only of making a good, suitable match, as I had supposed, but that he really did care for me for myself."

"He most certainly did, and he does still," broke in Léon, eagerly.

"Has he spoken to you of it?" asked Jeanne, looking up. "It is a great pity; I quite believed he was sincere; but what could I do?"

"Do you think you are wise to reject Saint-Luc, Jeanne?" Léon asked, after communing for a short space with himself, and deciding that he might permissibly plead his friend's cause to this limited extent. "I would not urge you to act in any way against your inclinations, but it seems to me that you start by setting your face against every man who might become your husband; and yet some day or other you will require a house and an establishment of your own. I don't know where you could find a better or kinder fellow than Saint-Luc. He is devoted to you; he would do every thing he could to make you happy—"

"Yes, yes, I know all that," interrupted Jeanne a little impatiently, for she was not accustomed to being lectured by her younger brother. "I don't doubt that M. de Saint-Luc is all that you say; but when I marry, if I ever do marry, it will not be for the sake of a house and an establishment."

"Not for that alone, of course."

"Not for that in any degree. Let us say no more about it."

"You will not even give Saint-Luc another trial then?"

"Another trial!" echoed Jeanne, with a little vexed laugh. "You talk of him as if he were a horse. How am I to try him, and what difference could a hundred trials make? If you will insist on having every thing put before you in such plain language, Léon, I do not love M. de Saint-Luc, and shall never do so, though I may come to like him very much indeed. Pray do not let him think for a moment that it can be otherwise. If you were to do so, you would be acting very unkindly both to him and to me."

She was half-inclined to give her brother some hint that her heart was no longer her own to dispose of; but this she could hardly do as yet, not being formally engaged to Mr. Barrington.

"You mean me to understand then that your marriage with Saint-Luc is an impossibility?"

"It is as much an impossibility as any thing in this world can be," answered Jeanne, emphatically.

"So be it!" said Léon, rising, with a deep sigh, from the stone on which he had been seated. "It is very unfortunate, but it can't be helped."

"But why should it be so unfortunate?" asked Jeanne, glancing up at her brother with some curiosity. "What reason can you have for wishing so much that I should marry a man whom I do not love?"

"What reason? Ah, that I cannot tell you. And yet," he added, with a sudden desperate resolution to confess the worst, and get it over, "why should I not tell you? You must be told soon—the sooner the better, perhaps. Jeanne, I am going to make you hate me—no, not hate me—that I know you will never do. I daresay you will not even be very angry with me, though heaven knows I deserve your anger."

Jeanne got up and seated herself beside her brother. She threw her arm round his neck and bent down her beautiful head till her cheek rested against his.

"Tell me all about it, Léon," she whispered. "You used always to come to me in your troubles, you know."

"Yes, always," he answered, with something between a sob and a sigh. "Do you remember, long ago, when we were children, M. de Fontvieille saying,

one day, that you ought to have been the boy and I the girl? I was very angry with him at the time, but I have often thought since that he was right. Oh, Jeanne, I have made such a fool of myself."

"Never mind, dear," she said, stroking his close-cropped black hair. "Whatever you have done, nothing can come between us two, or change our love for each other."

"No; that is the worst of it. If you would abuse me roundly I might be able to plead some extenuating circumstances for myself; but as it is, what can I do, except tell you the bare facts? It is absurd to apologize and say 'I am sorry'—there are injuries too deep to be atoned for by any apology, and it is a wrong of that kind that I have done to you." And then, without further preface, Léon gave a brief account of his adventure at the club and his subsequent interview with Saint-Luc. Jeanne heard him with the most unruffled composure, only interrupting his recital by an occasional expression of sympathy, till he explained to her the means by which he had hoped that the impending catastrophe might be averted. Upon that, much to the consternation of Léon, who imagined that he had got through the worst part of his confession, she withdrew her arm from his shoulder with a quick movement of repulsion, and starting to her feet, moved away a few paces.

Her back was toward him, so that he could not at first see what an unexpected effect his announcement had had upon her; but when she turned round presently and looked at him, he involuntarily shrank back, for her face bore an expression of mingled scorn, pain, and humiliation such as he had never seen there before, and which, having once seen, he never afterward forgot.

"So *I* was the stake for which you and M. de Saint-Luc played a game of cards," she said at length, in a low, hard voice. "I think you are right, Léon—you ought not to have been born a man."

"O Jeanne!" he exclaimed, wincing under these cruel words, "what do you mean? What have I done?"

"Done? Only allowed a stranger to think that he might take your sister in payment of a gambling debt. Is it possible that you do not see what must have been the man's object all through? Of course he knew that you would pay him, and that I would rather sacrifice myself than ruin you. I will try to forgive you, Léon, but him I will never forgive to my dying day."

"Jeanne, you are quite wrong. You mistake altogether. I can answer for it that Saint-Luc was as innocent of any such notion as I was myself. It was quite understood between us that my debt to him was to remain the same in the event of your refusing him; and I told him that you would be very likely to do so. Don't think me worse than I am. I swear to you that it was for your sake, not my own, that I consented to Saint-Luc's proposition. How could I bear the thought of driving you out of your home by my folly?"

"I would do much more than give up a few luxuries for you, Léon; and you must know it. It is not that—not that."

And here, to Léon's utter amazement, Jeanne suddenly covered her face with her hands, and burst into a storm of tears.

Such displays of emotion were so rare with the calm, self-possessed Mademoiselle de Mersac that her brother was as much shocked and startled by the present outbreak as if she had been a man. Not in the least understanding why she should have been so violently moved, he felt, nevertheless, that he had unintentionally wounded her far more deeply than he had expected to do, and, like a true Frenchman, he became at once infected by the sight of her distress till he was scarcely less agitated than she. He flung himself down on the ground beside her, calling her by every endearing epithet that he could think of, cursing his own stupidity and awkwardness, and beseeching for forgiveness so piteously that it would have required a much harder heart than Jeanne's to withstand his entreaties.

She grew calmer by degrees, and held out her hand to him, as she dried her eyes.

"I think I will go in now," she said, "I cannot talk any more just at present; but of one thing you may be sure, Léon—M. de Saint-Luc shall have his money, and it will not be necessary for you to give up the house or the farm."

Then she got up, and disregarding her brother's efforts to detain her, passed quickly away between the smooth trunks of the orange-trees, and was soon out of sight.

Her head was aching and throbbing when she reached the solitude of her own room and sat down to think; but she had all her wits about her—as indeed she always had—and the situation in which she was placed was as clear to her as daylight. Of course M. de Saint Luc must be paid. Equally, of course, he must be paid out of her marriage-portion, since that was the only sum of ready money which the family could raise without grievous loss, scandal and humiliation. If, then, Barrington were to become her husband, it would be necessary that she should ask him to resign all claim upon the greater part of her fortune, and the prospect of having to make this request was a sore wound to her pride. To ask a favor, even of the man whom she loved best in the world, would be disagreeable to her; to ask for money would be more disagreeable still; to make her acceptance of his hand dependent upon his reply would be most disagreeable of all. The thing, however, had to be done; and Jeanne, who had never yet lacked courage in any emergency, made up her mind that she could do it without flinching. That Barrington would meet her with a refusal did not seem likely. She believed him to be a rich man; but even were he not so, his love, if it were worth having at all, must needs rise superior to mercenary considerations. Knowing that she herself would have laughed at the idea of any question of money creating a breach between them, she could scarcely imagine that he would show himself less magnanimous. But supposing that, by any chance, his masculine common sense or English phlegm should revolt against the frittering away of his wife's fortune to fill the pockets of a gamester, what alternative would then remain? This possibility also Jeanne forced herself to contemplate calmly, and arose from the consideration of it with something of a shudder indeed, but with no hesitation in her mind. Sooner than that the name of de Mersac should be disgraced and Léon's future career blighted, she would pay in her own person the losses he had so carelessly incurred, and become Saint-Luc's wife. Many another woman had gone knowingly to as hard a fate with a less noble aim in view, and had lived through it and earned some sort of contentment, if not happiness. "And happiness is not every thing," thought poor Jeanne.

The absurdity of sacrificing her whole life for a mere mistake did not strike her. To her, not less than to Léon, it would have seemed in the highest degree dishonorable to accept a gift of money or release from a debt, however contracted; and thus, at this turning point of her earthly course, she stood alone and unwavering, bright hopes on one side and utter darkness on the other, and all her future resting upon the will of a good-natured, romantic, selfish fellow, whose yes or no might be affected by his breakfast or the state of the weather, or any other trivial external influence.

Of this Jeanne was not aware; but she felt that so momentous an issue could not fitly be decided in a ball-room, so she sat down and wrote a few lines to Madame de Vaublanc, saying that she did not feel well enough to go to the Palace that night. Barrington would undoubtedly call the next morning to inquire after her, and then her fate could be decided at once and for ever.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—A DRAMATIC VIGNETTE.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

Amour, malheureux Amour!
Où vas-tu donc te nicher?

HUGH (*on furlough*). HELEN (*his cousin*).

HELEN.

They have not come! And ten is past,—
Unless, by chance, my watch is fast:
—Aunt MABEL surely told us "ten."

HUGH.

I doubt if she can do it, then.
In fact, their train . . .

HELEN.

That is—you knew.
How could you be so treacherous, HUGH?

HUGH.

Nay;—it is scarcely mine, the crime.
One can't account for railway-time . . .
Where shall we sit? Not here, I vote.
At least, there's nothing here of note.

HELEN.

Then *here* we stay, please. Once for all,
I bar all artists, great and small!
From now until we go in June,
I shall hear nothing but this tune:—
Whether I like LONG's "Vashti," or
Like LESLIE's "Naughty Kitty" more;
With all that critics, right or wrong,
Have said of LESLIE and of LONG . . .
No. If you value my esteem,
I beg you'll take another theme;
Paint me some pictures, if you will,
But spare me these, for good and ill.

HUGH.

"Paint you some pictures!" Come, that's kind!
You know I'm nearly color-blind.

HELEN.

Paint then, in words. You did before:
Scenes at—where was it? Dustypoor?
You know.

HUGH (*with an inspiration*).

I'll try.

HELEN.

But mind they're pretty.
Not "hog-hunts."

HUGH.

You shall be Committee,
And say if they are "out" or "in."

HELEN.

I shall reject them all. Begin.

HUGH.

Here is the first. An antique Hall
(Like Chanticlere) with panelled wall.
A boy, or rather lad. A girl,
Laughing with all her rows of pearl,
Before a portrait in a ruff.
He meanwhile watches . . .

HELEN.

That's enough.
It wants "*verve*," "*brio*," "breadth," "design."
Besides, it's English. I decline.

HUGH.

This is the next. 'Tis finer far.
A foaming torrent (say Braemar).
A pony, grazing by a boulder.
Then the same pair, a little older,
Left by some lucky chance together.
He begs her for a sprig of heather . . .

HELEN.

—"Which she accords with smile seraphic."
I know it—it was in the "Graphic."
Declined.

HUGH.

One more, and I forego
All hopes of hanging, high or low.
Behold the hero of the scene
In bungalow and palankeen . . .

HELEN.

What!—all at once! But that's absurd;—
Unless he's SIR BOYLE ROCHE'S bird!

HUGH.

Permit me—'Tis a Panorama,
In which the person of the drama,
Mid Orientals dusk and tawny,
Mid warriors drinking brandy pawnee,
Mid scorpions, dowagers and griffins,
In morning rides, at noonday tiffins,
In every kind of place and weather,
Is solaced . . by a sprig of heather.
(*More seriously.*)
He puts that faded scrap before
The "Rajah," or the "Koh-i-noor" . .
He would not barter it for all
Benares, or the Taj-Mahal . . .
It guides, directs his every act,
And word and thought . . In short . . in fact
I mean . . .
(*Opening his locket.*)
Look, HELEN, that's the heather!
(Too late! Here come both Aunts together.)

HELEN.

(What heather, Sir?
(*After a pause*)
And why "*too late?*")
—Aunt DORA, now you've made us wait!
Don't you agree that it's a pity
Portraits are hung by the Committee?—*Belgravia Magazine.*

VILLAGE LIFE IN THE APENNINES.

BY E. M. CLERKE.

No feature in the Italian landscape is more strikingly suggestive to the Northern traveller than the aspect of the lesser towns and villages scattered through the mountain districts. In other countries the rural dwellings are to be seen nestling in lowly comfort in the hollows, or straggling in careless security over the plain; and the thatched roofs and village spire generally mark the course of some highway, whose facilities for communication have determined their site. Even in Switzerland, the land of mountaineers *par excellence*, the population follows the same law of density as the atmosphere, and is mainly crowded into the narrow, reeking valleys, where towns and hamlets seem as though crouching at the mountain foot, and man is almost thrust out of sight by the portentous magnitude of the features of nature. Villages with an altitude of three or five thousand feet above the sea are there relatively low-lying as compared with the mountain masses towering above them, and the inhabitants show the effects of restricted sunlight and impeded circulation of air in the most repulsive forms of physical degeneracy. But change the Alpine for the Apennine districts, and the practice of the people in choosing sites for their habitations is exactly reversed. There, for one village built on the valley bottom you will see ten looking proudly down on it from heights varying from one to two thousand feet above it; for one through which your carriage passes on the broad highway you will leave twenty or thirty to right or left, on pinnacles superbly scornful of such modern innovations as wheeled vehicles, and accessible only to the stout pedestrian, or sure-footed mountain ass. For before roads were, they sat enthroned, these discrowned queens Apennine—eyries of the Roman —robbers' nests of the rapacious bard chiefs—each from her sun-bl crag ruling her miniature kingdo as stern a sway, and casting her tesimal weight into the balance o ring powers with as high a cour the great cities of the plains; them, too, catching the contagiou together with the world-famed words of Italian civil strife, till th lenges of Guelph and Ghibellin names of Cæsar and Pope—mad gorges ring to wars without a h and battles without a name.

In the archiepiscopal archiv Lucca is a document of the tent tury enumerating a large proport the mountain villages in that dist the names they still bear; thus lishing their existence for a trifle c hundred years, and leaving the im tion free to carry it still farthe into the past. Roman origin is as to many and, in the Apennine c toia especially, the names seem suffi ly obvious derivatives from the originals—as Rio Flaminio, V from *Forum Avellanum;* Pitegli piglio, and Gavinana, from the *P Popilian*, and *Gabinian* families. of the churches date from the ni tenth century, and are in many ca teresting specimens of old Lo architecture, attributed to wan brothers of the builder monks of With such a claim to respectabilit given by an antiquity of eight o centuries, these little communitie not be considered unworthy of a inspection, that we may see how inhabitants, living amid surroundi tle, if at all, changed since the l

ages, are affected by the altered conditions of the rest of the world. Following, then, the great highway, which, after leaving the rich plain of Lucca, penetrates, by the valleys of the Serchio and Lima, into the heart of the Apennines, we find ourselves in a country widely different in culture and aspect from the lowlands of Italy, yet equally unlike any mountain district we are acquainted with elsewhere. For the first few miles the road passes some scattered villages, or houses of entertainment of the poorest class, but after a while it enters a sylvan solitude, where the chestnut reigns the place of all other cultivation, and human habitations disappear from the scene. No lordly villas among the trees bespeak the presence of landed gentry or resident proprietors, for here the peasant is lord of the soil, and to seek his dwelling we must take to rougher paths and more primitive modes of travel. The road meantime runs like the avenue of a nobleman's park through forest slopes unfenced on either hand, where no indications of rural industry tell that the beautiful trees were planted for other than ornamental purposes. For two thousand feet above the valley they clothe all the lower spurs, the jutting forelands that push the river into serpentine curves, with a velvet robe, whose rich green folds follow the rugged anatomy of the rocks beneath, and mark their contours as drapery does the limbs of a statue. Above the forest zone, the higher summits abruptly thrust their gaunt nudity into the upper blue, the savage sculpture of their stony ribs accentuated by amethyst shadow, and darting out in strange contrast from the soft mantle of verdure that clothes their lower extremities.

Midway between their Alpine regions and the valley level dwells the great bulk of the population, not in rural solitude among their woods and vineyards, but congregated in the villages of which the road affords but occasional glimpses. Seen thus from below they add a singular charm to the scenery as they come into view—here overhanging a wooded verge from a dizzy precipice of crag, there crowning a rocky pinnacle with a picture of gleaming walls and bristling roofs and towers—or, again, balanced like a rope-dancer on a ridge so narrow as to fall sheer away for hundreds of feet from the foundations of the houses on either side the street. From a strategic point of view their positions are well chosen, for they almost invariably command the approaches from all sides, and, held by a stout garrison, would be impregnable against all attacks save those of artillery or famine. They tempt us irresistibly to a nearer approach, and if we do not fear a steep climb up mountain paths that are none of the smoothest, we shall find ourselves amply rewarded.

Every foot of ascent in this enchanted atmosphere lends new magic to the scene, not alone from added breadth of horizon, but from the greater depth of liquid medium which transfigures every thing looked at from above. The long swathes of chestnut-covered ridges seem to undulate, too, in more sinuous curves as we rise; the wooded gorges to gulf themselves below in more aerial depths of distance; the nearer summits to rear overhead in more ridgy bulk of sun-gilt granite; while across the visionary blue of the Garfagnana the phantom Alps of Carrara—too fair and pale for peaks of common earthly rock, too keenly carved for unsubstantial cloud—soar into the ether like ghosts of mountains of an elder world. Still up and up, through miles of hanging forest, while our goal is far above us, now seen through an opening in the trees, now hidden by the winding of the path. Surely that glorious mural crown, circling the mountain's brow as closely as if carved in the living rock, is not a mere mountain hamlet, the abode of a few poor shepherds and herdsmen, but rather some enchanted city, whose inhabitants, banished or spell-bound, are but waiting the fated hour to reanimate its silent streets with the bustle or pageantry of life!

Meantime, as we draw nearer to it, we can observe its structure more closely, and see that its walls form either a complete circle or an arc whose chord is supplied by a sheer face of crag precipice, so that we must necessarily skirt the enclosure until we meet a gate. This mural *enceinte* has its upper portion pierced with windows, and is not a separate structure, but consists of the external wall of a continuous row of houses, united thus in self-defence, like a band

of men who stand in a ring with arms linked, facing outward, to meet an attack. The gates are generally two in number, but sometimes more, according to the nature of the position and the manner in which it commands the approaches from different sides. It is a singular circumstance that the cases in which more recent buildings have been added without the mural ring are extremely rare, showing that there has been no growth in the little community since its earliest foundation. The exigencies of the nature of the ground have always determined the plan of these villages, as they belong to that primitive order of architecture which conforms to circumstances, but does not dream of modifying them. Thus, some consist of a long narrow street, occupying the summit of a sharp crest, with a precipitous fall on either side, while others circle a conical hilltop with tiers of sepia-tinted roofs, or cling to the rocky ledges in acrobatic defiance of gravitation. Such is their external aspect; now let us look within. Passing under the dark archway of the nearest gate we climb the street, which is steep and narrow, after the fashion of a rude stone staircase; while the women, plying distaff and spindle in their doorways, raise their heads as we pass, and the children follow, half curious, half shy. In the villages of the Tuscan Apennines the stranger will scarcely ever be asked for money, and will sometimes even find it refused if offered for any trifling service. On weekdays the men are all absent, but on the Sunday or holiday afternoons, may be seen seated on walls and doorsteps, or lounging in their shirt-sleeves about the little piazza. The houses are solidly built of stone, dark with the grime of centuries, and only the better ones have adopted the innovation of glazed windows; wooden shutters in most cases supplying the sole protection against the elements. The interior is generally cleaner and more comfortable than the exterior would suggest, and there is at least the luxury of ample space. After the fatigue of the ascent we shall probably not be too fastidious to rest on a wooden bench at the little café, and refresh ourselves with a draught of the sour vintage of the mountains before undertaking a further climb; for, through a tangle of clematis and brambles we must reach the old feudal tower, the original *raison d'être* of the little community, now scarce even furnishing a memory among the poor dwellings that have survived it.

It stands, however, in proud pre-eminence in its decay, looking down on the ground of lowly roofs that huddled themselves at its feet to seek protection even with tyranny, and commanding a panorama such as the world can scarcely match, but whose loveliness had little part in determining its site. There was not much thought, indeed, of æsthetic selection in those stirring times, when every hamlet was at war with its neighbor, and every hillside the seat of a separate dynasty of predatory chiefs. It seems a strange fatality that, while humbler families are known to have existed here on the same spot for countless generations, not one of the great feudal lords who ruled valley and mountain from these airy strongholds has left descendants of his name or line. The Soffredinghi, Corvaresi, and Lupari, with all the other petty tyrants of these Apennine gorges, have perished root and branch: their dungeons are stables for the mountain cattle; their roofless fastnesses a refuge for stray sheep and goats; the descendants of their serfs and menials own the soil that once was theirs; the proud vavasours* have passed away, and the lowly have inherited the land.

With the extinction of the great families the authentic records of the past have disappeared, and the vaguest and most contradictory traditions are all that survive among the inhabitants in the shape of history. As to chronology, they are utterly hopeless, for "*ai tempi dei nostri antichi*," their almost invariable formula for any date beyond the memory of living witnesses, may mean equally seventy years ago, or seven hundred. An inquiry of mine as to the origin of one of the most venerable and remote of these villages gave rise to a lively controversy between two native authorities as to whether Napoleon I. or the Goths should

* The *valvassori* were the lowest order of Lombard castellans who generally held these mountains. Above them were the *cattani*, and then came the higher nobility.

be credited with the honor of its foundation. This lonely little settlement, which stands two thousand feet above the valley, miles from any highroad, in a singularly picturesque solitude, bars the foot of a high mountain pass leading into the Modenese country; and the inhabitants have strange legends about ancient incursions and raids of the Lombards. On one occasion, they relate, it was taken and occupied by the invaders, until the natives, returning in greater force, expelled them in their turn, drove them to take shelter in some hollows or caverns among the rocks at the other side of a ravine, and there massacred them to a man. From these grottos strange cries and lamentations are to be heard on stormy nights, when the spirits are supposed to partake of the disturbance of the elements, and man or beast passing the spot after dark remains fixed there, mute and motionless, till sunrise; even asses, by this beneficent spell, being rendered incapable of braying!

On the way to this village (Montefegatesi) is a touching memorial of the love of these mountaineers for their native crags. It is a rude wooden cross among the chestnut woods, recording the name of Antonio Paci, and his death on this spot in 1864. He was an emigrant who, having made a little money in America, was on his way back to his country, when he was smitten with mortal disease. No persuasions could induce him to suspend his journey, and with his daughter by his side, and his effects loaded on an ass, he struggled up the long and difficult ascent, till, when a few steps more would have brought him within sight of his much-desired goal, his powers failed him and he died by the way. His fellow villagers paid a graceful tribute to his memory by marking the solitary place of his death with the simple inscription which meets their eyes as they pass to and fro. The legend of the building of the Ponte alla Maddalena, though it resembles a number of others current elsewhere, has some features which, perhaps, point to the common origin of all. This very singular bridge, probably built by the Countess Matilda, crosses the Serchio about twelve miles above Lucca, and the exaggerated height of one of its arches requires a pitch as steep as that of an ordinary house-roof in the narrow footway it carries over. The story believed by the peasants is that San Giuliano purchased the assistance of the Evil One in its construction, by a promise of the soul of its first passenger, and then cheated him by luring a dog to cross it, rolling a cake over before him. The arch-fiend was so infuriated at this shabby fraud that he hurled the animal through the masonry into the river below, leaving a hole, which is still visible. The only strange thing about this legend is that its jumble of a soul ransomed by a dog from the evil spirit in crossing a bridge seems like a distorted reminiscence of the Parsi belief about the souls of the dead, Christianized by the introduction of a saint. According to the Zend-Avesta certain dogs have the power of protecting the departed spirit from the demons lying in wait for it on its perilous passage of the narrow bridge over the abyss of hell, and a dog is always led in funeral processions, and made to look at the corpse. Doubtless all the mediæval legends of the Evil One had an Oriental origin, and are associated with the Persian belief.

The most definite historical tradition subsisting among these mountains is generally that of an animated civil war between each village and its nearest neighbor; and the inhabitants still narrate with glee how Lugliano and La Rocca, or Benabbio and San Mamerzio, bombarded each other habitually across the narrow valley dividing their respective mountains. A circumstance which occurred within the last few years shows how much of the old spirit of local jealousy survives, even among the altered conditions of modern life. A woman, a native of Granaiolo, which is perched among the hills, some twelve hundred feet above the level of the Lima, had "married beneath her," literally if not metaphorically, as she had taken for her husband an inhabitant of the plain. On her death she desired to be buried with his family, and those about her prepared to give effect to her last wishes; but her townspeople, mustering by night, and descending in force from the mountain, carried off the body, which they bore back with them in triumph, and had interred in their own burial-ground. In the Middle Ages the incident would prob-

ably have led to a protracted civil war, which would have drawn in all the neighboring communities, and desolated the whole mountain-side. The population of the Tuscan Apennine is, notwithstanding this instance of local pugnacity, among the most peaceable and orderly in the world; crime scarcely exists amongst them, while the means for its repression are scanty in the extreme. Two or three municipal guards in some of the principal towns, with a force of carabineers, or mounted police, in the capital of the district, comprise the whole machinery of justice from Lucca to Pistoia, and even their office seems pretty much of a sinecure.

The mountaineers want little from the world without, for their soil produces all the necessaries of life, and almost every farmer's wife has her loom for weaving homespun cloth and stout hempen linen. They are, however, glad to bring down their farm-produce, such as butter and eggs, fowls, orchard fruit, and Alpine strawberries, to the markets in the valley, when the strangers in *villeggiatura* during the bathing season furnish a demand for them. Among other mountain products, the chestnut-fed bacon deserves a world-wide reputation, as the best Spanish and Westphalian hams do not surpass it in delicacy and flavor. The yearly fairs of St. John and St. Mary Magdalen (June 24 and July 22) are the great rural gatherings, to which the most remote villages send a contingent, bringing down their wares for sale, and taking back such foreign articles of luxury as home production does not supply. The merchandise interchanged on both sides is of the simplest description, though the noise made over it might lead the stranger to imagine that the wealth of the Indies was changing hands. From dawn of day the little market-place resounds with vociferations, and a confused din rises far up into the silent hills, while ropes of onions, hanks of homespun yarn, figs, and tomatoes, on one side, compete with straw hats, earthenware pipkins, bellows with long tin nozzles for sulphuring the vines, colored handkerchiefs, threads, tapes, and cheap trinkets, on the other. A man, with a basket before him, containing a number of small packets of uniform size and shape, tempts the rustics with all his eloquence to try their chance in this lottery, at a *soldo* each. "*Alla pesca e alla fortuna*," he shouts, "*un soldo l'una! un soldo l'una!*" A handsome young mountaineer, with a falcon's wing in his felt hat, shyly tries his fortune, and on opening his packet, unfolds, to the admiration of the bystanders, a gay-colored neckerchief; another, encouraged by his example, extracts a pinchbeck ring, which the pedlar slily tells him will fit the dark-eyed girl standing by with a crimson pomegranate blossom coquettishly stuck behind her ear. A crowd gathers, and the mysterious packets quickly disappear, while the pedlar's wallet grows heavy with *soldi*.

Meantime the strains of a fiddle and fiageolet from a neighboring booth announce that the *burattini* are about to begin their performance; and the piazza is almost deserted as the peasants crowd in to see the puppets go through an heroic drama or screaming farce, in the same irresistibly ludicrous series of jerks. We, who have seen the isolated solitudes from which the audience has been gathered together, can understand that they are not very *blasé* as to their amusements, but will go back to their crag-built homes from such a scene of excitement with food for thought and conversation for the next twelve months.

Each little village becomes for one day in the year a centre of attraction to its neighbors, when it celebrates the feast of the titular saint of its parish with all due pomp and solemnity. Then the little piazza is gay with a crowd, all in their holiday best, and the quaint old church cannot contain the congregation, which overflows on the steps and terrace outside. The open-air processions are picturesque and impressive, consisting sometimes of hundreds of people bearing lighted tapers, the pious confraternities in their respective habits, the women wearing white veils of lace or embroidered muslin, while painted silk banners are borne at the head of each section. At intervals along the narrow way are temporary altars, garlanded with leaves and flowers, festooned with rich drapery, and blazing with lights; at each of these there is a pause, while some prayers are said, before the procession resumes its slow march and takes up again its monotonous but solemn

chant. The inhabitants take great interest in these local feasts, which are a source of harmless rivalry between different districts. The Eve of St. John is celebrated, as it is in Ireland and many other countries, by great bonfires kindled on the hilltops, but there seems to be no tradition of the origin of the custom.

Local pilgrimages are another form of piety much in favor in these mountain districts, and as the shrines visited are generally situated in spots of singular beauty, the lovers of the picturesque would find attendance on them any thing but a penance. One of these, to the Hermitage of Gallicano, takes place on the Sundays of May and September, and attracts a considerable concourse from the neighboring mountains. Gallicano itself is not in the Apennines, but facing them, in the Garfagnana valley, at the foot of the Apuan Alps, or mountains of Carrara. Its weather-stained houses, with *loggias* of open arches, occupy both sides of a narrow chasm, whose vertical walls are draped to the bottom by creepers in a trailing curtain of verdure. The gorge is spanned above the town by an aqueduct, carried across on a single Gothic arch, very sharp pointed, and with circular openings in the spandrils. The Hermitage is three miles farther up among the mountains, occupying a small natural platform above a wooded glen, and surrounded by reddish cliffs of considerable height, against which the church and campanile are built, so as to get one of their walls supplied by the mountain itself. In this romantic solitude, the pilgrims from the more distant parishes begin to arrive on the eve of the feast, when the men are accomodated in the *foresteria*, and the women locked in the church for the night. From less remote districts they start at break of day, or even earlier, so as to be in time for the morning services, after which the bell rings in a recognized series of signals, summoning the contingent of each parish to assemble and march off. Before noon the last have started, and the Hermitage is left silent and solitary once more. The actual church, dedicated to Maria Porta Coeli, dates only from 1671 ; but there was a much older one, now partially incorporated in the present structure, and the hermit whose devotion originally consecrated the spot lived in the tenth century. The Alp of San Peliegrino, in the Apennine of Modena, is also the goal of a pilgrimage during the Sundays of the month of May, and attracts a still larger number of the devout from the neighboring mountains.

All these gatherings, whether for practical or pious purposes, take place during the summer months, as, during the winter, life in the Apennines may be said to come to a standstill. The mountain paths become almost impassable, the snow lies thick on the higher levels, putting a stop to all agricultural operations, and the lonely villages, cut off from communication with the world without, hibernate in deserted solitude during the long, bleak months. Old men, women, and children are all that are left by the hearth, for the able-bodied male population has gone elsewhere in search of work. The women have so little of the spirit of travel that it is no uncommon thing to meet one who has never visited the nearest village to her own, though she has been looking at it at long rifle range across the valley all her life ; but the men are great wanderers, and are to be found in the most distant corners of the earth. There is a large emigration from these districts to America, whence many return at the end of twenty or five-and-twenty years, with enough money saved to buy a house and farm in their native parish ; and the stranger will often be surprised to hear himself addressed in English in some remote hamlet where he least expects to find a travelled native. Here are also mainly recruited the ranks of those vagrant image-sellers who wander over the Continent seeking a market for their plaster wares in all the great capitals, while a large proportion of the domestic servants employed by foreign families in the Italian cities have found their way from these mountains to the banks of Tiber or Arno. But the great annual migration is to the Maremma, and takes place in the end of September or beginning of October, as soon as the labor of the fields is finished, and the grain sown among the hills. Some of the emigrants work as masons, others rent the shooting of a tract of waste or woodland, furnishing the city markets with those hecatombs of small birds annually consumed there. Many go still farther afield for

winter quarters, to Corsica, Calabria, and even the coasts of Africa ; wherever railways or other works are in progress, and laborers in demand. In June or July these birds of passage return to reap their own harvests, in bands that fill half-a-dozen of the country carts ; in which, as full of spirits as a party of schoolboys going home for the holidays, they rattle through the villages on the plain, singing in chorus to the accompaniment of the bells on the horses' collars.

Down to the Maremma, too, as in the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who has so well described their migration, go the great herds of sheep, horses, and cattle which have been pasturing all the summer on the velvety turf of the Apennine slopes, but are driven down to the plains by the approach of the autumn rains in September or October. In flocks of hundreds together go the sheep, blocking the roads with a moving, fleecy mass, and filling the narrow valley with the noise of their multitudinous bleating and jangling bells. Two or three dogs generally direct their movements, while the shepherds bring up the rear, their whole visible luggage consisting in most cases of a large slate-colored cotton umbrella. In addition to this slender personal baggage, one of them often carries on his shoulders a tiny new-born lamb, which has chosen this inopportune moment for coming into the world. The sheep, unless they have encountered bad weather before leaving the upper pastures, come down in splendid condition, and the mountain mutton of Pistoia does credit to its feeding ground, by tenderness and flavor which leave the epicure nothing to desire. If, however, the autumn rains, with their relentless sleety cataracts, have caught the flock in the mountains, they present a most woe-begone aspect on their journey, and seem to lose all the benefit of their summer change. The pasture zone is above the level of the vines and chestnuts, and below that of the highest peaks, where vegetation ceases ; that is to say, from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet above the valley.

Though the great forest belt seems to the eye to cover every palm's breadth of the lower slopes, it is in reality interrupted in parts by spaces of cornland, by vineyards, and even in some favored spots by olive woods. The soil is then artificially banked up in terraced ledges, so as to afford level strips for these forms of produce. The plough is unknown in this region, as the inequalities of the ground forbid its use, and the fields are dug entirely with the spade. The ridges newly dressed in the autumn look like the beds of a garden : not a stone is visible, and the rich, dark loam seems to have received the most careful manipulation. It must be amazingly productive, for I have seen a field in the Val di Lima, off which the wheat was reaped in the end of June, sown immediately with a fresh crop of beans and Indian corn to ripen before winter. The soil was barely turned with the spade, without being manured, yet in ten days the strong, silky blades of the young maize had shot up to half-a-foot above ground ; and I felt disposed to credit the American saying as to the fertility of the soil of the Western States, in which you may plant tenpenny nails over night, and find them grown into twelve inch spikes in the morning.

The Indian corn (grown only in the valley) is gathered in October, and many of the farmhouses then wear a golden mask, as the maize ears, looped together and hung to ripen more thoroughly in the sun, form a complete screen to the house front, pierced only by openings for the doors and windows. The culture of hemp furnishes the women with occupation throughout the year, and in the autumn may be heard from every village the chopping sound of the machine with which they scutch it in front of their doors, whisking the long bundles to and fro with a dexterity acquired by years of practice. It is then combed and carded until it becomes as fine as floss silk, and in the winter is first spun into yarn on the distaff, and then woven into linen in the loom which forms part of the furniture of every farmhouse.

The grape thrives to a considerable height (800 or 1000 feet) above the valley, but the vintage is very variable, as it is much affected by cold or damp in the early summer. That of 1875 yielded a supply of wine for eighteen months, leaving a most opportune surplus to cover the deficiency of the following

year, whose produce was scarce an eighth of that of its predecessor. The masses of grapes that load the vines in an abundant season are a marvel to Northern eyes. The whole country is garlanded and festooned as if for a triumph of Bacchus, and one no longer wonders that the Tuscan's favorite oath should be by the divinity who treats him so handsomely. In very productive seasons, however, the quality of the wine is generally below the average, as the grapes do not ripen simultaneously, and the peasants are impatient to gather them prematurely for fear of thieves. Indeed the wine is always poor, though the grapes are large and well flavored, and the system practised in Tuscany, called *il governo del vino*, which consists in adding a portion of the grapes, reserved for that purpose, after the first fermentation has set in, does not recommend itself by its results. The American vine, as it is called, has been introduced among the mountains, and produces a wonderful fruit, like a grape filled with the quintessence of strawberries or pineapples. The epicure who has not tasted *uva fragola* has still a new sensation in store for his palate. The wine made from them does not keep at all, so they are only grown for the fruit market.

From the mountain slopes the eye is sometimes caught by a belt of white poplars, fringing the bed of a stream, and conspicuous amid the luxuriant verdure of the valley by their silvery bark and foliage. From their close pithy fibre is made the finest quality of paper turned out by Cini's great factory at San Marcello, the capital of the Apennine of Pistoia; and carts laden with the trunks, sawn into equal lengths, are often to be met on their way up the Val di Lima. The Lima itself is studded with a series of ruder mills for making the roughest sort of brown paper, from maize straw—a manufacture which has existed in this valley from the sixteenth century, and is the only one carried on there.

Farms let on the *mezzeria* system are to be found in the lower ground, even up to the foot of the hills; but slope and mountain, with their mantle of fruitful forest, are the peasant's sole property, where he is absolute lord of the soil he tills. Nor can he be reproached here with unthrifty husbandry, for on the southern declivities the ground has been laboriously and painfully terraced up to render possible the cultivation of vines and olives; and if the chestnut, which requires little tendance, has usurped the rest of the soil, it may be said in its defence, that it is Nature's save-all, and grows where no other plant would find footing. Short of the absolutely vertical, no steep seems too abrupt for it to clothe, no hanging ravine too rugged, no rocky shelf too narrow, for it to grow and prosper there. As hardy as the mountain pine, as fruitful as the sun-pampered olive, it braves the bleakest gales of the wind-swept Apennine; and where the scanty earth seems to grudge a sustenance to man, it bears aloft a harvest on its branches. The most long-suffering of trees, it will, if cut down, send forth anew fruitful suckers, and will still bring forth its prickly clusters when its stem is all scooped away by age and nothing but a shell of bark remains to carry the sap up to its crown.

The chestnut harvest, which takes place in October, is the great event of the year in the Apennines, and furnishes a recreation, rather than a task, to all classes of the population. The schools have their annual vacation in that month, that the children may assist in it; and it is difficult to find hands for any extra household work while a pleasant gipsy life goes on under the trees. The steep woods are then alive with merry parties picking the mahogany-brown nuts from among the fallen leaves and dropping them into long canvas pouches slung at the waist for the purpose. The boughs are never shaken to detach them, and the burrs fall singly as they ripen, rustling through the leaves, and breaking the forest silence with a heavy thud, as they strike the ground. They lie till picked up from day to day, during the appointed time for gathering them, which lasts a month, and is fixed by municipal proclamation—commonly from Michaelmas Day, September 29th, to the feast of Saints Simon and Jude, October 28th, but sometimes extended by special request, if the season be unusually late, for ten days longer. Any one wandering off the recognized paths through the

woods during that period is liable to be shot by the proprietor, as in the Swiss vineyards in vintage time, but this sanguinary law seems to remain a dead letter. After the legal term has expired, the woods are free to the whole world, and are invaded by troops of beggars, gleaning any chance belated chestnuts, which, falling now, are the prize of the first comer. Those which drop at any time on a road passable for wheeled vehicles are also public property, and as the highway runs through chestnut woods the poor have a little harvest by the roadside.

The proprietors of woods too extensive for the gathering to be done by the members of their own household, engage a number of girls to assist, giving them food and lodging for forty days, and to each two sacks of chestnut flour on her departure. After their day's work in the woods they are expected to spin or weave in the evening for the benefit of the housewife, who thus gets her winter supply of yarn or linen pretty well advanced in this month. The poorer girls look forward to being employed in this way as a great treat, and will often throw up other occupations rather than lose it. In a fine season it is indeed sufficiently pleasant, for the lovely weather of a dry October among these Tuscan highlands makes open-air life unalloyed pleasure; but, on the other hand, one can hardly conjure up a more dismal picture than that presented by the dripping chestnut woods if the autumn rains have chosen that month for their own, when the sheeting floods of heaven thresh down the withered leaves as they fall, and the soaked burrs have to be fished out of the swirling yellow torrents that furrow the ground in all directions.

Wet or dry, however, October, unless the yield be exceptionally scanty, is a season of abundance and rejoicing through the country, while the peasants consume the fresh chestnuts by the sackful, not roasted, as they are eaten in the cities, but plainly boiled and eaten hot from the husk. The great mass are spread on the floors of the drying-houses--blind, deserted-looking buildings, scattered through the woods for this purpose, and which in the autumn seem to smoulder internally, as the smoke of the fire lit to extract the moisture from the fresh chestnuts escapes through all the interstices of the roof and walls. From the drying-house they are taken to the mill and ground into *farina dolce*, a fine meal, of pinkish color and sickly sweet flavor, which forms the staple food of the population. From this they make *polenta* or porridge, in other districts made from Indian meal, and *necci*, round cakes baked between chestnut-leaves, which are kept and dried for the purpose, with the result of imparting a slightly pungent flavor of smoke that the stranger will hardly find an improvement. Other delicacies, too, are made from the chestnut flour, such as cakes covered with chocolate and sugar, but none are likely to commend themselves to Northern palates.

But to the simple taste of the mountaineer his homely fare seems sweeter than all rare foreign viands, as his native crag is dearer than the great capitals of the modern world. He asks nothing from civilization, and renounces the present and the future to live alone with the past, which he clings to, without knowing it. For the force of association cannot count for much in a community whose history, as we have seen, is limited by the memory of the living. Yet the dweller in the Tuscan Apennine, and in the mountain regions throughout Italy, remains immovably fixed, of his own free choice, to the crag platform, whither his ancestors were driven for refuge by the exigencies of their time, and accepts the necessity of a thousand years ago as the unchangeable condition of to-day. The inhabitants of other countries have gradually abandoned the strong places originally built on by their forefathers, as increased security made self-defence unnecessary, and increased intercourse made accessibility desirable and profitable. Not so the Italian, in whom the tenacity of tradition and long-inherited usage is stronger than the love of convenience, of gain, or even of safety. The towns at the base of Vesuvius, buried beneath the devastating lava, rise from their ruins ere yet the fiery flood is cold above them; and while for Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabia there was in the Roman time no resurrection, Resina,

Torre del Greco, and San Sebastiano are by the modern Italians rebuilt as often as destroyed. Luzzano in the Apennines, carried down the mountain-side by a landslip, which buried or swept into the Lima sixty-three houses and three churches, was re-erected on its former site, though not of its former size, by the inhabitants, as soon as they began to recover from the first stupefaction of the calamity. There is much to be said for the mountaineer's attachment to his lofty dwelling, and apart from the abstract question involved in weighing the pains against the penalties of progress, it is at least open to doubt whether he would not lose more than he would gain by descending to the valley, and whether the exhilarating breadth of light and air, the glorious amplitude of hanging panorama which reward his ascent, do not more than compensate for its fatigue. Modern fashion at least seems to say so, as it goes higher and higher in search of oxygen and scenery, and requires its summer haunts as many thousand feet above the level of the sea as is compatible with a due regard to creature comforts. The most enthusiastic advocate of mountain air might, however, shudder at the prospect before the Apennine villager, when the winter settles down on his home; when the chestnuts have been gathered and dried, the new wine made and tasted; when the younger men are gone to the metropolis or the Maremma, leaving the old, the helpless, and the feeble to await their return; and the snow, with gradual and noiseless footsteps, steals down from the higher peaks on the lonely village, wrapping it in a shroud of stillness and isolation. Perched then in aerial solitude on its unapproachable pinnacle, it looks down on the valley over a thousand feet of steep, bristling with leafless forest, while no sound reaches it save the hoarse roar of the tawny torrents below, or the shrill whistle of the tramontana sweeping on it from some frigid zone of space. Then the water must be drawn across the snow, or up streets slippery with icy mud, and footing is difficult in the steep woods, where firewood, fortunately not scarce, must be gathered for the long, cold nights. But the winter, though sharp, is brief, and once Christmas has come and gone, spring is not far off; when the snow melts, the flowers break from the ground, the corn shoots fast, the chestnuts are green with promise, and summer is close at hand to bring life and animation once more to the highlands of the Apennines.

I shall not easily forget my last glimpse of one of these villages, and only wish I could make the reader see the picture of it impressed on my memory. It was early on an October morning, and a damp river fog had settled thickly on the valley, completely shutting out the mountains at either side. Overhead, however, the sky was clear, and suddenly, as the heavy swathes of mist floated aside, there gleamed out, like a rosy crown of morning glory, sole in that upper blue, a fairy city, with battlements and towers all flushed as they faced the newly risen sun. The Fata Morgana never reared for herself an air-built castle of more visionary aspect, yet it was but La Rocca, the dwelling of a few hundred poor mountaineers, that thus showed for a moment, isolated above the clouds, transfigured by the sunrise, and hung, like a glowing carcanet, on the very brow of heaven. For a moment only: the next, a fresh surge of the mist rose at it, swept past it, first blotted, then extinguished the vision, the dun vapors usurped its place in the sky, and the aerial city was seen no more.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

LONDON BRIDGE.

PROUD and lowly, beggar and lord,
Over the bridge they go,
Rags and velvet, fetter and sword,
Poverty, pomp, and woe.
Who will stop but to laugh and sing?
Self is calling, and self is king!
Who weeps at the beggars' grave?
Crusts they pray for, but love they crave.

Beggar and lord,
Fetter and sword,
Prison and palace, shadow and sun,
Velvet and rags,
So the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run.

Sparkle, river, merrily roll!
Laugh with the gay and bright;
Who will care for the weary soul
Under thy arch to-night?
Who will pity her, who will save?
Never a tear the cold world gave!
Down there in the rolling Thames—
God will pity what man condemns.

Velvet and rags,
So the world wags,
Prison and palace, shadow and sun,
Fettered and free,
So shall it be,
Until the river no more shall run.

—*Temple Bar.*

PROFESSOR JAMES D. DANA.

BY THE EDITOR.

Our portrait this month is of one of the most eminent and honored of American scientists, whose reputation is as great in Europe as in his own country, and who is acknowledged as an authority and original discoverer in the three important departments of mineralogy, geology, and zoölogy.

James Dwight Dana was born on the 12th of February, 1813, at Utica, New York, and passed there the first years of his life. He seems to have had an early inclination to the natural sciences, as at the age of seventeen he entered Yale College, attracted by the fame of Professor Silliman (Sr.), the distinguished pioneer of American science. While there he evinced a special aptitude for mathematics as well as the natural sciences, and shortly after his graduation in 1833, he received the appointment of teacher of mathematics to midshipmen in the Navy of the United States. In that capacity he sailed to the Mediterranean in the ship-of-the-line Delaware, returning in 1835. During the two years following he acted at Yale College as assistant to Professor Silliman, whose successor he afterward became.

In December, 1836, Mr. Dana was appointed mineralogist and geologist of the United States exploring expedition, then about to be sent by the Government to the Southern and Pacific Oceans. The squadron, under command of Lieutenant (afterward Commodore) Wilkes, sailed in August, 1838, and returned in 1842. During the thirteen years following, Professor Dana was chiefly occupied in preparing for publication the various reports of this expedition committed to his charge. The results of his labors were given in his "Report on Zoöphytes" (4to, with an atlas of 61 folio plates, 1846), in which he proposes a new classification and describes 230 new species; the "Report on the Geology of the Pacific" (with an atlas of 21 plates, 1849); and the "Report on Crustacea" (4to, with an atlas of 96 folio plates, 1852–54). In this last named work 680 species are described, of which 658 were new. These Reports were published by the United States Govern-

ment, and contributed greatly to that high reputation which our official scientific publications have achieved. With few exceptions, the drawings in the atlases were made by Mr. Dana himself.

In 1850 Mr. Dana was elected to the office of Silliman Professor of Natural History and Geology in Yale College, but did not enter upon its duties until 1855, soon after Professor Silliman's resignation of the chair of chemistry and geology. This position he still retains. In 1854 he was elected President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, having been for many years one of the standing committee of that body, and in August, 1855, he delivered the annual address before that association at its meeting in Providence. He has been elected a member of many learned societies in Europe, including the Royal Academies of Sciences in Munich and Berlin, the Geological and Linnæan societies in London, the Philomathic Society in Paris, and others. In 1872, the Wollaston gold medal, in charge of the Geological Society of London, was conferred upon him.

Besides the works already mentioned, Professor Dana has published "Science and the Bible," a series of four articles which appeared in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* in 1856–57, called forth by a work of Professor Taylor Lewis on the "Six Days of Creation;" "A System of Mineralogy," a work of high repute in Europe and America (1837, 5th edition, revised and enlarged, 1870); "On Coral Reefs and Islands" (1853); a "Manual of Geology" (1862, revised edition, 1869); a "Text Book of Geology for Schools and Academies" (1864); and "Corals and Coral Islands" (1872). For many years he has been associated with his brother-in-law, Professor Benjamin Silliman, Jr., as editor and publisher of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, founded in 1819 by the elder Silliman. To this journal, as well as to the proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston, the Lyceum of Natural History in New York, and the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, he has contributed numerous important scientific memoirs, the mere titles of which would fill a column.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN: A Popular Exposition of the Principal Points of Human Ontogeny and Phylogeny. From the German of Ernest Haeckel, Professor in the University of Jena. In two volumes. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

In a somwhat extended review of this remarkable work contributed to the London *Academy*, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace says: "Professor Haeckel is well known as one of the most energetic workers and advanced thinkers among German biologists. For more than thirty years he has devoted himself to the study of the animal kingdom with especial reference to the theory of development, and he has perhaps done as much to extend and popularize that theory as Darwin himself. Besides a long series of publications in various departments of biology, he has written two great popular works—*The History of Creation*, in which the development of the whole animal and vegetable kingdom is systematically traced out, and the present volumes, which treat in more detail the entire history of man's evolution, both as an individual from the parental germ and as an animal species from the most rudimentary form of individualized animal life through a progressive series of more and more specialized animal types."

The present work, he continues, "is intended to render the facts of human germ history and development accessible to the educated public. It is founded on the researches of the most eminent modern anatomists and embryologists—Baer, Kölliker, Schwann, Huxley, Weissmann, and Gegenbaur, together with Haeckel's own discoveries in the history and development of many of the lower animals. We can, therefore, hardly do otherwise than accept the facts as presented to us by our author, and though we may not always agree with the inferences he deduces from them, we can but feel that they are of the very highest importance, and that a careful study of them is absolutely essential before venturing to form definite conclusions as to man's nature, origin, or destiny."

When he comes to discuss the work in detail Mr. Wallace finds several points of radical importance upon which he differs *in toto* from Professor Haeckel; but he concludes by saying that no restricted notice of *The Evolution of Man* can afford an adequate conception of the wonderful variety and complexity, or of

the intensely interesting nature of the subjects it discusses. "There is probably no book in any language which gives so full, so clear, and so perfectly intelligible an account of the earlier stages of the development of animals. The phenomena described are, as compared with the later stages of development, simple and easily followed, but it is impossible to exaggerate their importance; and as enabling any intelligent person to obtain a correct knowledge of the facts of this wonderful history in its earlier, and a correct conception of their general outlines and bearing in their later and more complex stages, the work is one of the most important in the English language. Its faults are diffuseness of style and complexity of general arrangement, and a competent editor would be able to condense it into one half the bulk without curtailing it of any important matter. It is nevertheless most acceptable even as it is, and should be studied by every one who wishes to appreciate the full meaning of the familiar saying, that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

THE LIFE OF J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: *Roberts Bros.*

The public which is already acquainted with Mr. Hamerton's great and peculiar merits as an art-critic will not be disappointed at finding that the present work is less a biography than a treatise on the aim, function, and limitation of pictorial art. It gives as complete an account of the great artist's life and career as the present very imperfect state of our knowledge of him permits; but Mr. Hamerton states at the very beginning that he has been "the more willing to write a biography of Turner that it is impossible to study him without encountering the greatest of all problems in art-criticism, the relation of Art to Nature." Of all landscape-painters Turner, says Mr. Hamerton, "is at once the most comprehensive in his study of nature and the most independent of nature, the most observant of truth and also, in a certain sense, the most untrue. This double life of Turner, as observer and artist, compels us to distinguish between art and mere observation from the very beginning, under peril of falling into snares which the subject itself has laid for us. We must understand that Art and Nature are not the same world, but two worlds which only *resemble* each other, and have many things in common. Turner, with the instinct of genius, understood this from the first."

This passage furnishes the key-note to the entire book; Mr. Hamerton using Turner's pictures and method of work as a text from which to expound and enforce the doctrine that art—landscape art in common with all other forms of it—is not imitation of nature, but an ideal representation of such selected particulars as appeal to the artist's taste or fancy. This proposition is enlarged upon and emphasized in every possible way and with much ingenuity of illustration, and in grasping it with full and clear comprehension of its bearing and significance, the reader catches the principal purpose of the author in writing his very interesting and instructive book.

The volume is embellished with nine illustrations after Turner's sketches, etched by A. Brunet-Debaines.

WILD LIFE IN A SOUTHERN COUNTY. Boston: *Roberts Bros.*

The author of this book has been compared as to literary quality with White of Selbourne and old Izaak Walton, and certainly the resemblance is very noticeable. There is the same hearty, objective love of nature for its own sake, the same faculty of minute and exact observation, the same genius for details, and a similar power of picturesque and pleasing description. There is also that piquant flavor of an interesting and original personality behind the recorded observations which constitutes one of the principal charms of the older authors. Regarded merely as literature there are few things more delightful and appetizing, though there is a marked absence in the case of all three of the authors named of any straining after literary effect.

The author of "Wild Life" lives in an ancient farm-house situated at the verge of a small hamlet in one of the southern counties of England, and the area of his observations embraces only his farm, the hamlet, and the country immediately adjacent. That material of sufficient quantity to fill a volume could be found in such a limited area is in itself a surprising fact, even if we should make considerable allowance for "padding;" but the author has not only filled a volume without apparent effort, but has made it of fascinating interest from beginning to end. The forms and movements of clouds, the phenomena of rain and mists, the conformation of the country, the pathway of the brook from its spring on the hillside to the lakelet in the valley, the situation and characteristics of woods, the varied attractions of fruit-trees and flowers, and the teeming life of insects, birds, fishes, and such wild animals as are left in a long-settled country—all these in turn engage his attention, and there is no one of them about which he does not tell something at once fresh and interesting. No book with which we are acquainted conveys so impressively the oft-reiterated lesson that the things immediately about us possess an inexhaustible interest for the eye that

can really observe and the mind that can interpret them.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS; OR, HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD. By W. H. Davenport Adams. American Edition, edited by P. G. H. New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

The title of this book seems to promise something which its contents do not provide; but the author is careful at the very beginning of his preface to acknowledge that he has no special *secret* to disclose, and that in point of fact, there is no royal road to success any more than there is to learning. The book would be much more accurately described if it were entitled "How to *deserve* Success," and it devotes quite as much space to impressing upon the reader the futility and mistake of what is ordinarily called success, and the necessity of distinguishing between true and false success, as to telling him how to get on in the world. The advice and the doctrine are for the most part sound and judicious, and far more likely to be really useful than any quack suggestions as to practical methods of success; but they have the disadvantage of being in the last degree hackneyed and commonplace. The attraction of the book, however, lies, not in its exhortations or its teachings but in the personal sketches and anecdotes with which these teachings are illustrated. Mr. Adams adroitly enforces his points by citing pertinent examples from the lives and achievements of successful men, and in gathering them he has industriously gleaned the records of both England and America. Merely for copiousness the collection of anecdotes would be remarkable, and they are told with the spirit and vigor and animation of a genuine *raconteur.*

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE late William Howitt has left an autobiography which is almost sufficiently advanced for publication.

THE British Museum has lately acqured the remainder of the tablets found at Hillah; some of them are of great interest.

MR. SWINBURNE is giving much of his attention to studies of the Elizabethan drama and Shakespearean literature. They will appear probably in the proposed Dramatic Dictionary.

THE selection from the letters of Charles Dickens which Miss Hogarth and Miss Dickens are preparing was to have seen the light in the spring, but the publication of the work has been unavoidably delayed. We are, however, now in a position to state that the book will be out some time in the autumn—at any rate before Christmas.—*Athenæum.*

THE growing interest in Heine, and the favorable reception accorded to the volume of selections under the title of "Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos of Heine," recently published, have induced Mr. Snodgrass to proceed to the translation of some of the complete works, which it is proposed to publish in volumes of convenient and not too bulky form. The series will probably commence with the "Reisebilder," or with one of the books "On Germany."

MONSIGNOR ALFONSO CAPECELATRO has been appointed Prefect of the Vatican Library in the place of Cardinal Pecci, recently raised to the cardinalate by his brother the Pope. Monsignor Capecelatro belongs to a very distinguished Neapolitan family, is a man of great learning, and is well known as the author of the "Storia di San Pier Damiano e del suo Tempo;" he has also published a work on Cardinal Newman. At the time of the last Council the new Prefect wrote a pamphlet, which, on account of its liberal views, was not approved of by the Curia; it is to be hoped that the same liberal tendency may be displayed in arrangements to make the literary treasures of the Vatican more accessible than has been the custom heretofore.

LORD JEFFREY had a very high opinion of Macaulay's essay on Frederick the Great. "I am not sure," he wrote to Mr. Napier, "whether I do not think it *the very best* thing Macaulay has yet written, and I am quite certain that no other man alive (and I am half inclined to add that ever lived) could write any thing of the kind so well." Macaulay's opinion of Jeffrey's selected essays is given in Trevelyan's life of him, but as it was expressed in a private letter to Mr. Napier, it is worth quoting here with what Jeffrey says of Macaulay. "I think," he says, "that there are few things in the four volumes which one or two other men could not have done as well, but I do not think that any one man except Jeffrey, nay that any three men, could have produced such diversified excellence. When I compare him with Sydney and myself, I feel with humility, perfectly sincere that his range is immeasurably wider than ours, and this is only as a writer. But he is not only a writer, he has been a great advocate, and he is a great judge. Take him all in all, I think him more nearly an universal genius than any man of our time. Certainly far more nearly than Brougham, much as Brougham affects the character. Brougham does one thing well, two or three things indifferently, and a hundred things detestably."

MESSRS. C. KEGAN PAUL AND CO. are preparing for publication a series of books which

will treat of the Principles, Methods, and History of Education, and will aim at affording trustworthy information with respect to the different systems of instruction adopted in Europe and America. While the area of subjects which this series is intended to cover will be sufficiently wide to give to it the completeness of a Cyclopædia of Education, each subject will be discussed with that reference to practical details which its relations to school management may require. In the composition of the several volumes, the requirements of teachers in secondary as well as primary schools will be carefully kept in view; and, while due attention will be given to the discussion of "Elementary Subjects," an attempt will be made to explain the best methods of teaching those branches of knowledge which are included in the *curricula* of higher classical and modern schools. The various volumes will be written by experienced teachers or by specialists who have devoted much time and study to the subjects of which they will treat, and the whole series will be under the editorial care of Mr. Philip Magnus.

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF SEA-WATER.—Jacobsen has set himself the task of deciding the question whether the composition of sea-water taken from different seas and oceans, and different depths, possessed the same composition, and whether the discrepancies observed in analyses were due to errors of manipulation. For this purpose he examined the composition of forty-six specimens of sea-water, collected on board the "Gazelle" during the expedition of 1874–1876, for every possible locality and depth. The constituents which were determined were chlorine, sulphuric acid, and calcium carbonate. The chlorine showed only a very slight variation; the salt corresponding to the chlorine amounted in the highest case to 1.8140, in the lowest case to 1.8047, the mean being 1.80936. The chlorine was determined in fifteen specimens. When it is remembered that these results are influenced by the unavoidable errors of chlorine determinations and the determination of salt, one will not be disposed to ascribe to the found irregular variations any significance of weight, but will not hesitate to say that the relative amounts of chlorine contained in oceanic waters show no considerable variation. The sulphuric acid was determined in 166 specimens of water. It constituted in the mean 6.493 per cent of the entire salt present; the greatest difference (0.35 per cent) lay between the maximum 6.69 per cent and the minimum 6.34 per cent. The author remarks that here again the variation would be less if the unavoidable error of the areometric determination of salt could be eliminated. There are grounds, however, for believing that the amount of sulphuric acid present in water is somewhat less constant than the amount of chlorine. On the other hand, attention must be directed to the fact that any regular variation in the properties of sulphuric acid, depending on the place or the depth from which the water has been taken, was not observed. The determinations of calcium carbonate were made in thirty-nine samples of water. The mean result was in 10,000 parts of water 0.269 parts of lime carbonate, the maximum being 0.312 parts, and the minimum 0.220 parts. So far from referring these variations in the results to differences in the sources whence the waters were taken, or regarding them as indications of any other change, the author ascribes them to errors of experiment which became the greater in these cases from the fact of his having a more limited quantity of water to work with (less than one litre) than is desirable for experiments of these kinds. The results are very accordant when compared with the hitherto published analyses. They support the view held by the author that the amount of lime carbonate present in sea-water shows but slight variation. His results do not accord with those of J. Davy, who believed that the open sea contained little or no lime carbonate. And we are, moreover, not driven to believe the views pronounced by Forchhammer, that the sea animals which have shells are able to convert the lime sulphate of sea-water into carbonate. The waters of different regions appear to mix very rapidly and readily.

A NEW SCIENCE.—An Austrian professor has come forward as the discoverer of a new science. He has approached humanity with a measuring tape, and now publishes the results of his laborious investigations. All science is built up more or less on statistics, and Professor Weisbach has laid the foundation of what he himself calls "Anterropometry." He has divided the human race into nineteen different peoples, and, collecting his inferences from a sufficient number of individuals, has published his knowledge in a tabulated form. The points which he has selected for illustrating his theories seem curiously chosen. The length of the body, the circumference of the head, the proportions of the nose, the relation of the arm as compared with other limbs, and the rapidity of pulsation are the chief centres of his system. For example, in the matter of rapidity of pulse he thus catalogues humanity. The dullest circulation seems to belong to the negroes of Congo, who have 62 pulsations in a minute.

After them come the Hottentots, with 64, the Kaffirs 70, the Northern Slavs 72, the Siamese 74, the Jews 77, the Sandwich Islanders 78, and the Nicobars 84. In matters of height the shortest people in the world—not being actually dwarfs—are the Hottentots, the average height, in millimetres, being 1.287. Then follow the Japanese at 1.569, the Jews 1,599, the Australians 1.617, the Slavs 1.671, the Northern Chinese 1,675, the Kaffirs 1.753, and the Maoris 1.757. These figures may be instructively compared with recognized European altitudes, which the professor exhibits in a parallel column. The results are curious, and establish incontestably the superiority of northern races. The Norwegians are the tallest, but they are not as tall as the Maoris, the average heights being relatively 1.728 and 1.757. The Scotch come next at 1.708, then the Swedes, 1.700, then the English at 1.690, and next follow the Danes 1.685, the Germans 1.680, the French 1.667, the Italians and the Portuguese. It is found that largeness of head is generally in inverse ratio to length of body; not that tall men have little heads so much as that tall races have small heads, the only exceptions being the Patagonians, whose great height is not deformed by insignificant brain. The variations of nose are more remarkable than those of any other organ which the professor has measured. The Jews and the Patagonians head the list, the average in millimetres being 71; the nearest are the Maoris at 52, and the farthest the Australians at 30, while in breadth of nostril the list must be read upside down; it commences with the Australians at 52, and ends with the Jews at 34. For *torso* and breadth of chest the American Indians surpass all other people, while it is recorded of the Africans, and especially of the Congo negroes, that the relative proportion between length of arm and length of leg is in their case completely inverted.—*Globe*.

THE HEAT OF THE SUN.—The *Journal* of the Royal Geological Society of Ireland, for 1877–8, contains a remarkable paper, by the Rev. Samuel Haughton, "On the Total Annual Heat received at each Point of the Earth's Surface from the Sun," etc. The Sun's annual heat is computed as equivalent to the melting of 80 feet of ice. It is not easy in a short paragraph, says the *Athenæum*, to give the results of an elaborate mathematical examination, but it is determined that "the work done in melting 1 cubic foot of ice would suffice to crush into powder 4 cubic feet of rock," which is equal to the geological work done in 3090 years; and it is inferred that "one foot of ice (representing sun heat) would account for the present geological work for 12,360 years."

QUEEN-BEES.—In a paper read to the Quekett Microscopical Club at a recent meeting, Mr. J. Hunter states that a fertile queen-bee will in four years lay a million eggs. Twenty-one days are required for the production of a worker-bee; "but the same egg that produced the worker in twenty-one days could, had the bees been so minded, have been bred up to a *queen* in sixteen days. The bees," continues Mr. Hunter, "only rear queens when necessity calls for them, either from loss of their old monarch or apprehended swarming. If I remove the queen from a hive, the first of these contingencies occurs, and after a few hours' commotion, the bees select certain of the worker-eggs, or even young larvæ two or three days old. The cell is enlarged to five or six times its ordinary capacity; a superabundance of totally different food is supplied; and the result is that, in five days less than would have been required for a worker, a queen is hatched. The marvel is inexplicable. How a mere change and greater abundance of food and a more roomy lodging, should so transform the internal and external organs of any living creature! The case is without a parallel in all the animal creation. It is not a mere superficial change that has been effected; but one that penetrates far below form and structure, to the very fountain of life itself. It is a transformation alike of function, of structure, and of instinct."

A CHINESE TILE FACTORY.—A correspondent of *The London Builder* in a recent account of his visit to one of the mining districts of China, thus describes the Imperial tile manufactory at Lien li ku, about fifteen miles west of Pekin:

"In this factory all the yellow tiles and bricks required for Imperial buildings are made, as also large numbers of green, blue, and other colored tiles for various ornamental purposes. The material used is a hard blue shale, nearly as hard as slate. This is allowed to lie in heaps for some time. It is then ground to powder by granite rollers, on a stone floor thirty to forty feet in diameter. The powder is then stored in heaps and taken to the works as required. For ordinary work the powder is mixed with a proper proportion of water and moulded into large bricks, which are laid out to dry for some hours, after which they are dealt with by the modellers. When bricks are to have a moulding on them, say for coping a wall, the plan of operation is as follows: Two pieces of wood, each cut to the shape of the moulding, are placed upright on a slab. The clay brick is placed between them, and two men run the mouldings roughly along with chisels. They then apply straight edges to test the accuracy of their work, and finally rub the edges with moulds somewhat in the

same way as plasterers make mouldings at home. The brick is then passed to a third man, who cuts any necessary holes in it, and to a fourth, who trims it off and repairs any defect. The more ornamental tiles and bricks, representing fabulous animals, etc., are first roughly moulded, and afterwards finished off with tools exactly similar to those used for modelling in clay in Europe. Some of this work has some pretension to artistic merit. All the bricks and tiles are baked in ovens, and then, after having the glaze put on, are baked a second time. All the work done at this manufactory appears to be first-rate, and the number of people employed when they are busy in about 500.

RE-PLANTING TEETH.—Can teeth be transplanted? If recent accounts of operations by dentists are trustworthy, the answer must be in the affirmative. But the question has been formally discussed at a meeting of the Odontological Society, and from this we learn that it was in *replanting* (which is not the same thing as *transplanting*), that the foreign dentists, whose names had been cited, achieved their success. Among them, a Frenchman, Dr. Magitot, has published full particulars of cases in which diseased teeth were taken out, and the root or a portion of periosteum was cut away, and then were replanted in the same socket, where, after a few days or weeks, they became firm and serviceable. Out of sixty-three operations in four years, five were failures; but some of the cures were painful and tedious, owing to local discharge. In technical phraseology, Dr. Magitot holds "the indications for an operation to be the existence of chronic periostitis of the apex of the root, its denudation, and absorption of its surface. . . .The resection of this, which plays the part of irritant, is the essential aim of the operation. And the extraction having been performed with due care, if no other lesion be detected save the alteration in the apex of the root, the tooth is to be replaced as soon as this has been excised and smoothed, and the hemorrhage has ceased."

A NEW FORCE.—For a long time past, as some of our readers may have heard, there has been great talk about a new "motor" which is alleged to have been discovered by a man named Keely, living in Philadelphia. Originally, we believe, Mr. Keely promised to enable the largest steamship to cross the Atlantic with no greater motive power than could be supplied by a bucket of water—no coals, no furnaces, no fire of any kind would be required. This seems a romance, but there was something more than imagination in it. Mr. Keely unquestionably managed to set very powerful machinery in motion, at his works Philadelphia, without the employment o of the usual forces, and the experiments watched by many practical men—a others, as we remember, by the manag two or three of the great steamship What was his secret? Some said elect others compressed air. There were man did not hesitate to assert that the whole was "a fraud." For months together n more was heard of it. At last we learn the *New York World* that the invention, ever it may be, is very near completion. respondent, who has recently seen the m at work, confirms our own recollection namely, that the only motive power vis contained in a glass of water. With th Keely can produce a pressure of 20,000 the square inch. We do not profess to e it, nor are we even prepared to avow faith in it. We only know that the force is and that the machinery set in motion by built by some of the best known firms United States. If there is any imposti the experiments, no one has yet been a trace it.—*The Week.*

THE WRITING TELEGRAPH.—Among inventions, the Writing Telegraph is re able for the combination of philosophical ciples and ingenious mechanical devic which its inventor, Mr. E. A. Cowper, c cite a pen thirty miles distant, or more, his hand to write in distinct and legible acters the message which he wishes to co nicate. The sending instrument, at the end of the line wire is provided with a band of paper which uncoils (by mecha as the operator writes his message with tical pencil. To this pencil are jointed tact rods," which, as their name indicates an important part in the reproduction message at the farther end, where a gla moving up or down, backward or forwa exact obedience to the hand of the c sender, records it in ink, also on a rev band of paper. So sensitive is the m ism, that differences of handwriting are diately shown as dffierent persons mani the pencil. In consequence of the cor uncoiling of the paper, new beginners difficult to avoid leaving gaps in their *a* and *m*'s; but this is soon overcome by tice, and the words as they pass from the mysteriously moving pen appear bold, and unbroken. The result is so plete, that the instrument is, so to speak, i ed with a charm which inspires an onl with surprise and admiration.

The importance of this invention m our excuse for thus again referring to these columns.

VARIETIES.

COMPARATIVE LONGEVITY.—Herr Max Waldstein, of the Statistical Department at Vienna, has published a pamphlet giving some curious statistics as to the ages of the inhabitants of Austria and other parts of Europe. He says that the number of people in Europe who are upward of ninety years old is 102,831, of whom 60,303 are women. Of those who are over a hundred years of age there are 241 women and 161 men in Italy, 229 women and 183 men in Austria, and 526 women and 524 men in Hungary. There are in Austria 1,508,359 persons over sixty years of age, comprising 7.5 per cent. of the whole population. It is found that the percentage of old people is much higher among the Germans than among the Slavs. In the German provinces of Upper Austria and Salzburg it is 11.5, while in Galicia it is only 4. In Hungary there are more old men than old women, which is explained by the fact that the excess of women over men is less in Hungary than in other countries. According to Herr Waldstein, there are in Austria 100 women and 86 men who are a hundred years old, 41 women and 37 men who are one hundred and one, and 88 women and 60 men who are upward of one hundred and one years of age.

THEATRES IN JAPAN.—With the Japanese, as with the ancient Greeks, the performance of a play is the matter of a whole day, the theatre opening at about six in the morning and closing at dusk. This is broken by frequent and tedious intervals between the acts, when the audience adjourn to the tea-houses, or take their meals in the theatre. In case of a play being prolonged till after dark, a miserably inefficient light is obtained by a row of candles placed in front of the stage; besides which a candle fixed to a rod is carried about by an attendant, and held in front of the particular actor who is speaking, in order better to illuminate him. Another peculiarity is the presence on the stage of sundry boys dressed in black, with loose black caps, indicating that they are to be supposed invisible. They crouch about behind the actors to remove from the stage any thing that is to be dispensed with, or to place a low seat or support under an actor who has to take up a position for any length of time. Most of the plays enacted are taken from Japanese history, and a visit to the theatre is now the best opportunity of realizing the customs, habits, etiquette, and costumes of ancient times. It is said that the representations may be relied upon as correct. With the profession of an actor, as with other professions in this country, the business has hitherto been hereditary, and instruction has been personally given or handed down in manuscript. The dramatic art of Japan may be said to hold the same comparison with our modern European drama as mediæval decorative painting does with the highly naturalistic picture of to-day. The story is told forcibly; the action of body and of feature is what we should call exaggerated; the impression of sorrow or despair is aided by weird doleful music, and by the sympathetic wailing of the chorus; and sometimes acute feminine grief is pictured by a dance, in which the hands are wrung and the body writhes in painful action, accompanied by sobs and snatches of wild song.—*Builder.*

COLD FEET AND SLEEPLESSNESS.—The association betwixt cold feet and sleeplessness is much closer than is commonly imagined. Persons with cold feet rarely sleep well, especially women. Yet, the number of persons so troubled is very considerable. We now know that, if the blood-supply of the brain be kept up, sleep is impossible. An old theologian, when weary and sleepy with much writing, found that he could keep his brain active by immersing his feet in cold water: the cold drove the blood from the feet to the head. Now, what this old gentleman accomplished by design, is secured for many persons much against their will. Cold feet are the bane of many women. Light boots keep up a bloodless condition of the feet in the day, and in many women there is no subsequent dilatation of the blood-vessels when the boots are taken off. These women come in from a walk, and put their feet to the fire to warm—the most effective plan of cultivating chilblains. At night, they put their feet to the fire, and have a hot bottle in bed. But it is all of no use; their feet still remain cold. How to get their feet warm is the great question of life with them—in cold weather. The effective plan is not very attractive at first sight to many minds. It consists in first driving the blood-vessels into firm contraction, after which secondary dilatation follows. See the snowballer's hands! The first contact with the snow makes the hands terribly cold; for the small arteries are driven thereby into firm contraction, and the nerve-endings of the finger-tips feel the low temperature very keenly. But, as the snowballer perseveres, his hands commence to glow; the blood-vessels have become secondarily dilated, and the rush of warm arterial blood is felt agreeably by the peripheral nerve-endings. This is the plan to adopt with cold feet. They should be dipped in cold water for a brief period; often just to immerse them, and no more, is sufficient; and then they should be rubbed with a pair of hair flesh-gloves, or a rough Turkish towel, till they glow, immediately before getting into bed. After this a hot-water bottle will be successful enough in maintaining the temperature of the feet, though

without this preliminary it is impotent to do so. Disagreeable as the plan at first sight may appear, it is efficient; and those who have once fairly tried it continue it, and find that they have put an end to their bad nights and cold feet. Pills, potions, lozenges, "night-caps," all narcotics, fail to enable the sufferer to woo sleep successfully: get rid of the cold feet, and then sleep will come of itself.—*British Medical Journal.*

WALL-FLOWERS.

Where the wall-flowers grow,
Many come and go;
Rich and poor men pass,
Lover, too, and lass;
Children at their play,
Heads careworn and gray.

Nought of all that go,
Do the wall-flowers know;
Yet their perfumes reach
To the heart of each,—
Win one moment's share
In each passer there.

Droop thy head, and go,
Poet, from the show;
Man thou art, not flower,
Decade liv'st, not hour,
Reason hast, and will,
Sympathy and skill.

Yet what canst thou know
More of all that go?
Could thy verse but reach
To the heart of each,
As the wall-flowers' scent,
What were thy content! F. W. B.

Artistic Rome in the Eighteenth Century.—In the eighteenth century, as in the sixteenth, Rome was sterile of arts and artists, but it was once more the market to which were brought the productions of other provinces. As the town of Italy where men of all nationalities had most met, where every period of history had left the greatest trace, where every one found most to suit his taste—as the huge centre of eclecticism—Rome was at once unable to produce any thing herself and able to absorb all that was produced elsewhere; for great works of art are born of a single locality and a single period, are destined for the whole world and all time. A hundred years ago Rome was a musical centre; it alone had preserved the music of the sixteenth century as a sort of relic, and the living music of the eighteenth was poured into it on all sides. The nobles, ignorant and pedantic, were as infatuated for musicians as they had been forty years before for writers, with the addition that the former were tidier, better-mannered folk than the latter. The princes of the Church, immensely ostentatious, thought fit to collect and keep singers (when obtained cheap) as well as antiques; perhaps they could no longer afford to keep private chapels as a hundred years before, when Milton and Evelyn were at Rome; but they had numbers of musical protégés, whom they flattered with dinners, for whom they intrigued with foreign theatre directors, as the great Alessandro Albani disdained not to do, and by whose means they could get up sacred, though tolerably profane, operas in their palaces, as Metastasio's godfather Ottoboni did at the Cancelleria. The smaller priesthood hunted about everywhere for poor and modest young men of talent, who composed oratorios and masses for their shabby little churches and schools. The middle classes, an easy-going, independent, rather indolent set, with the intelligence, cynicism, and good humor of Pasquino, were so many born critics; the opinion of shopkeepers and shopkeepers' wives, who heard music from morning till night, was important; that of doctors, lawyers, and secular priests paramount. The enormous class of indescribable half-lay, half-ecclesiastical creatures, poor, witty, disreputable, called *abati*, adventurers, scholars, poetasters, filled the pits of the theatres, where they reigned supreme; they, in their rusty black cloaks and horse-hair wigs, bearding the scarlet-robed cardinals and be-ribboned grandees in the boxes. For they were a most intelligent and pugnacious lot; quick at epigram and pasquinade, always ready with smart sayings, sonnets, and unripe apples, wherewith to express their several states of mind. Behind these youngsters were the graver wearers of black—physicians, jurists, chaplains and secretaries, respectable old gentlemen who had published unread treatises on the music of the ancients, on the opera, etc; slow and reserved in judgment, inquisitorial and paternal. These two classes supplied the total abstinence of musical journalism; their disputes at coffee-houses, their disquisitions in drawing-rooms, constituted the æsthetical life of the people.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

YOU'LL NEVER GUESS.

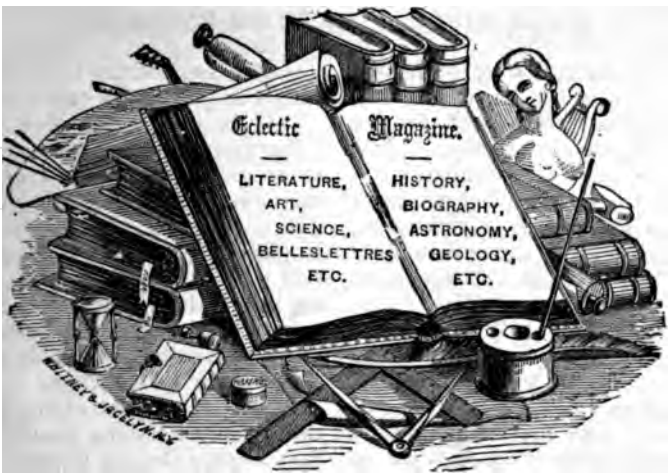
BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

I know two eyes, two soft brown eyes,
Two eyes as sweet and dear
As ever danced with gay surprise,
Or melted with a tear;
In whose fair rays a heart may bask—
Their shadowed rays serene—
But, little maid, you must not ask
Whose gentle eyes I mean.

I know a voice of fairy tone,
Like brooklet in the June,
That sings to please itself alone,
A little old-world tune:
Whose music haunts the listener's ear,
And will not leave it free;
But I shall never tell you, dear,
Whose accents they may be.

I know a golden-hearted maid
For whom I built a shrine,
A leafy nook of murmurous shade,
Deep in this heart of mine;
And in that calm and cool recess
To make her home she came—
But, oh! you'd never, never guess
That little maiden's name.—*Good Words.*

Eclectic



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WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE QUAY.

URMUR runs through the crowd; rious idlers grow alert; all eyes ddenly turned to the south. And far away, over the green head- a small tuft of brown smoke ap- rising into the golden glow of the on, and we know that by-and-by ll see the great steamer with her funnels come sailing round the

The Laird of Denny-mains as- an air of still further importance; ls his frock-coat tight at the waist; usts his black satin necktie; his hite, stiff collar seems more rigid iite than ever. He has heard of nderful stranger; and he knows ow she is drawing near.

rd of her? He has heard of g else since ever he came to us in northern wilds. For the mistress of this household—with all her domineering ways and her fits of majestic temper—has a love for her intimate girl-friends far passing the love of men; especially when the young ladies are obedient, and gentle, and ready to pay to her matronly dignity the compliment of a respectful awe. And this particular friend who is now coming to us: what has not the Laird heard about her during these past few days?—of her high courage, her resolute unselfishness, her splendid cheerfulness? "A singing-bird in the house," that was one of the phrases used, "in wet weather or fine." And then the enthusiastic friend muddled her metaphors somehow, and gave the puzzled Laird to understand that the presence of this young lady in a house was like having sweet-brier about the rooms. No wonder he put on his highest and stiffest collar before he marched grandly down with us to the quay.

"And does she not deserve a long holiday, sir, ?" says the Laird's hostess to him, as together they watch for the steamer coming round the point. "Just fancy! Two months' attendance on that old woman, who was her mother's nurse. Two months in a sick-room, without a soul to break the monotony of it. And the girl living in a strange town all by herself!"

"Ay; and in such a town as Edinburgh," remarks the Laird, with great compassion. His own property lies just outside Glasgow.

"Dear me," says he, "what must a young English leddy have thought of our Scotch way of speech when she heard they poor Edinburgh bodies and their yaumering sing-song? Not that I quarrel with any people for having an accent in their way of speaking; they have that in all parts of England as well as in Scotland — in Yorkshire, and Somersetshire, and what not; and even in London itself there is a way of speech that is quite recognizable to a stranger. But I have often thought that there was less trace of accent about Glesca and the west of Scotland than in any other part; in fact, ah have often been taken for an Englishman maself."

"Indeed!" says this gentle creature standing by him; and her upturned eyes are full of an innocent belief. You would swear she was meditating on summoning instantly her boys from Epsom College that they might acquire a pure accent—or get rid of all accent—on the banks of the Clyde.

"Yes," says the Laird, with a decision almost amounting to enthusiasm, "it is a grand inheritance that we in the south of Scotland are preserving for you English people; and you know little of it. You do not know that we are preserving the English language for you as it was spoken centuries ago, and as you find it in your oldest writings. Scotticisms! Why, if ye were to read the prose of Mandeville or Wyclif, or the poetry of Robert of Brunne or Langdale, ye would find that our Scotticisms were the very pith and marrow of the English language. Ay; it is so."

The innocent eyes express such profound interest that the Laird of Dennymains almost forgets about the coming steamer, so anxious is he to cru with a display of his erudition.

"It is just remarkable," he "that your dictionaries should put as obsolete words that are in co use all over the south of Sco where, as I say, the old Northun English is preserved in its purity that ye should have learned people ing up in Chaucer or Gower for th speech that they might hear amo bits o' weans running about the G gate or the Broomielaw. '*Wha ye?*' you say to one of them; an think you are talking Scotch. N *acht* is only the old English for p sion; isn't '*Wha's acht ye?*' short pithier than '*To whom do you bel*

"Oh, certainly!" says the mee ciple: the recall of the boys from S is obviously decided on.

"And *speir* for *inquire;* and *fe wonderful;* and *tyne* for *lose;* a for *about to die;* and *reek* for *smok menseful* for *becoming;* and *belyv fere*, and *biggan*, and such words call them Scotch? Oh, no, m they are English; ye find them the old English writers; and th the best of English too; a grea better than the Frenchified stuff your southern English has become

Not for worlds would the Lair wounded the patriotic sensiti of this gentle friend of his fro south; but, indeed, she had nothing to complain of in his in to an Englishwoman on the va thorough English.

"I thought," says she, den "that the Scotch had a good French words in it."

The Laird pretends not to he is so deeply interested in the st which is now coming over the s waters of the bay. But, havin nounced that there are a great people on board, he returns to h course.

"Ah'm sure of this, too," sa "that in the matter of pronunciati Lowland Scotch have preserved th English—you can see that *faithe twelmonth*, and *twa*, and such are nearer the original Anglo-Sax

His hearers had been taught to der at the phrase Anglo-Saxon—w

exactly knowing why. But who could withstand the authority of the Laird? Moreover, we see relief drawing near; the steamer's paddles are throbbing in the still afternoon.

"If ye turn to *Piers the Plowman*," continues the indefatigable Dennymains, "ye will find Langdale writing—

'*And a fewe Cruddes and Crayme.*'

Why, it is the familiar phrase of our Scotch children!—Do ye think they would say *curds?* And then, *fewe*. I am not sure, but I imagine we Scotch are only making use of old English when we make certain forms of food plural. We say 'a few broth;' we speak of porridge as 'they.' Perhaps that is a survival, too, eh?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. But please mind the ropes, sir," observes his humble pupil, careful of her master's physical safety. For at this moment the steamer is slowing into the quay; and the men have the ropes ready to fling ashore.

"Not," remarks the Laird, prudently backing away from the edge of the pier, "that I would say any thing of these matters to your young English friend; certainly not. No doubt she prefers the Southern English she has been accustomed to. But, bless me! just to think that she should judge of our Scotch tongue by the way they Edinburgh bodies speak!"

"It is sad, is it not?" remarks his companion—but all her attention is now fixed on the crowd of people swarming to the side of the steamer.

"And, indeed," the Laird explains, to close the subject, "it is only a hobby of mine—only a hobby. Ye may have noticed that I do not use those words in my own speech, though I value them. No, I will not force any Scotch on the young leddy. As ah say, ah have often been taken for an Englishman maself, both at home and abroad."

And now—and now—the great steamer is in at the quay; the gangways are run over; there is a thronging up the paddle-boxes; and eager faces on shore scan equally eager faces on board—each pair of eyes looking for that other pair of eyes to flash a glad recognition. And where is she—the flower of womankind—the possessor of all virtue and grace and courage—the wonder of the world? The Laird shares in our excitement. He, too, scans the crowd eagerly. He submits to be hustled by the porters; he hears nothing of the roaring of the steam; for is she not coming ashore at last? And we know—or guess—that he is looking out for some splendid creature—some Boadicea, with stately tread and imperious mien—some Jephtha's daughter, with proud death in her eyes—some Rosamond of our modern days, with a glory of loveliness on her face and hair. And we know that the master who has been lecturing us for half an hour on our disgraceful neglect of pure English will not shock the sensitive Southern ear by any harsh accent of the North; but will address her in beautiful and courtly strains, in tones such as Edinburgh never knew. Where is the queen of womankind, amid all this commonplace, hurrying, loquacious crowd?

Forthwith the Laird, with a quick amazement in his eyes, sees a small and insignificant person—he only catches a glimpse of a black dress and a white face—suddenly clasped round in the warm embrace of her friend. He stares for a second; and then he exclaims—apparently to himself:

"Dear me! What a shilpit bit thing!"

Pale — slight — delicate — tiny: surely such a master of idiomatic English cannot have forgotten the existence of these words. But this is all he cries to himself, in his surprise and wonder:

"Dear me! What a shilpit bit thing!"

Chapter II.

MARY AVON.

The bright, frank laugh of her face!—the friendly, unhesitating, affectionate look in those soft black eyes! He forgot all about Rosamond and Boadicea when he was presented to this "shilpit" person. And when, instead of the usual ceremony of introduction, she bravely put her hand in his, and said she had often heard of him from their common friend, he did not notice that she was rather plain. He did not even stop to consider in what degree her Southern accent might be improved by residence among the preservers of pure English. He was anxious to know if she was not greatly tired. He hoped the sea had

been smooth as the steamer came past Easdale. And her luggage—should he look after her luggage for her?

But Miss Avon was an expert traveller, and quite competent to look after her own luggage. Even as he spoke, it was being hoisted on to the wagonette.

"You will let me drive?" says she, eyeing critically the two shaggy, farm-looking animals.

"Indeed, I shall do nothing of the kind," says her hostess, promptly.

But there was no disappointment at all on her face as we drove away through the golden evening—by the side of the murmuring shore, past the overhanging fir-wood, up and across the high land commanding a view of the wide western seas. There was instead a look of such intense delight that we knew, however silent the lips might be, that the bird-soul was singing within. Every thing charmed her—the cool, sweet air, the scent of the seaweed, the glow on the mountains out there in the west. And as she chattered her delight to us—like a bird escaped from its prison and glad to get into the sunlight and free air again—the Laird sate mute and listened. He watched the frank, bright, expressive face. He followed and responded to her every mood—with a sort of fond paternal indulgence that almost prompted him to take her hand. When she smiled, he laughed. When she talked seriously, he looked concerned. He was entirely forgetting that she was a "shilpit bit thing;" and he would have admitted that the Southern way of speaking English—although, no doubt, fallen away from the traditions of the Northumbrian dialect—had, after all, a certain music in it that made it pleasant to the ear.

Up the hill, then, with a flourish for the last!—the dust rolling away in clouds behind us—the view over the Atlantic widening as we ascend. And here is Castle Osprey, as we have dubbed the place, with its wide open door, and its walls half-hidden with tree-fuchsias, and its great rose-garden. Had Fair Rosamond herself come to Castle Osprey that evening, she could not have been waited on with greater solicitude than the Laird showed in assisting this "shilpit bit thing" to alight—though, indeed, there was a slight stumble, of which no one took any notice time. He busied himself with h gage quite unnecessarily. He su a cup of tea, though it wanted l teen minutes to dinner-time. sured her that the glass was r which was not the case. And wh was being hurried off to her ow to prepare for dinner—by one wh her household with a rod of ir had the effrontery to tell her to t own time: dinner could wait. Th actually proposed to keep dinner —in Castle Osprey.

That this was love at first sigh could doubt? And perhaps th ble brain of one who was at th ment hurriedly dressing in he room—and whom nature has tuted an indefatigable match-m may have been considering w this rich old bachelor might not after all. And if he were to why should not he marry the lady in whom he seemed to have so sudden and warm an interes for her: Mary Avon was now three-and-twenty; she was not li prove attractive to young men small fortune was scarcely wort sidering; she was almost alone world. Older men had married y women. The Laird had no imm relative to inherit Denny-mains a very substantial fortune. And they not see plenty of each otl board the yacht?

But in her heart of hearts the sc knew better. She knew that t mance-chapter in the Laird's life a bitter chapter it was—had been ed and closed and put away ma many a year ago. She knew h great disappointment of his life ha ed to sour him; how he was re share among friends and comp the large and generous heart th been for a time laid at the feet of how his keen and active interes might have been confined to his ch and his children's children, wa devoted to a hundred things—the ing at Denny-mains, the great case, the patronage of young even the preservation of pure E and what not. And that fo young gentleman—ostensibly his n —whom he had sent to Harrow

Cambridge, who was now living a very easy life in the Middle Temple, and who would no doubt come in for Denny-mains? Well, we knew a little about that young man, too. We knew why the Laird, when he found that both the boy's father and mother were dead, adopted him, and educated him, and got him to call him uncle. He had taken under his care the son of the woman who had jilted him five-and-thirty years ago; the lad had his mother's eyes.

And now we are assembled in the drawing-room—all except the new guest; and the glow of the sunset is shining in at the open windows. The Laird is eagerly proving to us that the change from the cold east winds of Edinburgh to the warm westerly winds of the Highlands must make an immediate change in the young lady's face — and declaring that she ought to go on board the yacht at once—and asserting that the ladies' cabin on board the White Dove is the most beautiful little cabin he ever saw—when—

When, behold! at the open door—meeting the glow of the sunshine—appears a figure—dressed all in black velvet, plain and unadorned but for a broad belt of gold fringe that comes round the neck and crosses the bosom. And above that again is a lot of white muslin stuff, on which the small, shapely, smooth-dressed head seems gently to rest. The plain black velvet dress gives a certain importance and substantiality to the otherwise slight figure; the broad fringe of gold glints and gleams as she moves toward us; but who can even think of these things when he meets the brave glance of Mary Avon's eyes? She was humming as she came down the stair—

"Oh, think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa';
For I'll come and see ye, in spite o' them a',"

—we might have known it was the bird-soul come among us.

Now the manner in which the Laird of Denny-mains set about capturing the affections of this innocent young thing—as he sate opposite her at dinner—would have merited severe reproof in one of less mature age; and might, indeed, have been followed by serious consequences but for the very decided manner in which Miss Avon showed that she could take care of herself. Whoever heard Mary Avon laugh would have been assured. And she did laugh a good deal; for the Laird, determined to amuse her, was relating a series of anecdotes which he called "good ones," and which seemed to have afforded great enjoyment to the people of the south of Scotland during the last century or so. There was in especial a Highland steward of a steamer about whom a vast number of these stories was told; and if the point was at times rather difficult to catch, who could fail to be tickled by the Laird's own and obvious enjoyment? "There was another good one, Miss Avon," he would say; and then the bare memory of the great facetiousness of the anecdote would break out in such half-suppressed guffaws as altogether to stop the current of the narrative. Miss Avon laughed—we could not quite tell whether it was at the Highland steward or the Laird—until the tears ran down her cheeks. Dinner was scarcely thought of. It was a disgraceful exhibition.

"There was another good one about Homesh," said the Laird, vainly endeavoring to suppress his laughter. "He came up on deck one enormously hot day, and looked ashore, and saw some cattle standing knee-deep in a pool of water. Says he—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!—says he—says he—'*A wish a wass a stot!*'—he! he! he!—ho! ho! ho!"

Of course we all laughed heartily, and Mary Avon more than any of us; but if she had gone down on her knees and sworn that she knew what the point of the story was, we should not have believed her. But the Laird was delighted. He went on with his good ones. The mythical Homesh and his idiotic adventures became portentous. The very servants could scarcely carry the dishes straight.

But in the midst of it all the Laird suddenly let his knife and fork drop on his plate, and stared. Then he quickly exclaimed—

"Bless me! lassie!"

We saw in a second what had occasioned his alarm. The girl's face had become ghastly white; and she was almost falling away from her chair when her hostess, who happened to spring to her feet first, caught her, and held her,

and called for water. What could it mean? Mary Avon was not of the sighing and fainting fraternity.

And presently she came to herself—and faintly making apologies, would go from the room. It was her ankle, she murmured—with the face still white with pain. But when she tried to rise, she fell back again: the agony was too great. And so we had to carry her.

About ten minutes thereafter the mistress of the house came back to the Laird, who had been sitting by himself, in great concern.

"That girl! that girl!" she exclaims—and one might almost imagine there are tears in her eyes. "Can you fancy such a thing! She twists her ankle in getting down from the wagonette—brings back the old sprain—perhaps lames herself for life—and, in spite of the pain, sits here laughing and joking, so that she may not spoil our first evening together! Did you ever hear of such a thing! Sitting here laughing, with her ankle swelled so that I had to cut the boot off!"

"Gracious me!" says the Laird; "is it as bad as that?"

"And if she should become permanently lame—why—why—"

But was she going to make an appeal direct to the owner of Denny-mains? If the younger men were not likely to marry a lame little white-faced girl, that was none of his business. The Laird's marrying days had departed five-and-thirty years before.

However, we had to finish our dinner, somehow, in consideration to our elder guest. And then the surgeon came; and bound up the ankle hard and fast; and Miss Avon, with a thousand meek apologies for being so stupid, declared again and again that her foot would be all right in the morning, and that we must get ready to start. And when her friend assured her that this preliminary canter of the yacht might just as well be put off for a few days—until, for example, that young doctor from Edinburgh came who had been invited to go a proper cruise with us—her distress was so great that we had to promise to start next day punctually at ten. So she sent us down again to amuse the Laird.

But hark! what is this we hear, just as Denny-mains is having his whiskey and hot water brought in? It is a gay voice humming on the stairs—

"By the margin of fair Zürich's waters."

"That girl!" cries her hostess angrily, as she jumps to her feet.

But the door opens; and here is Mary Avon, with calm self-possession, making her way to a chair.

"I knew you wouldn't believe me," says she coolly, "if I did not come down. I tell you my foot is as well as may be; and Dot-and-carry-one will get down to the yacht in the morning as easily as any of you. And that last story about Homesh," she says to the Laird, with a smile in the soft black eyes that must have made his heart jump. "Really, sir, you must tell me the ending of that story; it was so stupid of me!"

"Shilpit" she may have been; but the Laird, for one, was beginning to believe that this girl had the courage and nerve of a dozen men.

CHAPTER III.

UNDER WAY.

THE first eager glance out on this brilliant and beautiful morning; and behold! it is all a wonder of blue seas and blue skies that we find before us, with Lismore lying golden-green in the sunlight, and the great mountains of Mull and Morven shining with the pale ethereal colors of the dawn. And what are the rhymes that are ringing through one's brain—the echo perchance of something heard far away among the islands—the islands that await our coming in the west?—

"O land of red heather!
O land of wild weather,
And the cry of the waves, and the laugh of the breeze!
O love, now, together
Through the wind and wild weather
We spread our white sails to encounter the seas!"

Up and out, laggards, now; and hoist this big red and blue and white thing up to the head of the tall pole, that the lads far below may know to send the gig ashore for us! And there, on the ruffled blue waters of the bay, behold! the noble White Dove, with her great mainsail, and mizzen, and jib, all set and glowing in the sun; and the scarlet

caps of the men are like points of fire in this fair blue picture; and the red ensign is fluttering in the light northwesterly breeze. Breakfast is hurried over; and a small person who has a passion for flowers is dashing hither and thither in the garden until she has amassed an armful of our old familiar friends — abundant roses, fuchsias, heart's-ease, various colored columbine, and masses of southernwood to scent our floating saloon; the wagonette is at the door, to take our invalid down to the landing-slip; and the Laird has discarded his dignified costume, and appears in a shooting-coat and a vast gray wide-awake. As for Mary Avon, she is laughing, chatting, singing, here, there, and everywhere—giving us to understand that a sprained ankle is rather a pleasure than otherwise, and a great assistance in walking; until the Laird pounces upon her—as one might pounce on a butterfly—and imprisons her in the wagonette, with many a serious warning about her imprudence. There let her sing to herself as she likes—amid the wild confusion of things forgotten till the last moment and thrust upon us just as we start.

And here is the stalwart and brown-bearded Captain John—John of Skye we call him—himself come ashore in the gig, in all his splendor of blue and brass buttons; and he takes off his peaked cap to the mistress of our household—whom some of her friends call Queen Titania, because of her midge-like size—and he says to her with a smile—

"And will Mrs. —— herself be going with us this time?"

That is Captain John's chief concern: for he has a great regard for this domineering small woman; and shows his respect for her, and his own high notions of courtesy, by invariably addressing her in the third person.

"Oh yes, John!" says she—and she can look pleasant enough when she likes—"and this is a young friend of mine, Miss Avon, whom you have to take great care of on board."

And Captain John takes off his cap again; and is understood to tell the young lady that he will do his best, if she will excuse his not knowing much English. Then, with great care, and with some difficulty, Miss Avon is assisted down from the wagonette, and conducted along the rough little landing-slip, and helped into the stern of the shapely and shining gig. Away with her, boys! The splash of the oars is heard in the still bay; the shore recedes; the white sails seem to rise higher into the blue sky as we near the yacht; here is the black hull with its line of gold—the gangway open—the ropes ready—the white decks brilliant in the sun. We are on board at last.

"And where will Mr. —— himself be for going?" asks John of Skye, as the men are hauling the gig up to the davits.

Mr. —— briefly but seriously explains to the captain that, from some slight experience of the winds on this coast, he has found it of about as much use to order the tides to be changed as to settle upon any definite route. But he suggests the circumnavigation of the adjacent island of Mull as a sort of preliminary canter for a few days, until a certain notable guest shall arrive; and he would prefer going by the south, if the honorable winds will permit. Further, John of Skye is not to be afraid of a bit of sea, on account of either of those ladies; both are excellent sailors. With these somewhat vague instructions, Captain John is left to get the yacht under weigh; and we go below to look after the stowage of our things in the various state-rooms.

And what is this violent altercation going on in the saloon?

"I will not have a word said against my captain," says Mary Avon. "I am in love with him already. His English is perfectly correct."

This impertinent minx talking about correct English in the presence of the Laird of Denny-mains!

"'Mrs. —— herself' is perfectly correct; it is only politeness; it is like saying 'Your Grace' to a Duke."

But who was denying it? Surely not the imperious little woman who was arranging her flowers on the saloon-table; nor yet Denny-mains, who was examining a box of variegated and recondite fishing-tackle?

"It is all very well for fine ladies to laugh at the blunders of servant maids," continues this audacious girl. "'Miss Brown presents her compliments to Miss Smith; and would you be so kind,' and

so on. But don't they often make the same blunder themselves?"

Well, this was a discovery!

"Doesn't Mrs. So-and-so request the honor of the company of Mr. So-and-so or Miss So-and-so for some purpose or other; and then you find at one corner of the card '*R. S. V. P.*'? 'Answer, if you please'!"

A painful silence prevailed. We began to reflect. Whom did she mean to charge with this deadly crime?

But her triumph makes her considerate. She will not harry us with scorn.

"It is becoming far less common now, however," she remarks. "'An answer is requested,' is much more sensible."

"It is English," says the Laird, with decision. "Surely it must be more sensible for an English person to write English. Ah never use a French word maself."

But what is the English that we hear now—called out on deck by the voice of John of Skye?

"Eachan, slack the lee topping-lift! Ay, and the tackle, too. That'll do, boys. Down with your main-tack, now!"

"Why," exclaims our sovereign mistress, who knows something of nautical matters, "we must have started."

Then there is a tumbling up the companion-way; and lo! the land is slowly leaving us; and there is a lapping of the blue water along the side of the boat; and the white sails of the White Dove are filled with this gentle breeze. Deck-stools are arranged; books and field-glasses and what not scattered about; Mary Avon is helped on deck, and ensconced in a snug little camp-chair. The days of our summer idleness have begun.

And as yet these are but familiar scenes that steal slowly by—the long green island of Lismore—*Lios-mor*, the Great Garden; the dark ruins of Duart, sombre as if the shadow of nameless tragedies rested on the crumbling walls; Loch Don, with its sea-bird-haunted shallows; and Loch Speliv leading up to the awful solitudes of Glen More; then, stretching far into the wreathing clouds, the long rampart of precipices, rugged and barren and lonely, that form the eastern wall of Mull.

There is no monotony on this beautiful summer morning; the scene changes every moment, as the light breeze bears us away to the south. For there is the Sheep Island; and Garveloch—which is the rough island; and Eilean-nana-omha—which is the island of the Saints. But what are these to the small transparent cloud resting on the horizon?—smaller than any man's hand. The day is still; and the seas are smooth: cannot we hear the mermaiden singing on the far shores of Colonsay?

"Colonsay!" exclaims the Laird, seizing a field-glass. "Dear me! Is that Colonsay? And they telled me that Tom Galbraith was going there this very year."

The piece of news fails to startle us altogether; though we have heard the Laird speak of Mr. Galbraith before.

"Ay," says he, "the world will know something o' Colonsay when Tom Galbraith gets there."

"Whom did you say?" Miss Avon asks.

"Why, Galbraith!" says he. "Tom Galbraith!"

The Laird stares in amazement. Is it possible she has not heard of Tom Galbraith? And she herself an artist; and coming direct from Edinburgh, where she has been living for two whole months!

"Gracious me!" says the Laird. "Ye do not say ye have never heard of Galbraith — he's an Academeecian! —a Scottish Academeecian!"

"Oh, yes, no doubt," she says, rather bewildered.

"There is no one living has had such an influence on our Scotch school of painters as Galbraith—a man of great abeelity—a man of great and uncommon abeelity—he is one of the most famous landscape painters of our day—"

"I scarcely met any one in Edinburgh," she pleads.

"But in London—in London!" exclaims the astonished Laird. "Do you mean to say you never heard o' Tom Galbraith?"

"I—I think not," she confesses. "I —I don't remember his name in the Academy catalogue—"

"The Royal Academy!" cries the Laird, with scorn. "No, no! Ye need not expect that. The English Academy is afraid of the Scotchmen: their pictures are too strong: you do not put

good honest whiskey beside small beer. I say the English Academy is afraid of the Scotch school—"

But flesh and blood can stand this no longer: we shall not have Mary Avon trampled upon.

"'Look here, Denny-mains: we always thought there was a Scotchman or two in the Royal Academy itself—and quite capable of holding their own there, too. Why, the President of the Academy is a Scotchman! And as for the Academy exhibition, the very walls are smothered with Scotch hills, Scotch spates, Scotch peasants, to say nothing of the thousand herring-smacks of Tarbert.'"

"I tell ye they are afraid of Tom Galbraith; they will not exhibit one of his pictures," says the Laird, stubbornly; and here the discussion is closed; for Master Fred tinkles his bell below, and we have to go down for luncheon.

It was most unfair of the wind to take advantage of our absence, and to sneak off, leaving us in a dead calm. It was all very well, when we came on deck again, to watch the terns darting about in their swallow-like fashion, and swooping down to seize a fish; and the strings of sea-pyots whirring by, with their scarlet beaks and legs; and the sudden shimmer and hissing of a part of the blue plain, where a shoal of mackerel had come to the surface; but where were we, now in the open Atlantic, to pass the night? We relinquished the doubling of the Ross of Mull; we should have been content—more than content, for certain reasons*—to have put into Carsaig; we were beginning even to have ignominious thoughts of Loch Buy. And yet we let the golden evening draw on with comparative resignation; and we watched the color gathering in the west, and the Atlantic taking darker hues, and a ruddy tinge beginning to tell on the seamed ridges of Garveloch and the isle of Saints. When the wind sprung up again—it had backed to due west, and we had to beat against it with a series of long tacks, that took us down within sight of Islay and back to Mull apparently all for nothing—we were deeply engaged in prophesying all manner of things to be achieved by one Angus Sutherland, an old friend of ours, though yet a young man enough.

"Just fancy, sir," says our hostess to the Laird—the Laird, by the way, does not seem so enthusiastic as the rest of us, when he hears that this hero of modern days is about to join our party. "What he has done beats all that I ever heard about Scotch University students; and you know what some of them have done in the face of difficulties. His father is a minister in some small place in Banffshire; perhaps he has 200*l.* a year at the outside. This son of his has not cost him a farthing, for either his maintenance or his education, since he was fourteen; he took bursaries, scholarships, I don't know what, when he was a mere lad; supported himself and travelled all over Europe—but I think it was at Leipsic and at Vienna he studied longest; and the papers he has written—the lectures—and the correspondence with all the great scientific people—when they made him a Fellow, all he said was, 'I wish my mother was alive.'"

This was rather an incoherent and jumbled account of a young man's career.

"A Fellow of what?" says the Laird.

"A Fellow of the Royal Society! They made him a Fellow of the Royal Society last year! And he is only seven-and-twenty! I do believe he was not over one-and-twenty when he took his degree at Edinburgh. And then—and then—there is really nothing that he doesn't know: is there, Mary?"

This sudden appeal causes Mary Avon to flush slightly; but she says demurely, looking down:

"Of course I don't know any thing that he doesn't know."

"Hm!" says the Laird, who does not seem over pleased. "I have observed that young men who are too brilliant at the first, seldom come to much afterward. Has he gained any thing substantial? Has he a good practice? Does he keep his carriage yet?"

"No, no!" says our hostess, with a fine contempt for such things. "He has a higher ambition than that. His

* "A health to you, madam!—and to the Laird, too; and may you live long and prosper! But alas, alas! those rocks. We were always afraid."

practice is almost nothing. He prefers to sacrifice that in the meantime. But his reputation—among the scientific—why—why, it is European !"

"Hm !" says the Laird. "I have sometimes seen that persons who gave themselves up to crudeetion, lost the character of human beings altogether. They become scientific machines. The world is just made up of books for them—and lectures—they would not give a halfpenny to a beggar for fear of poleetical economy—"

"Oh, how can you say such a thing of Angus Sutherland !" says she—though he has said no such thing of Angus Sutherland. "Why, here is this girl who goes to Edinburgh—all by herself—to nurse an old woman in her last illness ; and as Angus Sutherland is in Edinburgh on some business—connected with the University, I believe—I ask him to call on her and see if he can give her any advice. What does he do ? He stops in Edinburgh two months—editing that scientific magazine there instead of in London—and all because he has taken an interest in the old woman, and thinks that Mary should not have the whole responsibility on her shoulders. Is that like a scientific machine ?"

"No," says the Laird, with a certain calm grandeur ; "you do not often find young men doing that for the sake of an old woman." But of course we don't know what he means.

"And I am so glad he is coming to us !" says she, with real delight in her face. "We shall take him away from his microscopes, and his societies, and all that. Oh, and he is such a delightful companion—so simple, and natural, and straightforward ! Don't you think so, Mary ?"

Mary Avon is understood to assent : she does not say much—she is so deeply interested in a couple of porpoises that appear from time to time on the smooth plain of the sea.

"I am sure a long holiday would do him a world of good," says this eager hostess ; "but that is too much to expect. He is always too busy. I think he has got to go over to Italy soon, about some exhibition of surgical instruments, or something of that sort."

We had plenty of further talk about Dr. Sutherland, and of the wonderful future that lay before him, that evening before we finally put into Loch Buy. And there we dined ; and after dinner we found the wan, clear twilight filling the northern heavens, over the black range of mountains, and throwing a silver glare on the smooth sea around us. We could have read on deck at eleven at night—had that been necessary ; but Mary Avon was humming snatches of songs to us, and the Laird was discoursing of the wonderful influence exerted on Scotch landscape-art by Tom Galbraith. Then in the south the yellow moon rose ; and a golden lane of light lay on the sea, from the horizon across to the side of the yacht ; and there was a strange glory on the decks and on the tall, smooth masts. The peace of that night !—the soft air, the silence, the dreamy lapping of the water !

"And whatever lies before Angus Sutherland," says one of us—"whether a baronetcy, or a big fortune, or marriage with an Italian princess—he won't find any thing better than sailing in the White Dove among the western islands."

Chapter IV.

A MESSAGE.

What fierce commotion is this that awakes us in the morning—what pandemonium broken loose of wild storm-sounds—with the stately White Dove, ordinarily the most sedate and gentle of her sex, apparently gone mad, and flinging herself about as if bent on somersaults ? When one clambers up the companion-way, clinging hard, and puts one's head out into the gale, behold ! there is not a trace of land visible anywhere—nothing but whirling clouds of mist and rain ; and mountain-masses of waves that toss the White Dove about as if she were a plaything ; and decks all running wet with the driven spray. John of Skye, clad from head to heel in black oilskins—and at one moment up in the clouds, the next moment descending into the great trough of the sea—hangs on to the rope that is twisted round the tiller ; and laughs a good-morning ; and shakes the salt water from his shaggy eyebrows and beard.

"Hallo ! John—where on earth have we got to ?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"I say WHERE ARE WE?" is shouted, for the roar of the rushing Atlantic is deafening.

"'Deed I not think we are far from Loch Buy," says John of Skye, grimly. "The wind is dead ahead of us—ay, shist dead ahead!"

"What made you come out against a head-wind then?"

"When we cam' out," says John—picking his English, "the wind will be from the norse—ay, a fine light breeze from the norse. And will Mr. —— himself be for going on now?—it is a ferry bad sea for the leddies—a ferry coorse sea."

But it appears that this conversation—bawled aloud—has been overheard. There are voices from below. The skylight of the ladies' cabin is partly open.

"Don't mind us," calls Mary Avon. "Go on by all means!"

The other voice calls:

"Why can't you keep this fool of a boat straight? Ask him when we shall be into the Sound of Iona."

One might as well ask him when we shall be into the Sound of Jericho or Jerusalem. With half a gale of wind right in our teeth, and with the heavy Atlantic swell running, we might labor here all day—and all the night too—without getting round the Ross of Mull. There is nothing for it but to turn and run, that we may have our breakfast in peace. Let her away, then, you brave John of Skye!—slack out the main-sheet, and give her plenty of it, too: then at the same moment Sandy from Islay perceives that a haul at the weather topping-lift will clear the boom from the davits; and now—and now, good Master Fred—our much-esteemed and shifty Friedrich d'or—if you will but lay the cloth on the table, we will help you to steady the dancing phantasmagoria of plates and forks!

"Dear me!" says the Laird, when we are assembled together, "it has been an awful night."

"Oh, I hope you have not been ill!" says his hostess, with a quick concern in the soft, clear eyes.

He does not look as if he had suffered much. He is contentedly chipping an egg; and withal keeping an eye on the things near him, for the White Dove, still plunging a good deal, threatens at times to make of every thing on the table a movable feast.

"Oh no, ma'am, not ill," he says. "But at my time of life, ye see, one is not as light in weight as one used to be; and the way I was flung about in that cabin last night was just extraordinary. When I was trying to put on my boots this morning—I am sure I resembled nothing so much as a pea in a bladder—indeed it was so—I was knocked about like a pea in a bladder."

Of course we expressed great sympathy, and assured him that the White Dove—famed all along this coast for her sober and steady-going behavior—would never act so any more.

"However," said he, thoughtfully, "the wakefulness of the night is often of use to people. Yes, I have come to a decision."

We were somewhat alarmed: was he going to leave us merely because of this bit of tossing?

"I dare say ye know, ma'am," says he, slowly, "that I am one of the Commissioners of the Burgh of Strathgovan. It is a poseetion of grave responsibility. This very question now—about our getting a steam fire-engine—has been weighing on my mind for many a day. Well, I have decided I will no longer oppose it. They may have the steam fire-engine as far as I am concerned."

We felt greatly relieved.

"Yes," continued the Laird, solemnly, "I think I am doing my duty in this matter as a public man should—laying aside his personal prejudice. But the cost of it! Do ye know that we shall want bigger nozzles to all the fire-plugs?"

Matters were looking grave again.

"However," said the Laird cheerfully—for he would not depress us too much, "it may all turn out for the best; and I will telegraph my decision to Strathgovan as soon as ever the storm allows us to reach a port."

The storm, indeed! When we scramble up on deck again we find that it is only a brisk sailing breeze we have; and the White Dove is bowling merrily along, flinging high the white spray from her bows. And then we begin to see that despite those driving mists around us, there is really a fine clear summer day shining far above this twopenny-half-

penny tempest. The whirling mists break here and there; and we catch glimpses of a placid blue sky flecked with lines of motionless cirrhus cloud. The breaks increase; floods of sunshine fall on the gleaming decks; clearer and clearer become the vast precipices of southern Mull; and then when we get well to the lee of Eilean-straid-ean, behold! the blue seas around us once more; and the blue skies overhead; and the red ensign fluttering in the summer breeze. No wonder that Mary Avon sings her delight—as a linnet sings after the rain; and though the song is not meant for us at all, but is really hummed to herself as she clings on to the shrouds and watches the flashing and dipping of the white-winged gulls, we know that it is all about a jolly young waterman. The audacious creature: John of Skye has a wife and four children.

Too quickly indeed does the fair summer day go by—as we pass the old familiar Duart and begin to beat up the Sound of Mull against a fine light sailing breeze. By the time we have reached Ardtornish, the Laird has acquired some vague notion as to how the gaff topsail is set. Opposite the dark-green woods of Funeray he tells us of the extraordinary faculty possessed by Tom Galbraith of representing the texture of foliage. At Salen we have Master Fred's bell summoning us down to lunch; and thereafter on deck coffee, draughts, crochet, and a profoundly interesting description of some of the knotty points in the great Semple heresy case. And here again, as we bear away over almost to the mouth of Loch Sunart, is the open Atlantic—of a breezy gray under the lemon-color and silver of the calm evening sky. What is the use of going on against this contrary wind, and missing, in the darkness of the night, all the wonders of the western islands that the Laird is anxious to see? We resolve to run into Tobermory; and by-and-by we find ourselves under the shadow of the wooded rocks, with the little white town shining along the semicircle of the bay. And very cleverly indeed does John of Skye cut in among the various craft—showing off a little bit, perhaps—until the White Dove is brought up to the wind, and the great anchor-cabl out with a roar.

Now it was by the merest a that we got at Tobermory a te that had been forwarded that ve to meet us on our return voyage. was no need for any one to go a for we were scarcely in port be most praiseworthy gentleman was s as to send us on board a consignn fresh flowers, vegetables, milk, eg so forth—the very things that bec inestimable value to yachting p However, we had two women on l and of course—despite a certain aged ankle—they must needs go ping. And Mary Avon, when v ashore, would buy some tobacco f favorite Captain John; and wer the post-office for that purpose, a having the black stuff measured the yard when some mention was of the White Dove. Then a qu was asked; there was a telegra was handed to Miss Avon, who c it and read it.

"Oh!" said she, looking rathe cerned; and then she regarde friend with some little hesitation.

"It is my uncle," she says wants to see me on very urgent ness. He is—coming—to see m day after to-morrow."

Blank consternation followed th nouncement. This person, even t he was Mary Avon's sole survivin tive, was quite intolerable to us. Wind we had called him in sec the few occasions on which he had ened our doors. And just as w making up our happy family party the Laird, and Mary, and Angus erland—to sail away to the far Hel here was this insufferable crea with his raucous voice, his wash eyes, his cropped yellow-white ha supercilious manner, his bull-dog and general groom or butler-like a ance—thrusting himself on us!

"Well, you know, Mary," say hostess—entirely concealing her d in her anxious politeness—"we almost certainly be home by th after to-morrow, if we get any w all. So you had better telegra your uncle to come on to Castle O and to wait for you if you are not

we cannot be much longer than that. And Angus Sutherland will be there; he will keep him company until we arrive."

So that was done, and we went on board again—one of us meanwhile vowing to himself that ere ever Mr. Frederick Smethurst set sail with us on board the White Dove, a rifle-bullet through her hull would send that gallant vessel to the lobsters.

Now what do you think our Mary Avon set to work to do—all during this beautiful summer evening, as we sat on deck and eyed curiously the other craft in the bay, or watched the firs grow dark against the silver-yellow twilight? We could not at first make out what she was driving at. Her occupation in the world, so far as she had any—beyond being the pleasantest of companions and the faithfulest of friends—was the painting of landscapes in oil, not the construction of Frankenstein monsters. But here she begins by declaring to us that there is one type of character that has never been described by any satirist, or dramatist, or fictionist—a common type, too, though only becoming pronounced in rare instances. It is the moral Tartuffe, she declares—the person who is through and through a hypocrite, not to cloak evil doings, but only that his eager love of approbation may be gratified. Look now how this creature of diseased vanity, of plausible manners, of pretentious humbug, rises out of the smoke like the figure summoned by a wizard's wand! As she gives us little touches here and there of the ways of this professor of *bonhomie*—this bundle of affectations—we begin to prefer the most diabolical villany that any thousand of the really wicked Tartuffes could have committed. He grows and grows. His scraps of learning, as long as those more ignorant than himself are his audience; his mock humility anxious for praise; his parade of generous and sententious sentiment; his pretence—pretence—pretence—all arising from no evil machinations whatever, but from a morbid and restless craving for esteem. Hence, horrible shadow! Let us put out the candles and get to bed.

But next morning, as we find ourselves out on the blue Atlantic again, with Ru-na-Gaul lighthouse left far behind, and the pale line of Coll at the horizon, we begin to see why the skill and patient assiduity of this amateur psychologist should have raised that ghost for us the night before. Her uncle is coming. He is not one of the plausible kind. And if it should be necessary to invite him on board, might we not the more readily tolerate his cynical bluntness and rudeness, after we have been taught to abhor as the hatefulest of mortals the well-meaning hypocrite whose vanity makes his life a bundle of small lies? Very clever indeed, Miss Avon—very clever. But don't you raise any more ghosts; they are unpleasant company—even as an antidote.

And now, John of Skye, if it must be that we are to encounter this pestilent creature at the end of our voyage, clap on all sail now, and take us right royally down through these far islands of the west. Ah! do we not know them of old? Soon as we get round the Cailleach Point we descry the nearest of them amid the loneliness of the wide Atlantic sea. For there is Carnaburg, with her spur of rock; and Fladda, long and rugged, and bare; and Lunga, with her peak; and the Dutchman's Cap—a pale blue in the South. How bravely the White Dove swings on her way—springing like a bird over the western swell! And as we get past Ru-Treshnish, behold! another group of islands—Gometra and the green-shored Ulva, that guard the entrance to Loch Tua; and Colonsay, the haunt of the sea birds; and the rock of Erisgeir—all shining in the sun. And then we hear a strange sound—different from the light rush of the waves—a low, and sullen, and distant booming, such as one faintly hears in a sea-shell. As the White Dove ploughs on her way, we come nearer and nearer to this wonder of the deep—the ribbed and fantastic shores of Staffa; and we see how the great Atlantic rollers, making for the cliffs of Gribun and Burg, are caught by those outer rocks and torn into masses of white foam, and sent roaring and thundering into the blackness of the caves. We pass close by; the air trembles with the shock of that mighty surge; there is a mist of spray rising into the summer air. And then we sail away again; and the day wears on as the white-winged White

Dove bounds over the heavy seas; and Mary Avon—as we draw near the Ross of Mull, all glowing in the golden evening—is singing a song of Ulva.

But there is no time for romance, as the White Dove (drawing eight feet of water) makes in for the shallow harbor outside Bunessan.

"Down foresail!" calls out our John of Skye; and by-and-by her head comes up to the wind, the great mainsail flapping in the breeze. And again, "Down chub, boys!" and there is another rattle and roar amid the silence of this solitary little bay. The herons croak their fright and fly away on heavy wing; the curlews whistle shrilly; the sea-pyots whirr along the lonely shores. And then our good Friederich d'or sounds his silver-toned bell.

The stillness of this summer evening on deck; the glory deepening over the wide Atlantic; the delightful laughter of the Laird over those "good ones" about Homesh; the sympathetic glance of Mary Avon's soft black eyes: did we not value them all the more that we knew we had something far different to look forward to? Even as we idled away the beautiful and lambent night, we had a vague consciousness that our enemy was stealthily drawing near. In a day or two at the most we should find the grim spectre of the East Wind in the rose-garden of Castle Osprey.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.*

BY THOMAS HUGHES.

THE appearance of a new edition of Mr. Bigelow's "Life of Franklin" may be, we trust, the means of calling the attention of the reading public in England to a remarkable book, and of modifying in some respects the popular judgment of a more remarkable man. It has often struck us as strange that Franklin should never, in the last hundred years, have become popular in England—should rather, indeed, have been regarded with distrust, if not with dislike, even up to the present time. There is much in his career, as well as in his personal qualities and character, which appeals to popular instincts, and would have led one to expect a very different appreciation of the great New Englander. He was one of the class of self-made men, so indiscriminately honored by the British public; and a self-made man in the best sense, who had fought his own way to the front, not only without any advantages of birth or education, but with perfectly clean hands: in the moderate fortune he left behind him there was not a dirty shilling. Of the remarkable group of Revolutionary leaders in the great struggle of the colonies, he was the only one in the first rank not gentle born: all the rest were of the gentry—Washington, Madison, and Jefferson, the sons of Virginian planters; Adams, Hamilton, and Jay, of leading New England and New York families—and all of them brought the highest culture the colonies could give to their great work. But Franklin's father (though of good yeoman stock in the old country, which he had left when quite young) worked still with his own hands at his trade of tallow-chandler in Boston, and took Benjamin, the youngest of his ten children, away from school at the age of nine to help him. One would have expected this fact to tell in his favor in England, where, though birth and privilege enjoy a superstitious reverence and immense advantages in the race of life, the deepest popular instincts are after all decidedly democratic. Then, again, he had all the qualities supposed to be most highly valued by Englishmen: he was an excellent son, husband, and father; moral and temperate from his youth up, but without a tinge of asceticism; scrupulously punctual and exact in money matters, but open-handed; full of courtesy, sagacity, and humor. He was probably

* *The Life of Benjamin Franklin, written by Himself.* Now first Edited from Original Manuscripts and from his Printed Correspondence and other writings, by JOHN BIGELOW. 3 vols. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

the most popular, certainly the most prolific author of his day. His paper was the most influential in America, and Poor Richard's sayings were in every one's mouth both there and in England. He published works of mark in natural philosophy, politics, political and social economy, morals and general literature. His discoveries and inventions ranged from the lightning conductor to cures for smoky chimneys—his ingenious speculations, from magnetism and ballooning to cheap cookery; and he gave every invention and speculation freely to the world, having never taken out a patent or claimed protection of any kind. He was a staunch free-trader, and an advocate for the rights of neutrals in war, and of the claim that free ships should make free goods. He was decidedly the most successful man of his day—a quality at least as devoutly worshipped in the nineteenth as in the eighteenth century. His position at Paris in the ten years from 1775 to 1785—first as one of three commissioners, afterward as minister plenipotentiary for the United States—was quite unique; and the figure, full of interest, of the old shopkeeper and journalist, in his plain suit and spectacles—ingeniously adjusted so that the upper half of the glasses served him in society, and the lower half for reading—wearing his own white hair in the midst of all the befrizzed and bepowdered courtiers of the *ancien régime;* a plain, outspoken Republican, not only holding his own, but the most popular man of the day with the royal family, the aristocracy, the ministers (except Chancellor Necker, who had to find him money for subsidies and warlike supplies); an honored member not only of the Academy and every Continental learned society of note, but of the Royal Society of England, with whose leading members he was in friendly correspondence in spite of the war; of whom there were more medals, medallions, busts, and pictures than his biographer can count up, so that his face was the best known of any on both sides of the Atlantic—surely it is strange that so singularly attractive a figure should never have fairly found its place of honor in the country of which he was all but born a citizen, where he spent thirteen of his best years, and with whose foremost statesmen and learned men he was on affectionate intimacy up to the day of his death.

So, however, it has been, and though complete editions of Franklin's works and numerous biographies have been published, not only in America, but in France, Italy, and Germany, within the present century, one slight biographical sketch in *Chambers's Cheap Library*, and one article in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1806, remain the only notices which have issued from the English press of the greatest of American philosophers and diplomatists. To the English reading public, therefore, the stalwart historical figure which, in all its many-sided attractiveness and strength, is so well brought out in these volumes of Mr. Bigelow's, will be almost a stranger, though it is scarcely possible, we should think, that it will continue to be so. The book is not only of deep interest, but is a literary experiment of a novel kind. It consists first of the Autobiography written by Franklin for his son—comprising the first fifty years of his life, and here published for the first time from the original manuscript, of which Mr. Bigelow became possessed during his residence as minister of the United States in France; and secondly, of a history of the remaining thirty-five years, compiled, indeed, and edited by Mr. Bigelow, but really a continuation of the Autobiography, as it consists entirely of extracts from Franklin's diary, correspondence, despatches, and speeches, so that from beginning to end he is telling the story of his own life in his own words. In ordinary cases such an attempt must have ended in failure, but the extraordinary activity of Franklin as a correspondent with private friends, and the conscientious regularity and fulness of his public correspondence, have enabled Mr. Bigelow, with the help of a quite insignificant supplement in the shape of occasional notes, to sustain the interest of the narrative, and to give us a complete picture of Franklin painted by himself, in a book which we have no doubt is destined to remain a classic for all English-speaking people.

We propose here to consider, in such detail as our space will allow, the prejudices, political and religious, which have obscured Franklin's fame in England,

and upon which Mr. Bigelow's volumes throw a flood of light. The first are founded on the belief that Franklin, while resident in England and a civil servant of the Crown, was undermining the allegiance of the colonies and fanning their discontent, and that, above all, he was the one American commissioner who desired to humiliate England and to impose unworthy terms on her at the close of the war; the second on the belief that, while professing Christianity, he was in fact a sceptic, who veiled real hostility under a cloak of toleration and friendliness to all Churches and denominations.

First, then, as to the conduct of Franklin during the final negotiations for peace in 1782–83. In order to judge this fairly it is necessary to bear in mind what had happened in England years before when he was agent for the colonies. He came to England in 1757 as agent for Pennsylvania, with a European reputation as a man of science, and an English reputation as an able administrator who had made the Post-office in America a paying department, and soon obtained the confidence of the leading statesmen and politicians. One of his first acts was strong opposition to the contemplated abandonment of Canada to France at the end of the Seven Years' War. "No one can more sincerely rejoice than I do on the reduction of Canada, and this not merely as a colonist, but as a Briton. I have long been of opinion," he writes in January, 1760, "that the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British Empire lie in America; and though, like other foundations, they are low and little now, they are nevertheless broad and strong enough to support the greatest political structure that human wisdom ever erected. I am therefore by no means for restoring Canada. If we keep it, all the country from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi will in another century be filled with British people. Briton itself will become vastly more populous by the immense increase of its commerce; the Atlantic will be covered with your trading ships; and your naval power, thence continually increasing, will extend your influence round the whole globe, and awe the world." He adds playfully that his corresp (Lord Kames) will think these the ravings of a mad prophet. same earnest desire for the greatn prosperity of the empire, he though with serious misgivings, a commencement of the troubles years later: "Upon the whole, lived so great a part of my life i ain, and have formed so many ships in it, that I love it and sh wish it prosperity, and therefore see that union on which I think alone be secured and establishe to America, the advantages of s union to her are not so apparent; after speaking of the certainty of ica's becoming populous and "in a less time than is generall ceived," and able to shake shackles which might be impos her, and insisting that the seeds erty are universally found there nothing can eradicate them, he "And yet there remains amon people so much respect, veneratio affection for Britain that, if cult prudently, with a kind usage an derness for their privileges, they be easily governed still for ages, w force or any considerable expense. I do not see here a sufficient quant the wisdom that is necessary to pr such a conduct, and I lament the of it."

So in his evidence before the Co tee of the whole House of Commo the Stamp Acts, in 1766, while dec in the plainest terms that the co would never submit to pay the s duty unless compelled by force of he urged that if aids to the Crown needed, and were asked for in thei Assemblies according to old-estab usage, they would be freely granted that the colonies had never murm at having paid more than their fair portion of the costs of the French because they esteemed their sovere approbation of their zeal and fid and the approbation of this House beyond any other kind of compensa If the Imperial Parliament desired right to tax the colonies, it could obtain it by admitting representa from the people to be taxed.

His evidence on this occasion, be causing the repeal of the Stamp

within a month, made him at once the most trusted man on both sides of the Atlantic. In the same spirit he worked on for years while the clouds were gathering more and more darkly, now warning the Assemblies not to use such expressions in their "public pieces as 'the supreme authority of Parliament,' and the like, which in reality mean nothing if our Assemblies with the king have a true legislative authority, and are too strong for compliment, as tending to confirm a claim of subjects in one part of the king's dominions to be sovereigns over their fellow-subjects, when in truth they have no such right;" now urging in them, in favor of maintaining the union, that were the general sentiments of England consulted, the terms asked would be at least equitable, for that, "except where the spirit of Toryism prevails, they wish us well and that we may preserve our liberties."

It was not, in fact, until 1774, on the eve of the outbreak of hostilities, that Franklin's position changed, and his hope of a reconciliation between England and the colonies gave way. No doubt a personal insult did much to weaken his efforts for peace during the last year of his English residence. He had become convinced that the irritation between the two countries was fanned by officers in the provinces, who reported falsely to the Home Government on the condition of affairs and the temper of the colonists; and he was confirmed in his suspicions by copies of letters from the Governor of Massachusetts and others which came to his hands. It is not known how these letters were obtained, as Franklin would never say any thing except that he came by them honorably. He sent them to the Assemblies, in the hope of lessening the breach between the two countries by showing that "the injuries complained of by one of them did not proceed from the other, but from traitors amongst themselves;" and their publication brought on him at once the bitter enmity of a host of powerful men in England. This broke out on the occasion of the presentation of the petition of Massachusetts for the recall of Governor Hutchinson. After long delay it was at last heard before the Privy Council at the Cockpit, Westminster, thirty-five lords being present. When the case for the petitioners had been opened by Dunning, Wedderburn, the Solicitor-General, replied for the Crown. After giving what he called a history of the province for the past ten years, full of abuse of the Assembly and praise of the Governors, he turned upon Franklin and poured out for an hour a flood of (to use Lord Shelburne's words) "scurrilous invective," encouraged by the thirty-five lords, "the indecency of whose behavior exceeded, as is agreed on all hands, that of any committee of election." He accused Franklin of being the cause of all the troubles, and in concluding compared the doctor to Zanga in the play of "Revenge," and quoting the lines,

> "Know then 'twas I;
> I forged the letter, I disposed the picture;
> I hated, I despised, and I destroy,"

ended his diatribe with, "I ask, my lords, whether the revengeful temper attributed by poetic fiction to the bloody African is not surpassed by the coolness and apathy of the wily American!"

In chapter viii., vol. ii., will be found Franklin's account to his Government of these transactions. That he felt and resented very keenly the insult to himself, and from this time took up a very different attitude to the English Government, is no doubt true. He was not the man to overlook personal slights, and no one could bide his time more patiently, or hit back harder when that time came. But, greatly to his credit, he did not even then allow his personal feelings to interfere with his duty as agent to the colonies, and he felt the rejection of the petition more on their account than his own. "What I feel on my own account," he writes, "is half lost in what I feel for the public. When I see that all petitions and complaints of grievances are so odious to Government that even the mere pipe which conveys them becomes obnoxious, I am at a loss to know how peace and union are to be maintained or restored between the different parts of the empire." And, though now thoroughly distrustful of the English Government and Parliament, he still continued to work for reconciliation so loyally as to bring on himself the suspicion of the Colonial Assemblies. He has to assure his constituents of the

falseness of reports that he is still in favor at Court and with the ministers. "I have seen no minister since January, nor had the least communication with them. The generous and noble friends of America in both Houses do indeed favor me with their notice and regard, but they are in disgrace at Court, as well as myself." These generous and noble friends did their best indeed to atone for the insolent folly of the Government. The greatest of them, Lord Chatham, sought out Franklin, before moving in the House of Lords on American affairs, to set his judgment by Franklin's, "as men set their watches by a regulator." "He stayed with me near two hours, his equipage waiting at the door" (in Craven Street); "and being there while people were coming from church, it was much taken notice of and talked of, as at that time was every little circumstance that men thought might possibly affect American affairs. Such a visit from so great a man on so important a business flattered greatly my vanity, and the honor of it gave me the more pleasure as it happened on the very day twelve months that the ministry had taken so much pains to disgrace me before the Privy Council." Lord Stanhope, by Lord Chatham's request, brought Franklin to the bar of the House of Lords when he introduced his plan for the conciliation of the colonies. In moving its rejection, Lord Sandwich declared he "could not believe it the production of an English peer. It appeared to him rather the work of some American; and, turning his face towards me, who was leaning on the bar, said he fancied he had in his eye the person who drew it up, one of the most bitter and mischievous enemies this country had ever known. This drew the eyes of many lords upon me, but, as I had no inducement to take it to myself, I kept my countenance as immovable as if my features had been made of wood." Notwithstanding the efforts of the Duke of Richmond, Lords Shelburne, Camden, and others, Chatham's plan was summarily rejected, leaving Franklin to moralize on the absurdity of such a body claiming sovereignty over three millions of virtuous people in America, when they seemed to have scarce discretion to govern a herd of swine. "Hereditary legislators! t I: there would be more proprie cause less mischief, in having some university of Germany) her professors of mathematics." S the last he never allowed himself lect the least chance of accomm the difficulties between the two tries. After the Boston tea-rio for a moment brought the I Government to its senses, and i them to reopen negotiations, h the most convincing proof of his as a friend of peace by offering absence of instructions) himself t antee the payment of the value tea thrown into Boston harbor Massachusetts Acts were at once ed, thereby risking his whole priva tune; while to the offers of the mi through Lord Howe, of immedia ment of the arrears of his salary, appointments for himself and his f and other subsequent rewards i sideration of his help in this cri reply was, "I shall deem it a honor to be in any shape joine your lordship in so good a work, you hope service from any influ may be supposed to have, dr thought of procuring me any p favors from ministers; my ac them would destroy the very in you propose to make use of: they be considered as so many bribes tray the interests of my country."

We cannot within our limits d than thus indicate in outline the pursued by Franklin in those years ending in March, 1775, wh the eve of war, he returned to A hopeless of any settlement exc arms, and resolved to throw in with his own country, and to dev he possessed of fortune, experienc ity to her service. The more ca the record is scrutinized the mor cult will the situation appear, a more trustworthy and able the m filled it.

After eighteen months at hom ing which he sat in the second C as delegate, assisted in the com of the Declaration of Independen presided over the Pennsylvania tutional Convention, he went as from the States to France, where l up his residence at Passy, then

urb of Paris, and remained till the end of the war. Before starting he converted all his available property into money, and lent the proceeds to the Revolutionary Government, and did his best to open Lord Howe's eyes to the real position of affairs in the colonies. That nobleman had taken the command of the British fleet, with a commission to treat with the insurgents in hopes of bringing about a reconciliation. For effecting this he relied much on his old friendship with Franklin and the remembrance of the efforts they had made together in England for a like object. But Franklin, while giving him full credit for sincerity in his desire for peace and reunion, warns him that no peace except "as between distinct States now at war" will ever be accepted by the colonies. Such a peace might even yet be made if England would punish the governors who had created and fomented the discord, but he knows that Lord Howe has no power to offer, and that England in her abounding pride and deficient wisdom will not consent to such terms. "Her fondness for conquest as a warlike nation, her lust of dominion as an ambitious one, and her thirst for a gainful monopoly as a commercial one (none of them legitimate causes of war), will all join to hide from her eyes every view of her true interests. . . . Long did I endeavor, with unfeigned and unwearied zeal, to preserve from breaking that fine and noble china vase, the British empire; for I knew that, once broken, the separate parts could not even retain their share of the strength or value that existed in the whole, and that a perfect reunion could scarce ever be hoped for. Your lordship may possibly remember the tears of joy that wet my cheek when at your good sister's in London you once gave me hopes that a reconciliation might soon take place. I had the misfortune to find those expectations disappointed, and to be treated as the cause of the mischief I was laboring to prevent. My consolation under that groundless and malevolent treatment was that I retained the friendship of many wise and good men in that country, and among the rest some share in the regard of Lord Howe."

From December, 1776, to July, 1785, Franklin represented the colonies at the French Court, proving himself a diplomatist of the first rank, and rendering his country, in her extreme need, services only second to those of George Washington. Within a few months of his landing he had roused in France an enthusiasm for the American cause which he was able to maintain through good and evil fortunes till the negotiations for peace. Deep as was the financial distress of France, and in spite of the opposition of Controller Necker, "who is not well disposed toward us, and is supposed to embarrass every measure to relieve us by grants of money," he obtained from that Government loans amounting to eighteen millions, besides free gifts from the king of at least twelve millions, "for which no returns but that of gratitude and friendship are expected," and a guarantee for the loan from Holland. He retained the confidence of the French Court and ministers, in spite of the importunity with which he had constantly to press for military and financial help, the efforts of jealous colleagues to undermine him, and of English friends (with whom he still corresponded) to wean him from the French alliance; and it was in great measure through his influence that Spain and Holland were brought into the alliance against England.

The delicacy of the position was such as to make it scarcely possible that accusations of unfaithfulness and insincerity should not be more or less plausibly made against the holder of it. As early as 1778, when the colonies were hardest pressed, emissaries from England were sounding Franklin as to a separate peace, and warning him to take care of his own safety. To one of these, Dr. Hartley, M.P., he replies characteristically: "I thank you for your kind caution, but having nearly finished a long life, I set but little value on what remains of it. Like a draper when one chaffers with him for a remnant, I am ready to say, 'As it is only the fag-end I will not differ with you about it: take it for what you please.' Perhaps the best use such an old fellow can be put to is to make a martyr of him." And again, in 1779, remonstrating with his old friend for thinking him capable of entertaining so base a proposal as the abandonment of the French alliance:

"It is worse than advising us to drop the substance for the shadow. The dog after he found his mistake might possibly have recovered his mutton, but we could never hope to be trusted again by France, or, indeed, by any other nation under heaven. . . . We know the worst you can do to us, if you have your wish, is to confiscate our estates and take our lives, to rob and murder us; and this, you have seen, we are ready to hazard rather than come again under your detested government. You must observe, my dear friend, that I am a little warm. Excuse me. It is over; only let me counsel you not to think of being sent hither on so fruitless an errand." This attitude of entire readiness to treat as an independent nation, but not to treat separately, and in the meantime to leave no stone unturned for strengthening the allies and confounding the enemy of his country, was held by Franklin with perfect consistency until, after the change of ministry and the return of his old friend Lord Shelburne to the Colonial Office in 1782, negotiations became for the first time serious, and a peace possible.

It is in regard to these negotiations that the prejudice arose against Franklin in England which has lasted till this day. He is supposed to have been vindictive and determined on forcing humiliating terms on England; to have shown unworthy suspicion himself of the English negotiators; to have instilled the same feeling into the minds of Messrs. Jay and Adams, his colleagues; and, lastly, to have been the cause of the ultimate refusal of all compensation to the loyalists, after having led the English Government to expect his assistance in this matter, upon which the king and Lord Shelburne laid the greatest stress.

It is only as to the last of these that any ground exists for the prejudice in question, and that of the flimsiest kind. Early in the preliminary negotiations, Mr. Oswald, Lord Shelburne's agent, asked Franklin for a copy of a paper of notes prepared by the doctor, upon which they had been conferring as to the conditions which might possibly be entertained. The copy was given, and contained the suggestion that so much of the Crown lands of Canada should be sold as would raise "a sufficient sum to pay for the houses burnt by the British troops and their Indians, and also to indemnify the royalists for the confiscation of their estates." The copy had scarcely left his hands when Franklin repented this suggestion, and, in reporting the negotiation to his colleague, John Adams, he omitted a copy of these "notes," merely giving their substance, as "on reflection I was not pleased with my having hinted a reparation to Tories for their forfeited estates, and I was a little ashamed of my weakness in allowing the paper to go out of my hands." With the exception of this suggestion, which occurred in an informal conversation, there appears to be no ground for the belief that he ever did or said any thing to mislead the English Government; but from that time he became undoubtedly the sternest of the American commissioners in his refusal to consider the case of the loyalists, amongst whom was his own son.

The charge of unworthy suspicion of the English negotiators stands upon even more slender foundations. So long as the negotiations were in Lord Shelburne's department, and conducted by Franklin's old friend Oswald, nothing could have been more frank than his conduct, if somewhat hard. But in June, 1782, Mr. Grenville appeared at Paris as a commissioner sent by Fox, then Foreign Secretary, who claimed that the whole matter was in his department, and who was in open antagonism with Shelburne in the Cabinet on this and other questions. Under these circumstances greater reserve on Franklin's part was only natural. "We might get on very well with either of them," he writes, "though I should prefer Oswald. . . . Mr. Grenville is clever, and seems to feel reason as readily as Mr. Oswald, though not so ready to own it. Mr. Oswald appears quite plain and sincere; I sometimes doubt Mr. Grenville. Mr. Oswald, an old man, seems now to have no desire but that of being useful in doing good: Mr. Grenville, a young man, naturally desirous of acquiring reputation, seems to aim at that of being an able negotiator. . . . I apprehend difficulties if they are both employed." And as he apprehended, so it happened, and the negotiations made no progress till late in July, when, on Fox's retire-

ment from the Cabinet, Grenville was recalled, leaving behind him in Paris a Parthian shaft, in the shape of a report that Lord Shelburne was even yet opposed to the acknowledgment of independence. Under such circumstances the first duty of a commissioner would be reserve, and it was not overdone by Franklin.

Nor can he be fairly accused of having insisted on harder terms than his colleagues from his wish to humiliate England. When one remembers that he had obtained from Oswald, before any article had been agreed to, the indiscreet admission, "Our enemies have the ball at their feet," the wonder is that harder terms were not insisted on by him. But, in fact, Franklin never changed his ground, while his colleagues undoubtedly did so. It was Jay, not Franklin, who stood out for a preliminary declaration of independence from England—Jay and Adams, not Franklin, who were afterwards prepared to waive such a declaration, and even to negotiate separately, when they found that the French minister, De Vergennes, was not unwilling that England should delay the recognition of independence, and that Aranda the Spaniard was tracing maps of the future boundaries of the United States which his government was prepared to propose. It is true that the other commissioners had little or no communication with Versailles, and (as Mr. Fitzherbert informed Lord Shelburne) "not only distrust but are strongly distrusted by the Court, while Dr. Franklin keeps up (though perhaps in a less degree than formerly) his connection with the French minister, and on that account prevents his colleagues, with whom he has great influence, from persuading the American Congress to abandon their intimate connection with the Court of Versailles and place a due degree of confidence in Great Britain." All which means only that Franklin and Shelburne, both thoroughly upright and able men, were fighting a keen battle, the former to emphasize and perpetuate the alliance between his country and France, the latter to separate France and America, and to cement as close an alliance as possible between the mother-country and the new-born nation, now that reunion had become impossible. That their friendship of a quarter of a century's standing suffered, is true, and much to be regretted; but there is nothing more honorable in either career than the part played by each of them in the negotiations which ended in the treaty of January, 1783. Looking back over the hundred years which have passed since their great work was achieved, both nations may be proud of the men who accomplished it: and we doubt if any Englishman who will take the trouble to study the record will rise from it with any feeling but admiration for the steady sagacity with which Franklin stood by the allies who—to serve their own purposes, no doubt, but still staunchly and loyally—had stood by the colonies in their long and arduous struggle for independence. On the other hand, he may cordially sympathize with Shelburne's estimate of "the dreadful price" which was to be offered to America for peace, and with his efforts to use that price as a means of separating America from France, and so of obtaining "not only peace, but reconciliation, upon the noblest terms and by the noblest means."

The prejudice against Franklin on religious grounds is more intelligible, but quite as unreasonable. He was suspected of being a Freethinker, and was professedly a philosopher and man of science; he was a friend of Tom Paine and other dreadful persons; he had actually published "An Abridgment of the Church Prayer-Book," dedicated "to the serious and discerning," by the use of which he had the audacity to suppose that religion would be furthered, unanimity increased, and a more frequent attendance on the worship of God secured. Any one of these charges was sufficient to ruin a man's religious reputation in respectable England of the last generation, but it is high time that amends were made in these days. Let us glance at the real facts. As a boy, Franklin had the disease which all thoughtful boys have to pass through, and puzzled himself with speculations as to the attributes of God and the existence of evil, which landed him in the conclusion that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world, and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions. These views he published at the mature age of

nineteen, but became disgusted with them almost immediately, and abandoned metaphysics for other more satisfactory studies. Living in the eighteenth century, when happiness was held to be "our being's end and aim," he seems to have now conformed to that popular belief; but as he came also to the conclusion that "the felicity of life" was to be attained through "truth, sincerity, and integrity in dealings between man and man," and acted up to his conclusion, no great objection from a moral or religious standpoint can be taken to this stage of his development. At the age of twenty-one he composed a little liturgy for his own use, which he fell back on when the sermons of the minister of the only Presbyterian church in Philadelphia had driven him from attendance at chapel. He did not, however, long remain unattached, and after his marriage joined the Church of England, in which he remained till the end of his life. What his sentiments were in middle life may be gathered from his advice to his daughter on the eve of his third departure for England: "Go constantly to church, whoever preaches. The act of devotion in the Common Prayer-Book is your principal business there, and if properly attended to will do more toward amending the heart than sermons. . . . I do not mean you should despise sermons, even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth. I am the more particular on this head as you seemed to express some inclination to leave our Church, which I would not have you do." As an old man of eighty, he reminded his colleagues of the National Convention (in moving unsuccessfully that there should be daily prayers before business) how in the beginnings of the contest with Britain "we had daily prayers in this room. . . . Do we imagine we no longer need assistance? I have lived now a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God rules in the affairs of men." Later yet, in answer to President Yates, of Yale College, who had pressed him on the subject, he writes, at the age of eighty-four, "Here is my creed: I believe in one God, the Creator of the universe; that He governs it by His providence; that He ought to be worshipped; that the most acceptable service we render to Him is doing good to His other children; that the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this." These are his "fundamentals," beyond which he believes that Christ's system of morals and religion is the best the world is ever likely to see, though it has been much corrupted. As to the question of Christ's divinity, he will not dogmatize, "having never studied it, and thinking it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble." To another friend he speaks with cheerful courage of death, which "I shall submit to with the less regret as, having seen during a long life a good deal of this world, I feel a growing curiosity to be acquainted with some other; and can cheerfully, with filial confidence, resign my spirit to the conduct of that great and good Parent of mankind who has so graciously protected and prospered me from my birth to the present hour." One more quotation we cannot resist; it is his farewell letter to his old friend David Hartley: "I cannot quit the coasts of Europe without taking leave of my old friend. We were long fellow-laborers in the best of all works, the work of peace. I leave you still in the field, but, having finished my day's task, I am going home to bed. Wish me a good night's rest, as I do you a pleasant evening. Adieu, and believe me ever yours most affectionately,—B. FRANKLIN."

As to his relations with Paine, they should have reassured instead of frightened the orthodox, for he did his best to keep the author of "The Rights of Man" from publishing his speculations. Franklin advises him that he will do himself mischief, and no benefit to others. "He who spits against the wind, spits in his own face." Paine is probably indebted to religion "for the habits of virtue on which you so justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank amongst our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hotten-

tots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother."

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to add a word as to his revision of the Prayer-Book, now that the opinion of the Church—in England, at any rate—has come round to him. It is undoubtedly, even in these days of innovation, a somewhat startling document, and shows a disregard of authority and a pursuit of brevity and clearness which mark it as the production of the native of a young and busy community, with no fear of critics before his eyes and the habit of making straight for his goal.

In our endeavor to remove the prejudices which have in great measure hindered the English public from appreciating and enjoying Franklin's life and writings, we have been unable to do more than indicate the charm which runs through the whole of these volumes, and which should win them a very wide popularity. We allude to the genial, sturdy, humorous common-sense which, even more than his shrewdness, was the secret of his uniform success in the various and difficult tasks of his long career, from the founding of the first public library and the first fire-brigade in America, to the settlement of the terms of the Peace of 1782 with the ablest European diplomatists. We may conclude, however, with a specimen or two of his characteristic sayings, in the hope that they may lead our readers to the book. When his daughter writes to him for lace and feathers, amongst other articles, from Paris, he replies by sending every thing else, but declines to foster "the great pride with which she would wear any thing he sent," showing it as her father's taste, with "If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every cock's tail." "You are young, and have the world before you; *stoop*, as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps." "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture." "A rogue hanged out of a family does it more honor than ten that live in it." "If there be a nation that exports its beef and linen to pay for the importation of claret and porter, while its people live on potatoes, wherein does it differ from the sot, who lets his family starve and sells his clothes to buy drink?" His opposition to the creation of the Order of the Cincinnati in the States at the close of the war, and his suggestion that if "the Cincinnati go on with their project the badges should ascend to their fathers and mothers, instead of descending to their children, in obedience to the Fourth Commandment," is a delightful specimen of his method of preaching simplicity of life to his countrymen, but too long for quotation, as are the well-known papers on the "Whistle," and his "Conversation with the Gout," and "The Wreckers."

The ideal American, as he has been painted for us of late, is a man who has shaken off the yoke of definite creeds, while retaining their moral essence, and finds the highest sanctions needed for the conduct of human life in experience tempered by common sense. Franklin is generally supposed to have reached this ideal by anticipation, and there is a half-truth in the supposition. But whoever will study this great master of practical life in the picture here painted by himself, will acknowledge that it is only superficially true, and that if he never lifts us above the earth or beyond the domain of experience and common-sense, he retained himself a strong hold on the invisible which underlies it, and would have been the first to acknowledge that it was this which enabled him to control the accidents of birth, education, and position, and to earn the eternal gratitude and reverence of the great nation over whose birth he watched so wisely and whose character he did so much to form.—*Contemporary Review.*

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.*

BY M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—In addressing a public before whom I have the honor to appear for the first time, I ought to speak of the emotion I feel, and, at the same time, solicit your indulgence. Such is the usual exordium of lecturers when making their *début*. But the truth is, I am not moved in any way, and do not feel the shadow of a fear. It is your fault if I express this unwonted confidence, and you have only yourselves to thank for it. The fact is that, ever since I landed on the hospitable shores of England, I have met with so much courtesy, kindness, and attention—a cordiality so frank and so obliging—that, in speaking to you, I feel as if I were addressing my friends at home rather than my hosts abroad. Hence I do not think it necessary to solicit an indulgence which I feel sure you have already granted to me.

I am about to speak to you of the Comédie Française and its organization, and particularly the latter point, for it is the organization of that institution which constitutes its power and greatness. It is, in fact, owing to that organization that it is able to-day to lay before your eyes the imposing and marvellous sight it offers to the world.

The Comédie Française took possession of the Gaiety Theatre a few weeks ago, and during this lapse of time a fresh bill has been issued every day, and every night a series of new plays submitted to your judgment. This ever-changing variety will continue to the end of its stay in London. The Comédie Française intends to remain here for forty-five days, and its programme comprises forty-three plays. These forty-three pieces constitute only a small portion of its *répertoire*. Thus, although four or five of the dramatic masterpieces of Corneille are constantly played in Paris, only one, the *Menteur*, a comedy, has been selected for representation here; Racine also is represented by only one tragedy; from Molière three or four comedies have been chosen, while Regnard and Beaumarchais supply but one work each—the *Joueur* and the *Barbier de Séville*. The names of Lesage and Marivaux are altogether absent. Coming lower down, Scribe, who contributed so much to the Comédie Française, is likewise absent; and as to contemporary dramatic authors, we shall see with regret what an amount of dramatic treasure the Comédie Française, has been obliged to leave aside.

The *répertoire courant*—that is to say, the pieces which the company can play at any moment, all the parts being known beforehand, without any other preparation than one of those summary rehearsals known in the language of the French green-room as *raccords*—its *répertoire courant* includes about one hundred plays, out of which the manager can choose as he likes. A single order to the storekeeper, a notice posted up in the green-room, is all that is required: the same night the scenery is ready, all appurtanances in order, and the actors at their posts.

Need I tell you that all the plays are acted with remarkable *ensemble*? You have been able during the past fortnight to ascertain this fact by your own experience; and I find by your papers that it is precisely the perfection of that *ensemble* which has most deeply struck the theatrical critics of the English press. At the Comédie Française the most insignificant parts are filled up, if not by first-class actors, at least by persons who have already studied long and know their business. In plays like *Hernani* and *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, for instance, in which, as you may have seen, there are a certain number of very secondary personages, some of whom have but a few words to utter, while others say nothing at all, these obscure parts, instead of being given up to common supernumeraries engaged for the night, are filled either by young actors who have their trial to go through, or by old actors who have no other talent but their perfect knowledge of the

* An address delivered at the Gaiety Theatre; afterward written down by M. Sarcey and translated by M. Barbier for *The Nineteenth Century*.

boards—in short, by actors who form part of the company, and who are thoroughly acquainted with the traditions and manners of the house.

Such a numerous and homogeneous company in possession of such a vast *répertoire* is a most singular phenomenon, and one well worthy of arousing your astonishment. There are, no doubt, in all the great towns of Europe, and especially in London, theatrical companies in which some great actor may be found, like your Henry Irving, some striking individuality perhaps superior to the most eminent actors of the Comédie Française. But this is an exception, a kind of accidental occurrence. Supposing you brought together for a season two or three great actors, they would no doubt offer very attractive entertainments, but they could not be compared with the Comédie Française, which possesses a *répertoire*, and which, to use the consecrated expression, *joue d'ensemble*.

So very true is this fact, ladies and gentlemen, that eminent Englishmen have often proposed to copy the organization of the Comédie Française, and to establish a similar institution in London, formed on the same model and worked according to the same rules. This idea is no doubt an enticing one: unfortunately it is next to impossible to realize it. If you wish to transplant an old tree, you must, in order to keep it alive, transport along with it the mass of earth in which the roots are embedded: both must be transplanted together and at the same time. In the same way, when it is sought to transport into one country some old institution which has been born and grown, and become great and strong, in some other country, it is necessary to transport along with it the manners and customs from which it derives its life, and all the traditions which create, as it were, a special atmosphere around it, and in the midst of which it can alone be grown. This process is an impracticable one. There is, besides, one element over which we have no command, and that is time.

Certain nations have tried to borrow from you, and to acclimatize in their own country, the parliamentary form of government which it was your glory to be the first to establish in Europe. Nothing was easier than to copy your constitution, to regulate, according to the model furnished by yourselves, the respective rights and duties of the different powers of the State toward one another. But it was not possible to import at the same time the long experience and practice you have had of that constitution, the manners and traditions which form around it a rich soil in which its roots are so firmly and deeply planted—the inviolable respect of the Crown for the rights of Parliament, and the feelings of deference and love for the Crown—the loyalty, in a word—which distinguish the English people. Certain other nations may have assumed all the apparatus, all the outward forms of parliamentary government, but they have lacked the guiding spirit which should animate it, the traditions which support it.

Tradition alone constitutes the power of the Comédie Française. In order, therefore, thoroughly to understand this ancient institution, it is necessary not so much to study the rules by which it is at present governed, as the whole of the customs and traditions from which it has gradually risen. The cause of its glory can be fully understood only by searching its past history and studying it from its very beginnings.

II.

A child, on his birth, brings into the world a certain number of natural dispositions, which, on being developed later by education, will contribute to give the man a character of his own, and tend to form his individuality. Just in the same way there stand, at the origin of all old institutions, one or two initiative facts which gave them a distinctive character, and which regulated their ulterior development. It is necessary to find out and bear these facts in mind, for they are the key to the whole history of an institution.

Two such facts stand at the origin of the Comédie Française. Both contributed to give it a certain shape and to lead it in a certain direction; the influence of both has acted through centuries, and is still felt to-day.

What are these primordial facts?

Any of you who visited the Paris Exhibition last year may have seen, in

the room devoted to the history of the stage, an extremely curious old engraving. It represents a dozen or so actors, wearing their costumes, standing round a table lit up by a candle. He who appears to be the chief is counting out money and dividing it into parts. The engraving is entitled *Après la représentation.*

Such was, in fact, what used to take place. Every night, after the performance, all who belonged to the company, from the manager down to the lowest supernumerary, met together to reckon up the receipts. The total sum was then divided into parts—twelve parts was the number, if I remember right. One actor would receive the whole of a part; another was entitled to half a one; another would get only one fourth; each according to his importance, merit, and labor, until the whole of the twelve parts were distributed. Thus Molière, the head of the company, received one part in his capacity as manager, and a second one in his capacity as author and actor. It was a kind of co-operative society, which appointed its own manager, and in which every member could be a manager in his turn. This mode of sharing the profits, which certain economists of the present day are trying to adapt to trade and commerce, was put in practice in the first instance by humble actors. It has, with one exception, disappeared from all theatres, where now the director is a kind of foreman or master, and the actors so many paid workmen. It has, however, happily been preserved at the Comédie Française, which has always been, and is still, a society in which all the shareholders are equal, though possessing different rights.

This is the first of the two primordial facts I alluded to a few minutes ago. The other will not be so easily understood by you, because it is singularly repugnant to English minds. And yet I must ask you to listen to it and to admit it.

In France, under the old *régime*, nothing could be published without a special authorization of the king. It was a privilege: *cum privilegio regis* are the words which stand on all our old editions. If it were not possible to publish a book without the permission of the king, how much more difficult must it have been to open a theatre and act plays without the said permission! The king granted, according to his good pleasure, the privilege to act a certain play in a certain place.

Now privilege means favor, and he who graciously grants the favor is perfectly entitled to enact in return the conditions he pleases. The king who permitted a company to give performances naturally reserved to himself the right to demand that the performances should suit his taste. He would watch over and direct them, and limit them to a certain ideal which he thought to be the best. He was entitled to do this by virtue of the privilege he had granted, and also by virtue of the favors which he was wont to shower on faithful and obedient companies. He sent for them to court, and, on their leaving, loaded them with rich presents. Sometimes he put them down on his private pension list, and paid them a pension every quarter. To-day this would be called a subvention.

Thought, however, even in France, is now emancipated, and the theatre is free like the printing-press. But the sovereign—or, if you like it better, the Government—still subventions certain theatrical undertakings, and, like everybody who invests money in a concern, has always the right to examine what use is made of the sum granted. Government, therefore, keeps a right to interfere in these undertakings, and it is thus that the Comédie Française, which, at its origin, owed its existence to the king, since it received from him first a privilege and then a pension, is still, owing to the subvention it gets from the State, under the hand of Government.

Here, then, we have two principles before us: the republican principle, since a co-operative society is, according to the formula laid down by one of our most eminent public writers, the government of all by all; and the monarchical principle, since the king in former times and the Government to-day has the right to interfere in the affairs of the society, and to impose his sovereign will on it. One might reasonably imagine that two principles so opposite would either exclude or destroy each other. Well, such is not the case; on the con-

trary, it is by the action and counteraction of these two principles, always struggling against each other and yet always united, that this great institution, the Comédie Française, has been formed. We find them at its origin ; we can follow their influence as the institution developed itself ; to-day they are still contending to get possession of it, and it is that very contest which keeps it alive, for life can only be found where contrary forces struggle and harmonize with one another.

We may discover these same two principles at the origin of all theatres established under the Monarchy. And yet how is it that only one of them, the Comédie Française, has survived ?

It is because that theatre had the good fortune to have Molière for its founder and first master. When Molière came to Paris in 1658, a humble author of unknown farces and an obscure comedian, after having completed one of those provincial tours so amusingly described by Scarron in his *Roman Comique*, there were already two theatres in Paris in a flourishing condition : L'Hôtel de Bourgogne, which was the king's theatre, and Le Théâtre du Marais, where pantomimes were acted. Who would have imagined that the newcomer would so very soon outdo its rivals? The fact is, Molière was not only, next to your Shakespeare, or rather by the side of Shakespeare, the greatest dramatic writer that ever existed ; he was also a clever administrator, an unequalled stage manager, and an honest man, of large mind and warm heart, adored and respected by his little company, which closely gathered round him like a living organism of which he was the soul.

When he died, in 1673, the little company which he had kept united together was on the point of breaking up, and the future Comédie Française appeared doomed. One of the best actors of Molière, La Thorillière, went over to the enemy's camp—that is to say, joined the Hôtel de Bourgogne. Other defections less important followed. So great an ingratitude toward such a glorious name cannot fail to astonish us. The truth is, Molière was not looked upon by his contemporaries as he is by the present generation. He was not yet transformed into a kind of demi-god. Nobody is a great man during his lifetime, or immediately after his death : time alone completes great men, just as time transforms certain works into masterpieces.

Yes, it is undeniable that time has a great deal to do with the formation of *chefs-d'œuvre*. Every generation that passes before a work of genius looks at it from a different point of view, and finds in it new beauties which henceforth remain indelibly attached to it. Time enriches these works with the progress it has made, with the fresh ideas, feelings, and knowledge it has acquired, and it is thus, after the lapse of two long centuries and a half, that we now find concentrated in *Tartuffe* every kind of social, moral, and religious hypocrisy, as we find every species of jealousy in *Othello ;* it is thus that these characters, enriched daily with the new forms of feeling unceasingly experienced by humanity, assume colossal proportions, and that the poets, who created them, are raised in the eyes of the world to heights of prodigious greatness. Homer perhaps is the greatest poet of all only because he is the oldest, and because three thousand years have labored in his behalf, and made his statue a gigantic one.

We may feel indignant at the thought that the woman to whom Molière bequeathed his name could have changed that glorious name for that of an obscure actor. But we must remember that Molière, in the eyes of his contemporaries, was only a writer of comedies ; they did not see in him the great man that centuries have made him for us. His memory was not sufficiently imposing to restrain his old companions from deserting him. There was only one exception, and his humble name deserves to be recorded in history, for it was unquestionably he who saved the Comédie Française, and, next to Molière, was the real founder of that institution. His name was Lagrange. He was not an actor of great talent, neither had he much intelligence, but he had loved Molière seriously and deeply. If his mind was not large enough to understand the greatness of his genius, he at least felt it in his heart, and he repeated unceasingly to his comrades

the words of the humble and the lowly: "Let us love each other in him and through him." The Comédie Française recently gave this honest man a magnificent proof of its gratitude: it published in a rich form the diary in which Lagrange daily entered the most minute events of the life of Molière's *troupe*.

Thanks to him, the company remained united before the public, while the Hôtel de Bourgogne struggled to regain the lead in the theatrical world. The two rival companies fought a hard, and, it must be added, an unsuccessful campaign. The king resolved to blend them into one. Had he joined Molière's *troupe* to that of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, it is probable that the destiny of the Comédie Française would have taken a different direction. It would have been deprived of that fixed and luminous star, of that lighthouse which has always guided its way through the rocks and shoals of revolution—the name of Molière. But it pleased Louis the Fourteenth, who had always protected Molière and made great use of him, to cast the remnants of the company of the Hôtel de Bourgogne into Molière's *troupe*. This fusion took place in 1680. Henceforth there was but one company —the *troupe* of the king. The Comédie Française was definitively established. We, in France, love to call it *La Maison de Molière*, and that glorious name it fully deserves.

Thanks to the fusion, the *répertoires* of Corneille and Racine were added to that of Molière. It is true that Molière, out of respect for the great Corneille, had played some of his tragedies which the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne had rejected. But these tragedies, the work of his old age, were not his best. The great and immortal *chefs-d'œuvre* of the poet were the property of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, as was also the *répertoire* of Racine, who, after having been guilty of a petty meanness toward Molière, had quarrelled with him and given his tragedies to the rival actors.

It was a singular fortune, and this happened only once during the lapse of centuries, that three men of genius, very different in character, although nearly equal in talent, should have lived almost at the same time. These three *men had written* a number of great works, which constituted for the s *répertoire* the like of which for ri and beauty has never been ex This *répertoire* was an inestimable ure and an exhaustless resource *troupe du roi;* for it furnished i first-rate material to depend u times of scarcity; and even now we have bad literary seasons through, we have recourse to t *pertoire* to satisfy the public cu when it is tired and weary of nov

III.

Such is the starting-point of ganization of the Comédie Franç

The Comédie is a society, or, you prefer another expression, a lic, which governs itself. Rome two consuls every year; the C Française elects two chiefs every who are styled *semainiers*. Each ber is a *semainier* in his turn. *semainiers* on duty draw up the b performance, preside over the rehe and distribute the profits; in they are the captains of the vessel engagement of actors and the rec of pieces take place at a general ing of the society.

The king appointed two or fou missioners to preside or to watc the company; these commissi called *les gentilshommes de la ch* had for their duty to enforce the or taste of the king, and to defe interests. And what were their Exactly the same as those whic company now exercises, either b as a body, or by the medium of i *ainiers*. They could make engage accept pieces, impose their proga and interfere with every thing conc the theatre. Such were their and they constantly used them.

But where did the respective li these two rival powers end? As limits, there were none very preci one side, as on the other, there law to go by. If there were writte nobody knew them, or at least p attention to them. Conflicts aros stantly and filled up the whole history of the French stage duri eighteenth century. However, th parties generally managed to com arrangement. How I can hard plain, except by comparing the

with the English way of settling difficulties—that is to say, by relying more on common sense and custom than on the technicalities of the law, and by making mutual concessions in accordance with public opinion. For do you imagine that public opinion has had nothing to do with the affairs of the Comédie Française? No, you cannot think so. The public has been a third power which joined the other two and became the regulator of them. It has played a great part in the history of the Comédie Française, and it has been one of the most active elements in its final organization. It deserves, therefore, a few words of notice.

Under this name of public or audience, we must not imagine the international crowds which, at the present day, congregate within the theatres of Paris and London. The public to-day is unquestionably a public—there is no other term to describe it—but it is a public devoid of homogeneousness, a compound of individuals who do not know one another, who have no ideas in common, who cannot respond to the same feelings. The public of former days was a real public. On one side were the lords who met again at the theatre in the evening after having seen each other at court all day long; on the other side were the well-to-do *bourgeois* of old Paris, who having closed their shops and done with their business for the day—and at that time, when people did not lead the kind of feverish life we lead nowadays, shops were closed early, and business did not strain the mind—repaired to the play to enjoy their favorite pastime.

The stage in France is a national and especially a Parisian pleasure. Molière, Regnard, Beaumarchais, Voltaire, Scribe, and many other less celebrated dramatic authors, were born within sight of the walls of Paris. Everybody in Paris is fond of the play, and is a good judge of it. Even at the present moment, when this passion is not so strong as it used to be, many a young man will go without his dinner in order to treat himself to the play. How many will stand for three or four hours together at the doors of a theatre, in the midst of rain or snow, to see the piece *en vogue!* Every thing that relates to dramatic literature is warmly discussed, and there is not a woman, however imperfectly educated she may otherwise be, who is not capable of giving expression to her opinions on theatrical matters, with a knowledge of the subject sometimes astonishing. Every soil has its own peculiar virtues: in the same way every nation has its own peculiar aptitude:

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra . . .
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.

The passion of the French is the stage. The Parisian *bourgeoisie* was enraptured with it. Yet, at most, thirty or forty thousand persons went usually to the theatre, and out of this number only five or six thousand were regular frequenters. Hence a new piece, after about thirty performances, had exhausted the public interest, and fifteen to twenty performances were considered a fair success. I will not venture to say that all these fanatics of the theatre were acquainted one with the other; but they had received the same education, they knew the *répertoire* so well that they could have prompted an actor in distress, they were imbued with the same feelings, and formed those compact and homogeneous audiences, the members of which understood each other perfectly, and by so doing laid down the law of the stage: for, after all, he who pays has a full right to be the master.

The quarrels which divided the actors among themselves, and the actors from the *gentilshommes de la chambre*, were known to these audiences, not by the papers, for there were none, but by the conversations in the *cafés*, and by those numerous imperceptible voices which escape from behind the scenes. They knew that *Messieurs les Gentilshommes* had, in spite of the unwillingness of the committee, engaged such or such an actress, who pleased one of them. The audience, in consequence, revolted *en masse*, unless, by chance, the favorite of the court people turned out to be a true artist, and, in this case, they took part against the committee and forced them to give way. However intelligent and discerning it was, the public had none the less its moments of error and passion; in such a case the actors and the *gentilshommes* united to resist, and, if they held out long enough, they gained

the day precisely because reason was on their side.

If you glance over the annals of the Comédie Française, you will find that the whole of its history is a long series of quarrels and conflicts between the republic of the actors, the personal government of the *gentilshommes de la chambre*, and that third power, the public, who had no other weapons to fight their battles with but their whistles and hisses.

This public was a jealous and vigilant guardian of tradition. It no doubt accepted the innovations of writers and actors, but it was fond of rules, and reminded the actors of them when they showed signs of departing from them. It was, in fact, the public that made the education of the actors ; it placed under their eyes the models of past times, insisting that they be followed ; so that in the composition and interpretation of pieces there was no sudden rupture of continuity.

It was thus that the Comédie Française passed through the brilliant eighteenth century, adding to the *répertoire* of its immortal founders an immense number of works, some of which are veritable *chefs-d'œuvre*, while others, less important, form what is called, in theatrical parlance, *le répertoire de second ordre*. Before leaving this subject, let us stop for a moment and consider a circumstance which it is essential to point out, because it has contributed in a great measure to the formation of this *répertoire*, whether of the first or second order.

You have perhaps noticed that, among the great pieces laid before you by the Comédie Française, several small pieces have slipped in ; some are simply *vaudevilles* and others mere farces. Perhaps you have not well understood how *La Maison de Molière* could stoop to such small works. It is because, as I have already pointed out to you, and cannot repeat too often, every thing at the Comédie Française is linked with tradition.

As there was formerly but one theatre in Paris which, by virtue of the privilege granted it, alone had the right to give dramatic performances, it was bound to open its doors to pieces of all kinds. In consequence, you will find in the *répertoire* of Molière, by the side of great five-act pieces, *bouffonneries* which in our days would be acted at the Variétés and the Palais-Royal—for instance, the *Médecin malgré lui* and the *Mariage forcé*, not to mention any others. But, as the Comédie Française assumed more importance in the world of letters, it was obliged to put on a graver tone ; it appeared offensive to hear the language of Tabarrin on the same stage where, on the previous night, the dignified alexandrines of Corneille had been heard. An incident of Parisian life in the eighteenth century rendered the contrast still more striking.

Every year in Paris two fairs used to be held on public places, which were deserts then, but which are now covered with houses. The more celebrated of the two was the St. Laurent fair, and the older the St. Germain fair. Mountebanks repaired thither in great numbers, and among them were a few stage managers. These impresarios of the booth came into contact with two privileges : if they desired to make their actors sing, they had the Opéra down on them, for the Opéra alone had the right to charm the ears of the Parisians ; if they contented themselves with mere dialogues, they came across the Comédie Française, which prohibited them, in virtue of its prerogatives, the right of exhibiting speaking characters.

But in France, the classic land of privileges, it must be said that privilege has never been favorably regarded by the public. The people has always taken the side of free competition. Is this feeling one of justice, or is it merely a love of finding fault ? I will not attempt to decide. In any case, the humble managers of the booth theatres found in the public a benevolent ally as witty as it was noisy. The censorship forbade these strolling companies to indulge in dialogues ; so they resorted to mere gestures, while a voice behind the scenes recited the piece as it went on, and the audience applauded enthusiastically. When the moment came for singing a couplet, a great placard was suddenly hoisted in front of the public, on which were written the words and music of the song, and the audience sang the forbidden air, while the actors mimicked the words. The authorities

added prohibition to prohibition, but it was all in vain; a thousand ingenious ways of evading them were always found; so they had to retreat, and to allow new theatres to be established with privileges which permitted them to play pieces of an inferior class.

From that moment the Comédie Française closely confined itself to what are called the serious class of pieces. But, as long as lasted this little war, which amused the eighteenth century so much, and the history of which would take up a whole volume, the Comédie had followed in the track of Molière; it had mixed up farces, comic ballets, and even rhyming burlesques with great works. The tradition was founded; it has been preserved. In addition to certain *bouffonneries* of the classic *répertoire*, the Restoration and the times that followed it up to the present day have taken advantage of this liberty to produce at the House of Molière light pieces like the *Petit Hôtel* of Meilhac and Halévy, which was played before you the other day, and gay little comedies, bordering on farce, like the *Voyage à Dieppe*, in which I have seen *le père* Provost and Got many a time.

Another tradition was created by this quarrel between the Comédie Française and the secondary theatres. It was weak and timid at the beginning, but it has extended considerably of late years, and has become almost a dogma. The time came—(I do not give the precise dates, neither do I enter into details, as it is less a history of the Comédie Française, than an explanation of the customs and prejudices on which it is founded, that I attempt to give here)—the time came when the pieces of a secondary class, which flourished in the booths of the fair, were received officially on the stage of the Italiens, which had just been dispossessed of its Italian *bouffes*, France having gradually forgotten their language, and fashion having deserted them. A number of ingenious, elegant, and witty authors wrote for this new theatre several charming works, which were very successful; among these authors I may especially mention Marivaux and Favart.

The Comédie Française borrowed from this new *répertoire* some of its prettiest works. For instance, *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*, which has been created at the Italiens by the beautiful and celebrated Sylvia, was transplanted to the *Maison de Molière*, to please an actress who was famous at the time, and who thought she would shine in the principal character. The piece, having achieved a success, was placed in the *répertoire*, and is often played at the present time. It, however, betrays in some way its origin. The character of Pasquin requires a deal of burlesque acting which would appear little worthy of the Comédie Française, if we did not know that it first saw the light on the boards where the harlequin of the Italians gave himself up to the coarsest pantaloonery. They have been kept on the austere stage of the Comédie Française, because tradition is every thing there.

During the past fifteen years the Comédie Française has practised more extensively than ever this tradition which Molière has described in the celebrated phrase: "Je reprends mon bien partout où je le trouve." It is thus that *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, *Le Fils Naturel*, *Le Demi-Monde*, *Philiberte*, the *Marquis de Villemer*, and many more, have been added to the *répertoire*. The Comédie Française has become of late a kind of museum, where good pieces, brought out at no matter what theatre, finally receive their consecration, in the same way as the paintings, after having been exhibited during the life of the painter at the Luxembourg Museum, pass after his death into the Louvre to take rank among the *chefs-d'œuvre* if it be thought they deserve that honor.

While the Comédie Française was forming for itself an admirable *répertoire* of plays, it was also gathering a marvellous collection of objects of art, statues, busts, and paintings, which might be called its *trésor*, in the same way as we say the *trésor de Notre-Dame*. Who does not know the *foyer* of the Comédie Française and the gallery which joins it? Who has not admired that superb marble where Molière—an ideal Molière, but no matter—seems to live again, and the pensive face of the aged Corneille, and that *chef-d'œuvre* of *chefs-d'œuvre*, the inestimable jewel of the collection, the bust of Rotrou? Shall I speak of the statue of Voltaire sitting,

which is known to the whole world by the copies that have been made of it; and of the bust of the same Voltaire, which figures by the side of the statue? This Comédie Française, being a lasting institution, has been able, day by day, and seizing good opportunities, to enrich itself with these marvels of art, of which our Louvre might be jealous. The history of each of these works of art is known, as well as the way the Comédie Française got them. For this one the artist received a free admittance for life; that one was bequeathed to the house by a theatrical amateur; while others were offered by a member of the company, or given by the Government. Every half-century increases the splendor of this collection, and enlarges the library and the archives. The *Maison de Molière* is at one and the same time a theatre, a palace, and a museum.

IV.

All this—*répertoire*, company, collection of art, archives, and glorious mementoes—narrowly escaped destruction or dispersion in the great Revolution of 1789. Politics invaded the house, and divided the members into two hostile camps. The one clung to the old *régime* and Royalty; the other boldly espoused the new ideas. A schism was inevitable; it broke out. The Royalists remained faithful to the *salle* where the Comédie Française was then installed, and which is now the Odéon; the others came and established themselves in the Rue Richelieu, at the same spot where the *salle* of the Théâtre Français is now to be found. The dissidents were the more numerous, and, be it said, the most celebrated. At their head was the illustrious Talma, he who was to become the glory of tragedy under the First Empire. The public did not hesitate; they recognized in them the real heirs of Molière. Moreover, by one of those dictatorial measures in vogue at the time, the theatre on the left bank of the Seine was closed, and the actors who had not rallied to the Republic thrown into prison.

On the 9th of Thermidor there was a moment of inexpressible confusion. All the actors that formed the old company, each going his own way, were dispersed over various theatres. But this crisis was a short one, and in May, 1799, they found themselves united together again in the *salle* of the Rue Richelieu. All the institutions of the past had fallen around them; they alone were left standing uninjured. It was still a republic governed by consuls elected for a week, and by their side was the sovereign represented by a commissioner of the Government. He loved the theatre, did the sovereign, who was no other than the First Consul. When he became Emperor, Napoleon the First interested himself in the house most deeply, and took a proud pleasure in providing a royal audience for his actors in ordinary. He felt the necessity of codifying the customs in virtue of which the Comédie Française was administered, and he issued the decree which is so celebrated in France under the name of *Décret de Moscou*. It was indeed from Moscow (1812) that the decree was dated. Napoleon, who had something theatrical and *charlatanesque* about him, did not dislike these contrasts and surprises, with which he thought to dazzle the imagination of posterity. It is useless to enter into the details of this new code; it merely consecrated old usages. The Comédie Française is still regulated by this code, although it has been modified by an ordonnance delivered in 1830, and by decrees issued in 1850 and 1857. But neither ordonnances nor decrees have changed the great features of the house, the only features that interest us in this sketch, and those great features were fixed by Napoleon in accordance with tradition. He only added one point which had its importance as regards the maintenance of the perpetuity of the Comédie Française through the course of ages. It had long been the custom that the actors, on retiring after long service, should receive a pension from their colleagues levied on the profits. But it was necessary to provide for the possibility of the company making no profits. Napoleon, besides the annual subvention he allowed to the Comédie Française, assigned a sum of 200,000 francs as a reserve fund to meet the deficit of bad years and to assure the regular service of the pensions. That measure was not useless, for the House of Molière had hard seasons to pass through.

Of the three elements which have co-

operated in the formation and development of the Comédie Française, we have already seen two at work. And the third? The public—that public of great lords and well-to-do *bourgeois* which I described a few minutes ago—that intelligent public, fond of theatrical affairs and jealous of artistic tradition.

The era of *gentilshommes* had passed, and they were no more spoken of. There were still some after the Revolution, but they no longer formed a separate body; they were mixed up with the great public, and, to use the expression of Charles the Tenth, they only had, like everybody else, their places in the pit. But the *bourgeois* public was found again, almost the same as we saw it a few minutes ago; they formed round the orchestra of the Théâtre Français a kind of aristocracy in the matter of taste. They were called the *habitués* because they went to the theatre every night; and when the actor, entering on the scene, perceived those long rows of bald and shining heads, on which the chandelier shed its rays, he was seized with a slight trembling. I saw the last remnants of this circle in my youth: to-day they have entered into the category of fossils. It was in talking with them that I learned all that I know about contemporaneous theatres, for they were nearly all educated persons, men of taste, who went to the play not to be seen, but to see.

But this public of the Restoration and the Monarchy of July committed a grave mistake. It did not, like its predecessors, hold the balance equal between the respect for tradition and the taste for novelty. It leaned too much towards the side of tradition, and nearly caused the ruin of the Comédie Française. It was natural that the great shock of the Revolution, followed by the magnificent Imperial epopee, should have its influence on literature and the stage—that authors and actors should display to generations, renewed by those prodigious events, new modes of thought and sentiment.

But there is nothing so tenacious as a literary taste. The public of *habitués* had in its childhood admired classic tragedies and comedies in verse, of which the *Misanthrope* and the *Femmes Savantes* are the most perfect models. It would not admit of any thing outside these two consecrated forms being tried. It might be tired and weary of them, but it would not confess the fact, and gaped and yawned in secret. It rejected with horror every innovation as a scandal; and while in the field of literature that clamorous army known as the Romantic school arose, the Comédie Française remained obstinately closed to the new art, or, if the latter succeeded in breaking open the door, it was immediately hissed out again, and the *habitués* returned to sleep over the tragedies of the imitators of Campistron, who himself had imitated Racine.

What was the consequence of all this? The public—I speak of the great public, of that which was composed, as we say in these days, of the *nouvelles couches sociales*—no longer went to the House of Molière. It conceived such a deep hatred of the last copyists of Corneille, Racine, and Molière, that at length it got disgusted with the masters themselves. The Comédie Française had hard times to go through then. Receipts of from three hundred to a thousand francs were not rare at that period: the company rubbed its hands with joy when it had (to use the consecrated term) "passed the four figures," that is to say, when the receipts amounted to more than a thousand francs. I have in my youth often seen classic works played by a company of eminent actors whose equals we do not possess to-day; altogether there were not more than a dozen of us in the pit, where the price of the places was not more than forty-four sous; the empty boxes looked like so many black holes in the wall; the stalls alone were filled; it was there where the *habitués*, most of whom paid nothing, gathered together.

If the Comédie Française had not been subventioned, if it had not been under the hand of the Government, it would have broken up at that epoch; for it did not cover its expenses, and each member of the company would have gained more money by playing in another theatre. But the members were kept together by the honor of belonging to a national institution, to the *Maison de Molière*, and by the certainty of a pension regularly paid at the end of their career.

Rachel alone could draw receipts in

those times. It was the great Rachel. But Rachel cost the theatre more than she ever drew, and she did more harm to art than she rendered it service. She would not become a *sociétaire* or member, because, once a member, she would have been obliged to share her profits with her fellow-members; she remained a *pensionnaire* (the "pensioners" are those who make their first appearance at the Comédie, and are pensioned until they become members of the house), because she could demand what salary she liked. The nights on which she played the receipts amounted to ten thousand francs, the whole of which went into her pocket. The next night the theatre was empty. Rachel, moreover, must be blamed for having imparted a factitious life to tragedy and for encouraging her admirers to struggle against the advent of a new art. She obstinately confined herself to a dozen *rôles*, in which she displayed incomparable power, and left imperishable souvenirs. She did not lend the assistance of her genius to any of the contemporary poets, or, if she did so, it was with regret, and without decisive success.

V.

It was after the Revolution of 1848 that more prosperous, if not more glorious days began to shine on the Comédie Française. The commissioners delegated by the Government to this republic of actors had already for some time been replaced by a general administrator. The names had been changed, but in reality the thing was the same. It was still the hand of the sovereign in the affairs of the Comédie. The rules which limit the action of the two powers are not more defined in the present day than they were two centuries ago. The amount of authority which falls to the general administrator depends on the *prestige* he enjoys. It is something entirely personal. He is the real master if he is capable and willing. I have known M. Arsène Houssaye in that post; he was master, but in such a clever and exquisite manner that nobody perceived it. M. Empis, on the contrary, acted the master in such a disagreeable way that he was removed. M. Thierry, who came next, exercised with all kinds of reticence, circumlocution, and delays, at the same time aj to give way, an influence which a long time preponderant. Fin Perrin, of to-day, has charm overcome all resistance by the c of his views, the brilliancy of his tions, and, above all, by the rer a successful and fortunate n which he had acquired in all hi takings, either at the Opéra o Opéra-Comique. And his go has followed him to the Théâti çais, for never since its founda the house made such large r They vary from 6000 to 7000 Hence the dividends shared ev by the *sociétaires* have become en The *sociétaires*, beside the salar pay to themselves, last year had shares which amounted to mo 40,000 francs. Add to this the mentary expenses they allow the every time they play, or, as "we supervise the getting up of a pi you will see that a member ent the whole of one part gets from to 70,000 francs per annum. Ad the fact that a portion of the pr been deducted beforehand and into two parts, one part to incre general fund, and the other to f every *sociétaire* a little heap of which he receives on the day of tirement. It was thus that B when he took leave of the C Française, received 80,000 fran lump; his retiring pension is, 8000 to 10,000 francs a year.

It is easy to understand that s advantages, apart from the h being able to put on your c words, "*sociétaire de la Comédi çaise*," which gives a position in and which assures a certain co tion of which actors are all th jealous that it was long refused calling—it is easy to understand many advantages possess an irr fascination for all young actors. is not one that does not dream o ing the House of Molière one d does not make it the height of hi tion, and struggles with all his mi main to attain it. The high s elocution would long since hav abandoned for the easier triumph *vaudeville* and the *opérette*, if the of Molière did not appear in the d

offering its golden apples to candidates. No, you will never know how many unfledged Delaunays and Sarah Bernhardts there always are on the streets of Paris, who work ten hours a day at the old *répertoire*, and who dine at restaurants at sixpence a head waiting for glory. They try to raise themselves to the height which the Comédie Française alone maintains in these days of decadence.

The decadence which affects all the theatres in Paris has not yet made itself felt at the Comédie Française, and yet of the three elements which have contributed to its success during centuries, one has already almost disappeared. There is no longer any public. The Parisian is swamped amid the multitudes which the railways daily turn out on the Boulevards, and which invade the *salle* of the Rue Richelieu every night. They prolong beyond measure the success of pieces, and force the actors to play them a hundred times running, thereby spoiling talents which cannot be renewed, and which have not opportunities enough to seek fresh strength in the great school of the classic *répertoire*. Their taste is neither delicate nor attentive. They neither instruct nor support the actor. This state of things, unfortunately, will only go on increasing, and I myself can see no remedy for it. It has not yet done much harm to the Comédie Française, which still presents a majestic aspect, and relies on the two principles which presided over its formation, and which have constituted its power. On one side, that *ensemble* of actors governing themselves and guarding the traditions. Do you know that between Got and Molière there are only seven or eight names of great actors? We have, so to speak, only to stretch out our hand to be able, across several generations, to find the first Mascarille. Got played a long time with Monrose, who had seen Dazincourt. Dazincourt appeared young by the side of Préville, already old. Préville had know Poisson, who is the last link of the chain up to Molière. In this way the tradition has been preserved alive from one great actor to another. One feels how such or such a *rôle* was played in the days of Molière, and when by chance the interpretation is changed by the caprice of an actor, as happened in the case of Arnolphe, whose character was modified by *le père* Provost, that change forms a date, and the new tradition is established, unless the successors of Provost reject it. Here we see the distinctive mark of the Comédie Française, which unites to tradition a wise spirit of innovation, that corrects and harmonizes it to the tastes of the day, but at the same time, out of respect for tradition, it always puts the bridle on this taste for novelty. The history of the Comédie Française is only a perpetual compromise between these two contrary forces.

The administrator represents more especially the spirit of innovation. As he is always a man of influence and education, he brings with him into office personal opinions on art, and seeks to apply them. He therefore gives a stroke to the rudder which turns the ship into a new direction. He is disinterested, as the question of money does not affect him; or rather he has no other interest than glory. He does not, therefore, feel any desire to sacrifice art to big receipts. He is also above those petty rivalries, those mean jealousies, which often divide actors, and from which those of the Comédie Française are not more exempt than others. He puts an end to their quarrels sometimes by imposing his own will, sometimes by compounding dexterously with their passions. *C'est la lutte: donc c'est la vie.*

Such is it still, this majestic *ensemble* of traditions, which is called the Comédie Française. Every thing is there, as in great family houses, rich and solemn. The *employés* of it rest there till old age, and are proud of it. You will find ushers there so ceremonious that they appear as if they dated from the Great Monarch, and had formerly opened the doors to him. The box-openers know all the *habitués*, and salute them with a friendly smile. Costumers and assistants transmit their charges from father to son. The very forms which are used to reply to all who have anything to do with the Comédie smack of old times, and in every thing the Comédie says or does there is a politeness and generosity which is like a permanent homage to the memory of Molière.

I think you will forgive a Frenchman for this panegyric. You have enough of

other superiorities to admit with a good grace the glory of an institution which is wanting in your country. The people which is to-day at the head of the movement of contemporaneous philosophy, which has revolutionized the world of thought and science with the writings of such men as Darwin, Herbert Spence Sir John Lubbock, and Evans, has no ing to envy in anybody. It is gr enough to render justice to the merits its rivals, and I thank you for havi done so with so much courtesy an warmth of heart.—*Nineteenth Century*.

MECHANICAL CHESS-PLAYERS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

IT is a singular and not altogether pleasing circumstance, that whereas the advent of De Kempelen's so-called automaton chess-player was hailed in almost every European capital with unbounded plaudits, the far more ingenious and, to speak the truth, the far more honest mechanical chess-player which has been recently exhibited at the Aquarium, and is now playing excellent chess at No. 9 Strand, has received far less attention than it deserves. It would seem, indeed, from the praises accorded to Mephisto, as well as the criticisms passed upon his supposed deficiencies, that the true character of this mechanical chess-player has not been rightly apprehended by most of those who have expressed their opinions respecting his performances. It is especially to be noted that in two important respects Mephisto has the advantage of De Kempelen's chess-player. In the first place, Mephisto really is what the gentleman who has "raised" him (the expression may be understood at the reader's pleasure) asserts him to be, De Kempelen's chess-player most assuredly was not; and secondly, there was a concealed player in the supposed automatic structure (including figure, seat, table, and chest) which De Kempelen exhibited, whereas it is certain that there is no such player in either the figure, the seat, the table, or the chess-board (there is no chest) constituting the *tout-ensemble* of the display in the case of M. Gümpel's Mephisto. Add to this that in a mechanical sense the movements of Mephisto are simply perfect, while his play is of a very high class indeed, and it will be judged that he fairly deserves something like the enthusiastic recognition which was undeservedly accorded to De Kempelen's so-called automaton.

The history of De Kempelen's figure is so curious, and illustrates so well the points to which I now chiefly desire to draw attention, that it will be well to give a brief sketch of it in this place, the more so that, as I believe, few of the present generation have read the accounts which, half a century or so ago, were given in several publications respecting that clever deception.

In the year 1769 De Kempelen, a Hungarian gentleman then well known for his skill and ingenuity in mechanical matters, was invited by the Empress Maria Theresa to witness some magnetic experiments exhibited at the imperial court by M. Pelletier, a Frenchman. During the exhibition he casually mentioned that he thought he could exhibit far greater wonders than Pelletier had displayed. The Empress, a rather clever woman than most of her class, obtained a promise from De Kempelen that he would give an early proof that his boast was not an idle one. He kept his word with her, appearing at Vienna in the next year with his automaton chess-player. De Windisch, one of those who saw the figure as thus first exhibited — for afterward it was in some noteworthy respects altered — gives the following account of it:*

"I saw the inventor draw from a recess his automaton, fixed to a good-sized chest, and I could not, any more than others, help suspecting that this chest might contain a child, which, as I guessed from the dimensions of the case, might be ten or twelve years of age. But we were all confounded on seeing

* I have considerably abridged his very wordy account, which in full would occupy seven or eight pages of this magazine, and yet convey no more real information than the above abridgment.

empelen turn up the garments of
ıtomaton, pull forth the drawer,
›pen all the doors of the chest.
ıg it about, thus opened, by means
: castors on which it is placed, he
l it in all directions, and permitted
ely to examine it all over."

re follows a long account of his
ınd the spectators' bewilderment,
might all, save one episode, be
led in the simple statement that
were thoroughly mystified. The
tion is the case of one old lady,
"crossed herself with a devout
' and then "hid herself in a distant
›w, that she might no longer re-
in a proximity so dangerous as
existing between herself and the
n she now fully believed must oc-
the automaton."

e chest to which the figure was
d is 3½ feet long, 2 feet wide, and
:t high; and was, by means of cas-
moved easily from place to place.
d it was a figure the size of life,
:d in Turkish costume, seated upon
den chair, fastened to the body of
ıtomaton.

: figure "leans its right arm on the
holding a long Turkish pipe in
ft hand in the attitude of a person
eases to smoke. It plays with its
ınd"—an oversight not discovered
: work was too far advanced for a
e to be made. "When the Turk is
to play, M. De Kempelen takes
ipe from its hand. Before the
aton is a chess-board, screwed to
ble, or upper surface of the chest,
ich the eyes of the figure appear
constantly fixed. M. De Kem-
opens the first door of the chest,
ılls out the drawer which is under-

The chest is partitioned off into
ıual parts, of which the left is nar-
than the right. The left side, in-
occupies scarcely one half of the
of the chest, and is filled with
s, levers, cylinders, and other
of clock-work. In the division to
ght are seen some wheels, some
; barrels, and a couple of horizon-
adrants. The remainder is filled
a carpet, a cushion, and a small
, on which are traced certain let-
n gold. At a subsequent point of
and prior to the automaton's com-
ng play, the inventor takes out
this casket, and places it on a side table. He does the same by the board of letters, which is finally placed on the chess-board after the game is played, to enable the automaton by these means to answer questions to be put to him." In the drawer of the chest are chess-men, and also a small box containing six small chess-boards presenting an ending of a game. These positions could be set up on the figure's own board, and he undertook (or M. De Kempelen undertook for him) to win each and every such game by force, whether playing with the red or white—a poor device, seeing that hundreds of such positions have been devised which an average player could retain in his memory, winning mechanically whether he took one side or the other.

Now follows an important part of Windisch's description—important, at least, as showing how thoroughly he and others were deceived by De Kempelen's ingenious devices. "M. De Kempelen," he says, "not only opens the front door of the chest, but also those behind; by which means all the wheels are clearly seen, so as to give the most perfect conviction that no living being could be hidden therein. To render this *exposé* more complete" (as Windisch supposed, but in reality for a quite different purpose) the constructor places a lighted paper in the interior of the chest, thus throwing light into its remotest corners. Finally he lifts the robe of the automaton, and throws it over his (the figure's) head, in such a manner as completely to show the structure of the interior, where also are seen only wheels and levers, which so entirely occupy the body of the automaton that room is not left to hide even a cat. The very trousers of the Turk are furnished with a small door, likewise flung open, to remove the slightest shadow of a doubt. But do not imagine, good reader, that the inventor shuts one door as he opens another. *The entire automaton is seen at the same time uncovered, the garments being also turned up, and the draw opened as well as all the drawers of the chest.* In fact, it is in this state he rolls it from place to place around the room, courting the inspection of the curious."

All this, in reality, was done to throw dust in the eyes of the "curious;" for,

as will presently be explained, the interior was not all shown at once, as it seemed to be. To proceed, however, with Windisch's description: M. De Kempelen then "shuts all the doors of the chest, and places it behind a balustrade, made to prevent spectators from shaking the machine, and also to keep clear for the inventor a rather spacious place, in which he occasionally walks, approaching the chest at times on the right or left side, but without touching it until it is time to wind up the springs." . . . M. De Kempelen places the casket on a little table near the machine; and the inventor "has frequent recourse to the casket" during the play, looking at the inside, which is kept hidden from the spectators. "It is generally assumed," says Windisch with charming *naïveté*, "that the casket is simply a device to attract attention; still, M. De Kempelen assures his visitors that without it the automaton could not play."

The automaton when about to move "slowly raises his arm and directs it toward the piece he intends to play. He suspends his hand over the piece, spreads his fingers to grasp it, places it in its destined situation, draws back his arm and again rests it on the cushion." . . . At each move he makes, a slow sound of wheels and clock-work is heard. The noise ceases when the move is made. The automaton always claims the first move. When his adversary plays, the figure lifts his head and overlooks the board. He courteously warns the queen of being attacked by bowing his head twice; and equally notifies such to the king by three bows. Should a false move be played, he indignantly shakes his head; but not confining himself to tacit disapprobation, he instantly confiscates the offending piece, following up the capture by playing himself—thus depriving his opponent not only of his piece, but of his move also. This *divertissement* happens not unfrequently; spectators wishing to test the figure's powers of discrimination. Of course the figure here departed from the laws of chess, which inflict no severer punishment on a false move than that the opponent may either let the move stand, insist on the piece falsely moved making a correct move, or else that the player who has moved a piece falsely, shall replace it and move his king.

"To destroy the impression that magnetism is the principle of action, M. De Kempelen permits the most powerful magnet to be placed on the machine."

The figure played good chess. The account shows clearly that it was not in communication with either of the adjoining rooms, the ceiling, or the floor; all parts of the interior of the machine seemed to have been so thoroughly shown, at one and the same moment, to the spectators, that no human figure could possibly have been concealed therein. Thus the opinion was adopted by not a few that the figure really was what it purported to be, a true automaton, that is, "a machine made by human hands, performing all its movements by the action of various springs, wheels, and other mechanical forms of power, and by these only." In other words, it was assumed by those who adopted this opinion, that De Kempelen had so arranged matters that for every possible position which the chessmen might assume upon the board, the internal machinery would so act as to cause the figure to make—I will not say the best possible move for that position, seeing that in that case it could never have been beaten—but a good move. In my paper on "Automatic Chess and Card Playing" ("Science Byways") I have shown that, while it is theoretically possible to construct such an automaton it is practically impossible to do so—and would be, even if the whole human race could for thousands of years devote their energies to that one purpose. The same point has been put very clearly in a somewhat different manner by the constructor of Mephisto—who (M. Gümpel, not Mephisto) describes the figure, be it remembered, not as an automaton, but simply as a mechanical chess-player. "The chessmen," he says, "though thirty-two in number, may for simplicity's sake be reduced to twelve (viz., King, Queen, Rook, Knight, Bishop, and one pawn of each color, leaving the other pawns out of the question). While one of these twelve pieces stands on No. 1 square, either one of the other eleven may stand on No. 2 square, so that we can make 11

changes on No. 2 square, for each piece placed on No. 1; or for easier calculation let it be ten changes; hence on the two squares we can ring 10 × 10 or 100 changes. We have on the chessboard 64 squares; since, however, the kings can never stand on adjacent squares, and as a king cannot be in check by more than one piece at a time, etc., etc." (these etc.'s refer to the limitations on the possible positions of pawns), "we shall have to reduce the number of squares to, be it, one half, 32." (This is a very generous reduction, be it noticed, the limitations being in reality few compared with the total number of positions possible.) "To obtain the number of combinations which can be formed by the chessmen on these 32 squares, we have to multiply the number 10 by itself 31 times, and the result would be given by writing 32 noughts after 1 (100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000). Similar combinations may happen at different times in different parts of the board; still, provision must be made for the arm to make the required moves on either part; the same combination of pieces on the board, shifted only one square, requires in the special mechanism a special arrangement for such altered position; so that the above number of possible combinations for which the mechanism must be constructed is certainly not too high. The assumption that the number of openings is limited, and that the machinery can be set for the best moves, is very easily upset by a tyro putting his Queen *en prise*, to say nothing of a false move; and unless an automaton could take advantage of the first and correct the latter, the game would soon arrive at a chaotic state."

When these results, which, be it remembered, fall short of the truth, are taken into account, we can readily calculate the time and labor required for constructing such an automaton. The mechanism, as M. Gümpel says, "may be compared with a jacquard loom, in the cards of which (in this instance of metal) one hole is to be marked and drilled, for each possible position for the men on the board. Let a workman mark and drill 1200 holes per hour—12,000 per day of 10 hours; let him work 300 days in the year, and 50 years of his life, drilling 180, or in round numbers 200 millions of holes during this period, then we should have to write 23 noughts after 5 (500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000) to obtain the number of workmen whose lives' labor would be absorbed in marking and drilling the number of holes required to meet the above combinations." Or we may put the matter in this way. At any given moment there are not above 1500 millions of human beings in the world, say 250 millions of persons capable of carrying on the work of drilling holes in the manner required. Then adopting M. Gümpel's numbers, which are very moderate, it will be found that all such persons living on the globe at any one time would have to be at work during 100,000,000,000,000,000 years to drill the necessary number of holes in the metal plates. But as the plates would have in the first instance to be made, and as they would have to be all properly adjusted and placed in connection with the automaton figure and his chessboard—they would, by the way, at a very moderate computation, require a space about a million times larger than the whole of the space within the glass walls of the Crystal Palace—it will, I think, become tolerably clear that no truly automaton chess-player will ever be constructed. It will at least be admitted, I conceive, that De Kempelen, during the year which elapsed between his promise to Maria Theresa and the exhibition of his so-called automaton, had not accomplished precisely all that was requisite to make a true automaton player.

Under all the circumstances, and especially when we remember that he did not contradict statements implying that his chess-player was truly automatic, we may as well give De Kempelen all the credit which he deserves for refusing the offer of large sums of money from persons who wished to purchase the automaton for speculative purposes. "For a long time," says Mr. Walker, "his nice sense of honor" (about which there may be some slight question, perhaps) "prevented him from stooping to coin cash from metal so intrinsically base as he felt the ore in question really to be." Which is very much as though one should say that a man was too honorable to accept a post of trust for which he felt

himself utterly unworthy because intrinsically dishonest. However, be this as it may, De Kempelen took his automaton to pieces, stowed it away, and gave out (untruly, but that is a detail) that it had been hopelessly damaged by repeated removals.

Time passed, and the automaton was almost forgotten, when the Grand Duke Paul of Russia paid a visit with his wife to the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria. After the first round of entertainments had passed, and when something still seemed necessary to the amusement of his guest, Joseph bethought himself of De Kempelen's automaton. He sent to the mechanician, asking him to put the figure into working order. In five weeks' time the obsequious De Kempelen, always ready to oblige great folks, had furbished up his automaton. "As before, its success was complete; the Grand Duke and his spouse, as well as the Emperor Joseph, were equally delighted and astonished at its feats." De Kempelen was handsomely rewarded, and being urged to reconsider his determination not to make money out of his cleverly deceptive figure, he condescended to put aside what our biographer calls his false delicacy, and prepared to lie abroad for the good of his pocket.

In 1783 De Kempelen went to Paris, where, however, the automaton was most wofully beaten by the French chess-players at the Café de la Régence. "It is worthy of mention," says Walker, "that De Kempelen himself was very inferior to his automaton as a chess-man" (meaning presumably as a chess-player), "since in playing in the ordinary manner a first-rate practitioner could give him the rook; but there was much less difference between the best flesh-and-blood players and their wooden opponent."

De Kempelen, well satisfied with the success of his speculation in Paris, proceeded next across the straits with his automaton. At that time, Philidor, the renowned French player, had been for some time resident in London. He does not appear to have played himself with the automaton. But he had formed a school of chess here "of greater extent," Mr. Walker states, "than was ever seen before or after. To this cause may be attributed," Mr. Walker proceeds, "the high fee of admission to a sight c automaton, fixed by M. De Ken at five shillings! Hundreds and sands of persons flocked to the sl An improvement had been made, way, in the mechanical part of the which now actually pronounced th *check* or *échec*, or something like other sound, according perhaps fancy of the auditor.

A Mr. Thicknesse, however nounced the affair. He seems t had rather a fancy for such de ations. "Forty years since," he in 1785, "I found three hundre ple assembled to see, at a shilling a coach go without horses, mov a man within side of a wheel, te in diameter, just as the crane raises goods from ships on a Mr. Quin, the Duke of Athol, and persons present, were angry with saying it was trod round by a man in the hoop or hinder wheel, but a paper of snuff put into the whee convinced all round that it cou only move, but sneeze too, like a tian." M. De Kempelen would pr have objected to the introduction ounce or two of snuff into the mac of his automaton, though, as we see presently, a device somewha Thicknesse's was afterward applie cessfully to the chess-player. Mr. nesse showed that a man might b cealed within the chest or the figure saw," he says, "the ermine trimmi the Turk's outer garment move o twice, when the figure should hav quite motionless, and that a confe is concealed is past all doubt; fc only exhibit the automaton from two o'clock, because the invisible could not bear a longer confineme if he could, it cannot be suppose they would refuse to receive crow admittance from 12 o'clock to 4 i of from 1 to 2." Mephisto, by th is prepared to meet all comers f to 10. I have been present fc whole interval, and during the time he was not for five minutes to without an antagonist. If I rem rightly, he played on that oc thirty-two games, winning all sa (which I won myself, but only th an oversight on Mephisto's part, was but one out of eight I playe

day) and drawing two others. On the same day he played with one of our strongest amateurs a most interesting game—since, I believe, published—in which one of the most beautiful combinations I have ever seen (in quick play) was rapidly wrought out." *

Mr. Thicknesse was doubtless near the truth; but as he used denunciation rather than argument, he received very little attention.

Now occurred a singular episode in the career of the automaton. Hitherto the secret of the figure had lain between De Kempelen and those whom he employed to work the mechanism. But De Kempelen was at this time persuaded to reveal the secrets of the prison-house to about the last man in all Europe whom, had he been wise, he should have selected for a confidant—Frederick (called the Great) of Prussia. Frederick was a lover of chess, but, like Napoleon (who also subsequently met and was beaten by the automaton), he was by no means a strong player. Defeated by the figure, he became the more eager to know how the deception was managed. For a large sum De Kempelen agreed to solve the riddle. Frederick was thoroughly mortified by the disclosure. He did not reveal the secret; but he did worse: he showed and expressed such utter contempt, that the automaton no longer attracted attention. It was thrown aside into an obscure lumber-room, where it remained till a new generation was ready to be duped afresh by it.

Cast aside because of the contempt of one fighting prince, the automaton was recalled to notice by another. When Napoleon came to Berlin, the figure was furbished up again for his entertainment. He played against it in person. "The contest," says Walker, "was marked by an interesting circumstance. Half a dozen moves had barely been played, when Bonaparte, purposely to test the powers of the machine, committed a false move; the automaton bowed, replaced the offending piece, and motioned to Napoleon that he should move correctly. Highly amused, after a few minutes the French chief again played an illegal move. This time the automaton without hesitation snatched off the piece which had moved falsely, confiscated it, and made his own move. Bonaparte laughed; and for the third time, as if to put the patience of his antagonist to a severe trial, played a false move. The automaton raised his arm, swept the whole of the pieces off the board, and declined continuing the game."

When Eugène Beauharnais was King of Bavaria, the automaton, then in the possession of M. Maelzel, was exhibited successfully before him. Eugène offered 1200*l.* for the figure and its key. The offer was accepted; the courtiers were sent from the room; "the door was locked by Eugène, and every precaution taken to insure his acquiring the sole knowledge of the enigma. The prince is alone with the demonstrator; the latter, unhesitatingly and in silence, flings open simultaneously all the doors of the chest, and Prince Eugène saw—what he saw! Blue Beard's wife at the door of the azure chamber, looked not more blue than did Bavaria's monarch; but Eugène faced the *dénouement* with greater wisdom than the former royal purchaser of the secret. He shrugged up his shoulders, took a pinch of snuff, laughed at the joke, and, though he probably thought his purchase *rather dear at the price*, expressed much gratification at inspecting the figure in all its parts. He even subsequently placed himself in the necessary relation with the automaton, and giving it the invisible impulse, conducted it during several games against some of his most intimate friends."

The automaton quickly passed again into Maelzel's hands. It was exhibited in Paris, M. Boncourt, a very strong player, conducting the figure's chess. In 1819, it was exhibited a second time in London. M. Maelzel engaged the assistance of Mr. Lewis, an excellent chess-player, who conducted the automaton chess for something like a twelvemonth.

* Two circumstances, telling in different directions, must be remembered in considering Mephisto's play. The first is, that the concealed player is considerably handicapped by the conditions under which he plays, even at the beginning of his long day's spell of play; the second is, that players who meet him are expected to move without any prolonged study of the position, and they are naturally less prepared to play what has been called a "skittling game," than he (*i. e.* the concealed player), with his long practice, has necessarily become.

After this M. Mouret, one of the best French players of the school of Deschapelles, took charge of the figure's play. The automaton (to use the incorrect name by which the figure was at this time constantly designated) now undertook to give the odds of pawn and move to all comers—in other words, his king's bishop's pawn was removed from the board and his opponent took first move. There was as much prudence as caution in this arrangement. Many players who could have conducted a tolerably strong game against Mouret, playing even, would find themselves at a disadvantage in playing the odds-game against him. To him all the resources of this game would be known, to nine-tenths of his opponents the just manner of conducting it would be unknown. Unquestionably with even players the odds of the pawn and move are considerable. But the removal of the king's pawn is not an unalloyed loss to the giver of odds. So soon as he has castled on the king's side, his rook has strong rule over the king's bishop's file, ordinarily impeded (so far as the rook's range is concerned), by his own pawn on that file. Indeed, in the best known of all the gambits, this pawn is sacrificed chiefly with the object of getting command of the file in question. The sacrifice requires a move, which is saved when the pawn is given; and though some collateral advantages of sacrificing the pawn are not gained when the pawn is given, yet the player who constantly gives the pawn gains much by constant practice in the same line of play, at any rate as against players of less experience in the same game.*

Mouret hardly lost one game in a hundred at these odds. He numbered among his opponents such skilful players as Brand, Cochrane, Keen, and Mercier.

An Oxford graduate at this time, 1819, tried to solve the problem of the automaton's play, but failed to give any satisfactory explanation. Willis, of Cambridge, was more successful. He showed first that certain features in the exhibition clearly indicated that the mechanism supposed to be wound up from time to time had in reality nothing to do with the figure's play. The exhibitor would seem to have been singularly careless in this matter. Although, as Willis truly said, every train of mechanism which has to be wound up, must perform a certain definite amount of work for each turn of the key, the number of turns being also necessarily limited, the key was often turned the same number of times after the figure had played a game of nine or ten moves, as after it had fought out a contest of 70 or 80 moves; nay, sometimes the key was wound through the full number of revolutions when the figure had not even made a single move since the last winding. This clearly showed that, as Mr. Willis expresses it, "the revolving axis was unconnected with machinery; except, perhaps, a ratchet wheel and click, or some similar apparatus, to enable it to produce the necessary sounds; and consequently that the key, like that of a child's watch, might be turned whenever the purposes of the exhibition seemed to require it." Then he proved by figures and drawings, that a man might be concealed in the chest, shifting his position several times while the different parts of the apparatus were exposed successively to view. He showed also that when play was in progress, the concealed player might take up such a position as to overlook the board through the stuff waistcoat of the figure. This, as Walker points out, is something like

* A good story was told at Mephisto's table in illustration of the disadvantage of attempting odds against a player familiar with games at odds. Such a player offered an opponent of considerable strength, but of less experience, the odds of the four first moves (to be taken within his own half of the board, as otherwise the familiar scholar's mate could be given in the four moves). They played two games at these odds. In the first, the taker of the odds played out his king's and queen's pawns two squares each, and his two knights to king's and queen's bishop's third square—having thus at the start a splendid opening. But he lost the game, his opponent's superior experience in odds games enabling him to take advantage of every flaw in the continuation of the attack. In the second game the taker of odds moved out his king's knight as his first move, his queen's knight as his second, then moved back his king's knight as his third move, and his queen's knight as his fourth move, leaving the board as it stood at the beginning, and the first move to his opponent. This game, in which he had no odds, and even the disadvantage (as far as it is such) of the second move, he *won*. The fact is, he was on familiar ground, whereas in taking the odds he was all at sea.

Thicknesse's view; but it was "now beautifully and exactly made out, even to demonstration, by the aid of a skilful draughtsman and mechanist." Brewster, in his clever work on natural magic, copied Willis's account. Neither he nor Willis, however, seems, says Walker, "to have taken into consideration the almost utter impossibility of the concealed man's being impervious to detection, with merely a veil between him and the public: the least sound or motion would, in such case, destroy the illusion, and his very breathing would infallibly lead to ultimate exposure." It must not be overlooked, however, that in the Crystal Palace automaton (now at the Aquarium) this is actually the way in which the concealed player was conducting the automaton's chess. It is in reality quite possible so to arrange matters that the concealed player's eyes may be screened from public view while they are directed on the board. Suppose, for instance, that when the doors are closed, a tube is brought into such a position that looking through it one of the player's eyes can see the whole board but no more, then it is certain that no one can see that eye (the other would of course be quite concealed) without placing his head between the chess-board and the concealed tube. It is unlikely that a spectator would ask to be permitted to do this; and if permission were asked, the exhibitor could find many plausible reasons for declining to give it.

And now to give the explanation published in the "French Penny Magazine," and afterward in abstract in the "Palamède," after Mouret had sold the secret to the publishers of the former journal.

The man who played was concealed in the chest. "He sat on a low species of stool, moving on castors, and had every facility afforded him for changing and shifting his position like an eel. While one part of the machine was shown to the public he took refuge in another; now lying down, now kneeling; placing his body in all sorts of positions studied beforehand, and all assumed in regular rotation, like the A, B, C of a catechism. The interior pieces of clock-work—the wheels and make-weight apparatus—were all equally movable; and additional assistance was thus yielded to the fraud. Even the trunk of the automaton was used as a hiding-place, in its turn, for part of the player's body. A very short amount of practice, by way of rehearsal, was found sufficient to meet the purposes of the occasion; and one regular order being observed by the two confederates as to opening the machine, a mistake rarely or never occurred. Should any thing go radically wrong, the prisoner had the means of telegraphing his jailer, and the performance could be suspended." Those who supposed that they had seen the whole of the interior at one view were simply deceived by devices in which, in reality, consisted the cleverness of the whole affair. "Certain doors dropped and closed of themselves, with spring locks; others were opened in their places. The machine was turned round, but still was never wholly exposed to view at once. It becomes perfectly ludicrous," says Mr. Walker, "to read over again Windisch's glowing description of the miraculous monster, when we find that even a reference to his own drawings shows that at the time he says all the doors were open, two were closed."

The lighted candle introduced into the interior when there was nothing to be seen, was purposely left burning close by, in order that no ray of light might flash out from the interior, where a second candle was necessarily burning during the play. For, as has been already stated, the director of the automaton was in the *chest*, not overlooking the broad as Thicknesse and Willis supposed.

Now follows a part of the statement which has been called in question by some, to whom Willis's explanation seems more satisfactory. We can understand how a player concealed within the chest could cause the arm of the figure to move in such a way as might be required, or could make the figure nod its head, say "check," and so forth; but it is not very easy to understand how any chess-player could conduct a game with reasonable rapidity under the conditions now to be described. We are told that the concealed player had a board with men which he could peg into it, as in the ordinary "travelling chess-board." On this board, "he repeated the move played by the antagonist of the

automaton, and on this he concocted his scheme of action, and made his answer, before playing it on the automaton's board through the agency of Mr. Wood's digits." (This is apparently meant for a joke.) "A third chess-board, blank, with the squares numbered according to the usual mode of chess notation, was fixed, as it were, in the ceiling of the interior; thus forming the reverse of the table on which the automaton really appeared to play. Now, the men with which the automaton conducted his game were all duly magnetized at the foot; and the move being made above, the magnets on the pieces moved, set in motion certain knobs or metallic indices, adapted to each square of the board on the reverse; and thus was the requisite knowledge of the move played communicated to Jack in the Box. . . . The real Simon Pure" (Mr. Walker must jest or die), "shut up in his cell, saw by the light of his taper the metallic knobs or indices above, vibrating so as to mark the move just played. He repeated this move on his own little board, calculated his answering *coup*, and guided the automaton's figures in order to its being duly performed. The happy association of magnetism with the figure, thus hit upon by De Kempelen, was probably suggested to him by the magnetic experiments of Pelletier at the court of the Empress."

It has been objected to this explanation (by no less an authority than M. Gümpel, the inventor of the present far more ingenious mechanical chess-player) that in the first place magnetism could hardly do what was (according to this account) required from it, and that in the second place the process described would take too much time. It must not be forgotten, however, that the explanation came from persons who had seen all the interior of the figure, and had followed all the workings of the mechanism, having paid somewhat heavily for the privilege, and having certainly no interest in giving an untrue account of the matter. Moreover, M. Alexandre, who himself for a time conducted the automaton's play, gave a similar account of the interior arrangements. Professor Tomlinson, who adopts the explanation given in "Le Palamède," had abundant opportunities of ascertaining, in personal intercourse with Alexandre and others who had conducted the automaton's play, the correctness of that explanation. I think, too, that one difficulty mentioned by M. Gümpel indicates rather an omission in the explanation than any real objection. He says that to see the board placed over his head the observer would have to assume a very inconvenient position, one quite incompatible, one would suppose, with the continuance of good chess-play for any length of time. But nothing would have been easier than so to arrange matters that the concealed player could see, side by side with the small board on which he worked, a reflected image of the inverted board with the knobs worked by the magnetic chess-men above. In that case very little practice would be required to move a man on this board almost simultaneously with the indication of the knobs or suspended balls attracted by the magnets; there would thus be practically no loss of time whatever.

Before passing on to consider the far superior claims of Mephisto to public attention, I may quote here two stories from M. de Tournay's amusing article in "Le Palamède." It happened that on one occasion, when the automaton was at Amsterdam, M. Maelzel was more than a year in arrears with M. Mouret's salary. "The King of Holland sent one morning to engage the exhibition room, at the same time ordering a sum equal to 3000 francs to be paid to M. Maelzel. The latter went joyfully to announce the good news to his associate; they breakfasted together, and were delighted with the thought of entering the lists with a crowned head. M. Maelzel then hastened to make such preparation as should make the exhibition as brilliant as possible. The performance was to commence at half-past twelve (afternoon). Twelve o'clock arrives, and it is time for M. Mouret to take his station in the chest. But he has not yet arrived, and M. Maelzel hastens to find out the cause of the delay. What is his surprise to find Mouret in bed, and seized with a convulsive trembling. 'What do I see? What is the matter?' exclaimed Maezel. 'I have a fever,' said his artful assistant. 'Why, you were very well just now!' 'Yes, but

this is a sudden attack.' 'The king will be here presently.' 'He must go back again.' 'But what can I say to him?' 'Tell him the automaton has got the fever.' 'No more of this folly.' 'I don't wish to joke with you.' 'Then get up.' 'Impossible.' 'Let me call a physician" 'It is of no use.' 'Is there no means of subduing this fever?' 'Yes, one only.' 'What is it?' 'To pay me the 1500 francs you owe me.' 'You shall have them—this evening.' 'No, no; this moment.' Maelzel saw too plainly that there was no alternative, and went to fetch the money. The cure was wonderful; the automaton was never so attractive before. The king did not actually play, but he advised his Minister of War, who played for him. The pair were completely beaten by the automaton, but all the blame of the defeat was of course thrown upon the minister."

The other anecdote relates to one of those foolish practical jokes by which life has very often been endangered, though this case is rather worse than others of the kind because the person who played the joke was personally interested in the result. "In one of the towns of Germany a conjuror had been exhibiting his various tricks to the delight and amazement of the inhabitants, when the arrival of the automaton presented a still more powerful object of attraction, and left the poor fellow without an audience. Annoyed and jealous at the reputation of his rival, he went to be himself a witness of the new performance, and from his own experience in the art of deception he felt convinced that the chest contained a hidden player. He therefore began all at once to raise a cry of 'Fire,' in which he was seconded by one or two companions. The spectators were seized with the greatest alarm, in which, strange to say, the automaton participated, and in his flight upset his adversary, and tottered about as if he were mad. Happily, M. Maelzel, who preserved his presence of mind, was able to push him behind a curtain, where he soon became quiet and recovered his usual dignified bearing. The alarm of fire was soon discovered to be false, and the conjuror did not gain any thing by his attempt to undeceive the company" (at the risk of their lives, it should be added; one wishes it could have been added that he had gained a sound thrashing). "After this event, M. Maelzel, in giving directions to a candidate for the office of concealed player, was accustomed to say, 'If you hear a cry of fire, don't stir; I will come to your help.'"

The automaton was afterward exhibited in the principal towns of the United States and Canada. It was eventually deposited in a lumber-room in Philadelphia, where it remained until some twenty years ago, when the lumber-room and its contents were destroyed by fire. Of this tragic event, a writer in the "Chess World," who was present, gives the following lively account: "It was in Philadelphia, on the night of July 5th, 1854, about half-past ten o'clock. The east roof of the National Theatre was a mass of whirling flames, the front of the Girard House was on fire. A dozen dwellings were blazing fiercely, and the smoke and flames were already curling in eddies about the roof and through the windows of the well-known Chinese Museum. At the east end of this building, nearest to the fire, our friend had dwelt for many years. Struggling through the dense crowd, we entered the lower hall, and, passing to the far end, reached the foot of a small back staircase. The landing above us was concealed by a curtain of thick smoke, now and then alive, as it were, with quick tongues of writhing flame. To ascend was impossible; already the fire was about him. Death found him tranquil. He, who had seen Moscow perish, knew no fear of fire. We listened with painful anxiety. It might have been a sound from the crackling woodwork, or the breaking window-panes, but certain it is that we heard through the struggling flames, and above the din of outside thousands, the last syllables of our departed friend, the sternly whispered oft-repeated syllables, *échec, échec!*"

I have already noticed the first and in reality the most important circumstance in which the exhibition of Mephisto differs from that of M. De Kempelen's figure. Mephisto is described as a mechanical chess-player, not as an automaton. In other words, Mephisto is correctly described, whereas De Kempelen's

figure was incorrectly described. We may include with this general description the special remarks about the construction of the objects exhibited. Throughout the interior of the so-called automaton, the spectators were deceived. Every thing said and done was intended to carry the false impression that no person was concealed within the figure or the chest. The assistant who exhibits the interior of Mephisto simply shows what he purports to show, that there can be no concealed player in the figure of Mephisto, in the seat, or in the table, and it is certain there is none.

But we may fairly consider Mephisto with special reference to the ingenuity with which the secret of the arrangement by which the figure conducts his game is concealed. The maker distinctly admits that the figure is worked by a concealed player, nay, he is perfectly ready in conversation with friends who may visit Mephisto's room to admit a number of other matters, a knowledge of which should go a long way toward explaining the mystery. Yet he leaves a most ingenious riddle for them to answer, a very pretty problem for them to solve.

In the first place, we may dismiss the notion that, as in all other cases, a player is concealed within the figure and appurtenances exhibited to the public. The figure of Mephisto is that of a lean man of about the medium height. The head is movable in a number of ways. It nods, turns round, moves backwards, and on close inspection one can see, in some of these movements, where the waxen representation of a head and neck terminates behind the ornamental collar clothing the bust. The bust itself can be examined, prodded with a stick, and generally maltreated (in appearance) as freely and with as little real injury as the Mephistopheles of Goethe received from the sword of Marguerite's enraged brother. The largeness of the seat attracts some attention at first, and undoubtedly if the seat and the lower half of Mephisto's body formed one enclosure, a small human figure could be concealed therein. But the assistant passes a book between the two, even while the play is going on, and while also the upper half of the bust, from which the board could alone be seen by a player concealed in the figure, is open to tion. The table on which the t set is shaped precisely like an o club chess-table ; the board is al cisely like the ordinary chess-bo cept that there is a shallow circ pression in the middle of each squ the men to be set in. The assista noted, is very careful to set ar straight which has not been p placed in its circular hollow ; bu is good reason for this when we ber that if a man is not set right is not central, and the hands of ure therefore would be apt to str head instead of grasping it. Thi more to be considered because t are not, as has hitherto been the forms specially designed for mec play (as all of the same height forth) but have the forms of th nary Staunton chessmen.

It is next to be noticed that t cealed player does not survey the set before Mephisto. There ar rors in the room, and there is n in the ordinary arrangements would forbid the belief that th cealed player sees a reflected im board and men in an adjacent but as games have been played w figure and board entirely screened paper covers, this explanation n summarily dismissed.

The concealed player does not adversary, though he can hear he speaks pretty loud and clearly fer this partly from what M. C has mentioned to me (not privat he was aware when he spoke that so interested in his ingenious wo I might probably write about it), from the behavior of Mephisto the control of the concealed Thus on the second day of my with him, after a most disastrou of defeats on the first (I was neve of a chess-player, and more than years have passed since I was i tice), I remarked as I sat dow Mephisto would soon dispose of of games with me, saying this for formation of those waiting thei On this Mephisto raised his hea to look at me, and then nodded t four times as though pleasantly i ing his recognition of my complin his skill. I may as well take t

portunity of mentioning here that among nearly a score, I should say, of games which I have played with Mephisto, I have only won one; though it is but fair to myself to say that I have never yet played with him as I should play if I wanted to have a chance of winning. Moreover, it must be remembered that a player who day after day plays continuously for eight hours at what may be called skittling chess, would acquire, even if he had it not at starting, a habitude for rapid play, which would give him an advantage against good players, far more against one who, within the last twenty years, has often passed a year, and has once passed five years, without opening a chess-board. On the other hand, however, it must be remembered that the concealed player has disadvantages to contend against. If a good player set down to a regular match game, steadily played, with Mephisto, I imagine that the concealed player would be handicapped by these disadvantages to the extent of a pawn and move, at least. Such is, I am told, the opinion of the great chess-player Steinitz respecting the player who—to his knowledge—conducts the games of the mechanical chess-player.

In playing against ladies, Mephisto displays a gallantry which could scarcely be expected from a true Mephistopheles, assuming at least that Goethe has correctly caught the character of that prince of darkness. He has not only allowed ladies who are in reality of far inferior force to defeat him, but has even in some cases, I am told, compelled them to do so, by a series of moves bringing on what is called "suimate" (a barbarous hybrid which chess-players ought as quickly as possible to replace by a respectable word). After his defeat by a lady, Mephisto offers his hand to her. When he has defeated or has been defeated by a gentleman, he nods his head pleasantly, unless the game has presented some unusual feature. In the latter case he may be less polite. For instance, a few weeks ago he gave the form of mate known as scholar's mate* to a player who inadvertently left the mate open. (It was not given, of course, in the usual way which every one knows; but still mate came at the sixth or seventh move.) On this Mephisto took his opponent's king from the board and tapped said opponent's nose with the piece, which to say the least did not imply respect for his opponent's powers. Occasionally he makes movements not connected with the game. Thus on one occasion a lady was standing near Mephisto who expressed laughingly some alarm at her proximity to so terrible a being. As if to show that he could be terrible if he wished, Mephisto brought round his arm and seized her dress, at which she shrieked in real terror. Usually, however, Mephisto's movements are all connected more or less closely with the chess play. He surveys the board every now and then, nodding his head thoughtfully as though taking note of the relative powers of the two colors, or considering how such and such lines of play might be pursued. If he makes a very damaging move he looks up at his opponent with a most sardonic smile. If his opponent delays over-long, Mephisto bestows the same look upon him, but with greater persistency. If a game which has lasted some time seems tolerably equal, Mephisto goes through the movement of counting his own men and his opponent's, and then removes his king to the middle of the board. Nor does this always imply, as some seem to imagine, that in reality he has rather the worst of the game. I have seen him win a game, which he had offered in vain to draw.

I have no intention of inquiring closely here into the nature of the arrangements by which Mephisto's play is conducted. Some tolerably safe inferences may, however, be made, and some points noticed which have come under my own observation during the course of several visits which I have paid to Mephisto's reception-room. We know that there is a concealed player; and as he hears remarks made in a tolerably loud voice, we may infer that he is underneath the floor on which the figure is placed, for that is the only concealed place which is

* I mean simply that Mephisto's queen, supported by king's bishop, took the player's king's bishop's pawn (unmoved) giving mate. I suppose, strictly speaking, to give scholar's mate would mean playing the series of moves usually given under that heading in books on chess.

sufficiently near to the players and the bystanders. Since every move made by the player above is communicated at once to the concealed player, we can infer that as a piece is put down some corresponding indication is made on the concealed player's board. It is not yet clear to me whether he knows or does not know when his opponent leaves hold of a man so played. If he does not know, then he is occasionally apt to commit a mistake which in actual play only a tyro would make—moving before his opponent has in reality completed the move. I have seen this happen two or three times ; and in one case the sequel was singular and rather significant. The player who was contending with Mephisto claimed his right to move the piece touched wheresoever he pleased (among the moves open to that piece). Accordingly he put back the piece which Mephisto had moved, and completed his own modified move. It so happened that this move was one which could have been made by that piece from the square to which she had been originally moved, but where she had not really been left. Mephisto proceeded to answer the move as if it had been *thus* made ; that is, as though his own piece had been allowed to remain on the square to which he had moved it. He was manifestly unconscious of the fact that his opponent had put this piece back. Finding no resistance to his fingers, he made a signal (striking his fingers against the table) indicative of dissatisfaction or perplexity. His opponent on this resigned the game, rather than enter into an unseemly dispute with his Satanic majesty. It became manifest in this way that the moves of the red men leave no trace on the concealed player's board. The same circumstance was made tolerably clear in the other cases in which Mephisto played before his opponent had, by leaving hold of the moved piece, completed the move. The assistant explained that Mephisto would take no notice of the return of his own piece to the square from which he had moved it. Doubtless we see here the reason why Mephisto plays always with the red men. The white men only communicate (by electrical connection, no doubt) their movements to the concealed player. His own men's movements, being made by himself, need not be communicated to him.—*Belgravia Magazine.*

SOME NEW BOOKS.

THERE is nothing that philosophers object to more decidedly than the very common observation which the ordinary spectator of human affairs finds it difficult to avoid making, that the course of humanity runs in cycles, and that our globe revolves in a spiritual as well as in a physical sense. It is true that this runs contrary to all the laws of development, and to all the doctrines of human perfectibility. And it may be that the philosophers are right. Those who see deepest into the social millstone may perceive the little gain that is made at each new revolution, which—one infinitesimal improvement added on to another —may come at the end of some vast course of ages to show a real improvement in man and in life. But persons of dimmer faculties, and less power of divination, may be pardoned if from one generation to another they miss the advance, and only see the recurrence of similar phenomena, the return of the wheels of being to the old groove. We are old enough to remember the time when the eighteenth century was in extremely bad odor with all the guides of popular opinion. It was the eighteenth century that whitewashed our old churches, and encumbered their fine areas with senseless pews ; it was the eighteenth century which, when it found a noble old building sacked and rent by the violence of an earlier age, carted away the stones, and used up the materials, and made a ruin where only a breach had been. On the other hand, it was this same century which gave false gods to literature, preferring the correct to the great, Pope to Shakespeare, and finding Milton on the whole less satisfactory than the "Night Thoughts" of Dr. Young. It was finicking and critical, fond of china, fond of dress, delighting in fictitious and not very cleanly dec-

n, in scandal, and in tea (which nounced *tay*) on one side, though wing, according to its own showa all the vilest indulgences on the

This is the opinion which we instructed to form of the seven- undreds. The dirt and the affec-, the nicety and the nastiness, the ate felicities of style with noth- say, the ignorant contempt of the and supreme self-satisfaction with it regarded its own achievements indifference to nature in all its ner forms, and love of landscape- ning—were all set before us with and a certain reason. But now the gig of time, that circle of contin- contrast which philosophers dis- o hear of, and humanitarians deny, brought us back, if not to the enth century, at least to such an orated reproducion of it as our ed circumstances make possible. e approach the centenary of that and bloody ruin in which, in one ry of Europe, all those nastinesses niceties were engulfed in such a and horrible destruction as gave aracteristics of the age their death- everywhere, we look with more and tenderness upon the eighteenth ry. Its houses and its dresses become the fashion, and literature it- as taken up its forms and examples. ritic and the essayist have regained ce in the present time, which an f ruder impulse and more primitive seldom accords to them—the t or importance of what a writer say having once more become of t less importance to us than the with which he says it. In a far and less justifiable form, Gossip, is to the living and little what criti- is to the great and the dead, has l upon that easy literature of the nt which is all that many persons s busy age are capable of reading. e lower level the imitation is per- s and debasing; but the return of ssayist is less inconvenient. At all , the greater part of us, whom labor want of leisure, if not want of r, forbid to be students, are thank- r the services of the guide who com- cates the result of his own studies easy and comprehensible form. ps there are too many of those guides about the world: the paths begin to be encumbered with them. As each new "Series" springs into existence, we find in the literary world a somewhat ludicrous resemblance to one of those show cities where tourists congregate. An intelligent *valet-de-place*, a bold and pertinacious cicerone, lurks at every corner. "The Greatest Artists of the world," says one, with a touch to his cap; "the Hundred Greatest Men," cries another. We doff our own bonnet with discreet respectfulness to the admirable scholar and writer who, under the very shadow of Maga, has opened the gallery of the Ancient Classics to the unlearned, and to the able imitators who have followed on the lines he was the first to open up; but the accumulating hosts dismay us. When we have a handbook to every thing, shall we be much better informed? Our fathers of the age of Anne did not dream of any such torrent of instruction; for indeed a watchful and enterprising Trade was not then, as now, on the alert to make the most of every idea.

But it is from the eighteenth century that we have got back the essayist, who now once more occupies a place among us. If we cannot altogether claim for Mr. Leslie Stephen* the charm and grace of Addison, we can, at least, say of him that he is far more disposed to give a reason for his judgments than that exquisite writer, and prefers to lead us with him in agreement, or at least consent, rather than to call upon us to follow by mere force of authority. These hundred years (and more) have made a difference so far. It does not affect the ordinary public now (as Mr. Matthew Arnold points out in his volume of essays†) to be told that certain poetical personages "not only interest the reader in their afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration." To be sure, a very recent attempt has been made by three bold professors of pictorial art to set up a more than papal authority over public opinion and private judgment in respect to the works of a living artist. But supposing even that the world should

* Hours in a Library. By Leslie Stephen. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

† Mixed Essays. By Matthew Arnold. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

agree to this dictation, we have learned to feel less confidence in the word of our conductor into the realms of poetry. If he cannot make us agree cordially in his opinion, he has not advanced us at all in the appreciation of his subject, or in our allegiance to the poet whom he expounds. Mr. Arnold himself, we think, has now and then shown a tendency to the more summary and dictatorial mode of proceeding, as a man who is well aware that he knows better than most other men, has, no doubt, a right to do; but Mr. Leslie Stephen is far too fastidious and sensitive, too keenly alive to the absurdity of every arbitrary assumption, and to the unpleasant things which are capable of being said of every man who claims to be Sir Oracle, to fall into any such error. If he is conscious of knowing much better than the rest of us (which is probable), he keeps that fact most judiciously in the background, incapable of offending himself by its production, whether he might offend us or not. To tell the truth, we are by no means sure that the man who does shake his lordly locks aloft and proclaim himself an authority, is certain to offend his audience by so doing. On the contrary, the persistent adoption of the part of oracle, ignoring or silencing the dogs that insist on barking when he opes his mouth, is a most effectual means of securing it with the vulgar, on whom continuance and steady duration always tell so much. In this particular the two accomplished writers whose names we have placed together differ greatly from each other. They are both masters of English, and boast that limpid distinction of style which is one of the highest results of culture, entirely different from the natural splendor of voices more individual, the utterance which some men are born with—yet not less, perhaps more beautiful, in its soft yet strong continuous flow: and they are both members of that class upon which Mr. Arnold comments largely in one of the essays in his present volume—"the large class of gentlemen as distinct from the nobility,"—"not of the nobility, but with the accomplishments and tastes of an upper class,"—which he says is peculiar to England. Of this class, which holds in its hand the standards of manners, morals, and taste, more than the aristocracy itself, Mr. Arnold and Mr. Stephen are admirable examples. They have intellectual endowments much superior to those which are general to their class, or to any class; but yet they are superiors among equals, indisputable representatives of their kind. The grand difference between them is, that Mr. Stephen puts forth no pretensions to be a Pope, or even a grand inquisitor; while Mr. Arnold cannot help letting us see that he is at least of the staff of which infallible beings are made. It is needless to add that the elder writer possesses one great distinction which the other does not in any way rival. Mr. Arnold is a poet of no small pretensions. It is equally unnecessary to say that with this side of his great reputation we have at present nothing to do. The books before us stand on very similar ground, and naturally compete with and supplement each other.

There is one word, however, to be said as to their contents to start with. That literary essays of a high order should be reprinted from the magazines in which they find a sort of lodging for the moment, and set themselves up, as it were, as permanent members of society, in the actual dwelling-house of a book, is no doubt highly desirable in some cases, and quite justifiable in others; but the selection of the essays should be made upon some rule which will bear examination and stand the test of reason. Essays such as those on "Democracy" and "Equality," in Mr. Arnold's book, have a distinct *raison d'être*. We may not agree with their conclusions—we may differ even as to the power with which they treat the subject, as well as the manner in which they regard it; but when all is said, we are glad to be able to find what such a man has to say on such questions under our hand in a convenient form, and fully allow that what he has said has a right to such promotion. But when we find mere critical articles of no particular importance one way or other, criticisms of a critic, reviews of a review, laid up and garnered for posterity within the boards of a book; and reflect that to all eternity, or as long as booksellers and book-lovers endure, Matthew Arnold's works will be incomplete without the volume of

which these unimportant sketches form a part, we are disposed to conclude, either that there is a great want of discrimination in the author's mind, or that it is a most exaggerated self-importance which thus permits him to believe that every insignificant sentence which falls from his pen is worthy to be garnered up. To be sure—is it Southey that says it?—making money is always more or less laudable when you have nothing better to do; and if the public will pay two or three times over for Mr. Arnold's account of M. Scherer's criticisms upon Milton and upon Goethe, there is no valid reason why the means of doing so should not be permitted it, to the profit of the author's pocket if not of his reputation. But so far as the reputation goes, we are obliged to say that it is not desirable. It shows on Mr. Arnold's part a total absence of that critical faculty in respect to his own productions which he exercises so unhesitatingly in respect to others. Still more entirely unsuitable for republication is the review of Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature"—a very good review, clear and lucid, and highly satisfactory, no doubt, to the author whose work is under discussion, as well as to the periodical in which the review appeared; but in no great degree superior to the ordinary level of clever reviews in magazines of the higher class, and altogether unworthy of being seriously treasured up as permanent literature. At this rate, if every periodical writer had as high an opinion of himself as Mr. Matthew Arnold, we should be nationally in the position of the man who had to pull down his barns and build greater. No library, however immense, could have room for the unspeakable torrent of books which such an example would pour upon the weary earth. The magazine, that half-way house between the ephemeral and the permanent, that fine and free listed field of lit rature, would lose its chief privilege and charm.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's reprints are very seldom subject to this reprobation. One or two perhaps may be found scattered among the three volumes of the "Hours in a Library," which might with advantage have been left in their native periodical. Nay, let us correct our statement: there is but one of which this can certainly be said, and that is the criticism upon Elwin's edition of Pope, which, as being a critical discussion, not of an author and his works, like the rest, but of a certain contemporary publication, is not worthy, we think, to take a permanent place among the fine and thoughtful critical descriptions and sketches which fill the rest of these volumes. In them a large number of notable figures pass before the critic. He discusses the genius, and character so far as it affects the genius, of writers so unlike as Balzac on the one hand and Jonathan Edwards on the other, and extends his survey from the Elizabethan age to our own, from Massinger to Kingsley, with an unfailing and delicate intelligence which is not a common gift even in the most admirable of writers. Let us not be supposed to lessen Mr. Stephen's gift by employing this word to express it. There is no finer endowment than this same intelligence, which preserves its possessor from those misapprehensions which often spoil the most able work, and exhibit the critic in the most ludicrous contrast with his professed omniscience. Nothing could betray him into such a depth of self-committal as the famous "This will never do," which has, more effectually perhaps than his many better judgments, conferred a luckless immortality upon Lord Jeffrey. But at the same time, it must be added that contemporary writers are much less apt to commit themselves in any way than were the dashing and reckless fathers of periodical literature. That kind of literary sharpshooting is now left to the anonymous reconnoitrers of the press, whose credit is not pledged to any great extent, and who in some cases have perhaps no great amount of credit to pledge.

It seems natural, having alluded to one of the most important of the band, though in perhaps an ungenerous way—for it is, we admit, unkind to label Francis Jeffrey with his most unfortunate mistake, as if it were the most characteristic of his utterances—to turn to Mr. Stephen's article upon the "Edinburgh Reviewers," which forms part of his last volume. It is the only paper in which there can be said to be any thing like this self-committal, which we have asserted to be very much rarer now

than in former days ·About the other subjects treated by Mr. Stephen, the world has pretty well made up its mind. We are glad to have his clear and delicate estimate of Cowper and Fielding, of Scott and Walpole. But yet our opinion is tolerably fixed in respect to those great personages, and the critic's powers are not employed in any attempt to make us change this opinion, or to impress a new view of his own on the world. But in the case of the Edinburgh Reviewers, it is, more or less, a new view which he gives forth. Never was a literary feat more celebrated, or a set of literary men placed in a more conspicuous position, than that which good luck, and a remarkable crisis, and a loud and persistent blowing of their own trumpets, conferred upon the little band who established the first-born of modern periodicals. They did, let us grant, a great feat in so doing. The beginning thus made has had many momentous issues. When we think that even Maga herself, venerable and respected muse, who has inspired so many, might not have been save for the "Edinburgh Review!"—for though we devoutly believe that our own genesis is a more exciting story, and that such an exuberant genius as that of Christopher North had no sort of representative on the other side, yet it cannot be denied that the blue and yellow periodical had the advantage of priority, and was the first magazine of modern days—the fountainhead of that varied stream of serial literature which up to this moment shows no signs of drying up. It is difficult to overestimate the importance of the initiative thus taken, or to refuse a certain admiration to such a feat of literary audacity and cleverness. There has been no literary triumph since so continuously applauded. The men by whom it was done were all very well disposed to celebrate their own and each other's prowess, and spared no pains to impress a sense of the greatness of their performance upon the world. Partly by reason of that performance, and partly by their real energy and talent, most of these adventurers became well-known and notable personages in later life; and the narrative of their early adventure, so brilliant, so rash, undertaken with such *gaieté de cœur*, has become as one of the legends of the gods : successors. It is very character Mr. Stephen that the hitherto t tioned enthusiasm with which thi of literary gladiatorship has be ceived by the world, should have a certain impatience in his fine a tidious mind, notwithstanding th of hereditary connection which have given him a prejudice in fa rather than against, the "Edi Review." We are all tolerabl aware, when we think of it, that Jeffrey was a very successful Scot cate and judge, and Sydney S noted wit and social celebrity Brougham the winner of all ki contemporary successes—a Lord cellor, and for the time one of th most men of England—yet the none of them left any great treasu literary worth behind them; but t not hitherto affected the artless (tion in which we have all been b up—that the establishment of the odical was one of the most brillia sodes in literary story. It is to ish this tradition that Mr. Steph addressed himself, and he does it completeness which is almost cruel ing up his victims upon the poi weapon which has something of t enchanting quality of Ithuriel's It is unncessary to tell over aga oft-told tale of the little band of v some young men, who, without th notion of what they were about, i less youthful daring and impert launched forth this new venture the world, in the midst of the an interest and opposition, the fier tisanship and emulation, of that c teristic Edinburgh which now ex longer, and has left no successor, as we know, in the world. How the scene had to do with the suc a question which Mr. Stephen dc enter upon, though it is a very in ing one. Nothing that ever was c big London could by any pos have moved the contemporary n the two great literary undertaki the time, the Review and the Ma moved the limited but all-excite sympathetic society of the Scotch polis, then in its full flush of intel influence, and capable of flinging into the discussion of literary,

and political subjects with a complete, earnest, and fervent appreciation of their importanc which perhaps no other modern community has shown. A wider audience would have been so convulsed with one impulse: and it would be difficult to calculate how strongly the sight of this unanimous excitement affected the judgment of the rest of the world.

However, Mr. Stephen does not feel himself impelled to account for the success of the "Edinburgh Review," so long as he can demonstrate that it was not owing to any special power in the Edinburgh Reviewers. The result is unquestionable. The first number had an "electrical" effect. "Its science,' its philosophy, its literature, were equally admired. Its politics excited the wrath and dread of Tories, and the exultant delight of Whigs." It was, says Cockburn, "a pillar of fire; a far-seen brand suddenly lighted in a dark place." How this effect was *not* produced, let Mr. Stephen say for himself.

"Let us speak," he says, "the plain truth at once. Every one who turns from the periodical literature of the present day to the original 'Edinburgh Review,' will be amazed at its inferiority. It is generally dull, and when not dull, flimsy. The vigor has departed, the fire is extinct. . . . Making all possible allowance for the fading of all things human, I think that every reader who is frank will admit his disappointment. Here and there, of course, amusing passages illuminated by Sydney Smith's humor, or Jeffrey's slashing and swaggering, retain a few sparks of fire. The pertness and petulance of the youthful critics is amusing, though hardly in the way intended by themselves. But as a rule one may most easily characterize the contents by saying that few of the articles would have a chance of acceptance by the editor of a first-rate periodical to-day; and that the majority belong to an inferior variety of what is now called padding—mere perfunctory bits of work obviously manufactured by the critic out of the book before him."

This onslaught will take away the reader's breath. There is something, we cannot but feel, impious in the freedom with which those demi-gods are taken down from their pedestals, and the softened dust and cobwebs of sanctifying time rudely brushed off them. For Mr. Leslie Stephen it is evident nothing is sacred, not even the illusions of a hereditary party, the traditions of his own craft, the respectful prejudices of the trade. To say that Jeffrey and Brougham would be turned away from the door of a modern editor is like saying something disrespectful of the British Constitution, a liberty which we should not wonder if Mr. Leslie Stephen were also capable of taking. Brougham he treats everywhere with contempt—a contempt against which few people, we believe, will care to defend him. The collapse of this once brilliant and important personage is one of the most extraordinary things in recent history. Why should our papas (we do not say fathers, which is too large a word for the occasion) have thought so much of him, and we so little? Or was it not even the real opinion of the generation that was in his favor, but only that his own restless and boundless activity kept him in the foreground of every thing? Time has bowled him over, almost at the first blow. Mr. Stephen does not take the trouble to prove any thing against Brougham. "His writings are hopelessly commonplace in sentiment and slipshod in style. His garden offers a bushel of potatoes instead of a single peach." (Not a good simile this, for the potatoes are much the more nourishing and useful of the two products, more indispensable than peaches, and more valuable, if not so delicate, which is not, we presume, what Mr. Stephen means.) But Jeffrey is not dismissed so summarily. In his case, with so many points in his favor, the critic takes pains to justify his judgment. "Jeffrey knew history as an English gentleman of average cultivation knew it; that is to say, not enough to justify him in writing about it," he tells us. "He knew as much metaphysics as a clever lad was likely to pick up at Edinburgh during the reign of Dugald Stewart." But it was in the region of criticism that his chief successes were won, and accordingly it is on this ground that his pretensions are most severely assailed.

"The greatest triumph that a literary critic can win is the early recognition of genius not yet appreciated by his contemporaries. The next test of his merits is his capacity for pronouncing sound judgment upon controversies which are fully before the public; and finally, no inconsiderable merit must be allowed to any critic who has a vigorous taste of his own—not hopelessly eccentric or silly—and expresses it with true literary force. If not a judge, he may in that case be a useful advo-

cate. What can we say for Jeffrey on this understanding? Did he ever encourage a rising genius? The sole approach to such a success is an appreciative notice of Keats, which would be more satisfactory if poor Keats had not been previously assailed by the opposition journal. The other judgments are for the most part pronounced upon men already celebrated; and the single phrase which has survived is the celebrated 'This will never do,' directed against Wordsworth's 'Excursion.' Every critic has a sacred and inalienable right to blunder at times, but Jeffrey's blundering is amazingly systematic and comprehensive. In the last of his poetical critiques (October, 1829) he sums up his critical experience. He doubts whether Mrs. Hemans, whom he is reviewing at the time, will be immortal. 'The tuneful quartos of Southey,' he says, 'are already little better than lumber, and the rich melodies of Keats and Shelley, and the fantastical emphasis of Wordsworth, and the plebeian pathos of Crabbe, are melting fast from the field of vision. The novels of Scott have put out his poetry. Even the splendid strains of Moore are fading into distance and dimness, except when they have been married to immortal music; and the blazing star of Byron himself is receding from its place of pride.' Who survive this general decay? Not Coleridge, who is not even mentioned; nor is Mrs. Hemans secure. The two who show least marks of decay are—of all people in the world—Rogers and Campbell! It is only to be added that this summary was republished in 1843, by which time the true proportions of the great reputations of the period were becoming more obvious to the common observer. It seems almost incredible now that any sane critic should pick out Rogers and Campbell as the sole enduring relics from the age of Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, and Byron."

This is unquestionably true; but it is perhaps scarcely generous to take from a critic who privately was, as the writer has occasion to know, in his later years at least, most generously kind in his encouragement of young and diffident authors, the credit of his praise of Keats, which threw a gleam of pleasure over the poor young poet's waning days. The insinuation is more petty than becomes Mr. Stephen, and somewhat cruel. Enough for us that Jeffrey speaks as above of the "*splendid strains of Moore*" as "even" fading when Shelley and Wordsworth had already faded. After this one scarcely wants more. There are, however, many examples of contemporary mistakes of this kind. Rogers was a social power and authority as long as he lived, with a glamour about him which, without any suggestion of meaner motive, might well have dazzled those to whom he held open the doors of paradises otherwise unattainable; and many people believed in him. Such a man dies altogether, name and fame, the moment that his windows are darkened and his door closed forever—not by vulgar ingratitude, or as a proof of servile and interested admiration, but by stern necessity of nature. His fame was a pet and cherished half-conscious illusion on the part of those to whom his kindness and grateful patronage were in themselves a kind of poetry.

It is Jeffrey who is Mr. Stephen's chief victim. With Sydney Smith he is much more genial, commending his Plymley letters, and in general his originality and individual style and character, and only doubting whether he ever "really penetrates to the bottom of the question." "The only fault to be found with his statement of the case, as he saw it, is that he makes it rather too clear. The arguments are never all on one side in any political question, and the writer who sees absolutely no difficulty, suggests to a wary reader that he is ignoring something relevant," Mr. Stephen says, with highly characteristic fineness of observation; and very admirable and true, if mingled with just that touch of perversity which makes the criticism all the more piquant, is his severe and dignified reproval of the parson-critic's failure in Christian feeling, as shown in his "inexcusably bitter attacks upon the Methodists."

"He is thoroughly alarmed and disgusted by their progress. He thinks them likely to succeed, and says that if they succeed, 'happiness will be destroyed, reason degraded, and sound religion banished from the world,' and that a reign of fanaticism will be succeeded by a long period of the grossest immorality, atheism, and debauchery.' He is not sure that any palliation is possible, but he suggests as possible the employment of ridicule, and applies it himself most unsparingly. When the Methodists try to convert the Hindoos, he attacks them furiously for endangering the empire. They naturally reply that a Christian is bound to propagate his belief. The answer, says Smith, is short: 'It is not Christianity which is introduced (into India), but the debased nonsense and mummery of the Methodists, which has little more to do with the Christian religion than it has to do with the religion of China.' The missionaries, he says, are so foolish 'that the natives almost instinctively duck and pelt them,' as, one cannot help remembering, missionaries of an earlier Christian era had been ducked and pelted."

This, however, has not much to do

with the question of the "Edinburgh Review," since it is not just views or right feelings—things never quite indispensable, as Mr. Stephen knows, to success in literature—but literary skill and faculty that are in question. And so far as these are concerned, it is only Jeffrey who is put at the bar and examined, so to speak, on his oath. Horner is described as "a typical representative of those solid, indomitable Scotchmen whom one knows not whether to respect for their energy or to dread as the most intolerable of bores." On the whole, Mr. Stephen's conclusion is, that while the Edinburgh Reviewers "enormously raised the tone of periodical literature at the time, by opening an arena for perfectly independent discussion," they did this not with any fine or lofty impulse. They did a good thing, but not from any good motive, and worked very successfully without working very well. Perhaps a more extended examination of the facts would be necessary before coming to any decision as to the inferiority of the articles written by Jeffrey's young band of unprofessional *littérateurs*, to those which are contributed by the more strictly technical men of letters of the present time to the pages of contemporary periodicals.

We have taken up the only question treated by Mr. Stephen which has not been decided by the world, and on which he sets forth an original view, still fully open to discussion—though there are many much better things in his volumes than the article on the Edinburgh Reviewers. Among these we may pause to point out the beautiful sketch of Sir Thomas Browne, which is a model of delicate drawing and fine literary perception. The old scientific humorist, so gravely dignified and circumstantial, so fantastic in his profound seriousness, with the smile almost too deep down in his eyes for common apprehension, supplies the critic with the most sympathetic of subjects; and he has done to it the fullest justice.

The questions discussed by Mr. Arnold are not literary in the same sense as those of Mr. Stephen. He has chosen to perpetuate his reviews, as we have said, by giving them renewed existence in this volume; but we have nothing to say to reviews. They are excellent in their proper place, but that place is not here; and their reproduction shows either a reckless confidence in the devotion of the reader, or a sense on the part of the writer that nothing but pearls and diamonds, as in the fairy tale, ever fell from his own lips. We do not pretend to believe in Mr. Matthew Arnold to this point, and we do not care for his repetitions. Even the sketch of Madame Sand and the visit which he paid her, is too unimportant for a book. It is a graceful sketch enough, but very slight and flimsy, and not teaching us much more about that remarkable personage than a newspaper interviewer might have done. George Sand, or else she is belied, was no such limpid amiability as he depicts her. We remember the tone, full of force and subdued passion, with which an old man who had known her in the bloom of life, turned from the dreadful photograph which in the Paris shop-windows represented her later years, with a vividness much different from Mr. Arnold's somewhat milk-and-water reminiscences. "Elle etait belle," said our friend with a kindling of old emotion under his large melancholy eyelids; and he added with that subdued passion we have referred to, the passion of old love and hatred which is the keenest of mortal sentiments, "elle est hideuse!" and so she was in the photograph, and in the mind of the old comrade who had seen her *éplucher* one heart after another, perhaps his own among them, with the composure of a goddess. To Mr. Arnold she gave a cup of tea, and talked in the most admirable old-lady-like manner; and his discourse on the subject is full of that sweetness which he himself prizes so highly, and presents her in the softest ideal colors, as a lofty yet tender enthusiast without soil or stain of earth. We are very willing to allot a high place to George Sand among her contemporaries, and even among the permanent glories of France, which in some of its phases has never had a more skilful or more graceful expositor; but we decline to accept her as a type of the purest and most elevated genius.

The strength, however, of Mr. Arnold's volume is in its politico-moral discussions, with which this sketch has a certain connection; for it is democ-

racy and equality that are his subjects—subjects that cannot be treated without large reference to France and her experiences in both questions. Mr. Arnold informs us that while the bulk of opinion in England is strenuously against the principle of equality, out of England the feeling is very different, and that every Continental State which has had the chance, has held by the Code Napoléon, the system of law founded upon it, and specially intended for its promotion; while America and our own distant colonies, without any formal adherence to the regulations of that legal system, have in fact very much adopted its characteristic proviso in respect to the law of bequest. But Mr. Arnold seems to have confused himself in the coils of his own argument, and to forget that a law of bequest, whatever it may be, can never be a charter of equality to a race or entire nation. It is one thing to equalize property, to prevent the maintenance or establishment of great estates, and to legislate so that every son of a rich parent shall have an equal share of his father's possessions—and quite a different thing to establish a rule of general equality extending to the moneyed and the moneyless, the rich and the poor. When he speaks of "the social system which equality creates in France," he speaks (of course) of a system which entirely leaves out all the dangerous classes, that *prolétariat* which has never anywhere launched forth such alarming theories or taken such startling ways of showing itself as in France. *La propriété c'est le vol* is a French doctrine, and there is no small number of Frenchmen who tremble before the red and horrible ghost conjured up by these words. That there is, indeed, no country in the world where the higher classes are subject to such terrible fits of panic in respect to the lower, is evident to most people who have any personal acquaintance with them. Mr. Arnold, however, writes as if there was a completeness of union between class and class on the other side of the Channel, which our aristocratical principles entirely prevented; and with curious disingenuousness contrasts the French peasant with the English middle class, as if there was no *bourgeoisie* in France, to afford a more natural balance to that difficult and unlovely portion of the community. In respect to this French peasant he quotes from Mr. Hamerton words to which we could all find perfect pendants in opinions given of Scots, Irish, and Welsh peasants certainly, not to speak of the rustic inhabitants of other regions: "their manners are excellent; they have delicate perceptions, they have tact, they have a certain refinement which a brutalized peasantry could not possibly have." How often have the poor Irish in the midst of their poverty, the Highlanders deprived of every comfort, been complimented in the same way! "But you know," adds Mr. Arnold, "how often it happens in England that a cultivated person talking to one of the lower class, or even of the middle class, feels, and cannot but feel, that there is somehow a wall of partition between himself and the other, that they seem to belong to two different worlds. Thoughts, feelings, perceptions, susceptibilities, language, manners—every thing is different. Whereas with a French peasant the most cultivated man may find himself in sympathy—may feel that he is talking to an equal." This sentence might stand with perfect propriety, and exactly the same meaning, if the reader substituted the words Highland gillie (for example) instead of French peasant. With many persons of that class, the highest and most cultivated personages of the realm find it perfectly pleasant to live: and it might be a curious, and, we think, more interesting question than this very halting comparison between the French and English, to ask why it is that the gentleman of aristocratical feelings, whatever may be the breadth of his political tenets, should always be able to find a resting-ground on which he can stand side by side with the humblest class, and make common cause with it; while nothing can overcome his contempt, distrust, and dislike for the intermediary grade—the so-called middle class? Is it because this middle class is perpetually pushing upward to invade the sanctuary of his gentility, a thing the peasant is unlikely to do? or is it that a man who is pure *peuple* (we use the French word, as more expressive of what we mean than the English) recovers his simple standing-ground of humanity by the ab-

ce of all possible claims to any social ition which could bring him within notice of his superiors? It would n as if Mr. Arnold, in his admiration the peasant, had forgotten altogether : there is such a thing as an *épicier* the French world both of life and ers; but Frenchmen in general, we ık, are very well acquainted with it, not much more respectful of it than English gentleman is of his ideal p-keeper, that universal pariah whom men permit themselves to despise.

When Mr. Arnold goes further, and trasts what he calls "the goodness agreeableness of life there" with at he calls) the "hideousness and nense *ennui*" of life here—a life gainst which the instinct of self-servation in humanity rebels"—it is y difficult indeed to know how to sify the facts on either side, and ıe to any absolute certainty about n. That life may be good and agree- to the Frenchman we are willing to w; though it is curious to remark , according to French writers them- es, there is nothing so killing, so op- sive, so terrible, as the *ennui* of that rincial life in France which some lishmen hold up as delightful. But real question for us is not the de- t which the Frenchman finds in his of living, but whether it is quite ain that it would be equally good agreeable for all. To the mass of lish men and English women a ıch house is the emblem of discom- , and French habits entirely unat- tive. Whatever Mr. Matthew Arnold think, we sincerely believe that to or hours in front of a *café*, or even er the pretty lamps and green ıches of the Champs Elysées, is a l of pleasure which very soon palls n those who are not to the manner n, and that even the stuffiest domestic lor would, for a continuance, be found he whole the more amusing of the two. doubt we should all like to have the ées to those *salons*, more easily to be nd in books than in real life, where finest of French wits keep up the liant ball of conversation to the de- ıt of all listeners. Yes; and so uld we like to visit at those houses in ıdon where the best of English so- y assembles. Very probably we should find the talk more brilliant, animated, and eloquent in the former, and nothing would please us more than to make the comparison; but when we descend to the lower levels—the common strain of existence which we have all some possibilities of observing—we feel great doubts as to any unspeakable advantage to be derived from a change. Indoors, a French cottage is not nearly so cheerful, so bright and cleanly to look at, as an English one. A French *appartement* is much more monotonous in its aspect, in its inevitable furniture —much less attaching and individual, as well as less comfortable, than an English house; and as for the livelier existence with which we are often vaguely tantalized, what is it?—a routine not less fixed and unalterable than that life of hideous exactness and immense *ennui* which we are said to live. If the reader who may not have the opportunity of judging for himself, will take, for instance, from the less objectionable class of French novels, his data upon which to construct a picture of French domestic life, he will find very little in it of this superlative "goodness and agreeableness," which makes France so happy. He will find its main features to be in very brotherly accord with our own—perhaps a little more society, a little more ease of visiting, a weekly reception instead of our occasional and more formal parties, a greater frequency of holiday excursions; but these compensated for by a spare internal life, a more contracted domestic centre, a keener economy descending to all the cheese-parings and candle-ends of living. As for that blessed rule of equality, there is not much sign of it in the strict exclusivism of the *faubourg*, or in that most servile snobbishness which makes the French *nouveaux riches* glide out of their very name, if they can strain a *de* something or other out of any little bit of newly-acquired property. Mr. Arnold may say that these are petty details not worthy to be taken into account as against his large and blissful *tableau* of French beatitude. But the beatitude is vague, and the details are within the reach of individual eyesight. France is a noble and great country worthy of all respect and sympathy, and from whom we may learn various lessons as she from us.

But it is as foolish to erect her into a model, and regard her as a Paradise, as it is to throw stones at her and call her names according to the old, neighborly way.

A more just ground for this vaunting of France and her superiority will be found, however, in the Essay called "Porro Unum est Necessarium," which treats of the respective advance of France and England in what it is usual to call secondary education. Taking Mr. Arnold's statistics to be beyond question, our inferiority is marked indeed; and at the present crisis of French educational affairs, the reader will find much information and interest in this paper. The French *lycée* ought to have one enormous advantage in the fact that it receives boys of all grades (save the highest and lowest), in a true and noble republicanism which cannot but benefit, one would think, the future brotherliness of Frenchmen. So the old grammar schools in their day brought young squire and yeoman and burgher's son together, and so did the parish schools of old Scotland, weaving links of tender association which were hard to break. Oddly enough, Mr. Arnold takes no notice of this real chance for equality.

These national comparisons bring us with curious appropriateness to the consideration of a small but remarkable series* of books which have attracted attention on all hands, and which in an extremely delicate and subtle way, without any obtrusion of their aim upon the world, have been quietly at work for some time with much elaboration and suggestiveness, though outwardly with a shadowy and sketchy manner, which has disarmed suspicion, on the elucidation of the American character, and its difficulties in respect to other national developments. We think we do not err in attributing this motive to the remarkable social sketches scarcely to be called tales, since they are in general the most unfinished and inconclusive of episodes, with which the circumstantial simplicity of the author's name is in a kind of humorous keeping. His "Jr." at once defies and excites curiosity, just as the close adherence to fact of all his details and remorseless incompleteness of all his stories may be said to do. Nothing can be more like life than the abrupt chapter lightly begun, rising into perhaps tragical importance, then breaking off as by some sport of merely wanton fate, and coming to nothing, which is the favorite form in which he works. This is very like life, and it is very unlike art, whose mission it is to draw completeness out of the irregularities of fact, and console us with some sense of attainable coherence and symmetry in existence. It is not a vulgar necessity for a pleasurable sensation wherewith to soothe and satisfy the reader, that makes the episode of youthful love, which counts for so little often in our lives, the selected portion of them for all the lighter uses of poetry and fiction. Barring life itself, which is a tragedy, and can, whatever happens, end only in a grave, the period of youth, ending legitimately in marriage, is at once the most dramatic and the most detachable of our lives. Marriage is the only absolute break in life which, though a beginning, affords at the same time an end, and reconciles all the necessities of story-telling; and no drama satisfies the mind in its natural and healthy condition which does not round itself off with something definite, a conclusion, an event. To this all languages and all times bear testimony. Nevertheless, when now and then some artist of special endowments refuses the bondage of art, abandons the necessities of dramatic completeness, and throws us into a vague eternity of wistful suggestions, such as that in which so many minds consciously float and wander—going through all the anguishes and excitements, which ought to bring a conclusion of one kind or another, but always breaking off, never attaining, beginning again in endless and listless renewal, finding every occasion *manqué*, and every new turn of the wheel as continuous yet as incoherent as before—the effect of his delicate perversity is great. It is only, however, when it is apparent that some other and perhaps greater motive than that of the simple artist actuates him, that we begin to be aware how the very fragmentary character of

* The American. By Henry James, Jr. London: Macmillan & Co.—The Europeans: a Sketch. By the Same. Macmillan & Co.—Daisy Miller, and other Stories. By the Same. Macmillan & Co.

his work, its broken lights, its aimless passions, its catastrophes *manqués*, may be serving a better purpose than any regularity of art.

This leading purpose we find in Mr. James's apparently evident intention to set forth his countrymen and countrywomen with all the singular circumstances which affect their position and give them a special character of their own apart from other races—*aux prises* with those other races, and working out, through all the difficulties and mutual misunderstandings of the contact, the special chapter of human experience which is most attractive to them, and without which (it would seem) they do not fully esteem or understand themselves. Though the deep of human-variety is infinite, and every great artist till the end of time will no doubt go on drawing new individualities out of the inexhaustable well of poetical being, yet there is no longer much room for novelty in the possible circumstances of modern life. Romantic and extraordinary adventures are scarcely prized as they used to be, and the ideal transcript of our common lives in which imagination has so long worked, and which is, we believe, its best subject, grows wearisome by much repetition. It is scarcely possible to imagine a resource more attractive to one who knows it enough to be able to use it, than the position of the American in Europe, with its mixture of knowledge and ignorance, its almost childhood yet maturity, its command of all which mere education can impart, and deficiency in that which only practical acquaintance with the older world can supply. Mr. James possesses this knowledge; and though he blows no national trumpet, nor ever indulges in flights of patriotism—nay, though he makes no secret of his affection to, perhaps his preference for, the older countries of the globe—he has, or else we are greatly mistaken, a very warm and determined purpose to elevate his countrymen in the eyes of the world—to show their side of the question, their disgust and impatience with the fictitious circumstances of our older civilization, their indignant superiority to some of our meannesses, their scorn of our vulgarities as opposed to their own, their wonder at our misconceptions, and sometimes proud contempt for them as unworthy even the effort of clearing up. Above all, it is in his American women that Mr. James shows us this delicate impatience, disappointment, and dolorous surprise, mingled with a fresh enthusiasm for, and visionary love of, the old England which was Shakespeare's, and is theirs as well as ours, which gives bitterness to the pang of actual encounter. He has given us this picturesque and remarkable contrast under various lights. In the "American" he has placed his ideal countryman in contact and conflict with French society and its rigid rules and impassable barriers. In the "Europeans," it is a pair from the Old World, whom we cannot call English, nor French, nor German, but whom seem a *mélange* of all these nationalities, and of the species of adventurer as well—who are brought in contact with the equally rigid, though very different, social regulations of American life. In the "International Episode" we have a direct contrast between American and English society. These productions are all of one series, not much more than chapters in one book, fragments broken off, which may hereafter—should Mr. James, as he grows older, become more affected by the ordinary desire of humanity for some conclusion and solid ground upon which to rest his foot—be supplemented and completed, for any thing we can tell to the contrary. But as they stand there is no completion, no addition necessary. They are essays of national revelation—the American side of the question: how it strikes them in distinction from the less original and remarkable expression of how it strikes us. The Transatlantic writer would be more than human if he did not, insensibly perhaps—it might even be involuntarily—give his countryman by far the best of it. His American in France is as fine a fellow as his conscience will permit him to make of an uncultivated and unenlightened, though large and manly type. Whereas his European in America is a shabby bit of an agreeable adventurer—nothing but cultivation and good manners and emptiness. In the same way the American ladies of the third sketch, bewildered and disgusted by the grudging response that is made in London to

their own unbounded hospitalities on the other side, are, by the mere nature of the case, in a position curiously superior to that of the Englishmen who, for their part, had accepted every civility, it is true, by a kind of gentle compulsion, and who are really puzzled how to return these civilities, and truly ashamed of themselves for their inability to do so. Lord Lambeth looks very small beside Bessie Alden. It is the case throughout. We all look small beside the more magnanimous, the more liberal and noble being of our visitors. There is an unconscious elevation in their ignorance which shows against the petty background of our conventional familiarity with the *fade* routine and vulgar prejudices of our Old World life.

The "American" was the work by which Mr. James won the attention of the English public, and it is perhaps the most forcible of his productions; but it is much the least delicate, and the real perplexities of the situation, which were quite enough to tax any reasonable imagination, are complicated by an absurdly unreal bit of melodrama quite unsuited to the scene, and impossible to the author who has not any pencils at his disposal black enough or rough enough for work of this description. The story is *naïf* in the extreme—almost what a Frenchman would call brutal in its simplicitly. A rich, prosperous, ignorant, wandering American, fresh from San Francisco and potential money-making, and entirely unacquainted with fine society, finds himself in Paris; and after a few adventures to begin with—in one of which he signalizes the simplicity of his uninstructedness by buying, for two thousand francs, the worthless copy of a picture in the Louvre, "for he admires the squinting Madonna of the young lady with the boyish coiffure, because he thinks the young lady herself uncommonly taking," and giving a commission for a number of others to the same extremely improper young person—he announces, with the utmost frankness and sincerity, his intentions in a more important matter:

"Since you ask me," said Newman, "I will say frankly that I want extremely to marry. It is time, to begin with: before I know it, I shall be forty. And then I'm lonely, and helpless, and dull. But if I marry now, so long as I didn't do it in hot haste when I was twenty, I must do it with my eyes open. I want to do the thing in handsome style. I not only want to make no mistakes, but I want to make a great hit. I want to take my pick. My wife must be a magnificent woman."

"Voilà ce qui s'appelle parler!" cried Mrs. Tristram.

"Oh, I have thought an immense deal about it."

"Perhaps you think too much. The best thing is simply to fall in love."

"When I find the woman who pleases me I shall love her enough. My wife shall be very comfortable."

"You are superb. There's a chance for the magnificent woman."

"You are not fair," Newman rejoined. "You draw a fellow out and put him off his guard, and then you laugh at him."

"I assure you," said Mrs. Tristram, "that I am very serious. To prove it I will make you a proposal. Should you like me, as they say here, to marry you?"

"To hunt up a wife for me?"

"She is already found. I will bring you together."

"Oh, come," said Tristram, "we don't keep a matrimonial bureau. He will think you want your commission."

"Present me to a woman who comes up to my notions," said Newman, "and I will marry her to-morrow."

"You have a strange tone about it, and I don't quite understand you. I didn't suppose you would be so cold-blooded and calculating."

Newman was silent a while. "Well," he said at last, "I want a great woman. I stick to that. That's one thing I *can* treat myself to; and if it is to be had, I mean to have it. What else have I toiled and struggled for all these years? I have succeeded, and now what am I to do with my success? To make it perfect, as I see it, there must be a beautiful woman perched on the pile like a statue on a monument. She must be as good as she is beautiful, and as clever as she is good. I can give my wife a good deal, so I am not afraid to ask a good deal myself. She shall have every thing a woman can desire; I shall not even object to her being too good for me; she may be cleverer and wiser than I can understand, and I shall only be the better pleased. I want to possess, in a word, the best article in the market."

"This is very interesting," said Mrs. Tristram. "I like to see a man know his own mind."

"I have known mine for a long time," Newman went on. "I made up my mind tolerably early in life that a beautiful wife was the thing best worth having here below. It is the greatest victory over circumstances. When I say beautiful, I mean beautiful in mind and in manners as well as in person. It is a thing every man has an equal right to; he may get it if he can."

This supreme acquisition, alas! turns out not to be so easy as Mr. Newman, with his pockets full of dollars and his

ambition, thinks; but his mind is oletely set upon it. "I am not d of a foreigner," he says when his d Mrs. Tristram proposes to him riend, a beautiful Parisian. "Be-, I rather like the idea of taking in pe too. It enlarges the field of tion." In short, this offspring of New World, without antecedents of wn, without any thing but his great ne and the qualities by which he nade it, is determined to spend this ne of his upon the very best thing is to be got for the money—the , noblest, and most beautiful that Old World can supply. And such originality, his indomitable char-, and the genuine feeling in him, that tually makes a conquest of the lady lf—a perfect creature, who is, as be supposed, not half so charming e of Mr. James's imperfect Amer-women. The story is very striking amusing so long as it relates the ess of Mr. Newman, and how he ntered every obstacle in his path. onfess, however, that we can neither rehend why Madame la Marquise M. le Marquis de Bellegarde, the er and elder brother of the incom-le Claire, should have sanctioned engagement in the first place—or having done so, they should im-ately have broken it off. Such a al would have been, one would , worse even than the marriage it-The end of the book is very melo-atic. There is a wonderful family t, of which Newman gets posses-and by means of which he attempts ally the old lady and her son; but omes no speed, and after a great striking scenes, and some very g ones, his brief dream is over. as fallen in love with the beautiful in his way. She satisfies him en-. She is the very crown he has de-to his fortune. "What he felt was ntense all-consuming tenderness;" his straightforward devotion so ed upon her, that when at last she nts to marry him, and is trying to nt for the gradual growth of her action in him—"The only reason she says, and pauses. "Your reason is that you love me," he mur-d, with an eloquent gesture; and for want of a better reason Madame de Cintré reconciled herself to this one.

The reader understands completely Newman's absolute and intense desire to get an exquisite wife as the best thing in the world; but it is less easy to comprehend the transaction when it comes this length; and from the date of the mysterious breaking off all is incomprehensible. The story will not bear examination. But the position of the shrewd yet visionary Californian, in face of so many forces which he has no understanding of—his confidence that he can overcome the difficulties before him, and his hopeless and helpless defeat by what have seemed to him mere thin ghosts of Old World prejudice—is very ably and skilfully shown. From the moment when we find him full of admiration for the bad copy made by the young lady who was "uncommonly taking," his ignorance and self-confidence, his determination to do and have the very best of every thing, and total incapacity to understand the force and meaning of all that is against him, are kept before us with the most distinct and happy reality. His ignorance is great, but he has instincts which are finer than instruction. He does not know that Mademoiselle Nioche's picture is very bad, but he knows the perfection of womanhood which he is in search of when he sees it, and is never for a moment tempted to make an ideal of the bad little painter, though he buys her picture. He thinks, on the other hand, ignorantly and foolishly, that the pride of the decayed family in the *faubourg* is one of the things which such a man as he is bound to subdue. But though he is thus stumbling about in "a world not realized," and is altogether worsted and overthrown, he never loses our sympathy; we cannot think of him as vain or ignorant, though his ideas are so. His confidence in himself, though so unjustifiable, has always a certain nobleness in it; and he is never vulgar, nor commonplace, nor petty, but has in him a large and magnanimous nature—something princely and fine, notwithstanding the sharp limitations of his experience, his ignorance and false security. The Old World crushes the representative of the New. It erects before him cruel, incomprehen-

sible barriers, and sucks the soul out of him, and remorselessly cuts off all his hopes. He is no match for it, though he thinks at first that he is far more than a match. This is the way in which aristocratic France deals with the American. It baffles him, confounds him, cuts off his ambition and his ideal, and makes an end of what was to have been so good—his future, the reward of his exertions, the fine dream upon which he had concentrated all his hopes.

England treats with less cruelty the American woman whom Mr. James presents to us, with a touch of indulgence for the mother country, as the representative of the New World in London. We find Miss Bessie Alden first at home in the multitudinous life of an American watering-place, where the whole population sits out in breezy verandas (called piazzas in native phraseology) within sight of the sea, in white dresses, and talks. To this society arrive two Englishmen, Lord Lambeth and Mr. Percy Beaumont, who are made very much of by the pretty wife and beautiful sister of the New York man of business, to whom they have been introduced. Bessie Alden, the sister, is a Boston young lady, not accustomed to the gaiety of the New Yorkers, and much impressed by her first encounter with an Englishman. The picture is very pretty and charming. The girl looks at the handsome, somewhat dull, very ignorant, and perfectly good-tempered and good-mannered Englishman with a little awe. To her he is a type of that cultivated and beautiful Old World, full of associations, full of poetry, about which she has been reading all her days, and to see which is, as she says, the dream of her life. She finds in him every thing that is most attractive to the imagination and most unlike what Americans have. He is a nobleman, a lord, a duke's son, a complete impersonation of the strange, fascinating, and so different life of the old country. But though she is infinitely attracted by the phenomena of his existence, Miss Bessie is never fascinated by the individual, whom Mr. James has made, we are obliged to say, a somewhat silly and stupid young man, though he is very carefully attired in the fragmentary talk and anxious avoidance of all pretence at any thing better, which is charact of Englishmen. The situation w mind the reader of that audacio brilliant study of American mann which we may be forgiven a p reference—the Tender Recollectic Miss Irene Macgillicuddy. One almost fancy that it was in a little ral national irritation against that tion of the New York young lad her mode of treating the wan Englishmen that Mr. James und his version of his countrywoman. the picture of the life of Newpo talk and the sociability, is charact enough, very odd to English eye perceptibly the same, though taker a less malicious point of view, society of Irene Macgillicuddy. however, when his gay and elegan beatifully-dressed and pretty-man Americans come to London tha James's intention becomes apparen are doubtful whether his indictm most against the British aristocra not rushing to throw itself at the Mrs. Westgate and Miss Alde against Mrs. Westgate for expectir rush. Both are involved in the and lively talk of the lady, who scious of having taken so many Er men to her heart in America, is cately and gaily bitter as to the al of all return on their part when sh pears in their kingdom. Lord La is most anxious to return their civ and devotes himself to their se but he cannot make his duchess-n equally eager, and the whole brillia tle episode collapses in the inferr fusal by Bessie of her noble lover, is caused, we are not sure whetl her indifference to himself, or b indignant perception of the man which her proud innocence is reg by all around him. Thus it all to nothing once more ; and the Americans go forth " to spread conquests further," into the French world, where they apparent pect a better reception, but whe Mr. James has already shown u more tragic and incomprehensibl tilities lurk.

Thus we are made to see the ge open-heartedness of American sc and the mean jealousy and unr siveness of our own. But do not

say our own—for Mrs. Westgate is charmingly *naïve* in her determination to see no society worthy of her which does not include all the dukes and duchesses, personages whom most of us scarcely take into account at all as indispensable to enjoyment.

> "I don't want any superior second-rate society" (said this charming woman); "I want the society I have been accustomed to. The first time I came to London I went out to dine. After dinner, in the drawing-room, I had some conversation with an old lady. . . . I forget what she talked about; but she presently said, in allusion to something we were discussing, 'Oh, you know the aristocracy do so-and-so—but in one's own class of life it is very different.' In one's own class of life! What is a poor unprotected American woman to do in a country where she is liable to have that sort of *thing* said to her?"

This is perhaps the most delicate and refined snobbishness that was ever put upon record, and Mr. James evidently knows the ways of thinking of his people. Mr. Matthew Arnold, on his side, would no doubt be edified to see how little his favorite class of gentlemen, who are "not of the nobility, but with the accomplishments and tastes of an upper class," satisfy the requirements of the wives of New York merchants. These ladies take all the conventionalities of society *au grand sérieux*. They are wounded by the fact that Her Grace must walk before them out of a room; yet they feel themselves not in the society to which they have been accustomed when they are not with the duchesses. The picture is very amusing and characteristic, and full of candor. Miss Alden, however, who is from Boston, is very desirous of carrying with her into the best society another class not always found there—"the eminent people—the authors and artists—the clever people." "We hold them in great honor; *they go to the best dinner parties*," she says, with delightful simplicity. The young Bostonian is not less conscious of her superiority to "the distinguished people" than is the Marquis of Lambeth; but her sense of her power to do them honor is much more lively. Altogether there have been few things more piquant in recent literature than this contrast and contact of the Old World and the New. The American in France had much the worse of the conflict. The *Americaine* in England carries off the honors, though they are somewhat barren.

Want of space prevents us from noticing the other works of the series. The "Europeans," as we have said, are very shabby representatives of the Old World in the New—not at all on the same level as Newman and the Newport ladies; and nobody on this side of the Atlantic will grudge Mr. James his easy victory over them, which is very shadowy and indistinct at the same time. We never really know what they want, to start with—and we are left in some uncertainty as to what they obtain. The story of Daisy Miller has a different *motif* from the others. It is a purely American picture; and the strange, beautiful, dainty, innocent, and very foolish little American girl, with her ignorant defiance of all rules, is criticized and condemned by Americans abroad, not by the society native to the places which she scandalizes. The wonderful mother, and still more wonderful little boy, are figures which must be quite familiar to every frequenter of foreign hotels; but we never met any thing so daring as Daisy herself. The end of the story is unnecessarily tragic. The poor little pretty trifler might surely have been shipped home to Schenectady, and let off with her life. There is one other little sketch in Mr. James's last volume which is wonderfully pretty and pathetic, and which he calls "Four Meetings." It is the story of a little New England governess, whose "dream of her life" it has been, as with Bessie Alden, to go to "Europe," and who saves up her money with a kind of passion for this end. She comes to Europe, meets, and is immediately victimized by, an American cousin in France, to whom her money is needful, and goes back again penniless but uncomplaining, having spent but thirteen hours in that Europe for which she had so longed. It is cruel. One instinctively puts one's hand in one's pocket, wondering would it not have been possible somehow to make up Miss Caroline Spencer's loss? But it is the author's *rôle* to represent himself as entirely passive in such matters; and, on the other hand, it would have spoiled the story. Mr. James cannot refrain from another covert fling at the Old World, by representing his

delicate little martyr as saddled in perpetuity with a vulgar Frenchwoman, the supposed widow of the cousin who robbed her; but the picture of the heroine is very touching in its faint colors and delicate outline, and gives us a pang of sympathy, even though we feel that the pain is unnecessary, and that surely the American lady at the hotel must have managed some way of making it up to the sufferer.

We recommend to romancers of all nations, who may happen to h necessary knowledge, this mode ting forth the mutual grievances countries. We have ourselves land discussed America at great l means of wandering novelis nobody before Mr. James has this delicate and subtle way of how superior the one race is other, while saying something natured, at the same time, of t too.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE MANDOLINATA.

BY W. W. STORY.

THE night is still, the windows are open,
The air with odors is sweet;
Hark! some one is humming the Mandolinata
Along the open street.
The Mandolinata! Ah me! as I hear it,
Before me you seem to rise
From the other world, with your gentle presence,
Your tender and smiling eyes.

How we jested together, and hummed together
That old and threadbare song,
With forced intonations and quaint affectations,
That ended in laughter long!
How oft in the morning beneath your window
I framed to it bantering words,
And heard from within your sweet voice answer
With a flute-tone like a bird's!

And you opened your shutters and sang, "Good morning,
O Troubadour, gallant and gay!"
And I chanted, "O lovely and lazy lady,
I die of this long delay!
Oh, hasten, hasten!" "I'm coming, I'm coming,
Thy lady is coming to thee;"
And then you drew back in your chamber laughing—
Oh, who were so foolish as we?

Ah me! that vision comes up before me;
How vivid and young and gay!
Ere Death like a sudden blast blew on you,
And swept life's blossoms away.
Buoyant of spirit, and glad and happy,
And gentle of thought and heart;
Ah! who would believe you were mortally wounded,
So bravely you played your part?

We veiled our fears and our apprehensions,
With hopes that were all in vain;
It was only a sudden cough and spasm
Betrayed the inward pain.

In the midst of our jesting and merry laughter,
We turned aside to sigh,
Looked out of the window, and all the landscape
Grew dim to the brimming eye.

And at last, one pleasant summer morning,
When roses were all in bloom,
Death gently came with the wandering breezes
To bear your spirit home.
A smile on your lips—a tender greeting—
And all that was once so gay
Was still and calm, with a perfect sadness,
And you had passed away.

THROUGH the casement the wind is moaning,
On the pane the ivy crawls,
The fire is faded to ashes,
And the black brand, broken, falls.

The voices are gone, but I linger,
And silence is over all;
Where once there was music and laughter
Stands Death in the empty hall.

There is only a dead rose lying,
Faded and crushed on the floor;
And a harp whose strings are broken,
That Love will play no more.

Blackwood's Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THACKERAY.

IN the absence of any complete biography of the late William Makepeace Thackeray, every anecdote regarding him has a certain value, in so far as it throws a light on his personal character and methods of work. Read in this light and in this spirit, and the tributes to his memory are valuable and interesting. Glancing over some memoranda connected with the life of the novelist, contained in a book which has come under our notice, entitled *Anecdote Biographies*, we gain a ready insight into his character. And from the materials thus supplied, we now offer a few anecdotes treasured up in these too brief memorials of his life.

Thackeray was born at Calcutta in 1811. While still very young, he was sent to England; on the homeward voyage he had a peep at the great Napoleon in his exile-home at St. Helena. He received his education at the Charterhouse School and at Cambridge, leaving the latter without a degree. His fortune at this time amounted to twenty thousand pounds; this he afterward lost through unfortunate speculations, but not before he had travelled a good deal on the continent, and acquainted himself with French and German everyday life and literature. His first inclination was to follow the profession of an artist; and curious to relate, he made overtures to Charles Dickens to illustrate his earliest book. Thackeray was well equipped both in body and mind when his career as an author began; but over ten years of hard toil at newspaper and magazine writing were undergone before he became known as the author of *Vanity Fair*, and one of the first of living novelists. He lectured with fair if not with extraordinary success both in England and America, when the sunshine of public favor had been secured. His career of successful novel-writing terminated suddenly on 24th December, 1863, and

e Dickens, he had an unfinished novel hand.

Thackeray's generosity to others in a ruggling position is well known. The llowing are fair examples.

One morning Thackeray knocked at he door of Horace Mayhew's chambers in Regent Street, crying from without: "It's no use, Horry Mayhew; open the door." On entering, he said cheerfully: "Well, young gentleman, you'll admit an old fogy." When leaving, with his hat in his hand, he remarked: "By the by, how stupid! I was going away without doing part of the business of my visit. You spoke the other day of poor George. Somebody—most unaccountably—has returned me a five-pound note I lent him a long time ago. I didn't expect it. So just hand to George; and tell him, when his pocket will bear it, to pass it on to some poor fellow of his acquaintance. By-bye." He was gone! This was one of Thackeray's delicate methods of doing a favor; the recipient was asked to *pass it on*.

One of his last acts on leaving America after a lecturing tour, was to return twenty-five per cent. of the proceeds of one of his lectures to a young speculator who had been a loser by the bargain. While known to hand a gold piece to a waiter with the remark: "My friend, will you do me the favor to accept a sovereign?" he has also been known to say to a visitor who had proffered a card: "Don't leave this bit of paper; it has cost you two cents, and will be just as good for your next call." Evidently aware that money when properly used is a wonderful health-restorer, he was found by a friend who had entered his bedroom in Paris, gravely placing some napoleons in a pill-box, on the lid of which was written: "One to be taken occasionally." When asked to explain, it came out that these strange pills were for an old person who said she was very ill, and in distress; and so he had concluded that this was the medicine wanted. "Dr. Thackeray," he remarked, "intends to leave it with her himself. Let us walk out together." To a young literary man afterward his amanuensis, he wrote thus, on hearing that a loss had befallen him: "I am sincerely sorry to hear of your position, and send the little contribution which came so opportunely from another friend whom I was enabled once to help. When you are well-to-do again, I know you will pay it back; and I daresay somebody else will want the money, which is meanwhile most heartily at your service."

Unlike Charles Dickens, he was never happy when he had the prospect of a speech to make or had to act as chairman at some public gathering. One morning his amanuensis found him in bed, and discovered that he had passed a restless night. He was to preside that evening at the dinner of the General Theatrical Fund. His assistant ventured to remark that he was sorry he did not seem well that morning. "*Well!*" he exclaimed; "no; I am not well. I have got to make that confounded speech to-night." It is well known that his speech at the founding of the Free Library Institution, Manchester, which lasted for but three minutes, when he sat down, was a conspicuous failure. He good-naturedly remarked to a friend afterward: "My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy; this day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by a great British orator."

When enjoying an American repast at Boston in 1852, his friends there, determined to surprise him with the size of their oysters, had placed six of the largest bivalves they could find, on his plate. After swallowing number one with some little difficulty, a friend asked him how he felt. "Profoundly grateful," he gasped; "and as if I had swallowed a little baby." Previous to a farewell dinner given by his American intimates and admirers, he remarked that it was very kind of his friends to give him a dinner, but that such things always set him trembling. "Besides," he remarked to his secretary, "I have to make a speech, and what am I to say? Here, take a pen in your hand and sit down, and I'll see if I can hammer out something. It's hammering now. I'm afraid it will be stammering by and by." His *short* speeches, when delivered, were as characteristic and unmistakable as any thing he ever wrote. All the distinct features of his written style were present.

It is interesting to remark the senti-

ments he entertained toward his great rival Charles Dickens. Although the latter was more popular as a novelist than he could ever expect to become, he expressed himself in unmistakable terms regarding him. When the conversation turned that way, he would remark: "Dickens is making ten thousand a year. He is very angry at me for saying so; but I *will* say it, for it is true. He doesn't like me. He knows that my books are a protest against his—that if the one set are true, the other must be false. But *Pickwick* is an exception; it is a capital book. It is like a glass of good English ale." When *Dombey and Son* appeared in the familiar paper cover, number five contained the episode of the death of little Paul. Thackeray appeared much moved on reading it over, and putting number five in his pocket, hastened with it to the editor's room in *Punch* office. Dashing it down on the table in the presence of Mark Lemon, he exclaimed: "There's no writing against such power as this; one has no chance! Read that chapter describing young Paul's death; it is unsurpassed—it is stupendous!" When *Vanity Fair* was at its best and being published in monthly parts, with a circulation of six thousand a month, Thackeray would remark: "Ah, they talk to me of popularity, with a sale of little more than one half of ten thousand. Why look at that lucky fellow Dickens, with heaven knows how many readers, and certainly not less than thirty thousand buyers."

In a conversation with his secretary previous to his American trip, he intimated his intention of starting a magazine or journal on his return, to be issued in his own name. This scheme eventually took shape, and the result was the now well-known *Cornhill Magazine*. This magazine proved a great success, the sale of the first number being one hundred and ten thousand copies. Under the excitement of this great success, Thackeray left London for Paris. To Mr. Fields, the American publisher, who met him by appointment at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, he remarked: "London is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residence. Good gracious!" said he, throwing up his long arms, "where will this tremendous circulation stop? Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts? If the worst come to the worst, New York also may fall into my clutches, and only the Rocky Mountains may be able to stop my progress." His spirits continued high during this visit to Paris, his friend adding that some restraint was necessary to keep him from entering the jewellers' shops, and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and "other trifles; for," said he, "how can I spend the princely income which Smith* allows me for editing *Cornhill*, unless I begin instantly somewhere!" He complained too that he could not sleep at night "for counting up his subscribers." On reading a contribution by his young daughter to the *Cornhill*, he felt much moved, remarking to a friend: "When I read it, I blubbered like a child; it is so good, so simple, and so honest; and my little girl wrote it, every word of it."

Dickens in the tender memorial which he penned for the *Cornhill Magazine*, remarks on his appearance when they dined together. "No one," he says, "can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I of the greatness and goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself."

Thackeray sometimes made a good point in his replies. He was pestered on one occasion by a young American, who questioned him as to what they thought of this person and that in England. "Mr. Thackeray," he asked, "what do they think of Tupper?" "They don't think of Tupper," he quietly replied. At the weekly *Punch* dinners, Jerrold and he used to sit together when the former seemed inclined to wrangle when every thing was not to his mind. "There's no use quarrelling," said Thackeray; "for we must meet again next week."

Beneath his "modestly grand" manner, his seeming cynicism and bitterness, he bore a very tender and loving heart. In a letter written in 1854, and quoted in James Hannay's sketch, he expresses himself thus: "I hate Juvenal," he

* Of Smith, Elder & Co., the well-known publishers.

says. "I mean I think him a truculent fellow; and I love Horace better than you do, and rate Churchill much lower; and as for Swift, you haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do; but I don't admire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty shall we say. *Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred;* and when you get one or two more of those young ones you write so pleasantly about, you'll come over to the side of the kind wags, I think, rather than the cruel ones." The pathetic sadness visible in much that he wrote sprung partly from temperament and partly from his own private calamities. Loss of fortune was not the only cause. When a young man in Paris, he married; and after enjoying domestic happiness for several years, his wife caught a fever, from which she never afterward sufficiently recovered to be able to be with her husband and children. She was henceforth intrusted to the care of a kind family, where every comfort and attention was secured for her. The lines in the ballad of the *Bouillabaisse* are supposed to refer to this early time of domestic felicity:

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup.

In dictating to his amanuensis during the composition of the lectures on the *Four Georges*, he would light a cigar, pace the room for a few minutes, and then resume his work with increased cheerfulness, changing his position very frequently, so that he was sometimes sitting, standing, walking, or lying about. His enunciation was always clear and distinct, and his words and thoughts were so well weighed that the progress of writing was but seldom checked. He dictated with calm deliberation, and showed no risible feeling even when he had made a humorous point. His whole literary career was one of unremitting industry; he wrote slowly, and, like "George Eliot," gave forth his thoughts in such perfect form, that he rarely required to retouch his work. His handwriting was neat and plain, often very minute; which led to the remark, that if all trades failed, he would earn sixpences by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in the size of one. Unlike many men of less talent, he looked upon caligraphy as one of the fine arts. When at the height of his fame he was satisfied when he wrote six pages a day, generally working during the day, seldom at night. An idea which would only be slightly developed in some of his shorter stories, he treasured up and expanded in some of his larger works. When he received an adverse criticism, he remarked in a letter to a friend regarding it: "What can the man mean by saying that I am 'uncharitable, unkindly, that I sneer at virtue?' and so forth. My own conscience being pretty clear, I can receive the *Bulletin's* displeasure with calmness—remembering how I used to lay about me in my own youthful days, and how I generally took a good tall mark to hit at." That he felt the gravity of his calling is evident from a reply written in 1848 to friends in Edinburgh, who, presaging his future eminence, had presented him with an inkstand in the shape of a silver statuette of "Punch." "Who is this that sets up to preach to mankind," he wrote, "and to laugh at many things which men reverence? I hope I may be able to tell the truth always, and to see it aright, according to the eyes which God Almighty gives me. And if in the exercise of my calling I get friends, and find encouragement and sympathy, I need not tell you how much I feel, and am thankful for this support."

While Alfred Tennyson the future Laureate received the gold medal at Cambridge given by the Chancellor of the university for the best English poem, the subject being *Timbuctoo*, we find Thackeray satirizing the subject in a humorous paper called *The Snob*. Here are a few lines from his clever skit on the prize poem:

There stalks the tiger—there the lion roars,
Who sometimes eats the luckless blackamoors
All that he leaves of them the monster throws
To jackals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites, and crows;
His hunger thus the forest monarch gluts,
And then lies down 'neath trees called cocoa-nuts.

The personal appearance of Thackeray has been frequently described. His nose, through an early accident, was misshapen; it was broad at the bridge, and stubby at the end. He was near-sighted; and his hair at forty was already gray, but massy and abundant; his keen and kindly eyes twinkled sometimes through and sometimes over his spectacles. A friend remarked that what he "should call the predominant expression of the countenance was courage—a readiness to face the world on its own terms." Unlike Dickens, he took no regular walking exercise, and being regardless of the laws of health, suffered in consequence. In reply to one who asked him if he had ever received the best medical advice, his reply was: "What is the use of advice if you don't follow it? They tell me not to drink, and I *do* drink. They tell me not to smoke, and I *do* smoke. They tell me not to eat, and I *do* eat. In short, I do every thing that I am desired *not* to do; and therefore, what am I to expect?" And so one morning he was found lying, like Dr. Chalmers, in the sleep of death with his arms beneath his head, after one of his violent attacks of illness; to be mourned by his mother and daughters, who formed his household, and by a wider public beyond, which had learned to love him through his admirable works.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE COLORED MAN IN AUSTRALIA.

THE colored races of Australia—as all those not of European extraction are concisely called—are a constant source of anxiety to the white settlers. No sooner has the colonist disposed of one "shade," than he is confronted by some trouble arising out of the commissions of another; and disputes as to the best mode of dealing with Asiatics, Polynesians, and aboriginals form some of the most prominent of Australian questions. From the date of the first settlement, the degraded original owners of the soil have commanded the attention of the settlers who appropriated their property. The mischievous propensities of the aboriginals have been a source of constant annoyance to the pioneers, whilst the rapid decline in their numbers has disappointed the philanthropist, who vainly sought to raise these barbarians in the scale of intelligence, by teaching them habits of continuous toil and a sense of moral responsibility. The helpless brutality of the aboriginal does, however, secure him from active hostility on the part of the white settler; and the problem of dealing with him in the most humane and advantageous manner will at no distant date be solved by his disappearance from the face of the earth. Very different is the case with the aliens who have imported in large numbers from Asia and the South Sea Islands. These races show no signs of decay. Their numbers are constantly increasing. They have invaded Australia from Cape York to Port Philip, and from South Australia to New Zealand. Partly because they represent cheap labor, partly because "Australia for the white man" is become an article of faith from one end of the continent to the other, these importations have met with the most determined hostility—with antipathy which might long ago have culminated in serious violence, had not the various colonial governments performed something, and promised more, in the way of repressive legislation. The colored man is the stock subject of the newspapers, the regular topic at public meetings, and the theme of numerous parliamentary debates. In short, he has risen to the dignity of the question of the day.

The colored races of Australia are of three principal varieties. The aboriginal is black, the Chinaman is yellow, and the Polynesian may be of any tint from copper to black. Since the conclusion of the Maori war in New Zealand, the aboriginal has not attracted any attention beyond the limits of Australia. The colonists, however, especially in the north, have by no means heard the last of him. The fine race of New Zealand are rapidly declining through the combined influence of too much rum, and, apparently, too little fighting. Drink and inactivity co-operate toward the same result. Peace is now maintained between the natives and the settlers, and

former are more considerately treat- than of yore ; but alike in peace or r, whether drinking rum or cutting oats, the native New Zealander goes wn before the advance of civilization. he aboriginals of Tasmania are extinct. n the continent their condition be- omes more degraded and hopeless in roportion as they are remote from the ea. The coast natives are far superior to those of the inland districts. The former are capable of continuous industry, and display a considerable amount of intelligence. Some specimens that I saw about Moreton Bay (the entrance to the River Brisbane) were remarkably fine men. In the north of Queensland—in the peninsula of Cape York and round about the gulf of Carpentaria—the native is of an entirely different race, and probably migrated originally from the islands of the great Indian archipelago. He is athletic, intelligent, ferocious, untamable, and is credited with an appetite for human flesh. Traces of cannibalism have also been found in the western interior ; but nothing exact is known of the natives of that unexplored region. The most degraded of the aboriginal tribes have proved less unteachable than might have been inferred from the accounts of early travellers ; but nowhere have these races been so advantageously affected by civilization as to afford any hope of their escaping that natural law which dooms the weaker race to disappear before the stronger. The blacks will occasionally work for the squatters, and work well ; but they soon grow tired of remaining in one place. Continuous application seems beyond them. They are useful in tracking malefactors—a business for which most of them have qualified by a long training as evil-doers on their own account. In some places areas have been set apart for them, and homes have been established under the care of white officials. Here the aboriginal has acquired a little knowledge of agriculture and some of the simpler arts ; but it is noticeable that women or old and infirm men mostly seek these institutions, which thus do little to leaven the lump of able-bodied savagery. In Northern Queensland the relationship between the whites and the blacks is one of war to the knife. The savage uses his spear, the settler his rifle, whenever an opportunity presents itself. Nothing is attempted in the way of negotiation, overtures for peace, or reclamation. The latter is pronounced to be an impossibility ; but no effort has been made to establish a *modus vivendi*. It is said—and probably with too much truth—that the irreconcilable hostility of these northern savages was first provoked by atrocities on the part of the early settlers ; but it is not at all certain that the blacks could not be propitiated. They have decidedly the best of the present permanent state of warfare, which annually costs Queenslanders several lives and a large amount of property.

So much for the black man. The Kanaka, South Sea Islander, or Polynesian, as he is variously termed, may be generally classed as the brown man, though every island rejoices in its peculiar tint. These immigrants are confined to Queensland, and almost to one industry—the cultivation of sugar. About ten years ago the English Government and people were astonished at the receipt of reports to the effect that the South Sea Islanders were systematically kidnapped and compelled to work on the Queensland plantations. These accounts had too much foundation in truth ; but such practices wholly ceased long ago. An Act passed in the year 1868 placed this kind of immigration under strict regulations. Every vessel bringing Polynesians to Queensland must be licensed. Every importer of South Sea Islanders must sign a bond with two sureties, agreeing, under a penalty, to fulfil the conditions of the Act. These stipulate that the Polynesian shall be employed for a term of three years, at wages not under £6 a year. He is to be provided with a certain amount of clothing yearly, with rations, and medical attendance when required. At the end of the term of three years his employer must provide him with a passage—the accommodation on board ship being also specified. These laborers are industrious and for the most part well behaved. They suffer no hardship from their employers ; but the mortality amongst them is excessive, arising mostly from pulmonary diseases. Though the climate here is tropical, the mornings in midwinter are very cold, with occasional frosts. Some of these

Polynesians remain in Queensland after the expiration of their term of service, and these often display a propensity for arraying themselves in fine linen and gold chains. The remainder return to their native islands (the New Hebrides), carrying with them the equivalent of their £18 in the shape of rifles, revolvers, and other instruments of war. As these are the marks of civilization of which they are most proud, it is to be feared that their intercourse with higher intelligences does not prove an unmixed blessing to their benighted brethren at home. In the year 1877 the number of Polynesians who came to Queensland was 1986, including only 74 females. The number who departed was 906. The total number imported into this colony up to the end of March, 1878, was 13,933. Of these 1694 died, and 5570 went home again, leaving 6669 in the country.

The insignificant number of women who come hither from the islands forms an objection to the employment of Kanakas. As for the rest, it might be thought that a body of laborers who are engaged for a limited period, and who perform a kind of work that is not suitable for Europeans, would excite no jealousy or animosity amongst the whites. This, however, is not the case. The Australian's antipathy to the colored man is beyond the reach of argument. The Polynesian, limited as is the sphere of his operations, has narrowly escaped exclusion from Queensland. The Premier who has just retired from office (Mr. Douglas) was greatly opposed to Kanaka labor; and a measure further "regulating" the employment of the South Sea Islander was all but passed in the session of 1877. The newly-arrived immigrant from Great Britain or Europe, who is landed at the Northern ports, is especially dismayed at the sight of these dark-skinned fellow-laborers. The immensity of the distances in these countries, the interminable forests of gum trees, the roughness of every thing around, the villages where he expected to find cities, and the hamlets where he imagined there would be towns, are calculated to depress the new-comer at first; but these novel influences are as nothing compared with the prospect of having to work side by side with *black labor!* Appalled at such an unexpected discovery, many of the immigrants, who are brought hither at a cost to the colony of some £20 a head, hasten southward; and thus New South Wales secures many a good citizen at the expense of Queensland.

The Polynesian, however, as an object of public interest and of public dread, sinks into insignificance before the Chinese. This ubiquitous, all-suffering, all-capable individual—the future possessor of the world in his own opinion—has invaded Australia in thousands. He competes with the white man in almost every industry. He is careless of hardship, and apparently indifferent to climate. He flourishes equally under the almost equatorial heat of northern Queensland, and in the moist cool atmosphere of New Zealand. He possesses the power of working almost without limit, though he is slower and feebler than the Englishman; he can live upon a sum which would astonish a Dorsetshire laborer; and he regards an occasional period of semi-starvation as something quite in the ordinary way of business. These qualities, much more than certain vices to which the yellow man is addicted, have excited against him the bitterest aversion. The slang name for this invasion of the celestial children is sufficiently expressive. It is called the Yellow Agony. The Chinaman is regarded, in short, as an instrument for taking the bread out of the white man's mouth, as an agent for the reduction of wages, and his tendency is undoubtedly to monopolize any industry in which he once gets a footing.

It is remarkable that a question which is vital to Australia, and which is of no little imperial importance, should have excited so little attention in England. From time to time the English papers have noticed the Chinese invasion of California; and some years ago the Philadelphia correspondent of the *Times* very felicitously described the hostility to the Chinese in America as caused by their "underselling white labor, and setting up their idols in a Christian land." The *Times* itself brought the artillery of political economy to bear; it upheld the right of the employer to buy labor in the cheapest market. And possibly this off-hand decision was sufficient as regards the case in America.

The Chinese there are only obnoxious in the one corner where they reside; they are but a drop in the ocean of the great republic. If we estimate the Chinese in California at 35,000—an extreme number, I believe—such an alien population is not likely to cause any social disturbance amongst a community of forty millions, however offensive they may be to their immediate neighbors. In Australia the case is widely different. The Chinese swarm throughout the eastern continent. There are 4000 in Sydney alone. In Queensland they number at least 20,000, out of a total population of little over 200,000. The report of the Queensland Department of Mines for the year 1877 states that the total number of gold-miners at the end of the year was 17,903. Of these only 4634 were Europeans, and the remainder, 13,269, were Chinese. In some places, notably Cooktown, these visitors form the majority of the population. Viewing the matter apart from prejudice, antipathy, or panic, these figures do suggest a serious question. If this immigration of Chinese be continued, is there not a danger lest the yellow race should, at any rate in certain districts, become the dominant one? These colonies are held by white men in the name of Queen Victoria; are we to allow any portion of them practically to pass to the Emperor of China? The question is a complicated one, since we have to consider — first, the general right of the employer to get his work done at the cheapest rate; secondly, the treaty obligations of the empire of which Australia forms a part; thirdly, the undoubted right of the colonies to self-preservation. The last consideration seems likely to overpower the others. Rightly or wrongly, the colonial electors and their representatives have decided that Chinese immigration constitutes a danger which must not be suffered to continue. If one expedient fails to keep out the yellow man, another must be tried; excluded he must be. This feeling is practically unanimous. It has brought about repressive legislation in Queensland, and the example of the younger colony will soon be followed in New South Wales.

When the Chinaman first arrived in Queensland, he devoted himself to occupations in which his services were welcome. He raised vegetables no one else would raise; he caugh fish which had hitherto swum almo molested in Moreton Bay; and h the work both of an English co hawker and a London costermc The Queenslander is apt to despise industries. The command of bou territory, the enervating climate, ar still more enervating system of gc ment, all tend to foster a dislike cupations which require attenti minute detail. To such a comn the plodding Chinaman was useful- indeed, still is, as far as the above tioned occupations go. But the ca sumed a totally different aspect aft discovery of the northern gold- especially that on the Palmer (1873). The almond-eyed race r thither in thousands, all animate the hope of realizing that very n capital which secures a competer China. The alluvial diggings c North* were totally unequal to th port of the multitudes who flock them. In some localities the yi gold was insufficient to procure th essaries of life—even the necessa Chinese life. Great privations we dured by the majority. Many d sheer starvation. But their fate d check the invasion. A few gain coveted fortune, and each individu willing to brave every risk in the that he might be numbered amo lucky minority. The Chinese are erate gamblers—a propensity in s contrast with their indomitable pe ance and plodding industry. Su the Celestial bears patiently; he life cheaply; and so long as he chance of success for himself, he with the utmost unconcern the bl bones of his companions arounc Nearly all the yellow immigrants gold-fields came out under a sort c tract with their wealthier brethi home. Not having the money t their own passages to Queensland engaged to make over a certain p

* In alluvial mining the gold is so washing the soil; in the other branch mining, "reefing," the precious meta tracted from the quartz rock by crushin latter operation requires expensive ma the former only the simplest appliances

tion of their gains to the capitalists who gave them a start. Notwithstanding the number who left home never to return, the speculation seems to have paid the Hong Kong merchants who embarked in it, for the stream of Chinese immigration never ceased to flow as long as the alluvial deposits on the northern fields held out, and until the adoption by the Queensland Parliament and Government of the measures which I am about to describe.

This form of Chinese enterprise gave rise among the Europeans to a measure of discontent and enmity that never could have been excited by fishing or market-gardening. No matter that a European could not live upon the gains out of which the Chinese would save money; no matter that the aliens often worked ground that the European would regard as worthless. The total amount carried off by the Asiatics was imposing in the mass, and the white men considered themselves robbed of their property. It must be admitted that these Chinese gold-seekers were perfectly useless as colonists. They did not bring their families, they did not settle. Their only object was to secure as much gold as would recoup their patrons and leave a balance for themselves. They then decamped. During their stay here they dealt with traders of their own race, so that much of even their necessary expenditure would also find its way back to China. Immigrants who have left no trace behind them, except the exaustion of the alluvial fields over which they worked, could hardly be regarded as desirable colonists. Such visitors cannot be welcomed. The Colonial feeling, however, goes far beyond this negative phase. It is a feeling of determined hostility; it has brought about several Acts of Parliament; and, whilst I write, further dramatic novelties of the same order are announced by the new government as being in preparation.

But, however precise the public demand might be, a practical method of meeting it was not readily discovered. Queensland is an integral portion of the British Empire, and the treaty obligations of the Imperial Government must be respected here as elsewhere. The Chinese could not be forcibly kept out. They could not be hanged or imprisoned after they landed. At length the Brisbane Government resolved to exclude these visitors by the indirect method of rendering their expeditions hither unprofitable. The Hong Kong patrons would not send their countrymen over, unless the speculation proved remunerative; and accordingly the Ministry set themselves to prevent such a favorable result by imposing extra licenses, and exacting a sort of caution money. In a word, the white man was to be *protected* by a *duty* on the yellow man. The first measure passed by the Queensland Legislature was the Gold Fields Act Amendment Act of 1877. This provided that all Asiatic or African aliens should pay £3 for a miner's right or license, whereas the ordinary fee is 10*s*., and £10 for a business license, whereas the charge to Europeans is £4. Governor Cairns withheld his assent from this measure, on the ground that to impose special charges upon the Chinese was contrary to the spirit of the Imperial treaties with China. That the measure was directed against the Chinese only was obvious, since Queensland contains no African aliens, nor any Asiatics except Chinese. The Queensland Ministry of the day waxed wrath at this interference. They sought and obtained sympathy from the other Australian Governments, and they composed some Ministerial effusions which must have given intense amusement in Downing Street. Finally, the bill was assented to. Whilst it was in abeyance, the Government passed a second measure, which, though still more oppressive to the yellow man, received the royal assent without delay. This was the Chinese Immigrants Regulation Act of 1877. It stipulates that the master of every vessel bringing Chinese passengers to any Queensland port shall, before making an entry at the Customs, deliver to the collector a list of the Chinese on board, and pay a deposit of ten pounds for each one of them. A certificate is given to each of these passengers, and constitutes a sort of passport through the colony. The purpose for which this deposit is made may be best exemplified by quoting the 7th Clause of the Act:—

"7. All sums so paid by or on behalf of any Chinese shall be paid over to the Colonial Treasurer, and be by him applied in manner following, that is to say: If at any time within three

years from the date of the landing or arrival of any Chinese in respect of whom such sums shall have been paid, such Chinese shall depart from the colony to parts beyond the seas, and shall before his departure prove to the satisfaction of the Colonial Treasurer that during his residence in the colony he has not been confined in any jail or lock-up after conviction of any offence, and that he has paid all fines and penalties imposed upon him under the provisions of any Act in force in the colony, and that he has paid all expenses incurred in respect of his confinement or medical treatment in any public hospital, benevolent asylum, lunatic asylum, or other place for the care, treatment, or cure of the sick poor or insane, and that no expense or charge has fallen upon the revenue,—then upon the production to the collector or other principal officer of customs at the port of embarkation, of the certificate given to such Chinese on his arrival, the amount so paid in respect of such Chinese shall be repaid to him on board of the ship by which he shall so depart. But if he shall fail to make such proof within the period aforesaid, the amount shall be paid into the Consolidated Revenue."

The penalties for the infringement of any of the provisions of this Act are very severe—heavy fines, the forfeiture of the vessel, etc. The chance of any Chinese immigrant getting his £10 back is obviously infinitesimal. He must not only keep out of jail, not only pay for his maintenance if he is compelled to go to a hospital, a benevolent asylum (a sort of workhouse) or a lunatic asylum—the latter being a very likely destination for any Chinese who come hither after the passage of this Act—but he must prove all this. The onus of showing that he has been immaculate rests with him. Imagine Ah Sing, the Hong Kong John Smith, endeavoring to prove in a strange country that he was not the Ah Sing who did this or that which he ought not to have done! In nine cases out of ten the deposit must remain an absolute poll-tax.

The deposit, however, is not all. No vessel can carry more than one Chinese passenger for every ten tons of registry. Previously to the adoption of this proviso in Queensland, the steamship companies were able to make this trade profitable by carrying large numbers, tightly packed, at £3 or £4 a head. The Chinese had no objection to the tight-packing; indeed, they are not thankful for any of the blessings of civilization, as Europeans interpret them; and they were only too glad to get here anyhow, provided the demand upon their pockets was of moderate amount. I am ed by a leading merchant tha the Act of 1877, a Chinaman c profitably carried from Hong Cooktown (the most northerly land port) under £30. Any th this charge would be prohibitor matter of fact the Chinese Im Regulation Act has achieved it that of preventing immigratic gether. The number of Chin arrived in Queensland in 1875 w in 1876, 6555; and in 187 Since the end of 1877, the tot low immigrants has not reach In all likelihood a falling off in t ber of visitors from Hong Kor have been inevitable in any ca the alluvial fields of the north nigh exhausted. But so comple pension of the "yellow agon only be owing to the effect prohibitive measures.

Yet even the two Acts I have ed were not deemed sufficient by ious Ministry. The first one—T Fields Act Amendment Act—p dead letter. It was found impo get the license money from the In many cases they did not po in other cases they would not p this patient race were always starve or to go to jail, their *vi* gained them a complete victor gards this measure. The depos the Regulation Act must be pai the Chinese can land, and hence cisive effect of that law; the lic payable after the Chinese had shore, and in practice could nc tained at all. This result was, of unsatisfactory. The Regulati prevented fresh importations, b not affect those Chinese who ready in the colony. Someth needed to make these uncom and the Gold Fields Act Am Act had proved a complete Nothing daunted, the Ministry the Gold Fields Act Amendmen 1878, which repealed the Am Act of 1877, and forbade "A African aliens" from mining gold fields, a field being de "new" for three years after p tion. Thus if a Chinese gol does get over the difficulty of deposit—which has so far prov

perable—he can only take the leavings of the Europeans. No new fields worth mentioning have recently been discovered, and the old alluvial deposits must speedily cease to afford a livelihood even to a Chinaman. Some of the ground has been worked over three times already. Whether this repressive legislation is in accordance with the spirit of British treaties with China is a question for the Colonial Secretary at home: certain it is that the desire of the vast majority of Queenslanders is rapidly being realized.

The history of the Chinese question in New South Wales has been marked by a very significant episode. For some time past the competition of the Chinese in that colony has excited the same feeling of dissatisfaction which is manifested throughout Australia. In Sydney alone the obnoxious race number 4000. They have almost monopolized the cabinet-making business, for which they display remarkable aptitude, and in other trades their rivalry is formidable. The animosity of the whites has often seemed on the point of breaking out into violent measures, in that most rowdy-ridden of Australian cities—Sydney; but peace was preserved up to the middle of last November, when the Australasian Steam Navigation Company—much to their own surprise—brought about a serious crisis. The A. S. N. Company (as it is popularly called) is one of the most powerful of Australian corporations. Its large fleet of steamers ply along the whole coast of the continent from Cooktown to Adelaide, and trade with New Zealand, Tasmania, Fiji, and New Caledonia. Previously to the middle of November Chinese firemen and dockhands were employed on board three steamers trading with Fiji and New Caledonia. The directors resolved to avail themselves further of this cheap labor, and Chinese began gradually to make their appearance in the vessels trading between Sydney and Queensland. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the Company intended to supersede European seamen and firemen as far as possible throughout their service. One hundred Chinese were brought specially from Hong Kong, and this consignment was followed by another and a much larger one. On Monday, November 18th, the directors attempted to put their resolution into force at Sydney, and were met by a strike of all the crews in port. The whites broke their engagements, packed up their effects, and went on shore. The example was followed by every other crew, when and wherever they landed, until nearly the whole fleet was laid up. Only with the utmost difficulty could the Company insure the imperfect fulfilment of their mail contracts. One steamer was manned entirely by captains and officers; and very amusing it was to hear the "Have the goodness to belay that rope, Mr. A.," and the "Be kind enough to keep her off, Mr. B." The weekly loss to the Company was enormous; but they held out in the full expectation that the men would be beaten in the end. And doubtless so powerful a body would have triumphed without much difficulty in an ordinary strike. But this was no ordinary dispute between capital and labor. It was a strike against the yellow man. Thus it acquired a sacred character; it became an Australian movement, securing universal sympathy, and, what was more to the purpose, substantial support.

A storm of popular feeling—unanimous, with insignificant exceptions, from one end of the continent to the other—burst upon the Company. Public meetings were held everywhere, and without ceasing. The newspapers mostly took the side of the seamen. Ministers, *in esse* and *in posse*, were interviewed, and promised to "settle" the Chinese question as soon as Parliament assembled, or as soon as they got into office, as the case might be. The public put their hands in their pockets, and subscribed for the support of the strikers a sum much in excess of the requirements of the case. So bitter was the feeling of Australians generally, that large numbers of working men forbade their wives to deal with Chinese hawkers and gardeners, and thus endangered the health of their children, for in this climate vegetables form a specially essential element in the food of the young. Violence was studiously avoided, save in one or two trivial cases; albeit the *canaille* of Sydney was with difficulty restrained from displaying its peculiar style of patriotism. But no feature of this popular movement was so striking as the fact that the cause of the

seamen was supported not merely by raw politicians seeking after popularity, *novi homines* grasping at a chance of making themselves, but by the moderate and established leaders of Australian politics. In Queensland the Ministry and the Opposition were at one in the matter; and the former gave notice to the A. S. N. Company that, in consequence of the irregular delivery of the mails, the contract for carrying them would be terminated. In a word, the Company, instead of having to contend against a few seamen and stokers, found itself face to face with the entire Australian community. Long before the strike terminated, defeat became inevitable; indeed, the Government of New South Wales threatened legislative measures. In one circular to the shareholders the directors hinted at the preposterous expedient of selling their property; in other words, having declared that they could not make a profit unless they employed Chinese labor, they would sell their steamers because they were prevented from using such labor! Better sense prevailed in the end; and ultimately the directors accepted a compromise, by which they agreed to pay the wages of the strikers up to the time of their leaving work, to employ Chinese on certain lines only, and to restrict the total number so employed to 130. So ended this important contest; important because it was brought about by the first attempt of European employers to introduce Chinese labor on a large scale; for, be it noted, though the yellow man abounds in such numbers in these countries, he almost invariably works for himself or an employer of his own race.

The Prime Minister of New South Wales, Sir Henry Parkes, has lost no time in drawing up a measure for the purpose of effecting for his colony what the Chinese Immigrants Regulation Act has so thoroughly done for Queensland. Indeed, the bill is an exact copy of the Act, with the exception of the use to made of the £10 deposit. The Queensland Act makes a pretence, as we have seen, of returning this sum. Sir Henry Parkes proceeds in a more straightforward manner. His bill provides that all sums "so paid by or on behalf of any Chinese shall be paid over to the Colonial Treasurer, and by him set apart under a separate account as a fund t be applied toward the support o Chinese within the hospitals or othe public institutions of the colony. Thi affords the Celestial a substantial pros pect. Instead of being buoyed up wit the delusive hope of regaining his deposi in money, he has before him the certainty of being able to take it out in medicine, or even to claim a wooden leg for nothing. The measure is not yet passed, but there is no doubt that it will become law. Sir Henry Parkes commands a large majority, and it is not probable that any of his followers either could or would rebel in the present state of the public temper.

The total number of Chinese in New South Wales at the end of last year was 9616. There are few, if any, women of this race in the colony, but 352 European women live with Chinese, of which number 181 are married. The condition of the remainder is a favorite topic at the indignation meetings, but it is right to say that these women had small social standing to lose when they joined fortunes with their Mongolian partners. In Victoria the number of Chinese is comparatively small, and no measures have been taken against them. A few meetings have been held, and the general attitude is one of sympathy with the anti-Chinese movements in the north. In South Australia the Government have issued an order prohibiting contractors from employing Chinese on any public work. It will thus be seen that the same disposition prevails throughout the colonies.

Such are the facts of the case. The logic, the justice of this question, are of course another matter. To most Englishmen, probably, these legislative proceedings will appear monstrous. In British Columbia, indeed, an impost similar to the deposit or protection duty levied upon the Chinese in Queensland has been pronounced unconstitutional by the supreme court; but as "constitution" and its derivatives are precisely that class of words to which everybody attaches the meaning that pleases him best, it is not probable that a decision of this kind will make much difference. The Queenslanders have secured th royal assent to their measure, and wha has been granted to one colony ca

refused to another. Equally
ıe purpose is it to uphold the
the Chinese on the one hand,
es on the other, though these
ally the subject of fierce con-
ıetween the advocates of the
. Both the good and the bad
of the unpopular race are more
oubtful quantities. The Chi-
inveterate gamblers, but they
lone in this respect. Many of
)ke opium, but the consumption
ug by the yellow man does not
worse effects than the consump-
um by the white man. Intoxi-
a greater public nuisance than
ion. Then these invaders bring
n with them, and very few can
)tain European wives. Hence
chievous consequences ; but it
l with much reason on behalf of
ese that they cannot be expect-
ng women hither, while the men
h such scant courtesy. The
ıan, in fact, invariably becomes
e deplorable moral character, in
)n as his industrial rivalry grows
rmidable. "Henceforth I'm
to cheap labor," said Bret
Californian, when he found that
ıthen Chinee could cheat at
nore effectively than he could
On the other hand, the virtues
Chinese have been absurdly ex-
nd equally require discounting.
orderly and inoffensive." Is he
)me, when he finds himself sup-
)y an overwhelming superiority
ers. Here in Australia his quiet
: is very intelligible. The
ıinese, for example, who inhabit
have good reasons for being or-
ı the presence of an unfriendly
on of 140,000. Again, that the
an is industrious is a rule to
have never met with any excep-
le labors to excess ; his capacity
nt toil seems inexhaustible. But
never had any opportunity of
ing any other qualities besides
odding perseverance. White
)hy now universally recognizes
an should not live for work
yet many generations of some-
ery like serfdom have left the
n China with the power of labor,
ı very little else. The industry
Chinese is a virtue run to seed.

Let us fix the moral status of the Celestial as nicely as we may, there still remains unsolved the perplexing problem arising out of the European's instinct of self-preservation. For this is really the root of the matter. The Australian is neither intolerant nor unreasonable with respect to other races generally. All manner of Europeans are welcomed here : they arrive in shiploads, settle down, and amalgamate with the rest of the population. The Irish are remarkably numerous in Brisbane, and, as a class, are prosperous. Germans swarm in the best agricultural region of Queensland, the Darling Downs. Out of 6212 European immigrants who landed in this colony during 1877, 1378 were Germans. At the last general election an important constituency rejected an Englishman who had sat in Parliament for five years, and had been Chairman of the Committees, in favor of a German storekeeper. Italians also have been brought hither at the public expense. The ordinary European is, in short, sought after, whether he speaks English or not. Why is the Asiatic so bitterly opposed ? The specious pleas of "passion," "prejudice," "antagonism of race," will not serve to explain a feeling which is so deep and universal. The instinct of self-preservation, I repeat, is the true explanation of this difficulty : the Australian is fully convinced that the issue is one of life or death, and that where the Chinese are, the Europeans will, sooner or later, cease to be. Nor is the question merely one of cheap labor—of underbidding in the wages market. The adhesion to the cause of the seaman of nearly all the Australian political leaders—including many men of wealth—shows that something more is at stake. A very few words will suffice to show what this is.

When the A. S. N. Company made their attempt to supersede white labor, the rate of wages for a European fireman was £8 a month. The Eastern and Australian Mail Company pay their Chinese firemen £2 15*s.* a month. and four Chinese are equal to three Europeans. The difference between the wages of the two is therefore equal to the difference between 11 and 24. Can it be doubted that, with such an advantage in prospect, the employment of Chinese

would, if the A. S. N. Company had succeeded, in time have become universal? It may be argued that if the capitalists can command this difference, they have a right to it; but, before admitting this inference, let us glance at another set of facts. The population of Australia is augmented not only by natural increase, but also by the constant influx of immigrants brought hither at the expense of the various colonial governments. These new-comers are collected in shiploads by agents in London, and, in the case of Queensland, lecturers are paid to travel throughout Great Britain, and explain to the multitude the advantages of settling in this El Dorado. Neither lecturers nor agents spare the coloring in their pictures of colonial life; yet in the main an artisan or laborer does benefit by availing himself of these facilities. Queensland is now suffering from a period of temporary depression, but in ordinary times the chances of success here are much greater than in the old country, whilst comfort is almost a certainty. The case would be utterly altered if the myriads who are ready to leave China at a moment's notice were allowed free ingress and an industrial *champ libre*.

To induce Europeans to come hither by holding out a prospect of from six to fourteen shillings a day, and to leave them after their arrival to compete with a race who are thankful for half-a-crown, would be a cruel fraud. It would, indeed, be impossible to practise such deception. European free immigration would cease altogether, and what such discontinuance would mean may be inferred from the fact that of the 6212 Europeans who came to Queensland in 1877, only 420 paid their own passages. And not only would the white man cease to come in; he would in many cases be driven out. A slow but sure transformation of these British colonies into Asiatic communities would be brought about, with a result disastrous to all classes, not excepting the capitalists, whose gain by the employment of yellow labor would be more than counterbalanced by the loss of white custom. The spendings of the Chinese are proportionate to their earnings. Such a result would be all the more calamitous, since Australians generally are beginning to evince a desire for a closer con with the mother country, and it i able that some of the starving w ple of Great Britain will be co ere long to seek a new home. T might find here with advantage t selves and the colonies. If, as than probable, England has reac limit of her population-bearing ca an advantageous arrangement m made by which the boundless c ties of these regions might be re available for the surplus—A would obtain the population she and England would secure a m tended market for her comm This, however, can never be, if restrained competition of the Chi to be tolerated. That my forecas consequences of such competitio overdrawn, is evidenced by the condition of Cooktown and the round about. This region is a lian province. The Chinese ar dominant. It is true that they allowed to share in the governme they have not been trained to des kind of power. Their persons an erty are safe, and they are sage tent to leave the trouble of gove to the whites.

It is the reality of this danger has led a majority of the educat well-to-do colonists to join the mu in the campaign against the unw visitors. On the whole they can blamed. The balance of argum this most difficult question incli the side of the exclusionists. T pedients with which they have m invaders are undoubtedly artificial are even, as we have seen, grot but it is only fair to their origi to say that they were not tried all others had proved useless. N it be doubted that any other E community, or any European co nity whatsoever, would adopt sir decisive measures if they were su swamped by a horde of uninvited In matters of this kind the advoc toleration are always those who nothing to tolerate. In reluctan riving at a conclusion like this, I have overlooked nothing that c urged on the Chinese side of the tion. Indeed, it would be difficult so, since the Chinese have spoke

no uncertain sound in their own behalf. Three Chinese merchants of Melbourne, L. Kong Meng, Cheok Hong Cheong, and Louis Ah Mony, have issued a pamphlet, in which the case is discussed from their side with great force. They are not supposed to have written this paper, but the fact that they have been the means of giving so excellent an argument to the world does them the greatest credit. Here is their estimate of the Chinese character :—" Man for man, we unhesitatingly assert that our countrymen will compare favorably with any European people in morals and manners; in proof whereof we refer to Hayter's Statistics on Crime, etc. : and that they are superior to the average Englishman in filial affection, in respect for the aged, in honesty, in cheerfulness, and in patient, plodding industry. They are free from moroseness and discontent, very good-tempered, grateful for kindness, faithful to their employers, quick to learn, clever to imitate, peaceful, orderly, sober, and methodical." Kong Meng and his coadjutors then proceed to argue that Australia is large enough for all, and that China is overcrowded. Australia is probably half as large again as China proper, and it contains fewer than two millions and a quarter of Europeans. Why, then, do not the Chinese betake themselves to some part of Australia where they will not interfere with Europeans? If the average Chinaman is half as fine a fellow as these three merchants represent him to be, he is fully the equal of the Englishman. Why, then, does he not (being " clever to imitate") do as the Englishman has done, and found colonies of his own, instead of trespassing upon other people's preserves? The world would be all the better for a few independent Chinese communities. For the yellow men to settle down amongst a people with whom they can no more amalgamate than oil can mix with water, is merely tempting Providence. During the last ten years they have invaded various white communities, and yet have made no more progress toward fusion than is indicated by the formation of a few connections with women who are generally the most degraded of their sex. That painful industry, that life-darkening frugality, which are so much admired by some observers, are not the offspring of innate virtue, but the result of a permanently inadequate food supply. It is not possible that a race reared like the English can imitate such qualities ; nor is it desirable, except on the theory that man was born to make himself miserable. Why continue an attempt which is obviously futile, and which involves such fierce antagonism of race? The world is wide, and still contains numerous unsettled areas. If the Chinese fail in the endeavor to possess them, the result will go far to establish that inferiority which their advocates so strenuously deny.—*Fortnightly Review.*

WORDSWORTH.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I REMEMBER hearing Lord Macaulay say, after Wordsworth's death, when subscriptions were being collected to found a memorial of him, that ten years earlier more money could have been raised in Cambridge alone, to do honor to Wordsworth, than was now raised all through the country. Lord Macaulay had, as we know, his own heightened and telling way of putting things, and we must always make allowance for it. But probably it is true that Wordsworth has never, either before or since, been so accepted and popular, so established in possession of the minds of all who profess to care for poetry, as he was between the years 1830 and 1840, and at Cambridge. From the very first, no doubt, he had his believers and witnesses. But I have myself heard him say, that, for he knew not how many years, his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoe-strings. The poetry-reading public was very slow to recognize him, and was very easily drawn away from him. Scott effaced him with this public, Byron effaced him.

The death of Byron seemed, however,

to make an opening for Wordsworth. Scott, who had for some time ceased to produce poetry himself, and stood before the public as a great novelist; Scott, too genuine himself not to feel the profound genuineness of Wordsworth, and with an instinctive recognition of his firm hold on nature and of his local truth, always admired him sincerely, and praised him generously. The influence of Coleridge upon young men of ability was then powerful, and was still gathering strength; this influence told entirely in favor of Wordsworth's poetry. Cambridge was a place where Coleridge's influence had great action, and where Wordsworth's poetry, therefore, flourished especially. But even amongst the general public its sale grew large, the eminence of its author was widely recognized, and Rydal Mount became an object of pilgrimage. I remember Wordsworth relating how one of the pilgrims, a clergyman, asked him if he had ever written any thing besides the *Guide to the Lakes*. Yes, he answered modestly, he had written verses. Not every pilgrim was a reader, but the vogue was established, and the stream of pilgrims came.

Mr. Tennyson's decisive appearance dates from 1842. One cannot say that he effaced Wordsworth as Scott and Byron had effaced him. The poetry of Wordsworth had been so long before the public, the suffrage of good judges was so steady and so strong in its favor, that by 1842 the verdict of posterity, one may almost say, had been already pronounced, and Wordsworth's English fame was secure. But the vogue, the ear, and applause of the great body of poetry-readers, never quite thoroughly perhaps his, he gradually lost more and more, and Mr. Tennyson gained them. Mr. Tennyson drew to himself, and away from Wordsworth, the poetry-reading public and the new generations. Even in 1852, when Wordsworth died, this diminution of popularity was visible, and occasioned the remark of Lord Macaulay which I quoted at starting.

The diminution has continued. The influence of Coleridge has waned; Wordsworth's poetry can no longer draw succor from this ally. The poetry has not, however, wanted eulogists; and it may be said to have brought its eulogists luck, for almost every on has praised Wordsworth's poetr praised it well. But the public l mained cold, or, at least, undeterr The abundance of Mr. Palgrave' and skilfully chosen specime Wordsworth, in the *Golden Tre* surprised many readers, and ever offence to some. To tenth-rate and compilers, for whom any shock to the public taste would temerity not to be risked, it is stil permissible to speak of Wordsw poetry, not only with ignoranc with impertinence. On the Cor he is almost unknown.

I cannot think, then, that Words has up to this time at all obtain deserts. "Glory," said M. Ren other day, "glory after all is the which has the best chance of not altogether vanity." And whe Renan presents himself to the I Academy—the only authentic di ers, he says, of glory, of "this light"—he presents himself suppor M. Victor Hugo, his "dear and trious master," a poet irradiatec it; a poet "whose genius has thr out our century struck the hour f has given body to every one o dreams, wings to every one o thoughts." Yet probably not t people in that magnificent assem all coruscating with the beams " grand light," had ever even hea Wordsworth's name.

Wordsworth was a homely mai would certainly never have thou talking of glory as that which, aft has the best chance of not being gether vanity. And it is quite im ble for us to esteem recognition French academy, or by the Fren tion, or by any single institutio nation, as so decisive a title to gl M. Renan supposes it. Yet we well allow to him, after these res that few things are less vain thai glory. Let us conceive of the group of civilized nations as beir intellectual and spiritual purpose great confederation, bound to a action and working toward a co result; a confederation whose me have a due knowledge both of the out of which they all proceed, a one another. This was the id

Goethe, and it is an ideal which will impose itself upon the thoughts of our modern societies more and more. Then to be recognized by the verdict of such a confederation as a master, or even as seriously and eminently worthy, in one's own line of intellectual or spiritual activity, is indeed glory; a glory which it would be difficult to rate too highly. For what could be more benificent, more salutary? The world is forwarded by having its attention fixed on the best things; and here is a tribunal, free from all suspicion of national and provincial partiality, putting a stamp on the best things, and recommending them for general honor and acceptance. A nation, again, is furthered by recognition of its real gifts and successes; it is encouraged to develop them further. And here is an honest verdict, telling us which of our supposed successes are really, in the judgment of the great impartial world, and not in our own private judgment only, successes, and which are not.

It is so easy to feel pride and satisfaction in one's own things, so hard to make sure that one is right in feeling it! We have a great empire. But so had Nebuchadnezzar. We extoll the "unrivalled happiness" of our national civilization. But then comes a candid friend, and remarks that our upper class is materialized, our middle class vulgarized, and our lower class brutalized. We are proud of our painting, our music. But we find that in the judgment of other people our painting is questionable, and our music non-existent. We are proud of our men of science. And here it turns out that the world is with us; we find that in the judgment of other people, too, Newton among the dead, and Mr. Darwin among the living, hold as high a place as they hold in our national opinion.

Finally, we are proud of our poets and poetry. Now poetry is nothing less than the most perfect speech of man, that in which he comes nearest to being able to utter the truth. It is no small thing, therefore, to succeed eminently in poetry. And so much is required for duly estimating success here, that about poetry it is perhaps hardest to arrive at a sure general verdict, and takes longest. Meanwhile, our own conviction of the superiority of our national poets is not decisive, is almost certain to be mingled, as we see constantly in English eulogy of Shakespeare, with much of provincial infatuation. And we know what was the opinion current amongst our neighbors the French, people of taste, acuteness, and quick literary tact, not a hundred years ago, about our great poets. The old *Biographie Universelle* notices the pretension of the English to a place for their poets among the chief poets of the world, and says that this is a pretension which to no one but an Englishman can ever seem admissible. And the scornful, disparaging things said by foreigners about Shakespeare and Milton, and about our national over-estimate of them, have been often quoted, and will be in every one's remembrance.

A great change has taken place, and Shakespeare is now generally recognized, even in France, as one of the greatest of poets. Yes, some anti-Gallican cynic will say, the French rank him with Corneille and Victor Hugo! But let me have the pleasure of quoting a sentence about Shakespeare, which I met with by accident not long ago in the *Correspondant*, a French review which not a dozen English people, I suppose, look at. The writer is praising Shakespeare's prose. With Shakespeare, he says, "prose comes in whenever the subject, being more familiar, is unsuited to the majestic English iambic." And he goes on: "Shakespeare is the king of poetic rhythm and style, as well as the king of the realm of thought. Along with his dazzling prose, Shakespeare has succeeded in giving us the most varied, the most harmonious verse, which has ever sounded upon the human ear, since the verse of the Greeks." M. Henry Cochin, the writer of this sentence, deserves our gratitude for it; it would not be easy to praise Shakespeare, in one short sentence, more felicitously. And when a foreigner and a Frenchman writes thus of Shakespeare, and when Goethe says of Milton, in whom there was so much to repel Goethe rather than to attract him, that "nothing has been ever done so entirely in the sense of the Greeks as *Samson Agonistes*," and that "Milton is in very truth a poet whom we must treat with all respect," then we understand what constitutes a European

recognition of poets and poetry as contradistinguished from a merely national recognition, and that in favor both of Milton and of Shakespeare the judgment of the high court of appeal has finally gone.

Or, again, judgment may go the other way. Byron has had an immense reputation, not in England only, but on the Continent. M. Taine, in his history of English literature, takes Byron as seriously as he takes Shakespeare. Byron is the supreme and incomparable expression of the English genius after eight centuries of preparation; he is the one single contemporary author who has *atteint à la cime*, "reached the summit;" *Manfred* is the twin brother of *Faust*. But then Mr. Scherer strikes in with his words of truth and soberness. Remarking that "Byron is one of our French superstitions," he points out how Byron's talent is oratorical rather than poetical; he points out how to high and serious art, art impersonal and disinterested, Byron never could rise; and how the man in Byron, finally, is even less sincere than the poet. And by this we may perceive that we have not in Byron what we have in Milton and Shakespeare—a poetical reputation which time and the authentic judgment of mankind will certainly accept and consecrate.

So excellent a writer and critic as M. Renan sees in M. Victor Hugo a "beloved and illustrious master, whose voice has throughout our century struck the hour for us." Of these "strikings of the hour" by the voice of M. Victor Hugo, none certainly was more resonant, none was hailed with more passionate applause by his friends, than *Hernani*. It is called for again, made to strike over again; we have the privilege of hearing it strike in London. And still there is no lack of applause to this work of a talent "combining," says Theophile Gautier, "the qualities of Corneille and of Shakespeare." But I open by chance a little volume, the conversations of Goethe with the Chancellor von Müller. There I come upon this short sentence: "Goethe said, 'Hernani' was an absurd composition." *Hernani sei eine absurde Composition.* So speaks this great foreign witness; a German, certainly, but a German favorable to French literature, and to France which," said he, "I owe so much culture!" So speaks Goethe, the who, above all others, may cou European, and whose judgment o value of a work of modern poetry judgment which will, we may be a sure, at last prevail generally.

I come back to M. Renan's pra glory, from which I started. Ye glory is a most serious thing, authenticated by the Amphict Court of final appeal, definitive And even for poets and poetry, lon difficult as may be the process of ing at the right award, the right comes at last, the definitive glor where it is deserved. Every esta ment of such a real glory is goo wholesome for mankind at large, and wholesome for the nation produced the poet crowned with it the poet himself it can seldom do l for he, poor man, is in his grave, p bly, long before his glory crowns

Wordsworth has been in his gra some thirty years, and certainl lovers and admirers cannot flatter selves that this great and steady li glory as yet shines over him. He fully recognized at home; he is nc ognized at all abroad. Yet I firm lieve that the poetical performar Wordsworth is, after that of Shake and Milton, of which all the worl recognizes the worth, undoubted most considerable in our language the Elizabethan age to the present Chaucer is anterior; and on grounds, too, he cannot well be br into the comparison. But takir roll of our chief poetical names, b Shakespeare and Milton, from th of Elizabeth downwards, and through it—Spenser, Dryden, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, ridge, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Sl Keats (I mention those only wl dead)—I think it certain that V worth's name deserves to stanc will finally stand, above them all. ral of the poets named have gif excellences which Wordsworth ha But taking the performance of eac whole, I say that Wordsworth see me to have left a body of poetical superior in power, in interest, i qualities which give enduring fres

t which any one of the others has

: this is not enough to say. I think
tain, further, that if we take the
poetical names of the Continent
the death of Molière, and omitting
ıe, confront the remaining names
that of Wordsworth, the result is
ıme. Let us take Klopstock, Les-
Schiller, Uhland, Rückert, and
: for Germany; Filicaia, Alfieri,
oni, and Leopardi for Italy; Vol-
André, Chenier, Béranger, La-
ne, Musset, M. Victor Hugo (he
been so long celebrated that al-
h he still lives I may be permitted
me him), for France. Several of
, again, have evidently gifts and
ences to which Wordsworth can
no pretension. But in real poet-
ıchievement it seems to me indu-
e that to Wordsworth, here again,
gs the palm. It seems to me that
sworth has left behind him a
of poetical work which wears,
will wear, better on the whole
the performance of any one of
personages, so far more brilliant
celebrated, most of them, than the
ly poet of Rydal. Wordsworth's
rmance in poetry is on the whole,
wer, in interest, in the qualities
ı give enduring freshness, superior
irs.

is is a high claim to make for Words-
ı. But if it is a just claim, if Words-
ı's place, among the poets who have
ured in the last two or three cen-
ı, is after Shakespeare, Molière,
ın, Goethe, indeed, but before all
est, then in time Wordsworth will
his due. We shall recognize him
s place, as we recognize Shake-
e and Milton; and not only we
lves shall recognize him, but he
be recognized by Europe also.
ıwhile, those who recognize him
ly may do well, perhaps, to ask
selves whether there are not in the
of Wordsworth certain special ob-
s which hinder or delay his due
nition by others, and whether these
cles are not in some measure re-
ble.

e *Excursion* and the *Prelude*, his
s of greatest bulk, are by no means
sworth's best work. His best
is in his shorter pieces, and many

indeed are there of these which are of first-rate excellence. But in his seven volumes the pieces of high merit are mingled with a mass of pieces very inferior to them; so inferior to them that it seems wonderful how the same poet should have produced both. Shakespeare frequently has lines and passages in a strain quite false, and which are entirely unworthy of him. But one can imagine his smiling if one could meet him in the Elysian Fields and tell him so; smiling and replying that he knew it perfectly well himself, and what did it matter? But with Wordsworth the case is different. Work altogether inferior, work quite uninspired, flat and dull, is produced by him with evident unconsciousness of its defects, and he presents it to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work. Now a drama or an epic fill the mind, and one does not look beyond them; but in a collection of short pieces the impression made by one piece requires to be continued and sustained by the piece following. In reading Wordsworth, the impression made by one of his fine pieces is constantly dulled and spoiled by a very inferior piece coming after it.

Wordsworth composed verses during a space of some sixty years; and it is not much of an exaggeration to say that within one single decade of those years, between 1798 and 1808, almost all his really first-rate work was produced. A mass of inferior work remains, work done before and after this golden prime, imbedding the first-rate work and clogging it, obstructing our approach to it, chilling the high-wrought mood with which we leave it. To be recognized far and wide as a great poet, to be possible and receivable as a classic, Wordsworth needs to be relieved of a great deal of the poetical baggage which now encumbers him. To administer this relief is indispensable, unless he is to continue to be a poet for the few only, a poet valued far below his real worth by the world.

There is another thing. Wordsworth classified his poems not according to any commonly received plan of arrangement, but according to a scheme of mental physiology. He has poems of the fancy, poems of the imagination, poems of sentiment, and reflection, and

so on. His categories are ingenious but far-fetched, and the result of his employment of them is unsatisfactory. Poems are separated one from another which possess a kinship of subject or of treatment far more vital and deep than the supposed unity of mental origin which was Wordsworth's reason for joining them with others.

The tact of the Greeks in matters of this kind was infallible. We may rely upon it that we shall not improve upon the classification adopted by the Greeks for kinds of poetry; that their categories of epic, dramatic, lyric, and so forth, have a natural propriety, and should be adhered to. It may sometimes seem doubtful to which of two categories a poem belongs; whether this or that poem is to be called, for instance, narrative or lyric, lyric or elegiac. But there is to be found in every good poem a strain, a predominant note, which determines the poem as belonging to one of these kinds rather than the other; and here is the best proof of the value of the classification, and of the advantage of adhering to it. Wordsworth's poems will never produce their due effect until they are freed from their present artificial arrangement, and grouped more naturally.

Naturally grouped, and disengaged, moreover, from the quantity of inferior work which now obscures them, the best poems of Wordsworth, I hear many people say, would indeed stand out in great beauty, but they would prove to be very few in number, scarcely more than half a dozen. I maintain, on the other hand, that what strikes me with admiration, what establishes, in my opinion, Wordsworth's superiority, is the great and ample body of powerful work which remains of him, after all his inferior work has been cleared away. He gives us so much to rest upon, so much which communicates his spirit and engages ours!

This is of very great importance. If it were a comparison of single pieces, or of three or four pieces, by each poet, I do not say that Wordsworth would stand decisively above Gray, or Burns, or Keats, or Manzoni, or Heine. It is in his ampler body of powerful work that I find his superiority. His good work, his work which counts, is not all of it, of course, of equal value. kinds of poetry are in themselv kinds than others. The ballad a lower kind; the didactic kii more, is a lower kind. Poetry latter sort counts, too, someti its biographical interest partly, its poetical interest pure and but then this can only be when producing it has the power anc tance of Wordsworth, a power portance which he assuredly establish by such didactic poetr Altogether, it is, I say, by tl body of powerful and significa which remains to him, after ever tion and deduction has been ma Wordsworth's superiority is pro

To exhibit this body of Word best work, to clear away obst from around it, and to let it s itself, is what every lover of Wor should desire. Until this h done, Wordsworth, whom we, t he is dear, all of us know and f so great a poet, has not hac chance before the world. Wh it has been done, he will make best not by our advocacy of him his own worth and power. safely leave him to make his w we who believe that superior w power in poetry finds in ma sense responsive to it and dis last to recognize it. Yet at th before he has been duly kno recognized, we may do Words service, perhaps, by indicating his superior power and worth found to consist, and in what not.

Long ago, in speaking of H said that the noble and profou cation of ideas to life is the mo tial part of poetic greatness. that a great poet receives his di character of superiority from h cation, under the conditions im fixed by the laws of poetic be poetic truth, from his applicatio to his subject, whatever it ma the ideas

"On man, on nature, and on hum

which he has acquired for hims line quoted is Wordsworth's o his superiority arises from his use, in his best pieces, his pow

n to his subject, of ideas "on
i nature, and on human life."
ire, with his signal acuteness,
uly remarked that "no nation
ited in poetry moral ideas with
iergy and depth than the English
' And he adds: "There, it
o me, is the great merit of the
poets." Voltaire does not mean
:ating in poetry moral ideas," the
ing moral and didactic poems—
ings us but a very little way in
He means just the same thing
meant when I spoke above of
)ble and profound application of
life?" and he means the applica-
these ideas under the conditions
r us by the laws of poetic beauty
tic truth. If it is said that to call
eas *moral* ideas is to introduce a
nd injurious limitation, I answer
s to do nothing of the kind, be-
noral ideas are really so main a
human life. The question, *how*
is itself a moral idea; and it is
stion which most interests every
id with which, in some way or
he is perpetually occupied. A
:nse is of course to be given to
n *moral*. Whatever bears upon
estion, "how to live," comes
t.

ve thy life, nor hate; but, what thou
r'st,
rell; how long or short, permit to hea-
:n."

se fine lines, Milton utters, as
)ne at once perceives, a moral
Yes, but so too, when Keats con-
ie forward-bending lover on the
i Urn, the lover arrested and
ed in immortal relief by the
r's hand before he can kiss, with
;

ever wilt thou love, and she be fair"—

rs a moral idea. When Shake-
says that, "we are such stuff as
are made of, and our little life is
d with a sleep," he utters a moral

ire was right in thinking that the
ic and profound treatment of
deas, in this large sense, is what
ıishes the English poetry. He
ly meant praise, not dispraise or
limitation; and they err who
e that poetic limitation is a neces-
sary consequence of the fact, the fact being granted as Voltaire states it. If what distinguishes the greatest poets is their powerful and profound application of ideas to life, which surely no good critic will deny, then to prefix to the word ideas here the term moral makes hardly any difference, because human life itself is in so preponderating a degree moral.

It is important, therefore, to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life—to the question, How to live. Morals are often treated in a narrow and false fashion, they are bound up with systems of thought and belief which have had their day, they are fallen into the hands of pedants and professional dealers, they grow tiresome to some of us. We find attraction, at times, even in a poetry of revolt against them; in a poetry which might take for its motto Omar Kheyam's words: "Let us make up in the tavern for the time which we have wasted in the mosque." Or we find attractions in a poetry indifferent to them, in a poetry where the contents may be what they will, but where the form is studied and exquisite. We delude ourselves in either case; and the best cure for our delusion is to let our minds rest upon that great and inexhaustible word *life*, until we learn to enter into its meaning. A poetry of revolt against moral ideas is a poetry of revolt against *life;* a poetry of indifference toward moral ideas is a poetry of indifference toward *life*.

Epictetus had a happy figure for things like the play of the senses, or literary form and finish, or argumentative ingenuity, in comparison with "the best and master thing" for us, as he called it, the concern how to live. Some people are afraid of them, he said, or they disliked and undervalued them. Such people were wrong; they were unthankful or cowardly. But the things might also be over-prized, and treated as final when they are not. They bear to life the relation which inns bear to home. "As if a man, journeying home, and finding a nice inn on the road, and liking it, were to stay forever at the inn! Man, thou hast forgotten thine object; thy journey was not *to* this, but *through* this.

'But this inn is taking.' And how many other inns, too, are taking, and how many fields and meadows! but as places of passage merely. You have an object, which is this: to get home, to do your duty to your family, friends, and fellow-countrymen, to attain inward freedom, serenity, happiness, contentment. Style takes your fancy, arguing takes your fancy, and you forget your home and want to make your abode with them and to stay with them, on the plea that they are taking. Who denies that they are taking? but as places of passage, as inns. And when I say this, you suppose me to be attacking the care for style, the care for argument. I am not; I attack the resting in them, the not looking to the end which is beyond them."

Now, when we come across a poet like Théophile Gautier, we have a poet who has taken up his abode at an inn, and never got further. There may be inducements to this or that one of us, at this or that moment, to find delight in him, to cleave to him; but, after all, we do not change the truth about him—we only stay ourselves in his inn along with him. And when we come across a poet like Wordsworth, who sings—

"Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love and hope,
And melancholy fear subdued by faith,
Of blessed consolations in distress,
Of moral strength and intellectual power,
Of joy in widest commonalty spread,"

then we have a poet intent on "the best and master thing," and who prosecutes his journey home. We say, for brevity's sake, that he deals with *life*, because he deals with that in which life really consists. This is what Voltaire means to praise in the English poets—this dealing with what is really life. But always it is the mark of the greatest poets that they deal with it, and to say that the English poets are remarkable for dealing with it, is only another way of saying, what is true, that in poetry the English genius has especially shown its power.

Wordsworth deals with it, and his greatness lies in his dealing with it so powerfully. I have named a number of celebrated poets above all of whom he, in my opinion, deserves to be placed. He is to be placed above poets like Voltaire, Dryden, Pope, Lessing, Schiller, because these famous personages, with a thousand gifts and meri or scarcely ever, attain the c accent and utterance of the genuine poets—

"Quique pii vates et Phœbo digr

at all. Burns, Keats, Heine speak of others in our list, hav cent—who can doubt it? An same time they have treasures felicity, passion, for which i worth we shall look in vain. then, is Wordsworth's superic is here: he deals with more ol they do; he deals with *life*, as more powerfully.

No Wordsworthian will do Nay, the fervent Wordswort add, as Mr. Leslie Stephen Wordsworth's poetry is precio his philosophy is sound; that ical system is as distinctive an of exposition as Bishop Butler his poetry is informed by ide "fall spontaneously into a scie tem of thought." But we m our guard against the Wordsv if we want to secure for Words due rank as a poet. The Wo ians are apt to praise him for things, and to lay far too m upon what they call his pl His poetry is the reality, his p the illusion. Perhaps we sha learn to make this proposition eral, and to say: Poetry is tl philosophy the illusion. But worth's case, at any rate, we him justice until we dismiss hi phy.

The *Excursion* abounds witl phy, and therefore the *Excu* the Wordsworthian what it nev to the disinterested lover of satisfactory work. "Duty exi Wordsworth, in the *Excurs* then he proceeds thus:

. . . "immutably sur
For our support, the measures and
Which an abstract Intelligence supp
Whose kingdom is, where time an
not."

And the Wordsworthian is and thinks that here is a sweet philosophy and poetry. But terested lover of poetry will fee lines carry us really not a ste than the proposition which th

interpret; that they are a tissue of elevated but abstract verbiage, alien to the very nature of poetry.

Or let us come direct to the centre of the philosophy, as "an ethical system as distinctive and capable of systematical exposition as Bishop Butler's:"

> . . . . "One adequate support
> For the calamities of mortal life
> Exists, one only;—an assured belief
> That the procession of our fate howe'er
> Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
> Of infinite benevolence and power;
> Whose everlasting purposes embrace
> All accidents, converting them to good."

That is doctrine such as we hear in church, too, religious and philosophic doctrine; and the Wordsworthian loves passages of such doctrine, and brings them forward in proof of his poet's excellence. But however true the doctrine may be, it has, as here presented, none of the characters of *poetic* truth, the kind of truth which we require from a poet, and in which Wordsworth is really strong.

Even the "intimations" of the famous Ode, those corner-stones of the supposed philosophic system of Wordsworth—the idea of the high instincts and affections coming out in childhood, testifying of a divine home recently left, and fading away as our life proceeds—this idea, of undeniable beauty as a play of fancy, has itself not the character of poetic truth of the best kind; it has no real solidity. The instinct of delight in Nature and her beauty had no doubt extraordinary strength in Wordsworth himself as a child. But to say that universally this instinct is mighty in childhood, and tends to die away afterwards, is to say what is extremely doubtful. In many people, perhaps with the majority of educated persons, the love of nature is nearly imperceptible at ten years old, but strong and operative at thirty. In general we may say of these high instincts of early childhood, the base of the alleged systematic philosophy of Wordsworth, what Thucydides says of the early achievements of the Greek race: "It is impossible to speak with certainty of what is so remote; but from all that we can really investigate, I should say that they were no very great things."

Finally the "scientific system of thought" in Wordsworth gives us at last such poetry as this, which the devout Wordsworthian accepts:

> "O for the coming of that glorious time
> When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
> And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
> While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
> An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
> Them who are born to serve her and obey:
> Binding herself by statute to secure
> For all the children whom her soil maintains
> The rudiments of letters, and inform
> The mind with moral and religious truth."

Wordsworth calls Voltaire dull, and surely the production of these un-Voltairian lines must have been imposed on him as a judgment! One can hear them being quoted at a Social Science Congress; one can call up the whole scene. A great room in one of our dismal provincial towns; dusty air and jaded afternoon daylight; benches full of men with bald heads and women in spectacles; an orator lifting up his face from a manuscript written within and without, to declaim these lines of Wordsworth; and in the soul of any poor child of nature who may have wondered in thither, an unutterable sense of lamentation, and mourning, and woe!

"But turn we," as Wordsworth says, "from these bold, bad men," the haunters of Social Science Congresses. And let us be on our guard, too, against the exhibitors and extollers of a "scientific system of thought" in Wordsworth's poetry. The poetry will never be seen aright while they thus exhibit it. The cause of its greatness is simple and may be told quite simply. It is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple elementary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it.

The source of joy from which he thus draws is the truest and most unfailing source of joy accessible to man. It is also accessible universally. Wordsworth brings us word, therefore, according to his own strong and characteristic line, he brings us word

> "Of joy in widest commonalty spread."

Here is an immense advantage for a

poet. Wordsworth tells of what all seek, and tells of it at its truest and best source, and yet a source where all may go and draw for it.

Nevertheless we are not to suppose that every thing is precious which Wordsworth, standing even at this perennial and beautiful source, may give us. Wordsworthians are apt to talk as if it must be. They will speak with the same reverence of *The Sailor's Mother*, for example, as of *Lucy Gray*. They do their master harm by such lack of discrimination. *Lucy Gray* is a beautiful success; *The Sailor's Mother* is a failure. To give aright what he wishes to give, to interpret and render successfully, is not always within Wordsworth's own command. It is within no poet's command; here is the part of the Muse, the inspiration, the God, the "not ourselves." In Wordsworth's case, the accident, for so it may almost be called, of inspiration, is of peculiar importance. No poet, perhaps, is so evidently filled with a new and sacred energy when the inspiration is upon him; no poet, when it fails him, is so left "weak as is a breaking wave." I remember hearing him say that "Goethe's poetry was not inevitable enough." The remark is striking and true; no line in Goethe, as Goethe said himself, but its maker knew well how it came there. Wordsworth is right, Goethe's poetry is not inevitable; not inevitable enough. But Wordsworth's poetry, when he is at his best, is inevitable, as inevitable as Nature herself. It might seem that Nature not only gave him the matter for his poem but wrote his poem for him. He has no style. He was too conversant with Milton not to catch at times his masters manner, and he has fine Miltonic lines; but he has no assured poetic style of his own, like Milton. When he seeks to have a style he falls into ponderosity and pomposity. In the *Excursion* we have his style, as an artistic product of his own creation; and although Jeffrey completely failed to recognize Wordsworth's real greatness, he was yet not wrong in saying of the *Excursion*, as a work of poetic style: "This will never do." And yet magical as is that power, which Wordsworth has not, of assured and possessed poetic style, he has something which is an equivalent for it.

Every one who has any sense for these things feels the subtle turn, the heightening, which is given to a poet's verse by his genius for style. We can feel it in the

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well"—

of Shakespeare; in the

. . . "though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues"—

of Milton. It is the incomparable charm of Milton's power of poetic style which gives such worth to *Paradise Regained*, and makes a great poem of a work in which Milton's imagination does not soar high. Wordsworth has in constant possession, and at command, no style of this kind; but he had too poetic a nature, and had read the great poets too well, not to catch, as I have already remarked, something of it occasionally. We find it not only in his Miltonic lines; we find it in such a phrase as this, where the manner is his own, not Milton's—

. . . "the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities"—

although even here, perhaps, the power of style, which is undeniable, is more properly that of eloquent prose than the subtle heightening and change wrought by genuine poetic style. It is style, again, and the elevation given by style, which chiefly makes the effectiveness of *Laodameia*. Still the right sort of verse to choose from Wordsworth, if we are to seize his true and most characteristic form of expression, is a line like this:

"And never lifted up a single stone."

There is nothing subtle in it, no heightening, no study of poetic style, strictly so called, at all; yet it is expression of the highest and most truly expressive kind.

Wordsworth owed much to Burns, and a style of perfect plainness, relying for effect solely on the weight and force of that which with entire fidelity it utters, Burns could show him.

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stain'd his name."

Every one will be conscious of a likeness

ordsworth ; and if Wordsworth
things with this nobly plain
ve must remember, what indeed
would always have been for-
cknowledge, that Burns used it
a.

ordsworth's use of it has some-
que and unmatchable. Nature
ems, I say, to take the pen out
d, and to write for him with
are, sheer, penetrating power.
es from two causes : from the
sincereness with which Words-
ls his subject, and also from
ndly sincere and natural char-
is subject itself. He can and
such a subject with nothing
ost plain, first-hand, almost
aturalness. His expression
a be called bald, as, for in-
the poem of *Resolution and*
ce ; but it is bald as the bare
tops are bald, with a baldness
ull of grandeur.

er we meet with the successful
n Wordsworth, of profound
bject with profound truth of
he is unique. His best
e those which most perfectly
is balance. I have a warm
a for *Laodameia* and for the
; but if I am to tell the very
nd *Laodameia* not wholly free
thing artificial, and the great
holly free from something de-
. If I had to pick out the
oems which most perfectly
rdsworth's unique power, I
ther choose poems such as
The Fountain, *The Highland*
And poems with the peculiar
e beauty which distinguishes
roduced in considerable num-
les very many other poems of
worth, although not so rare
th of these, is still exceedingly

whole, then, as I said at the
not only is Wordsworth emi-
se of the goodness of his best
he is eminent, also, because
eat body of good work which
he has left to us. With the ancients I will not compare him. In many respects the ancients are far above us, and yet there is something that we demand which they can never give. Leaving the ancients, let us come to the poets and poetry of Christendom. Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, even Goethe, are altogether larger and more splendid luminaries in the poetical heaven than Wordsworth. But I know not where else, among the moderns, we are to find his superiors.

I have spoken lightly of Wordsworthians ; and if we are to get Wordsworth recognized by the public and by the world, we must recommend him not in the spirit of a clique, but in the spirit of disinterested lovers of poetry. But I am a Wordsworthian myself. I can read with pleasure *Peter Bell*, and the whole series of *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, and the address to Mr. Wilkinson's spade, and even the *Thanksgiving Ode*—every thing of Wordsworth, I think, except *Vaudracour and Julia*. It is not for nothing that one has been brought up in the veneration of a man so truly worthy of it ; that one has seen him and heard him, lived in his neighborhood and been familiar with his country. No Wordsworthian has a tenderer affection for this pure and sage master than I, or is less really offended by his defects. But Wordsworth is something more than the pure and sage master of a small band of devoted followers, and we ought not to rest satisfied until he is seen to be what he is. He is one of the very chief glories of English poetry ; and by nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry. Let us lay aside every weight which hinders our getting him recognized as this, and let our one study be to bring to pass, as widely as possible and as truly as possible, his own word concerning his poems : "They will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, and will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

FOOD AND FEEDING.

BY SIR HENRY THOMSON.

(*Concluded.*)

THE remainder of the second portion of my subject—viz., the preparation of food, which ought to have been concluded in the first paper—must appear, although in very brief terms, at the commencement of this. After which I shall proceed to consider the chief object of the present article, viz., the combination and service of dishes to form a meal—especially in relation to dinners and their adjuncts.

I think it may be said that soups, whether clear (that is, prepared from the juices of meat and vegetables only), or thick (that is, *purées* of animal or vegetable matters), are far too lightly esteemed by most classes in England, while they are almost unknown to the workingman. For the latter they might furnish an important cheap and savory dish; by the former they are too often regarded as the mere prelude to a meal, to be swallowed hastily, or disregarded altogether as mostly unworthy of attention. The great variety of vegetable *purées*, which can be easily made and blended with light animal broths, admits of daily change in the matter of soup to a remarkable extent, and affords scope for taste in the selection and combination of flavors. The use of fresh vegetables in abundance—such as carrots, turnips, artichokes, celery, cabbage, sorrel, leeks, and onions—renders such soups wholesome and appetizing. The supply of garden produce ought in this country to be singularly plentiful; and, owing to the unrivalled means of transport, all common vegetables ought to be obtained fresh in every part of London. The contrary, however, is unhappily the fact. It is a matter of extreme regret that vegetables, dried and compressed after a modern method, should be so much used as they are for soup, by hotel-keepers and other caterers for the public. Unquestionably useful as these dried products are on board ship and to travellers camping out, to employ them at home, when fresh can be had, is the result of sheer indolence or of gross ignorance. All the finest qualities of scent and flavor, with some of the fresh juices, are lost in the drying process; and the infusions of preserved vegetables no more resemble a freshly made odoriferous soup, than a cup of that thick brown, odorless, insipid mixture, consisting of some bottled "essence" dissolved in hot water, and now supplied as coffee at most railway stations and hotels in this country, resembles the recently made infusion of the freshly roasted berry. It says little for the taste of our countrymen that such imperfect imitations are so generally tolerated without complaint.

The value of the gridiron is, perhaps, nowhere better understood than in England, especially in relation to chops, steak, and kidney. Still it is not quite so widely appreciated as it deserves to be in the preparation of many a small dish of fish, fowl, and meat, to say nothing of a grilled mushroom, either alone or as an accompaniment to any of them. And it may be worth while, perhaps, remarking that the sauce *par excellence* for broils is mushroom ketchup; and the garnish cool lettuce, watercress, or endive. And this suggests a word or two on the important addition which may be made to most small dishes of animal food under the title of "garnish." Whether it be a small fillet, braised or roasted, or a portion thereof broiled; a fricandeau, or the choice end of a neck of mutton made compact by shortening the bones; or a small loin, or a dish of trimmed neck cutlets, or a choice portion of broiled rump-steak; a couple of sweetbreads, poultry, pigeon, or what not—the garnish should be a matter of consideration. Whether the dish be carved on the family table, as it rarely fails to be when its head is interested in the cuisine, or whether it is handed in the presence of guests, the quality and the appearance of the dish greatly depend on the garnish. According to the meat may be added, with a view both to taste and appearance, some of the following—*purées* of sorrel, spinach, and other greens, of turnips, and of potatoes plain, in shapes, or in croquettes; cut

carrots, peas, beans, endive, sprouts, and other green vegetables; stewed onions, small or Spanish; cucumbers, tomatoes, macaroni in all forms; sometimes a few sultanas boiled, mushrooms, olives, truffles. In the same way chestnuts are admirable, whole, boiled or roasted, and as a *purée* freely served, especially in winter when vegetables are scarce; serving also as farce for fowls and turkeys. While such vegetables as green peas, French and young broad beans, celery and celeirac, asparagus, seakale, cauliflower, spinach, artichokes, vegetable marrows, etc., are worth procuring in their best and freshest condition, to prepare with especial care as separate dishes.

It is doubtful whether fish is esteemed so highly as an aliment as its nutritious qualities entitle it to be; while it offers great opportunity for agreeable variety in treatment. As a general observation, it may be said that in preparing it for table sufficient trouble is not taken to remove some portion of the bones; this can be advantageously done by a clever cook without disfiguring or injuring the fish. Sauces should be appropriately served: for example, the fat sauces, as *hollandaise* and other forms of melted butter, are an appropriate complement of hot boiled fish, while *mayonnaise* is similarly related to cold. These and their variations, which are numerous, may also accompany both broiled and fried fish, but these are often more wholesome and agreeable when served with only a squeeze of lemon-juice, and a few grains of the zest, if approved, when a fresh green lemon is not to be had—and it rarely can be here. But the juice of the mushroom is preferred, and no doubt justly, by some. Endless variations and additions may be made according to taste on these principles. But there is another no less important principle, viz., that the fish itself often furnishes a source from its own juices, more appropriate than some of the complicated and not very digestible mixtures prepared by the cook. Thus "melted butter"—which is regarded as essentially an English sauce—when intended to accompany fish, should not be, as it almost invariably is, a carelessly made compound of butter, flour, and water; but in place of the last-named ingredient there should be a concentrated liquor made from the trimmings of the fish itself, with the addition of a few drops of lemon juice, and strengthened if necessary from other sources, as from shell-fish of some kind. Thus an every-day source of wholesome and agreeable quality is easily made: it finds its highest expression in that admirable dish, the sole with *sauce au vin blanc* of the French, or, as associated with shell-fish, in the *sole à la normande*. Some fish furnish their own sauce in a still simpler manner, of which an illustration no less striking is at hand in the easiest, but best mode of cooking a red mullet, viz., baking it, and securing the gravy of delicious flavor, which issues abundantly from the fish, chiefly from the liver, as its only sauce.

Passing rapidly on without naming the ordinary and well-known service of cold meats, fresh and preserved, poultry and game, open or under paste in some form, to be found in profusion on table or sideboard, and in which this country is unrivalled, a hint or two relating to some lighter cold *entrées* may be suggested. It is scarcely possible to treat these apart from the salad which, admirable by itself, also forms the natural garnish for cold dishes. A simple aspic jelly, little more than the *consommé* of yesterday, flavored with a little lemon-peel and tarragon vinegar, furnishes another form of garnish, or a basis for presenting choice morsels in tempting forms, such as poultry livers, ox-palates, quenelles, fillets of game, chicken, wild fowl, fish, prawns, etc., associated with a well-made salad. On this system an enterprising cook can furnish many changes of light but excellent nutritious dishes.

On salad so much has been written, that one might suppose, as of many other culinary productions, that to make a good one was the result of some difficult and complicated process, instead of being simple and easy to a degree. The materials must be secured fresh, are not to be too numerous and diverse, must be well cleansed and washed without handling, and all water removed as far as possible. It should be made by the hostess, or by some member of the family, immediately before the meal, and be

kept cool until wanted. Very few servants can be trusted to execute the simple details involved in cross-cutting the lettuce, endive, or what not, but two or three times in a roomy salad-bowl; in placing one saltspoonful of salt and half that quantity of pepper in a tablespoon, which is to be filled three times consecutively with the best fresh olive oil, stirring each briskly until the condiments have been thoroughly mixed, and at the same time distributed over the salad. This is next to be tossed well, but lightly, until every portion glistens, scattering meantime a little finely chopped fresh tarragon and chervil, with a few atoms of chives over the whole. Lastly, but only immediately before serving, one small tablespoonful of mild French vinegar is to be sprinkled over all, followed by another tossing of the salad.* The uncooked tomato, itself the prince of salads, may be sliced and similarly treated for separate service, or added to the former, equally for taste and appearance. Cold boiled asparagus, served with a *mayonnaise*, forms a dish, of its kind not to be surpassed. At present ranking, when the quality is fine, as an expensive luxury, there is no reason why, with the improved methods of cultivating this delicious and wholesome vegetable, it should not be produced in great abundance, and for less than half its present price.† As to the manifold green stuffs which, changing with the season, may be presented as salad, their name is legion; and their choice must be left to the eater's judgment, fancy, and digestion, all of which vary greatly.

The combination of dishes to form a meal now demands our consideration. The occupations of man in a civilized state, no less than the natural suggestions of his appetite, require stated and regular times for feeding. But the number of these set apart in the twenty-four hours differs considerably among different peoples and classes. Taking a general view of the subject, it may be said that there are three principal systems to which all varieties of habit may be reduced. From an English point of view, these may be regarded as—

1. The Continental system of two meals a day.
2. The system of provincial life (Great Britain), or four meals.
3. The system of town life (ditto), or three meals.

1. In the Continental system, the slight refreshment served in the early morning, in the form of coffee or chocolate, with a rusk or a morsel of bread, does not amount to a meal. It is only a dish, and that a light one, and not a combination of dishes, which is then taken. At or about noon a substantial meal, the déjeûner, is served; and at six or seven o'clock, an ample dinner. Such is the two-meal system, and it appears to answer well throughout the West and South of Europe.

2. What I have termed the provincial system consists of a substantial breakfast at eight or nine, a dinner at one or two, a light tea about five, and a supper at nine or ten. It is this which is popular throughout our own provincial districts, and also among middle-class society of our northern districts throughout both town and country. The habits also of the great German nation correspond more to this than to the first-named system.

3. The prevailing system of London, and of the numerous English families throughout the country whose habits are formed from partial residence in town, or by more or less intimate acquaintance with town life, is that of three meals daily. In general terms the breakfast takes place between eight and ten; the lunch from one to two; the dinner from half past six to eight.

In all cases each meal has its own specific character. Thus, here, breakfast is the most irregular in its service, and least of all demands general and intimate coherence of the party assembled. Individual interests concerned in the letter-bag, in the morning news, in plans for the day, in cares of coming business, etc., are respected. Provision for acknowledged dietetic peculiarities on the part of individuals is not forgotten, and every one comes or goes as he pleases.

At lunch the assembly is still somewhat uncertain. Thus some members

* A salad for five or six persons is supposed.

† On this subject, and also on salad culture, see *The Parks and Gardens of Paris*, by W. Robinson, F.L.S., p. 468 et seq. 2d ed. Macmillan, 1878.

umily are absent without remark ;
friends may appear without
invitation ; while those less inti-
ı be asked with small ceremony.
ions of pleasure or of business
ss for pursuit during the after-
ıd the meal for such may not be
tantial. It should suffice amply
ort activity ; it should never be
derable as to impair it.
ast meal of the three, dinner, has
rs wholly different from the pre-
The prime occupations of the
over ; the guests are known and
d ; the sentiment is one of re-
ter the dispersion of the day—
ation after its labors, sports, or
tive pleasures. Whatever econ-
ime may have been necessary in
to the foregoing meals, all trace
should disappear at dinner. A
ing makes the supper of the pro-
system a similarly easy and en-
meal. And all this is equally
dinner, whether it unites the
nly, or brings an addition of
General conversation : the
ınd personal incidents of the
current topics of the hour, are
d in a light spirit, such as is
ble with proper attention to the
rovided. All that follows late
should for the most part be
ent—it may be at the theatre,
ing party, or a quiet evening at
There should be ample time,
, for every coming engagement,
urity for some intervening rest
tion. Dinner, then, is the only
ich—as the greater includes the
ed be discussed in the third part
ubject, which claims to treat of
and art in combining dishes to
repast. With the requirements
er the circumstances just speci-
should not be a heavy meal, but
d be sufficing. No one after
should feel satiety or repletion,
sense of repugnance at the idea
g more ; but all should still en-
conviction that a good meal fur-
lelightful and refreshing occu-

rs are of two kinds—the ordi-
al of the family, and the dinner
guests are invited. There is a
ner in this country, of common
ommon—occurrence, viz., the
public dinner, which is essentially a British institution, and cannot be passed by in silence.

The late dinner should never include children. It is a meal which is in every way unsuited to them ; and they are quite unfitted to take part in its functions ; besides, the four-meal system is better adapted to their requirements of growth and digestion in early life. A family dinner may usually consist of a soup, fish, *entrée*, roast and sweet ; the *entrée* may even be omitted ; on the other hand, if the meal is required to be more substantial, a joint may be served in addition after the fish ; but this should be very rarely necessary. A dish of vegetables may be advantageously placed before or after the roast, according to circumstances ; and supplementary vegetables should be always at hand.

The *rationale* of the initial soup has often been discussed : some regard it as calculated to diminish digestive power, on the theory that so much fluid taken at first dilutes the gastric juices. But there appears to be no foundation for this belief ; a clear soup, or the fluid constituents of a *purée*, disappear almost immediately after entering the stomach, being absorbed by the proper vessels, and in no way interfere with the gastric juice which is stored in its appropriate cells ready for action. The habit of commencing dinner with soup has without doubt its origin in the fact that aliment in this fluid form—in fact, ready digested—soon enters the blood and rapidly refreshes the hungry man, who, after a considerable fast and much activity, sits down with a sense of exhaustion to commence his principal meal. In two or three minutes after taking a plate of good warm *consommé*, the feeling of exhaustion disappears, and irritability gives way to the gradually rising sense of good-fellowship with the circle. Some persons have the custom of allaying exhaustion with a glass of sherry before food—a gastronomic no less than a physiological blunder, injuring the stomach and depraving the palate. The soup introduces at once into the system a small instalment of ready digested food, and saves the short period of time which must be spent by the stomach by deriving some portion of nutriment from

solid ' aliment ; as well as indirectly strengthening the organ of digestion itself for its forthcoming duties. Few will be found to dispute the second place in order to fish, although this arrangement is in some quarters an open question ; its discussion, however, can scarcely be regarded as within the limit of our space. The third dish should consist of the chief meat, the joint, if desired ; if not, one of the smaller dishes of meat, such as fricandeau, cutlets, fillet, or sweetbread, before spoken of, well garnished, will be appropriate, and to many preferable. Next the well-roasted bird—of game or poultry—accompanied or followed by salad, and a dish of choice vegetables. Then one light simple sweet, for those who take it, and a slight savory biscuit or morsel of cheese completes the repast. Such a meal contains within its limits all that can be desired for daily enjoyment and use. If well and liberally served, it is complete in every sense of the word. Dessert and its extent is a matter of individual taste ; of wines, coffee, and liqueurs I shall speak hereafter.

A word about *hors-d'œuvres*. It is well known that the custom exists to a very wide extent among Continental nations of commencing ether midday *déjéûner* or dinner by eating small portions of cold pickled fish, vegetables, of highly-flavored sausage thinly sliced, etc., to serve, it is said, as a whet to appetite. This custom reaches its highest development in the *zakuska* of the Russian, which, consisting of numerous delicacies of the kind mentioned, is sometimes to be found occupying a table in an anteroom to be passed between the drawing-room and dining-room ; or, and more commonly, spread on the sideboard of the latter. The Russian eats a little from three or four dishes at least, and "qualifies" with a glass of strong grain spirit (*vodka*) or of some liqueur before taking his place at the table. Among these savory preliminaries may often be found caviare in its fresh state, gray, pearly, succulent and delicate, of which most of the caviare found in this country is, speaking from personal experience of both, but as the shadow to the substance.

I have no hesitation in saying, after much consideration of the practice of thus commencing a meal, that it has no *raison d'être* for persons with healthy appetite and digestion. For them, both pickled food and spirit are undesirable, at any rate on an empty stomach. And the *hors-d'œuvres*, although attempts to transplant them here are often made, happily do not, as far as I have observed, thrive on our soil. ' They have been introduced here chiefly, I think, because their presence, being demanded by foreign gastronomic taste, is supposed to be therefore necessarily correct. But the active exercise and athletic habits of the Englishman, his activity of body and mind in commercial pursuits, all tend to bring him to the dinner-table wanting food rather than appetite, and in no mind to ask for "whets" to increase it. Among idle men, whose heavy lunch, liberally accompanied with wine and not followed by exercise, has barely disappeared from the stomach at the hour of dinner, a piquant prelude as stimulus of appetite is more appreciated. Hence the original invention of *hors-d'œuvres ;* and their appearance in a very much slighter and more delicate form than that which has been described, still to be observed in connection with the chief repasts of the Latin races. The one plate which heralds dinner, indigenous to our country, is also one of its own best products—the oyster. But this is scarcely a *hors-d'œuvre*. In itself a single service of exquisite quality, served with attendant graces of delicate French vinegar, brown bread and butter, and a glass of light chablis for those who take it, the half-dozen natives occupying the hollow shells, and bathed in their own liquor, hold rank of a very different kind to that of the miscellaneous assortment of tit-bits alluded to. Oysters are in fact the first dish of dinner and not its precursor ; the first chapter, and not the advertisement. And this brings us to the dinner of invitation.

And of this dinner there are two very distinct kinds. First there is the little dinner of six or eight guests, carefully selected for their own specific qualities, and combined with judgment to obtain an harmonious and successful result. The ingredients of a small party, like the ingredients of a dish, must be well chosen to make it "complete." Such are the first conditions to be attained in

ieve the highest perfection iecondly, there is the dinner which is necessarily large ; of guests varying from enty-four.

cteristics of the first dinner t, excellence, simplicity, ıste. Those of the second ıventional standard of qual- ofusion of supply, suitable nament and service.

ɔe admitted that, with the of acquaintances so com- led as essential to existence fe, large dinners only enable ɔur dining debts, and exer- ipitality which position de- ith a strong preference, e little dinners, it must be at the larger banquet is a stitution ; and therefore we consider now how to make t.

the large dinner has great- l of late ; but it has by ıiversally arrived at perfec- a few years ago excellence d good taste in cuisine were iced in the endeavor to ıse display. Hence, abund- : reason, and combinations gment, were found coexist- nplete indifference to com- ıatters of draughts, ventila- rature, and consumption of among the diners-out of ıas not encountered many a ertainment with some such ıs the following : one of an , it is to be feared, is not te extinct ?

or twenty guests enter a ed at most to a dinner of is lighted with gas ; the le space being occupied by rrounding which is a narrow sufficing for the circulation vants. Directly—perhaps —appear turtle soups, thick A *consommé* is to be had on t so unexpected a choice as- servitor, who brings it after and cold : with it, punch. ırrive the fish—salmon and or both, smothered in thick e : sherry. Four *entrées* the circuit in single file, first was always oyster pat- ties ; after which came mutton or lamb cutlets, a vol-au-vent, etc. : hock and champagne. Three-quarters of an hour at least, perhaps an hour, having now elapsed, the saddle or haunch of mutton arrives, of which gentlemen who have patiently waited get satisfactory slices, and currant jelly, with cold vegetables or a heavy flabby salad. Then come boiled fowls and tongue, or a turkey with heavy forcemeat ; a slice of ham and so on, up to game, followed by hot substantial pudding, three or four other sweets, including an iced pudding, wines in variety, more or less appropriate ; to be followed by a *pâté de foie gras*, more salad, biscuits and cheese. Again, two ices, and liqueurs. Then an array of decanters, and the first appearance of red wine ; a prodigious dessert of all things in and out of season, but particularly those which are out of season, as being the more costly. General circulation of waiters, handing each dish in turn to everybody, under a running fire of negatives, a ceremonial of ten or fifteen minutes' duration, to say the least. Circulation of decanters ; general rustle of silks, disappearance of the ladies ; and first change of seat, precisely two hours and a half after originally taking it. It may be hoped that a charming companion on either side has beguiled and shortened a term which otherwise must have been felt a little long. Now the general closing up of men to host, and reassembling of decanters ; age and qualities of wine, recommendation of vintages. Coffee which is neither black nor hot. Joining the ladies ; service of gunpowder tea, fatal to the coming night's rest if taken in a moment of forgetfulness ; and carriages announced.

Admitted that such an exhibition is impossible now in any reasonable English circle, it nevertheless corresponds very closely in style with that of the public dinner ; a state of things without excuse. And the large private dinner is still generally too long, the menu too pretentious. Let me, however, be permitted to record, equally in proof of growing taste and as grateful personal duty, how many admirable exceptions to the prevailing custom are now afforded. Then, of course, it must be understood, that while the dinner for six

or eight persons is designed as an harmonious whole of few, well-chosen dishes, all of which are intended to be eaten in their order, the menu of the larger party must offer various dishes for choice to meet the differing tastes of more numerous guests, and it must therefore be larger. Let us see how this is to be met. First, the soups: it is the custom to offer a *consommé*, which ought to be perfect in clearness, color, and savor, and to be served perfectly hot; containing vegetables, etc., variously treated—doubtless the best commencement, as it is the key-note, of the dinner; revealing also, as it does nine times out of ten, the calibre of the cook to whose talent the guest is entrusted. But there is mostly an alternative of "white soup," and this is almost always a mistake. Many persons refuse it, and they are right, containing, as it generally does, a considerable proportion of cream—an injudicious beginning, when there is much variety to follow; excellent sometimes as one of three or four dishes, but dangerous otherwise to the guest who has not an exceptionally powerful digestion. But suppose oysters, vinegar, and chablis have just been swallowed! A brown *purée*, as of game, or one of green vegetable, less frequently met with, would be far safer. Two fish, of course, should always be served; as, for example, a slice of Severn or Christchurch salmon, just arrived from the water, for its own sake; and a fillet of white fish for the sake of its sauce and garnish, which should be therefore perfect. The next dish is, in London, a question under discussion: viz., the question of precedence to an *entrée*, or to the *pièce de résistance*. The custom has been to postpone the appearance of the latter until lighter dishes have been despatched or declined. If, however, the English joint is required at a meal already comprehensive in the matter of dishes, and taken at a late hour, it seems more reasonable to serve it next to the fish, when those who demand a slice of meat may be expected to have an appropriate appetite, which will certainly be impaired, equally by accepting the *entrées*, or fasting partially without them. After the joint, two light *entrées* may follow, and these must necessarily be either in themselves peculiarly tempting morsels, or products of culinary skill, offering inducement to the palate rather than to an appetite which is no longer keen. Then the best roast possible in season, and a salad; a first-rate vegetable, two choice sweets, one of which may be iced; a light savory biscuit or a morsel of fine barley salted caviare, which may be procured in one or two places at most in town, will complete the dinner. For dessert, the finest fruits in season to grace the table and for light amusement after; or simply nuts in variety, and dry biscuits; nothing between the two is tolerable, and little more than the latter is really wanted; only for decorative purposes fruit equals flowers. But it may be admitted that the diminished number of sweet *entremets* strengthens the plea for a supply of delicious fruits, rendering the dessert useful and agreeable as well as ornamental.

And now that dessert is over, let me say that I do not admit the charge sometimes intimated, although delicately, by foreigners, of a too obvious proclivity to self-indulgence on the part of Englishmen, in permitting the ladies to leave the table without escort to the drawing-room. The old custom of staying half an hour, or even an hour afterward, to drink wine, which is doubtless a remnant of barbarism, has long been considered indefensible. Still, the separation of the party into two portions for fifteen or twenty minutes is useful to both, and leads perhaps more completely to a general mixture of elements on reunion after than is attained by the return of the original pairs together. Whether this be so or not, the ladies have a short interval for the interchange of hearsays and ideas relative to matters chiefly concerning their special interests; while the men enjoy that indispensable finish to a good dinner, an irreproachable cup of coffee and a cigarette, and the sooner they arrive the better. With the small dinners of men it can scarcely too quickly follow the last service.

But marked by a special character are some dinners, which may be either small or large in relation to the number of guests, but which are necessarily limited as regards the variety of aliments served. I refer to dinners at which either turtle or fish predominate. In accordance with a principle already enunciated, a

bowl of substantial stock, containing four or five broad flakes of the gelatinous product, often miscalled "fat," which alone represents the turtle in the compound, is not a judicious prelude to a dinner arranged according to the orthodox programme, and offering the usual variety. A lover of turtle indulges freely in the soup, both thick and clear, making it in fact an important instalment of his repast; and he desires, with or without some slight interlude, to meet the favorite food again in the form of an *entrée*. After so substantial a commencement, the dinner should be completed chiefly by poultry, and game if in season, and for the most part by dishes which are grilled or roast, in contrast to the succulent morsels which have preceded.

The fish dinner, also an occasional departure from daily routine, is acceptable, and gratifies the taste for that delicate and pleasant food in considerable variety. But if so indulged, very few dishes ought to appear subsequently. It is a curious fact that the traditional bacon and beans, which appear toward the close of a Greenwich whitebait dinner, should afford another illustration of undesigned compliance with the natural law referred to at the outset, the bacon furnishing complementary fat to supply its notable absence in fish.

The enjoyment of a curry—and when skilfully made it is almost universally admitted to be one of the most attractive combinations which can be offered to the senses of taste and smell—is only possible at a limited repast. When freely eaten, very little is acceptable to the palate afterwards, exhausted as it is by the pervading fragrance of the spice and other adjuncts. Hence a curry should form the climax of a short series of dishes leading up to it: when presented, as it sometimes is, among the *entrées* of a first course, it is wholly out of place.

Here we may appropriately take a rapid glance at the characteristics of the feast where the guests are few in number.

The small dinner-party should be seated at a round or oval table, large enough for personal comfort, small enough to admit of conversation in any direction without effort. The table should of course be furnished with taste, but is not to be encumbered with ornaments, floral or other, capable of obstructing sight and sound. A perfect *consommé*, a choice of two fish, a *filet* or a châteaubriand, a *gigot* or a fricandeau; followed by a chaudfroid, a *crème de volaille garni*, a roast and salad, a choice vegetable, and an iced *soufflé* or *charlotte*; and in summer a *macédoine* of fresh fruits in an old china family bowl, if there is one; and lastly, a savory biscuit; accompanying vegetables and appropriate wines;—may be regarded as furnishing a scheme for such a party—or a theme of which the variations are endless. Seven or eight guests can thus be brought into close contact: with a larger number the party is apt to form two coteries, one on each side of the host. The number is a good one also in relation to the commissariat department—eight persons being well supplied by an *entrée* in one dish; while two are necessary for ten or twelve. Moreover, one bottle of wine divides well in eight; if, therefore, the host desire to give with the roast one glass of particularly fine ripe Corton or Pomard, a single bottle is equal to the supply; and so with any other choice specimen of which a single circulation is required; and of course the rule holds equally if the circuit is to be repeated.

And this leads us to the question—and an important one it is—of the Wine.

I have already said that, among all civilized nations, wine in some form has for centuries been highly appreciated as a gastronomic accompaniment to food. I cannot, and do not attempt to deny it this position. Whether such employment of it is advantageous from a dietetic or physiological point of view is altogether another question. I am of opinion that the *habitual* use of wine, beer, or spirits is a dietetic error, say, for nineteen persons out of twenty. In other words, the great majority of the people, at any age or of either sex, will enjoy better health, both of body and mind, and will live longer, without any alcoholic drinks whatever, than with habitual indulgence in their use, even although such use be what is popularly understood as moderate. But I do not aver that any particular harm results from the habit of now and then enjoying a glass of really fine pure wine—and, rare as this is, I do not think any other

is worth consuming—just as one may occasionally enjoy a particularly choice dish; neither the one nor the other, perhaps, being sufficiently innocuous or digestible for frequent, much less for habitual use. Then I frankly admit that there are some persons—in the aggregate not a few—who may take small quantities of genuine light wine or beer with very little if any appreciable injury. For these persons such drinks may be put in the category of luxuries permissible within certain limits or conditions; and of such luxuries let tobacco-smoking be another example. No one probably is any better for tobacco; and some people are undoubtedly injured by it; while others find it absolutely poisonous, and cannot inhale even a small quantity of the smoke without instantly feeling sick or ill. And some few indulge the moderate use of tobacco all their lives without any evil effects, at all events that are perceptible to themselves or to others.

Relative to these matters, every man ought to deal carefully and faithfully with himself, watching rigorously the effects of the smallest license on his mental and bodily states, and boldly denying himself the use of a luxurious habit if he finds any signs of harm arising therefrom. And he must perform the difficult task with a profound conviction that his judgment is very prone to bias on the side of indulgence, since the luxurious habit is so agreeable, and to refrain therefrom in relation to himself and to the present opinion of society, so difficult. Be it remarked, however, that the opinion of society is notably and rapidly changing relative to the point in question.

Having premised thus much, I have only now to say, first, that wine, in relation to dinner, should be served during the repast; it should never be taken, in any form or under any circumstances, before, that is, on an empty stomach, and rarely after the meal is finished. Regarded from a gastronomic point of view alone, nothing should appear after fruit but a small glass of cognac or liqueur, and coffee. The postprandial habit of drinking glass after glass even of the finest growths of the Gironde, or of the most mature or mellow shipments from Oporto, is doubtless a pleasant, but, in the end, for many persons, a costly indulgence.

Secondly, whatever wine is given should be the most sound and unsophisticated of its kind which can be procured. The host had far better produce only a bottle or two of sound *bourgeois* wine from Bordeaux—and most excellent wine may be found under such a denomination—with no pretence of a meretricious title, or other worthless finery about it, than an array of fictitious mixtures with pretentious labels procured from an advertising cheap wine house. I can only speak in terms of contempt and disgust, did I not feel pity for the deluded victims, of the unscrupulous use of the time-honored and historical titles which advertisers shamelessly flaunt on bottles of worthless compounds by means of showy labels, in lists and pamphlets of portentous length, and by placards sown broadcast through the country. So that one may buy "Lafite" or "Margaux,"—"Chambertin" or "Nuits"—'47 port, or even '34—at any village store! No terms can be too strong to characterize such trade.

If fine wines of unquestionable character and vintage are to be produced, there are only two ways of possessing them: one, by finding some wine-merchant of long standing and reputation who will do an applicant the favor to furnish them, and the price must be large for quality and age. We may be certain that such a one will never advertise: no man who really has the *grands vins* of esteemed vintages in his cellar need spend a shilling in advertisements, for he confers a favor on his customer by parting with such stock. But better and more satisfactory is it to obtain from time to time a piece or two of wine, of high character and reputed vintage, when they are to be had, just fit to bottle, and lay them down for years until ripe for use. Commencing thus in early life, a man's cellar becomes in twenty or thirty years a possession of interest and value, and he can always produce at his little dinners, for those who can appreciate it, something curiously fine, and free at all events from the deleterious qualities of new and fictitious wines.

Briefly: the rule, by general gastronomic consent, for those who indulge in the luxury of wine, is to offer a glass of

sherry or dry Sauterne after
elicate Rhine wine, if required,
a glass of Bordeaux with the
mutton ; the same, or cham-
y, but with some true vinous
in it, and not the tasteless
water just now enjoying an
t popularity—during the *en-*
best red wine in the cellar,
or Burgundy, with the grouse
roast game ; and—but this
suffice, even for that excep-
ividual who is supposed to be
ll injured by " moderate" po-
With the ice or dessert, a glass
vored but matured cham-
a liqueur, may be served ; but
nt dietetic admonitions are out
nd we have already sacrificed

The value of a cigarette at
nt is that with the first whiff
rance the palate ceases to de-
er food or wine. After smoke
: to appreciate good wine is
o judicious host cares to open
ttle from his best bin for the
or will the former be blamed
n for a disinclination to do so.
uestionably tobacco is an ally
nce ; certainly it is so in the
of the gourmet. A relation-
m of the most perfect order is
subsists between coffee and
moke. While wine and to-
antipathetic, the one affecting
all that is grateful in the
aroma of coffee " marries"
rith the perfume of the finest
ong the Mussulmans this rela-
recognized to the fullest ex-
also throughout the Continent
coffee, which is almost sym-
temperate habits, is intimately
with the cigarette or cigar.
e uncultured classes of Great
d of other northern nations,
r to possess the most insensi-
s in Europe, have smoke and
rinks been closely associated.
obacco and spirit have been
efly as drugs, and are taken
their effects on the nervous
e easy but disastrous means
g stupid, besotted, or drunk.
cultivated tastes, on the other
t their tobacco or their wines,
ir qualities as drugs, but for
ler attributes of flavor and perfume, which exist often in inverse proportion to the injurious narcotic ingredients ; which latter are as much as possible avoided, or are accepted chiefly for the sake of the former.

Before quitting the subject of dining it must be said that, after all, those who drink water with that meal probably enjoy food more than those who drink wine. They have generally better appetite and digestion, and they certainly preserve an appreciative palate longer than the wine-drinker. Water is so important an element to them, that they are not indifferent to its quality and source. As for the large class which cannot help itself in this matter, the importance of an ample supply of uncontaminated water cannot be overrated. The quality of that which is furnished to the population of London is inferior, and the only mode of storing it possible to the majority, renders it dangerous to health. Disease and intemperance are largely produced by neglect in relation to these two matters. It would be invidious, perhaps, to say what particular question of home or foreign politics could be spared, that Parliament might discuss a matter of such pressing urgency as a pure water supply ; or to specify what particular part of our enormous expenditure, compulsory and voluntary, might be better employed than at present, by diverting a portion to the attainment of that end. But for those who can afford to buy water no purer exists in any natural sources than that of our own Malvern Springs, and these are aërated and provided in the form of soda and potash waters of unexceptionable quality. Pure water, charged with gas, does not keep so long as a water to which a little soda or potash is added ; but for this purpose six to eight grains in each bottle suffice—a larger quantity is undesirable. All the great makers of these beverages have now their own artesian wells or other equally trustworthy sources, so that English aërated waters are unrivalled in excellence. On the other hand, the foreign *siphon*, made, as it often is, at any chemist's shop, and from the water of the nearest source, is a very uncertain production. Probably our travelling fellow-countrymen owe their attacks of fever more to drinking water contaminated by sewage matter,

than to the malarious influences which pervade certain districts of southern Europe. The only water safe for the traveller to drink is a natural mineral water, and such is now always procurable throughout Europe, except in very remote or unfrequented places.* In the latter circumstances no admixture of wine or spirit counteracts the poison in tainted water, and makes it safe to drink, as people often delight to believe; but the simple process of boiling it renders it perfectly harmless; and this result is readily attained in any locality by making weak tea to be taken hot or cold; or in making toast-water, barley-water, lemonade, etc. The table waters now so largely imported into this country from Germany and France contain a considerable proportion of mineral matter in solution, and while they are wholesome as regards freedom from organic impurities, are, of course, less perfect for daily use than absolutely pure waters, such as those above referred to. Vaunted frequently as possessing certain medicinal properties, this very fact ought to prohibit their constant use as dietetic agents for habitual consumption, inasmuch as we do not require drugs as diet, but only as occasional correctives. Among them the natural Selters, Apollinaris, Gieshübel, and St. Galmier—but of this latter some of the sources are inferior to others, the best appearing now to be chiefly retained for Paris—are perhaps among the most satisfactory within our reach. A dash of lemon-juice, and a thin cutting of the peel, form sometimes an agreeable addition. I am compelled to say that the sweet compounds and fruity juices which have of late been produced as dinner drinks, and apparently in competition with wine, are rarely wholesome adjuncts to a dinner. Such liquids rapidly develop indigestible acid products in the stomachs of many persons; while for all, the sipping of sweet fluids during a meal tends to diminish appetite, as well as the faculty of appreciating good cookery. If wine is refused, let the drink be of pure water—with a sparkle of gas in it, or a slight acid in it if you will—but in obedience both to gastronomic and dietetic laws let it be free from sugar. No doubt there are exceptional circumstances in which fruity juices, if not very sweet, can be taken freely. Thus I have rarely quaffed more delicious liquor at dinner in the warm autumn of southern Europe, notably in Spain, than that afforded by ample slices of watermelon, which fill the mouth with cool fragrant liquid; so slight is the amount of solid matter, that it only just serves to contain the abundant delicate juices of the fruit grown in those climates. Here the saccharine matter is present only in small proportion.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

THE MILKY WAY.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF TOPELIUS.

1.

Lo, now the lamp is quenchèd, and the night is still and clear,
And now rise up sweet memories of many a vanished year,
And quaint old legends flit around, like cloud-streaks in the sky,
And wondrous are the feelings then that make our hearts beat high.

2.

The bright-eyed stars look down through the sheen of the wintry night,
Calm as though Death had fled from earth before their holy light.
Canst understand their silent speech?—I mind me of it still
That legend once they taught me. You shall hear it, if you will.

* Throughout France, St. Galmier; in Germany, Selters; in Austria and Bohemia, Gieshübel, are always obtainable, being the table water of most repute, in each case respectively, of the country itself. In all chief places in Italy, either Selters or St. Galmier, often both are supplied by the hotels. In Spain these are not at present to be had, but the alternatives recommended are easily obtained.

3.

Far up amid the Afterglow he lived upon a star;
And in another world, another clime, she dwelt afar.
Now she was callèd Salami, he Zulamith, by name;
And they two loved each other dear, and each loved each the same.

4.

Whilome, they both had dwelt on earth and loved already there,
But cruel Death had parted them, and night, and sin, and care;
And on them, in the sleep of Death, white wings had grown apace,
And they were doomed on two far distant stars to seek their place.

5.

Though each dreamt of the other in their azure home above,
There lay a fathomless abyss of suns between their love;
And worlds, whereof the least God's own Omnipotence displays,
Lay, in their hosts, 'twixt Salami and Zulamith ablaze.

6.

And then, consumed of his desire, did Zulamith one night
Begin from world to world to build himself a bridge of light;
And then did Salami, like him, from *her* sun's glowing shore
Begin a bridge from pole to pole, as he had done before.

7.

One thousand years so built they, with faith that wavered ne'er,
And thus was built the Milky Way, the starry bridge so fair
That fathoms Heaven's farthest depths, and links the planet band,
And spans the mighty sea of space with light from strand to strand.

8.

The Cherubim were seized with fear, and flew to God's white throne:
—"O Lord! see thou what Salami and Zulamith have done!"
But God Almighty smiled, and, as a glory spread below:
—"What in My world true love hath built that will I not o'erthrow!"

9.

And Salami and Zulamith, so soon their toil was done,
Leapt forth into each other's arms; and, straight, a brilliant sun,
The brightest in the vaulted sky, shone out where they had been,
As through a thousand years of grief a heart may bloom again.

10.

For all who on this dreary earth once loved aright and true,
And fall apart through Death, and care, and sin, and night, and rue,
So this their love be strong enough to link the stars with love,
May trust such love for sure to find their longings rest above.

Temple Bar.

MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC.

Chapter XVI.

MADAME DE VAUBLANC STIRS UP EVIL PASSIONS.

"The question is," mused Barrington, "whether a man who isn't a soldier doesn't look look more or less of a fool in soldier's clothes? But then, again, what is the use of dragging a Yeomanry uniform about the world if one is not to wear it? And Frenchmen always think it rather odd if one appears in plain evening dress on a gala occasion. I suppose I had better put the thing on."

The subject of these hesitating reflections was a very smart blue tunic, loaded with a profusion of silver lace, which lay outstretched on Barrington's bed beside a pair of trowsers with a broad silver stripe, a sword, and a white-plumed helmet.

"It is tight, it is uncomfortable, and I am not sure that it isn't a little bit ridiculous; but it don't do to seem wanting in respect, and that sort of thing. I hope the Governor-General will take my appearance in it as a compliment," concluded Barrington, who in truth loved bright colors and showy apparel, and never by any chance missed the Yeomanry ball which closed his short annual period of training. And so he struggled into his nether garments with a sigh of mingled resignation and contentment.

A few doors off M. de Saint-Luc, who had worn a gay jacket long enough to have grown tired of it, was arraying himself in the plainest of plain clothes, in preparation for the same festivity as that to which Barrington had been bidden. Not without sundry misgivings had he decided to present himself at the ball; for he was by no means sure what Jeanne would think of his reappearance in society so soon after the shattering of all his hopes, nor could he feel any certainty with regard to the footing upon which he would now stand with her, or as to whether he might venture to ask her for a dance or not. Yet, since they must meet before long, what signified time and place? The first encounter might be a little awkward, but it would soon be over; and as to his future line of conduct, that must be regulated in a great measure by hers. He did not delude himself into the belief that success could be won by any other means than time and much patience; and, as he had a limitless supply of both these necessaries at command, it seemed best to take the earliest opportunity of drawing upon them. He had completed his toilet long before Barrington had done studying the effect of his full-length figure before his pier-glass, and, calling a passing *fiacre*, presently joined the stream of vehicles which was wending its slow way up the hill of Mustapha Supérieur, where the summer palace stands.

The majority of the company had already arrived when Saint-Luc made his entrance, and it was with some little difficulty that he threaded his way through the crowded approaches to the ball-room, where the orchestra was in full swing, and where toilettes Parisian and Algerian, mingled with uniforms of every conceivable cut and hue, produced a bewildering, shifting effect of color and glitter which, taken as a spectacle, might, to a less preoccupied man, have seemed worth gazing at for a few minutes. But Saint-Luc had seen it all before, and was not in the mood for studying *tableaux vivants*. The generals and admirals; the Spahis in their scarlet, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique in their pale blue jackets; the préfets and sous-préfets in their green and gold coats, the portly mayors, whose gold embroidery, not content with covering their breasts, overflowed, and meandered agreeably down their broad backs; the violet robes of a stray ecclesiastic or two; the white burnous of some Arab chief, against which the cross and red ribbon of the Legion of Honor showed somewhat incongruously; the swarthy Moors and black-eyed, bediamonded Jewesses—all these were objects with which he had long been familiar; and it was neither to look at them nor to admire the graceful Oriental architecture of the palace and the beauty of the illuminated gardens that he had forsaken his nocturnal cigar and the quietude of his own chamber. But she whom he had come out to see was nowhere to be discovered; and, instead of greeting her, he found himself ere long

lled to shake hands with a lady he would gladly have avoided.
lame de Trémonville was not one ıse persons who can be avoided ıt their own good will and pleasure. ıs far too well satisfied with herself pose that any man could really ɔ escape from her, and interpreted Luc's rather distant bow and ab- d gaze as a mere indication of that ım which was, in her eyes, one of ief evidences of his superiority to mmon herd.
ou do not amuse yourself too well, Vicomte," said she, pausing beside nd dismissing her attendant cavalier n unceremonious nod. "*Ma foi!* not surprised. From Paris to s—from the Tuileries to Mustapha t a change! Were you ever in such rd of droll people before? What what manners! what clothes!"
l Madame de Trémonville disdain- shrugged her plump shoulders, were thickly coated with *blanc de* and heaved a piteous sigh.
adame, you are too severe upon the ny," answered Saint-Luc, pulling f together. "I have been but a inutes in the room, and already I e face and one toilette which could surpassed either in Paris or else- "
h, monsieur!"
eauty and good taste always find ɔrs. With such an example before these ladies will assuredly learn o reform any little errors in their ɔr conduct," pursued Saint-Luc. ıw shall I get rid of this detestable n?) But it is a sin to expose your ite lace flounce to the risk of being in such a crowd. Will you not me to find you a seat?"
et them tear it—so much the better ' do," answered Madame de Tré- lle, passing by the hint. "I have it half-a-dozen times already, and I ed of the sight of it. There is the beginning again; shall we dance? ! I see my partner coming for

ıt-Luc, who always accepted the ible with a good grace, passed his ound the waist of his fascinating ınion, and floated away with her ıe whirling throng of dancers, while the young officer whom he had supplanted looked after the couple with mingled sorrow and reproach.

"What a strange world it is, and how little any of us know of our fellow-creatures!" thought the philosophical Vicomte, with an inward laugh. "That young fellow, who would quarrel with any of his brother-officers for robbing him of a partner, does not dream of interfering with a man of my prestige. Such a career as mine has been fills him with admiration and respect. I suppose he thinks he would be perfectly happy if he could change places with me, and be looked upon as a hero by a few fools, and flirt with this painted, vulgar woman, who has already managed to get into the society of her betters, and is miserable because she will never reach a still higher circle. I daresay there are even people who envy Madame de Trémonville too. Is there such a thing as contentment, I wonder? and does everybody wish for something he has not got, and hate it as soon as he gets it? Is it because what I long for would make me so supremely happy that I feel such a certainty of failure?"

Saint-Luc had time to debate all these questions, and sundry others, while he was mechanically piloting Madame de Trémonville in and out among the erratic couples who revolved around him. He had just arrived at the sage conclusion that the happiest of mortals is the man who has ceased to seek for happiness, when his meditations and his career were alike cut short by the apparition in the doorway of a cap whose violet bows could only belong to Madame de Vaublanc.

"She is coming!" thought Saint-Luc, forgetting all his philosophy; and he brought his partner to a sudden standstill.

Madame de Vaublanc indeed it was; but where, alas! was the tall, graceful figure and the pale, proud face that should have followed her? Saint-Luc, peering anxiously out into the corridor, could discover no familiar countenance save the puzzled and angry one of Mr. Barrington, frowning above the silver lace of the Royal Surrey Yeomanry Cavalry. "I am not the only one who is disappointed to-night," thought he, with a smile and

a sigh, as he turned to greet Madame de Vaublanc, who clutched his hand as a drowning man seizes a rope.

"*Mon Dieu*, monsieur!" she exclaimed, "how glad I am to see you! What a terrible crush, is it not?—and not a person here whom I know—and I who have crowds in horror! Is there a possibility, do you think, of my finding a chair anywhere?"

Madame de Trémonville pounced upon the bewildered old lady before Saint-Luc could reply, and saluted her with a *feu-de-joie* of shrill ejaculations.

"What, dear madame! You at a ball, and alone too! But where is your charming *protégé*? What have you done with Mademoiselle Jeanne? I have been looking for her arrival, that I might present to her some most agreeable young men who are dying to make her acquaintance—M. de Monceaux, M. d'Arville ——"

"Mademoiselle de Mersac is not with me," interrupted the old lady, sourly; "and if she were, I should not think it my duty to allow her to dance with the first that came."

"Oh, madame! you know that I am discretion itself. My friends are all persons of the highest respectability; if they were not alive at the accession of Louis XVIII. that is neither my fault nor theirs. But I trust Mademoiselle Jeanne will join us before the evening is over."

"She is not coming at all," answered Madame de Vaublanc, too full of her grievance to refrain from speaking of it, even to the enemy. "She wrote to me at the last moment to say she had the *migraine*. It is very inconsiderate—very inconvenient, I mean. Having accepted the Maréchale's invitation, I felt bound to come here, much as I dislike such entertainments. Indeed, it is only out of politeness that I sometimes attend even the small Monday receptions, though there, of course, I am more among my friends."

At this moment a young aid-de-camp, whose pinched-in waist and voluminous trousers gave his figure somewhat the appearance of a brightly-coloured hour-glass, shouldered his way towards the little group. He was an acquaintance of Madame de Trémonville's, who put on one of her most telling smiles to receive him; but he passed her with a bow, and bent down to offer his arm to Madame de Vaublanc.

"Madame la Maréchale sends me to say that she has a seat for you beside her, madame," said he. "Will you permit me?"

So the violet cap-ribbons went bobbing and nodding away through the crowd beside the blue jacket, and presently Madame de Trémonville had the satisfaction of making out her old friend, seated at the far end of the room, among a circle of magnates whom, bold as she was, she dared not approach. The lady who at that time exercised vice-regal sway over the society of Algeria was generally thought to have leanings toward Legitimists, and was notoriously averse to fast women of the type of Madame de Trémonville. The latter had never been able to obtain an invitation to those Mondays of which Madame de Vaublanc had spoken, and this was a very sore point with her.

"Of all the people I have ever met, I think that old woman is the ugliest, the most ill-natured, and the most ill-bred," she cried, with a fine hearty emphasis and unaffected warmth which made Saint-Luc laugh a little.

"Poor old soul!" said he. "She resembles a walnut in character as well as in the appearance of her skin. If you want to get at the good in her, you must break through a hard outer shell of obstinacy and prejudice, beneath which lies a not very thick covering of bitterness against the human race, which has not treated her over well; but the good qualities are there, and not so hard to discover after all."

"Bah! everybody has good qualities," returned Madame de Trémonville, impatiently. "I may say, without vanity, that I also have good qualities. We all know that that frightful old Vaublanc and the Duchesse de Breuil and Mademoiselle de Mersac give money to the poor and visit the sick occasionally; but that is not what society requires of them. If they say their prayers regularly and keep all the ten commandments, so much the better for them—that is their affair. Society does not concern itself with such things, but simply asks that they should

w some signs of *savoir-vivre* and good :ding, and that is precisely what none hem does."

Pardon me, madame, but I must :r from you entirely, so far as Made-selle de Mersac and the Duchess are cerned. I never met two ladies of :e perfectly refined and amiable man-;. As for Madame de Vaublanc, she little brusque ; but I find that, as I w older, I value people more for what ' are than for what they seem to be, ——"

Enough ! enough !" cried Madame Trémonville, throwing up her hands ı a gesture of simulated terror. ne does not go to a ball to hear a ser-ı. Go away, M. le Vicomte ; you ry me."

I must obey your commands, ma-ıe, however cruel," replied Saint-Luc, ı suspicious alacrity.

' Stop ! Before you go, take me to t M. Barainton. I want to ask him at is that fine uniform he wears. I not know he was *militaire*," said Ma-ne de Trémonville, whose tastes in re respects than one were identical h those of the Grande Duchesse de éolstein.

People who have the harmless mania ferreting out the original sources of at events are fond of proving, or seem- to prove, that the course of the rld's history has been affected over l over again by some paltry occur-ce to which no one paid any attention the time, nor recollected until long rward. A fit of indigestion, they us, costs thousands of lives ; an apple ing from a tree leads to a scientific covery of incalculable importance ; an ry word decides the fate of an em-. As regards such important mat-, the chain of reasoning is, perhaps, re curious than valuable, and serves, nost, only to show how the inevitable y be hastened or delayed by trifles ; there can be but few men who, look-back upon their past lives, will deny t their personal history has been fash-ed less by what they have done than what has happened to them. Wise l foolish, strong and weak, must yield e to the influence of trivialties, in ich some see the hand of Providence, ne the blind, uncontrollable working an infinitely complicated machine, and some mere accident. If Madame la Maréchale had not, out of pure good nature, sent an aide-de-camp to look after an unattractive old woman ; if Saint-Luc had not happened to annoy his volatile partner ; if Barrington's silver lace had been a little less conspicuous, Madame de Trémonville would never have worked the mischief that she did that night, and the course of more than one life would have taken a different direction.

She was not an ill-natured person, this quick-witted, underbred little French-woman. She did not want to injure or afflict anybody, and was no more capable of hatred than she was of love. Her vulnerable point was her vanity, and if that were touched she would show spite and temper for a time, as a cat arches her back and spits when a big dog stalks past her without turning his head. Because she had been ignored and Madame de Vaublanc honored, she felt it a necessity to say some sharp things of that lady and her clan ; and since Saint-Luc did not seem disposed to swallow her little dose of calumny, she thought she would administer it to Mr. Barrington, whom she knew to be also a constant visitor at the Campagne de Mersac.

Long afterward, when he recalled that evening, and Madame de Trémonville's envious disparagement of one whom he knew to be immeasurably her superior, Barrington used to wonder how he could have allowed such vain babbling to produce even a passing impression upon his mind. Earlier in the day he would, perhaps, hardly have attended to it ; but at that moment he was annoyed and perplexed by Jeanne's failure to keep her appointment, and the misgivings which he had only half stifled in the morning had begun to return upon him. The mind, as well as the body, has seasons at which it is more liable to receive poison than at others, and, having received it, is less able to shake it off.

After all, it was nothing very terrible that Madame de Trémonville said. They were standing, she and her partner, on a broad veranda, whither they had escaped from the heated air of the ball-room. Before them stretched the garden with its trim lawns, its flower-beds, its trees and shrubs, its colored lamps, its expanses of light and dark patches of shadow. Barrington, leaning

against a marble pillar, and looking out upon the soft beauty of the night, was listening, not very attentively, to his companion's rapid chatter. She had been denouncing and ridiculing the Duchesse de Breuil and Madame de Vaublanc. She had mimicked, rather cleverly, the high and mighty manner of the one, and the harsh, rasping voice of the other. "A pair of old ogresses, who fancy themselves princesses; nobody is cruel enough to disabuse them of their error," she said. Barrington listened to it all, not without amusement. He thought the two ogresses were very well able to stand up for themselves—as indeed they were—and did not feel called upon to undertake their defence. Now it was Jeanne's turn.

"Tell me, monsieur," cried the little lady, resting her rounded arms upon the marble balustrade, and fluttering her fan as she looked up in the Englishman's face, "you who are so well acquainted with her—do you find her very attractive?"

Barrington had found her very decidedly so; but he replied, in a tone of judicial impartiality, "Well, yes; he should say that Mademoiselle de Mersac was certainly an attractive person."

"Really? But gentlemen and ladies so seldom agree on these points. The truth is, that one woman is always a fairer judge of another than any man can be."

Barrington observed that the world at large had long ago arrived at a diametrically opposite conclusion.

"I know that; but the world is mistaken, as it very often is. The world starts by assuming that all women are jealous of one another—which is absurd. It is easy enough for a woman to please men; beauty alone will do that, not to speak of a hundred other weapons which she learns to use before she is out of the nursery. But if she wishes to be loved by other women, she must have a heart. Jeanne de Mersac has no heart. She is as cold as a stone; she has no real affection for anybody; and that is why I, for one, am repelled by her."

"You will allow, at least, that she has some affection for her brother?" said Barrington.

"Affection? I do not know. She is kind to him, and does a great deal for him; but that explains itself. *Tenez*, M. Barainton, I will give you the key to Jeanne de Mersac's character in three words—love of power. She has one of those natures—happily not very common among young girls—which can be magnanimous, generous, amiable even, to subordinates, but which revolt against all authority. Have you remarked her passion for animals? It is easily understood; they do not question her orders. She devotes herself to her brother—why? Because he does nothing without consulting her. When he begins to act for himself, she will abandon him, and seek for some other slave. Madame de Breuil, who is completely under her thumb, she tolerates, but does not like because, after all, the most easy-going of chaperons must occasionally lay some restrictions upon her charge. In short, this girl, who might have made herself talked of if she had been born to a throne, will never be any thing but an insupportable wife; and, for my part, if I were M. de Saint-Luc, I would not marry her, though she had twice her beauty and ten times her fortune."

"Possibly she may decline to marry M. de Saint-Luc," said Barrington.

"For his sake, I hope with all my heart that she may. Her husband will have two alternatives open to him. Either he will have to submit to her at once, and unreservedly, to allow her to control every thing, not excepting his expenditure—in which case she will doubtless manage his affairs well, and treat him with every consideration—or he will have to fight a long battle, out of which he can only come victorious at the cost of his happiness. No man is very likely to adopt the former course, and it is not every one who will succeed in the latter. All things considered, I do not envy Mademoiselle Jeanne's future husband," concluded Madame de Trémonville, as she turned to re-enter the ball-room.

Barrington donned his helmet and his martial cloak, and went clanking down the hill, pensive and vaguely uneasy. The broad high road before him was barred by black shadows from the acacia trees that bordered it; and, as he walked, it seemed to him that he was looking forward into his own future path in life, and could see some such patches of gloom lying across it. "Love of power

passion"—"She will never be
but an insupportable wife"—
is cold as a stone"—what were
ccusations but the reflections of
orebodings magnified, perhaps
istorted, by an angry woman?
only that they were rendered
inct? Well, if it were so, that
make them more real. It is
lights—half lights—that fling
and seem to convert them into
ealities. When the sun is high
, and all dark nooks and cor-
illuminated, they vanish away.
common-sense stepped in, and
ut that similes were not facts,
after making every allowance
aggerations of a hostile critic,
remained some basis of truth
t her assertions. Jeanne was,
dly, fond of her own way, and
ed to get it. She had a certain
ion of issuing her commands
about her without assigning
or them; she was far more dis-
unbend in the presence of her
than in that of her equals, and
e latter her bearing was almost
cold and indifferent. Bar-
ad long since remarked these
er character, and had been at-
y them. Had she been more
rest of the world, he would
ve fallen in love with her. But
riginality a desirable quality in
The whole question lay there.
ot the very incentives which
d his passion into existence
e more strongly than any thing
its extinction "in the knot
o untying?" All experience
answer Yes. If only the pres-
of affairs could be infinitely
l, and the question of marriage
sine die! thought Barrington,
led wearily upstairs to his bed-
prey to doubts and fears with
is to be hoped, that no one will
ympathy.

rench mail had come in late that
and a pile of letters lay on his
iting perusal.

st Seymour's fist," muttered
n, as he took up one of them,
into an arm-chair. "I wonder
as got to complain about now;
writes unless he has some
grievance. Amelia ill again, I suppose."

"110 Portland Place: June 5.

"MY DEAR HARRY:

"The anxiety and distress which, during the last three days, have almost overwhelmed me must be my excuse for not have written to you before this. I am positive that I several times gave directions to have a telegram sent to Broadridge, but it seems that, through the negligence of the servants, this was not done; and now, to my great surprise, I have just learnt from your Aunt Susan that you have not yet returned from Algeria.

"I have not ventured as yet to communicate this news to dear Amelia, who is constantly asking for you, and I shall try, if possible, to tranquillize her with assurances of your speedy arrival. In her present exhausted state she does not, I think, take much note of the passage of time. Were I to let her know how many days must necessarily elapse before we can hope to have you with us, the shock would, I am convinced, have a most deleterious effect upon her.

"Alas, poor dear! she has had one of her most alarming attacks. For twenty-four hours she was almost entirely unconscious; and, though she has now to some extent rallied, it is impossible to describe her state otherwise than as one of extreme peril. Her emaciation is frightful, and, as for nourishment, I may say that for days past she has taken literally none. Even the Liebig, which you may remember that we have found so useful hitherto, she has been unable to retain; and though the light farinaceous food ordered by the doctor has, up to the present time, been kept upon her stomach, who can say how long it may remain there? But I must not afflict you with these painful details.

"Sir William Puffin, whom we called in some days ago, seems to hesitate about giving any decided opinion upon the case, but tells me he does not apprehend any *immediate* danger. Dear Amelia herself, however, has little expectation of ever leaving her bed again.

"Your Aunt Susan tries to cheer us up in her well-intentioned but rather rough way, and says the whole thing is nothing but hysteria, and will go away as

suddenly as it came. She is opposed to my recalling you to England; but I am sure that you will feel, with me, that I am right in doing so. How difficult it seems to be, to thoroughly robust people, to sympathize with those who are in constant ill health! To hear your Aunt Susan talk, you would imagine that Amelia and I were to *blame* for being the wretched invalids that we are!

"I myself am very far from well; and Puffin being in the house, I thought it only prudent to consult him. But I doubt whether, in the very short interview he thought fit to grant me, he can have properly grasped the significance of my symptoms. He says I am dyspeptic, and that may be so; but dyspepsia cannot possibly account for all the strange sensations that I have experienced of late. A continual and most distressing singing in the ears, sudden and unaccountable pains in the back and limbs, palpitation of the heart, giddiness, distaste for food, drowsiness, and sad depression of spirits are only a few of these. Should my life be spared until the summer, I propose, with Sir William's permission, to give a trial to the cold-water cure at Malvern. What the effect of that drastic treatment will be upon so enfeebled a frame as mine time alone can show; but I am willing to run the risk, and am, I hope, justified in so doing."

The same interesting subject was pursued through two more closely-written pages, which Barrington dismissed with a hasty glance, and then threw the letter aside. The Amelia, whose sufferings were so touchingly depicted therein, was his only sister, Mrs. Seymour, who, having been delicate, nervous, and fanciful all her life, had developed into a confirmed invalid, after linking her fortunes with those of a valetudinarian husband. This was neither the first, nor the second, nor the third time that Barrington had been summoned, in all haste, to attend her death-bed, and had arrived to find her on the sofa, and not much worse than usual. She was always dying, but, somehow or other, never died. At the same time it was undeniable that so fragile a creature might die upon small provocation; and though Barrington felt very little alarm on the present occasion, and was rather disposed to coincide with the views of the unfeeling Aunt Susan mentioned by Mr. Seymour, he could scarcely hesitate to obey the summons conveyed to him. The only question was whether he could and should see Mademoiselle de Mersac before sailing for England. Now as the Marseilles boat did not sail till noon on the following day, and as Barrington was aware that Jeanne was a very early riser, it is evident that he might have obtained an interview with her if he had so desired it; but, in truth, he desired no such thing. To see Jeanne again would be pleasant; to hear from her own lips that she loved him would be pleasanter still; but to find himself an irrevocably engaged man would be—well, a shade less pleasant. Circumstances not of his creating or seeking had, as it appeared to this prudent lover, put it in his power to gain the very thing that he wanted—namely, the continuance of his present relations with the girl whom he loved. And why should he not take advantage of them? He had no thought of giving Jeanne up; nevertheless, he was not prepared immediately to ask her to be his wife. He wanted to blow hot and cold at the same time, in short, and thought he could now see his way to the accomplishment of this impossible feat. He resolved, therefore—though not without many sighs—that he would deny himself the delight of meeting her once more before his departure, and sat down to write her a letter instead.

Yet, when he had composed and addressed this missive, he was more than half inclined to tear it up again, and would very likely have done so if Madame de Trémonville's prophetic words had not hung in his memory, and warned him against straying from the safe path of delay.

Chapter XVII.

In which M. de Fontvieille tells an old story.

"My Dear Mademoiselle de Mersac: I cannot tell you how disappointed I was at not meeting you at the ball last night. I was very sorry at the time, but I am a great deal more sorry now; for, as it turns out, I have not only missed the opportunity of a few pleasant dances

with you, to which I had been looking forward immensely, but also that of bidding you good-by.

"I little thought, when I rode away from your door yesterday, that I had taken what may very likely be my last look of that dear and familiar house where I have passed so many happy hours and have met with a hospitality and kindness for which, I assure you, I am not ungrateful, though I have said little about it. But so it was to be. The mail brought me a letter from my brother-in-law, telling me of my sister's serious illness, and begging me to return to England immediately. One cannot very well disregard a request of that kind, although in this particular instance it might perhaps be possible to do so without any real heartlessness or indifference. All my previous experience of my sister's illnesses leads me to anticipate that, when I reach my journey's end, I shall find that I might quite as well have remained where I am, and where I wish with all my heart that I could stay. But there is, of course, the possibility of matters being more serious than I imagine, and therefore I have no alternative but to go. By the time this reaches you I shall be on board the *Euphrate*, and outside the harbor, I daresay. I wonder whether you will be looking down at us from the terrace where I have so often stood beside you and watched the great steamers crawling away like toy-boats toward the horizon. I shall fancy you there, at any rate, and shall keep my eyes upon the old cliffs and woods until their outlines melt into the blue mass of a hilly coast, which, in its turn, will gradually fade into a dim cloud and grow fainter and fainter till it vanishes altogether, and Algeria, for me, resolves itself into a memory.

"I am sure I need not say how much I regret leaving in this abrupt manner; but, as you see, it is no fault of mine, and I am longing for the time to come when we shall meet in Switzerland, for I take it for granted that I am to be allowed to join you there. Would it be asking too much of your kindness to beg you to let me have a few lines as soon as your plans are fixed, saying when and where I may hope to see you again? A letter addressed to the Conservative Club, St. James's Street, or to the Travellers', Pall Mall, London, will always find me.

"Will you please make my excuses to the Duchesse de Breuil, and remember me very kindly to your brother and M. de Fontvieille?

"And believe me,

"My dear Mademoiselle de Mersac,

"Most sincerely yours,

"H. BARRINGTON."

Looked upon in the light of a written farewell intended to imitate the letter of an engaged man to his *fiancée* as closely as may be without actually compromissing the writer, the above composition can hardly be reckoned a success. Taken, on the other hand, as the last word of an unfortunate who has gone a great deal further than he meant, and sees no safety for himself but in flight, it may, perhaps, be considered as sufficiently suitable for its purpose—the manner in which such unfortunate may choose to blunder out of the meshes being of very slight importance. But, as the reader is aware, it was in the former, not in the latter character that Barrington regarded himself, and wished to be regarded; and if he had been a few years younger and a little less mortally afraid of committing himself to paper, he might possibly have produced some less clumsy expression of his sorrow at parting.

As it was, he was fully sensible of the defects of his letter, and had the grace to feel thoroughly ashamed of it. He perceived that it was too long, too constrained in tone, and, worst of all, too apologetic. He knew that after what had passed between him and Jeanne, he ought either to have said more or less. He even went further, and acknowledged to himself that, unless he were prepared to indite a formal offer of marriage, he ought not to have written at all. But in that case he must have resigned all intention of making such an offer at any future time; and this also he was not prepared to do. So, dissatisfied as he was with the result of his labors, he thrust it at length into an envelope, with a groan and a despairing shrug of his shoulders, feeling that the difficulties of the emergency were too many for him, and being, moreover, if the truth must be told, a trifle pressed for time, for no

man, lovelorn or otherwise, can set out upon a journey without having first packed up his clothes.

And in due course the missive reached its destination. It was brought up to the Campagne de Mersac by a messenger from the Hôtel d'Orient, and was handed to Jeanne as she sat at the breakfast-table, round which, as ill-luck would have it, were grouped the Duchess, M. de Fontvieille, and Léon. Not half a dozen times in as many weeks did the Duchess leave her room before the afternoon was well advanced; scarcely more often was M. de Fontvieille wont to demand hospitality of his neighbors; while, as for the young master of the house, his avocations frequently led him miles away from home at the breakfast hour. But on this particular morning of all others, Madame de Breuil had woke up feeling unusually brisk and strong; M. de Fontvieille's cat had made a raid upon the fried soles and the dish of small birds to which that gentleman had been looking for his midday sustenance; and Léon, being in sore trouble of mind, had fallen out with Pierre Cauvin, and had ridden back in the sulks, leaving his day's duties half accomplished. Thus it came to pass that Jeanne had to open her letter in the presence of three witnesses; and, what was worse still, had to read it with six inquiring eyes fixed upon her face.

People who have intelligence of a startling nature to impart ought to send their communications in the ordinary manner, through the post. In these days, everybody gets one or two letters at breakfast time, and may, by exercising a little self-command, make shift to receive a sharp epistolary blow without displaying unbecoming emotion, or exciting the attention of those who sit at meat with him—especially if, as is to be anticipated, the latter be busy over the study of their own correspondence. But a note delivered after post-hours must, in the nature of things, create some slight stir of curiosity in the least inquisitive and best-bred circles, which is sometimes apt to be a little hard upon the recipient, upon whom the consciousness of being more or less furtively watched can hardly fail to produce a sensation of discomfort. Had Barrington been possessed of that nice consideration for the feelings of others which he imagined—and still imagines—to be one of his most salient characteristics, he might possibly have thought of this, and put a stamp upon his letter. But being what he was, and having before his mind's eye a sentimental picture of Jeanne standing on the terrace and wistfully gazing after the good ship which was bearing her lover away beyond seas, he chose rather to expend five francs upon sending it up the hill by special messenger. The consequence was that M. de Fontvieille was interrupted in the middle of a piquant anecdote, and was fain to wind it up in a hurried and lame manner; for he and his audience too were naturally anxious to learn what news could be contained in Jeanne's lengthy epistle, and as naturally tried to discover from her features whether it were of an agreeable or interesting nature.

They might, however, as well have looked at each other, or at the picture on the wall. Jeanne, who was habitually pale, seldom changed color, and was never more outwardly calm than when she was most deeply moved. She perused her letter very slowly and deliberately, folded it up again, restored it to its envelope, and then, without saying a word to anybody, resumed her occupation of breaking up dog-biscuit for Turco's breakfast.

If there was one thing that irritated the Duchess more than another, it was conduct of this kind. She was an inquisitive old body, who liked to have a finger in every one's business, and to be consulted in every emergency. She hated secrets (except, of course, her own, which she made a prodigious fuss over), and could not bear the thought that any thing in the shape of a mystery should exist under the same roof with her. Sooner, indeed, than that matters should remain in so unsatisfactory a condition she would clear them up by means of direct questions; but this was a humiliating mode of procedure to which she seldom resorted until she had essayed to work round to her end through a series of artless circumlocutions.

Upon the present occasion she drummed upon the table impatiently with her withered, jewelled fingers for a minute or two, and then, addressing herself to

in particular, remarked that it
range thing that people never
see her now. And yet, she re-
after a momentary break, per-
ras not such a very strange thing

She was a very old woman,
liness was one of the necessary
old age. "You and I, my dear
ontvieille, have been out of the
many years past; and, perhaps,
much to expect that young peo-
ld take the trouble to amuse us.
ive their own interests and their
sures, which they keep to them-
vithout thinking, perhaps, that
like to have our share in what
around us. Very likely they
n the way. Well, they have the
ion of knowing that we cannot
with them long."

letter is from Mr. Barrington.
you like to read it, madame?"
anne, who did not like circum-
s.

ake it a rule never to read cor-
ence which is not addressed to
swered the old lady, with dig-
particularly when it is written in
ge which I do not understand."
at M. de Fontvieille had a little
l to himself behind his napkin.

writes to say that he has been
y called away to England by the
f his sister, and to apologize for
ing been able to call and say
to us," continued Jeanne.
rticularly begs me to make his
to you, madame."

l so he is really gone!" said the
. "I regret it very sincerely.
an amiable and entertaining
nan, and I had become accus-
o seeing him here. The house
quite dull at first without him."
shall all miss Mr. Barrington,"
l Léon; "and Jeanne more than
s."

hall miss him very much," said
steadily; "but in any case he
rdly have remained here much
t this season of the year. That is
t of making friends with birds of

As soon as one has got to
em tolerably well they are off,
probably never sees them

ould be sorry to think that we
the last of Mr. Barrington,"
remarked the Duchess. "Does he not speak of returning, Jeanne?"

"Oh, no! He says something about meeting us in Switzerland in the summer."

"I shall never be able to drag myself as far as Switzerland," sighed the old lady—"never, I am convinced. The next journey I shall undertake will be a short one—only as far as the cemetery. I dread the hot season here, but I will not run the risk of dying in an hotel and leaving Jeanne with all the trouble and inconvenience of arranging about the funeral. If Léon could be with me, I should not so much mind."

"I will certainly accompany you, madame, if you wish it," said Léon, speaking without much alacrity.

"No, no, *mon enfant*, you have your own affairs to attend to; and, besides, I prefer to be buried here. I have my piece of ground waiting for me, as you know, and as soon as I have arranged one or two little matters I shall be ready enough to occupy it. By-the-by, what has become of M. de Saint-Luc? It is a century since I have heard of him."

In this way Barrington's departure escaped further remark; and, for the next quarter of an hour, the conversation turned chiefly upon matters of local gossip. Jeanne took her share in it from time to time, and was neither more nor less taciturn than usual; but M. de Fontvieille, who was an observant old person, noticed that she left the remainder of her breakfast untouched.

I suppose that everybody is, in a greater or less degree, dowered with that blessed gift of self-deception without which the infinite sadness of life would become almost unendurable; but some, no doubt, are more highly favored in this respect than others. Jeanne, for instance, though quite able, and even rather prone, to form a mistaken estimate of characters and motives, had a singularly clear vision and defective imagination where facts were concerned; and it was upon the basis of facts, and not hypotheses, that she was accustomed to shape her actions. Barrington's letter left her no room for pleasant delusions either as to his meaning or as to her own destiny. She had said to herself the day before that he should decide her fate; and now he had emphatically done so,

though in a different manner from that which she had anticipated. For her she knew that there could henceforth be no more uncertainty. The die was cast, and the remainder of her life must be spent not with the man whom she loved, but with one for whom, at that time, she felt an absolute abhorrence. At the first moment the one thing that seemed to her most necessary was that she should so bear herself as that no one should guess at the wound she had received; and of this task, as we have seen, she acquitted herself not discreditably, failing only in that one point of inability to swallow food.

When breakfast was at an end, she betook herself to her own room, and, sitting down before her dressing-table, took the letter from her pocket, and read it over again from beginning to end. There was no misunderstanding it, she thought, as she laid it gently aside without a shadow of resentment against the writer. She was a hundred miles from interpreting it correctly, and never doubted of the necessity of Barrington's journey to England; but she plainly saw that, had he intended asking her to be his wife, he would not have left Algeria without doing so. How could she have made so terrible a mistake? That was the question which was uppermost in her mind, and which she asked herself over and over again with bitter mortification. She—a woman in her twenty-third year—a woman, too, who was not by nature romantic, and had seen more of the world and of men than ninety-nine French girls out of a hundred are permitted to do—she to confound intimacy with love, and to take a few light words *au grand serieux*, like any child of seventeen just released from the convent! It was not an agreeable thought.

"I have only myself to blame," she murmured. "I have allowed myself to love him—Heaven grant I may not have allowed him to see that I love him!—and now I must suffer for it. What is done cannot be undone; and, if it could, I am not sure that I should wish it to be so; all that remains for me to do is to save the family from disaster, and to gratify the wishes of all my friends. It is a sort of consolation; and I care so little now what becomes of me, that there is no fear of my courage failing—only I wish M. de Saint-Luc were a little less contemptible."

Jeanne was not altogether heroic. She was ready and willing to make the great sacrifice which, as she conceived, duty and affection required of her; but there she stopped short. Of what she might owe to her future husband she did not think at all. He had played a game of cards for her, and had won his stake; let him be satisfied. What more could such a man claim from her than that she should carry his name untarnished to her grave? As for affection—*allons donc!* "I may forgive you in time, but him I shall never forgive," she had said to Léon the day before; and her altered circumstances had produced no change in her sentiments. She had already, in some sort, pardoned her brother, but toward Saint-Luc she harbored no feeling save one of mingled anger and disdain.

Nor was she insensible of the tremendous loneliness of her position. Self-reliant and self-contained as she was, a chill ran through her when she remembered that no living soul would pity her—that she would receive congratulations from all sides upon an act of moral suicide; and that, for the rest of her life, she must manage to get on without the support of any sympathy. Nothing but pride and utter indifference could carry her through, she thought, as she slowly descended the staircase, and stepped out into the garden, where sympathy, in an unexpected form, had been patiently waiting for her half an hour, or more. M. de Fontvieille, excellent man, had preserved, under a thin veneer of cynicism of which he was inordinately proud, a heart still open to the generous impulses of youth, and easily touched by any episode of a sentimental nature. Less blind than the Duchess and Léon, he had long ago discerned the nature of the friendship which had sprung up between Jeanne and the Englishman; the incidents of the Kabylian excursion had not been thrown away upon him; by degrees, his hope of seeing his *protégé* well married to one of her own countrymen had yielded to a kindly desire that her hand might follow where her heart had already been given; and, understanding, as he did, the cruel nature of the blow which had now fallen upon her,

he was determined that at least she should not lack such solace as it is in the power of a sympathetic spirit to bestow.

If Barrington, leaning over the taffrail of the steamer, and gazing sentimentally up at the wooded heights of El Biar, had been provided with a sufficiently powerful telescope, he would have made out, not the tall graceful form which he fondly hoped might be stationed there, but a grotesque little straw-hatted figure gesticulating like a marionette, and from time to time shaking a puny fist toward the sea.

"'Go, perfidious Æneas!" cried the old gentleman, apostrophizing the faithless one in the style of the year 1810. "Go, and leave the noble and unhappy Dido to consume upon the pyre of unrequited love! Go back to the chill fogs of thy melancholy island, and languish there, a prey to remorse and the spleen! Go—and the devil go with thee!"

Somewhat relieved by this outburst, M. de Fontvieille strutted back toward the house, whence poor Dido, a little pale and heavy-lidded, had just issued. Removing his Panamà hat, and bowing more profoundly than usual in homage alike to beauty and misfortune, "Mademoiselle," said he, "I come to beg a favor of you. My collection of gems——"

"But, monsieur, I inspected them from the first to the last only two days ago," pleaded poor Jeanne, who wanted to be left alone.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle, there was one drawer which you did not see then, and have never seen yet. It is that which I propose to show you to-day."

"But I must go to the dairy; and I have the linen to count, and——"

"Mademoiselle, I am convinced that your admirable Fanchette is capable of replacing you for an hour. For the rest, I will not detain you long; but I have a fancy to display my greatest treasures to you to-day, and you are too kind to thwart an old man's whim."

Not seeing her way to resisting this appeal, Jeanne resignedly put up her parasol, and accepted M. de Frontvieille's proffered arm. She would have walked more comfortably alone, for she was a good head taller than her companion; and age, together with the unconscionable tightness of his varnished boots, had deprived him of absolute control over his legs, so that it took a good deal of humoring and management to keep his head straight, and preserve him from sudden involuntary inroads into the flower-beds; but to decline such an equivocal support would have been to grievously affront the old gentleman, who held it an essential point of courtesy to conduct all lady-visitors to his door in this slightly ridiculous fashion, and who to-day seemed anxious to surpass himself in small marks of attention toward his young guest.

When he had led Jeanne into his little dark *salon*, and had made her seat herself in the most comfortable arm-chair that the room contained, he trotted away, and returned presently, bearing in his arms a worsted-work footstool, which he placed under her feet, and, recovering his perpendicular not without an effort, remarked triumphantly, "Now we are at our ease!"

Then he unlocked the folding doors of the old-fashioned cabinet which held his precious collection, and rapidly pulled out the first few drawers, closing them again without daring to glance at their contents, lest the temptation to mount his hobby should prove too strong for him. "All these we have already seen," he said, "and I will not fatigue you by going over them again, though I have some rubies here which well merit —but no matter, let us proceed. You may perhaps have noticed that I have never opened the lowest drawer in your presence. There is nothing in it, as you perceive, but an old leather case, which, to tell you the truth, is not worth five francs, including what it contains. But now I will tell you something that will give you a little interest in it. That leather case was made for me half a century ago; and from that day to this, nobody has ever looked inside it but myself. If I may say so without profanity, it is, in a manner, like those *châsses* which you may see in certain cathedrals, and which are only opened once in every ten or twenty years. They contain nothing more than the usual fragments of the true cross, or garments of the Blessed Virgin, or whatever it may be; but when the day comes for the exhibition of the *Grandes Reliques*, people flock from miles round to

contemplate them. And why? Because they cannot do so every day."

He had been fumbling at his watch-chain while he was speaking, and now he detached therefrom a small gold key, which he pressed into the lock of the case.

"*Voilà mes Grandes Reliques, mademoiselle,*" said he, lifting the lid, and drawing back a step to allow her to approach.

Jeanne bent forward, and saw very much what she had expected to see—two or three brown, withered flowers, which had once been roses, a long kid glove yellow with age, a scrap of ribbon, and a miniature representing a lady with a high forehead, an enormous pair of black eyes, and a little prim, smiling mouth.

"You do not find her beautiful," remarked M. de Fontvieille. "*Mon Dieu*, you are right! she never was so; although I must say that that miniature gives no more idea of what she was than the photographs of the present day will do of you and your contemporaries. It is only great artists who can produce a faithful likeness, and my poor Madeleine had not the means of paying a great artist, or even a mediocre one. She was only the daughter of a country gentleman of good family, but small fortune, who lived all the year round upon his property in the Bourbonnais, and cultivated his vines, and knew little and cared less about the outer world. His estate adjoined that of an uncle of mine, and it was while upon a visit to him that I first met Madeleine. I was at that time about eight-and-twenty, and in many respects an older man than I am now, when my age may be nearly represented by the same figures in reversed order. I had lived in Paris from the day I had left my college; I had tried every form of pleasure, I had made myself acquainted with every grade of society, and I flattered myself that the world had no new sensation left to bestow upon me. I was more than half tired of life, as young men often are when their health begins to give way from the effects of dissipation, and when they are up to the eyes in debt. I was sick of dicing and brawling, and—and the rest of it; and yet I did not see how I was to kill time without the help of these amusements. In short, I was so disheartened and disgusted with myself and my prospects that I had more than once gravely debated the advisability of entering a Trappist monastery when I encountered Madeleine, one sunny morning, in the village, and abandoned all idea of taking vows for which I was perhaps hardly fitted by nature.

"As I have already said, she was no great beauty; but she was as innocent as an angel, as gay as a lark, and her manners had an easy, naïve grace which came from natural good breeding, not from the acquired elegances of an artificial society. There was a charm about her which exceeded the charms of the *grand monde* to which I was accustomed, as the fresh scent of a tuft of wild thyme excels the sickly odor of the stephanotis. It was not, however, for these reasons, but simply because she was herself, that I fell in love with her; and all the philosophers in the world were to lecture to you upon the origin of love for hours together, they could give you no clearer explanation of the phenomenon than this. There are people, I firmly believe, who go down to their graves, after a long life, without ever having been in love at all. For myself, although I was at one time somewhat notorious for adventures of a kind which I can do no more than allude to in conversation with you, mademoiselle, and although I may have felt for certain ladies a sentiment which, for want of a better word, we dignify by the name of love, I can assure you in all seriousness that I have only been in love once.

"Whether my dear Madeleine was ever attached to me in the same manner as I was to her, I cannot say. Probably not. But, at all events, she loved me well enough to make me as happy as a king during the three weeks that I was betrothed to her. At the expiration of that time our engagement came to an end in the stupidest and most commonplace way in the world. In order to obtain her father's consent to our union, I had been compelled to deceive him a little as to the state of my affairs, and especially to draw a veil over the history of my life in Paris. A good-natured relation of his, whom I had met some half-dozen times in the capital, was kind enough to tear down this veil, and to

the worthy man such a picture
career as caused him to cry
:or that he would never entrust
er's happiness to the care of a
: and a libertine. In vain I
hat I had repented of my evil
was determined to lead a new
risk was too great, he said;
t an end to further discussion,
betrothed Madeleine to one
ighbors, a sober, red-headed
ı, who had never done wrong
, through sheer lack of suffi-
ıality to leave the strictly relig-
'e into which his parents had
n.

ıor little *fiancée* yielded with-
ş much resistance—she would
ave thought of cutting her
roat as of disobeying him—
ıt back to Paris, crazy with
ıd ready to put an end to my-
/ou perceive, however, I did
ı. I continued to exist; and
married Madame de Font-
th whom I lived in perfect
ɔr twenty years. She was an
woman; she brought me a
dot; and I never disturbed
of mind by showing her the
s which now lie before you.
f my having preserved them is
vidence that through all that
ınd gone—through sorrow and
ness and health, marriage and
have remained faithful in my
ny only love. Perhaps if my
l been realized, I might have
onstant; I cannot tell. It is a
ıying that marriage kills love,
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/s felt that I owe Madeleine
:ernal love, but eternal grati-
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y nature which is common to
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ike a beast, as thousands do.
own and loved her, I could
ɔack again under the sway of
ıses, nor persuade myself that
of life was to gratify them. I
st of having performed many
ns; but if I have helped a
ture here and there, if I have
ı injury or two, and abstain-
ɔnally from harming those
ave been tempted to wrong,
the credit is Madeleine's. Ah, *mon enfant!* this world is a dismal purgatory, full of liars and thieves and traitors and wretches of all kinds. It would be impossible to believe in the perfectibility of the species if we did not know that we are capable of loving one another. Such, at least, is my notion; and that is why I conclude that to have loved another is a thing to be thankful for in itself, whether one succeed or fail in gaining the object of one's desire.

"Why have I told you this long history to-day? Partly because I have bequeathed my jewels to you, and I wish you, as soon as I am dead, to take the case that you know of, and, without saying any thing to anybody, to slip it quietly into my coffin; and partly because the experiences of the old are sometimes a comfort to the young. If, by any chance, a man finds himself in the midst of a sandy desert and is not very sure whether he will ever escape from it, it is something to come across the traces of others who have passed by the same way, and who have neither fainted nor died. It is something—"

M. de Fontvieille stopped short, fearing lest he might have said too much; but Jeanne was not offended. She had perceived from the outset that her old friend had discovered her secret, and she was not altogether sorry that it should be so. Few people like to be openly pitied; but there are extremities in which even the proudest are glad to think that some discreet person can understand their trouble, and secretly feel for them. Jeanne had listened to M. de Fontvieille's narrative with genuine interest. This octogenarian weeping over a withered rose, dilating upon the divine origin of love, mixing up sentiment, vanity, and bathos with the most innocent unself-consciousness, had not appeared to her ridiculous. His fidelity touched her; his ideas in some sort chimed in with her own. If the mere delight of memory had sufficed to brighten his whole life, why should not the same source of consolation be open to her? It was true that as yet she could hardly bring herself to fancy that it could be so. Her wound was too fresh; her heart ached with too bitter a longing to see Barrington again, were it but for an hour; but time would doubtless bring her more calmness. After all, the worst

part of the ordeal which lay before her was that of which her would-be consoler knew nothing. The prospect of a lonely life—of devoting herself to the service of others, or of entering a convent—would have had no terrors for her; but to be chained for the rest of her days to an uncongenial companion, as the unhappy convicts used to be at the Toulon *bagne*—to know that no escape from him was possible, and to be forced, in sheer self-defence, to treat him at least as a friend—what more unhappy destiny than this could any woman accept? Following out this train of thought, she spoke at length:

"Why did you marry, monsieur? You were not obliged to do so."

M. de Fontvieille shrugged his shoulders. "Obliged!—no; but it seemed expedient. When I gave up my old mode of life and my old companions I was very dull. After a time I thought the best thing I could do would be to ally myself to a good, sensible woman who could contribute her share toward the payment of the household expenses; and I assure you I never regretted having taken the step. Marriage is an admirable institution, but a trifle prosaic: the essential thing is that the husband and wife should start by understanding one another. I never pretended to any romantic affection for Madame de Fontvieille, nor did she ever look for any thing of the kind from me. You, who have been educated a little *à l'anglaise*, probably regard marriages of convenience with horror; for my own part, I think they are very good things. In every man's life there comes a time when he feels the necessity of having a home of his own, and domestic interests. Women, from the nature of their position, must experience the same want far more keenly. If lovers are able to marry, so much the better for them; but I see no reason why two people who esteem one another should not live together quite contentedly without any warmer feeling. I married Madame de Fontvieille because I required a home, and I told her so honestly. I never let her know that my heart belonged, and would always belong, to another woman; but if she had happened to find it out, she would have had no right to complain."

"You do not think, then, that it is wrong for a woman to marry one man, and continue to love another?"

M. de Fontvieille made a grimace. This was not exactly the doctrine he had intended to inculcate, and he felt that he was getting upon dangerous ground.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he said, "that depends a little. In matters of this kind it is impossible to lay down a general rule which will fit all cases. My object in relating my own experience to you was to show that it is a good thing to have loved—even in vain."

"No doubt," answered Jeanne, gravely. "I have understood what you have meant," she resumed, after a short pause; "it would be absurd to pretend that I have not, and I am grateful to you for confiding in me, and sympathizing with me; but—"

"My dear child," cried M. de Fontvieille, waving his yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, "it has been a sweet consolation to me to reopen my old wounds in your presence. Only those who have suffered themselves can truly feel for the suffering. In future you will freely confide your troubles to me—we will mingle our tears—"

"No," broke in Jeanne, "I am not one of those who enjoy shedding tears." Then seeing that the old gentleman looked hurt, she added, "You know that *if I* could speak to anybody upon—the subject you have alluded to I would speak to you; but you must see that, for the future, the less said about it the better. I shall not forget what you have said, and you may be sure that I will carry out your instructions about the little leather case when the time comes. And now I must really go to the dairy."

"Marvellous is the power of love!" ejaculated M. de Fontvieille, after he had seen Jeanne to the door, and had carefully locked up his precious cabinet. "Here is a woman who is told that jewels to the value of some hundred thousand francs will be hers in a few years' time at furthest, and who does not think the announcement worth so much as a word of notice. Ah, animal of an Englishman! what have you ever done to merit such devotion?"—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE "SOCIOLOGY" OF ANTS.

of the most valuable of the scien-
dencies of the present day is the
eful study which is devoted by
uralists to the habits of the more
: of the animal races. Sir John
k has made the scientific obser-
of the sociable insects—particu-
es, wasps, and ants—a subject
ly his own ; and his admirable
: has evidently produced excel-
cts on the other side of the At-
Only this week, the *Times* has
ished for us, from the " Proceed-
the Philadelphia Academy of
Sciences," a paper by the Rev.
McCook on the personal cleanli-
the agricultural ant of America,
nich it appears that the Transat-
nt is at least as conspicuous for
lity which is said to be next to
s, and as anxious to aid its fel-
s in the business of their " sani-
lutions," as Sir John Lubbock
wn various species of English
be. Lord Beaconsfield's cry of
us sanitatum, omnia sanitas!" is
y substantially adopted by the
both worlds ; and no doubt the
been helped to gain the habits
his maxim summarizes, by the
he survival of the fittest. Clear-
like men, cannot live healthily
ded communities without well-
restrictions on personal habits
would tend in any way either to
disease or even to impede indi-
reedom of motion. If ants, liv-
uch vast crowds and within such
spaces as, by comparison, almost
ondon itself seem a spacious and
opulated city, were either to lose
ctivity through getting clogged
eign substances, or to contract
such as dirt is known to foster
ganic bodies, the whole society
soon come to an end. Indo-
d inactivity amongst the work-
ich crowded communities would
e immediate failure of the com-
t, and consequently death.
on in such communities would
lague, and consequently death.
t is clear enough that any com-
of ants whose workers were en-
with cleanly and active habits
would have the greatest possible advantage over other communities not so fully endowed with those habits, whence, perhaps, the successful evolution of this great principle of practical " sociology" among the ants of both hemispheres. The Philadelphian naturalist suggests, indeed, that the ants whom he has watched in a state of captivity may devote more attention to their personal cleanliness than they would devote in a state of nature. But this we take leave to doubt. It is clear at least that they bring their instincts with them into captivity, and that if, in the comparatively limited numbers of a captive community, the law of cleanliness asserts itself so strongly, it is because it has been so imperatively impressed upon them by the accumulated experience of thousands of generations. It is clear that either the habit of personal cleanliness, or, amongst the aristocratic and dependent races of ants, the possession of slaves who attend to the personal cleanliness of their masters, is an absolute condition of social well-being. Either the ant must keep itself clean and help to keep its companions clean, and take delight, as Mr. McCook and Sir John Lubbock have described to us, in that cleanliness, or the slave-races must keep themselves and their masters clean, as sedulously as they feed themselves and their masters. The social habits of the ant would probably become ultimately impossible, were they not protected by these habits of sedulous cleanliness.

So far it is clear that habits of gregariousness even among insects may tend to evolve other habits which, if not exactly ethical, are in the sententious wisdom of mankind classed as " next" to godliness. And no doubt this remark is very encouraging to that new school of scientific thought which is endeavoring to show how the principles of morality are a perfectly inevitable outgrowth of the laws which show how to make society coherent and strong. And it is very interesting, therefore, to ask ourselves how much further, at least in the case of insects, this principle will take us ? Does it tend to produce any vestige of morality, or only to come as

near to it as cleanliness does to godliness, which, we venture to assert, in spite of the maxim we have referred to, is not near at all, but a very long way off indeed? Now, on this point Sir John Lubbock has made some most interesting observations. He has carefully studied the domestic and foreign policy of the ant, with a view to the sentiments, "altruistic" or otherwise, which appear to be indicated, and has come to some very remarkable results indeed. The foreign policy of the ant is very simple, and rather Chinese (of the old school). It consists entirely in killing a foreigner who intrudes in any way on the territory of the community. And as a foreigner an ant appears to regard any individual which has not been produced in its own nest, even though it be of the same species. Sir John Lubbock has shown most effectually that ants distinguish, after very long periods of separation, the ants which have belonged to their own nest, and even the ants reared from the pupæ produced in their own nests. These they will hospitably receive after a period which would seem to make individual identification hardly possible; while strangers —ants of another nest, though of the same species, or ants reared from the pupæ of ants of another nest—they will attack and destroy. That is a conclusion which Sir John Lubbock has established with regard to a good many different species of ants, and in a large number of cases for each species. Nor do we regard it as one intrinsically fatal to the idea that habits of gregariousness tend eventually to "evolve" a morality. Certainly, as we have said, there are plenty of parallels amongst human savages, and even amongst civilized peoples in the historic period, for a foreign policy almost as simple. And one can well understand that before it is possible for a Jew to look upon a Samaritan as his neighbor, he must first have learned to understand what neighborliness really means in the case of Jews. But Sir John Lubbock's observations have gone a good deal further, and touched a much more interesting point than this. He has tried to make out how far neighborliness, as amongst ants of the same nest, really goes. It is known, as we have said, that ants of the same nest will help to cleanse each other, and sometimes, we believe, they will carry wounded and disabled ant, that has come to grief outside it, into the nest. But these are habits obviously essential the one to the cleanliness of the nest the other to a kind of co-operation necessary for war with hostile ants. Do the sense of friendliness go further, and extend to relieving ants of the same nest from difficulties in which they find themselves, simply for the sake of fellowship, and without any relation to public safety? As far as Sir John Lubbock's very curious investigations we believe the answer is entirely in the negative. We extract a passage condensing his results from the very interesting paper published in the fourteenth volume of the "Proceedings" of the Linnæan Society (pp. 274–276):—

"To test the affection of ants belonging to the same nest for one another, I tried the following experiments. I took six ants from a nest of *Formica fusca*, imprisoned them in a small bottle, one end of which was left open, but covered by a layer of muslin. I then put the bottle close to the door of the nest. The muslin was of open texture, the meshes, however, being sufficiently large to prevent the ants from escaping. They could not only, however, see one another, but communicate freely with their antennæ. We now watched to see whether the prisoners would be tended or fed by their friends. We could not, however, observe that the least notice was taken of them. The experiment, nevertheless, was less conclusive than could be wished, because they might have fed at night, or at some time when we were not looking. It struck me, therefore, that it would be interesting to treat some strangers also in the same manner. On September 2d, therefore, I put two ants from one of my nests of *F. fusca* into a bottle, the end of which was tied up with muslin as described, and laid it down close to the nest. In a second bottle I put two ants from another nest of the same species. The ants which were at liberty took no notice of the bottle containing their imprisoned friends. The strangers in the other bottle, on the contrary, excited them considerably. The whole day one, two, or more ants stood sentry, as it were, over the bottle. In the evening no less than twelve were collected round it, a larger number than usually came out of the nest at any one time. The whole of the next two days, in the same way, there were more or less ants round the bottle containing the strangers, while, as far as we could see, no notice whatever was taken of the friends. On the 9th the ants had eaten through the muslin, and effected an entrance. We did not chance to be on the spot at the moment, but as I found two ants lying dead, one in the bottle and one just outside, I think

:an be no doubt that the strangers were
death. The friends throughout were
ıeglected. September 21st.—I then re-
the experiment, putting three ants from
:r nest into a bottle as before. The same
vas repeated. The friends were neglect-
)n the other hand, some of the ants were
ı watching over the bottle containing the
ers, and biting at the muslin which pro-
them. The next morning at 6 a.m. I
five ants thus occupied. One had
: hold of the leg of one of the strangers,
had unwarily been allowed to protrude
h the meshes of the muslin. They
d and watched, though not, as far as I
see, with any system, till 7.30 in the
g, when they effected an entrance, and
liately attacked the strangers. Sep-
r 24th.—I repeated the same experiment
ıe same nest. Again the ants came and
er the bottle containing the strangers,
no notice was taken of the friends. The
norning again, when I got up, I found
ıts round the bottle containing the stran-
ıone near the friends. As in the former
ıne of the ants had seized a stranger by
g, and was trying to drag her through
ıslin. All day the ants clustered round
ıttle, and bit perseveringly, though not
ıatically, at the muslin. The same thing
ıed all the following day. These obser-
s seemed to me sufficiently to test the
or of the ants belonging to this nest
these circumstances. I thought it desir-
ıowever, to try also other communities.
:ted, therefore, two other nests. One
community of *Polyergus rufescens*, with
ous slaves. Close to where the ants of
:st came to feed I placed as before two
bottles, closed in the same way—one
ning two slave ants from the nest, the
two strangers. These ants, however,
:d quite unlike the preceding, for they
o notice of either bottle, and showed no
ither of affection or hatred. One is al-
empted to surmise that the war-like spirit
se ants was broken by slavery. The
nest which I tried, also a community of
ca fusca, behaved exactly like the first.
took no notice of the bottle containing
ends, but clustered round and eventually
their way into that containing the
ers. It seems, therefore, that in these
s insects hatred is a stronger passion
ffection."

this it would appear that while abit of living in communities and erating in labor, the habit which the Professor Clifford used to speak of ıtrange moral enthusiasm as "band- "—importing into the phrase, of e, all those disinterested ideas ı human nature has borrowed from ılly different region—has resulted cellent and mutually helpful sani- habits, and also in what we may very rigid alien laws, it does not seem to have resulted in anything which looks in the least like personal affections. The desire to destroy the aliens in the neighborhood of the nest was keen and active. A patrol was set to watch them. The desire to help the captive fellow-citizens in the same neighborhood was apparently non-existent. In all the species tried, no notice was taken of the fellow-citizens in difficulty ; while every notice was taken of the strangers in ambush. Sir John Lubbock expresses this mildly, when he says that it appears that in these curious creatures hatred is a much stronger passion than affection. The evidence here given rather goes to show that fear or hatred is very active indeed, while of pure affection in the sense of love of fellow-citizens for their own sake—as distinguished from the interest of the nest—there is not a trace.

And this, we are strongly disposed to believe, is just the sort of morals—if morals they could, by any possibility, be called—which could alone be deduced as consequences of the habits most conducive to the safety and cohesion of large communities. The gregarious insects afford far more instructive examples of the needs of such communities than any higher class of creatures. Their communities are much more crowded, their instincts much more clearly the offspring of their social needs, their administrative organizations much more purely social, and on a much larger scale, than in the case of any other gregarious creature whatever, man not excepted. And what do we find? That while habits which would at first sight appear to involve disinterested service, tending to the health and strength of the community, are certainly produced, these habits appear to stop just short of anything like real personal attachment and regard. And probably for a very good reason—namely, that such personal affections would be destructive of the safety of the community, instead of conservative of it, unless they were completed and regulated by that very refined, and subtle, and far-reaching principle, of which the human conscience is the highest earthly form. The first condition of successful social life on a large scale taken alone, would be, we believe, not the existence of the higher individual affections, but the non-exist-

tions. The mechani-
vast community of in-
together in a minute
as much disturbed by
ies between individuals
as an army would be by
f such ties (if they were
eck by the spirit of dis-
en the soldiers of one
the soldiers of another
orming different functions
in a different part of the field. Th
gregarious principle taken alone is no
the germ of the human affections.
is the germ of a kind of organizatio
very much more perfect, for very muc
lower ends;—but one not in the lea
tending to the most perfect developme
of the sort of order for which the sen
of a moral law, and the existence of
moral government, are the great esse
tials.—*The Spectator.*

THE BALLAD OF THE BARMECIDE.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

To one in Eastern clime,—'tis said,—
  There came a man at eve with "Lo!
Friend, ere the day be dimmed and dead,
  Hast thou a mind to feast, and know
  Fair cates, and sweet wine's overflow?"
To whom that other fain replied—
  "Lead on. Not backward I nor slow;
  —Where is thy feast, O Barmecide?"

Thereon the bidder passed and led
  To where, apart from dust and glow,
They found a board with napery spread,
  And gold, and glistering cups a-row.
  "Eat," quoth the host, yet naught did show.
To whom his guest—"Thy board is wide;
  But barren is the cheer, I trow.
  —Where is thy feast, O Barmecide?"

"Eat"—quoth the man not less, and fed
  From meats unseen, and made as though
He drank of wine both white and red.
  "Eat,—ere the day to darkness grow.
  Short space and scant the Fates bestow!"
What time his guest him wondering eyed,
  Muttering in wrath his beard below
  —"Where is thy feast, O Barmecide?"

ENVOY.

TIME,—'tis of thee they fable so.
  Thou bidd'st us eat, and still denied,
Still fasting, from thy board we go:—
  "Where is *thy* feast,—O Barmecide?"

Belgravia Mag

LITERARY NOTICES.

ORTH LIVING? By William Hurrell . New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

ject discussed by Mr. Mallock in this ot the rather puerile question con- s title, but the much more significant tant one, "Can life, on Positivist be rationally thought worth living?" ivism, it may be well to explain, :k does not mean the system of Comte iples, but the common principles on whole scientific school agree.) As ded this question is undoubtedly one t important that can claim the atten- ikers in our day, and it is equally un- it Mr. Mallock discusses it in a very ind effective manner. The peculiar r. Mallock's method of treatment lies it although he is arguing for Theism materialistic interpretations of na- et waives entirely the *à priori* as- from which Theists usually start, s as the very basis of his argument ples and method of the most ad- entific school. Using precisely the c with which science professes to bled down the citadel of faith, he un- ind riddles the fundamental proposi- ience itself; and completely demon- think, that on grounds of pure rea- onceptions of Theism are just as just as probable, and just as suscep- ence as those which are considered by o be almost beyond the reach of dis- oing still further, he points out (and most striking portion of his book) nce be correct in its denial of the al propositions of Theism, then there in human life to justify the grandilo- guage in which scientists are accus- peak of its sacredness and the dig- aims. If, he argues, all the phe- human life find their origin and end we know him, then the distinctions ght and wrong, truth and falsehood, vice, are too flimsy to trouble the of any one, and the exaltation of h which Positivists often refer to life iously borrowed from a period when ugh a religious creed, "took hold al verities."

position is argued by Mr. Mallock ral different premisses (adjusting to the various phases of Positive d not only with great power of logic masterful literary skill. Had he ien he had finished dealing with it, ould have been a most influential n to the thought of the day; but in three chapters superfluously tacked on to the main theme he accomplishes something very closely resembling self-stultification. In these chapters, assuming that he has demonstrated the need of a theology to make life worth living, he attempts to show that Roman Catholicism is the only possible theology. This, at best, would seem an impotent conclusion to such a discussion, but the line of argument by which it is reached is so extremely feeble and fantastic as to make the reader feel that after all the force of the author's previous logic must have been overrated. Nevertheless, the book, as a whole, is a very remarkable one.

MODERN CHROMATICS, WITH APPLICATIONS TO ART AND INDUSTRY. By Professor Ogden N. Rood. *International Scientific Series.* Vol. XXVI. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

COLOR-BLINDNESS: ITS DANGERS AND ITS DETECTION. By B. Joy Jeffries, A.M., M.D. Boston: *Houghton, Osgood & Co.*

Though entirely dissimilar in scope and method of treatment, these two book may be coupled together as dealing with the same general subject and in a sense complementary to each other. Professor Rood discusses the principles and laws of color in all their bearings, and bestows particular attention upon their practical application to the art of painting. This latter feature of his work constitutes its only claim to novelty. The theory of color which the author adopts is that commonly known as the Young-Helmholtz theory, and though his exposition of it is remarkably luminous and skilful, it is of course already more or less familiar to students of science. But Professor Rood is something more than a savant, and is keenly alive to the poetical or picturesque side of his subject. Having practised painting himself and enjoyed for many years the advantage of intimate intercourse with artists, his treatise is much more than a simple exposition of scientific principles; and it may be said to furnish to the artist or amateur all that he will need to know of the science of color, and to the scientific student an insight into those higher applications which make the subject of color so fascinating. The book is copiously and handsomely illustrated.

Dr. Jeffries also adopts and expounds the Young-Helmholtz theory of color, but this is only preliminary to the exhaustive discussion of a branch of the subject which Professor Rood barely touches upon, namely, Color-Blindness. Dr. Jeffries' work is avowedly based upon Professor Holmgren's "Color-Blindness and its Relations to Railroads and

the Marine," which was published at Upsala, Sweden, in 1877, and which he declares to be "an epoch-making work." It was the Doctor's original intention merely to translate that work into English, but he was partially anticipated in that design by the Smithsonian Institution, which included a slightly abridged translation of it in its Annual Report for 1877. In his present work, however, Dr. Jeffries includes "a good part of Professor Holmgren's book," summarises the work of earlier and later observers in the same field, and gives the results of over ten thousand testings for color-blindness, made by himself according to Holmgren's method among New England teachers and students.

The investigations thus far made in France and Sweden and in this country appear to prove that about five persons in every hundred are color-blind, the proportion being much greater among males than among females. The most frequent forms of color-blindness are those of insensibility to red or green—violet-blindness being much more rare. From the well-known case of Dalton, color-blindness was formerly called "Daltonism," but that term must be abandoned now that it has been discovered that his special defect (red-blindness) is not the only form of defective vision.

It is to the practical aspects of his subject that Dr. Jeffries chiefly devotes his attention, and he urges with much emphasis that the first use made of the knowledge already gained should be the elimination of color-blind persons from the railway and marine services. He thinks that many a hitherto mysterious accident at sea and on railways may be explained by the theory of defective vision on the part of some employee placed in a position of responsibility, and points out that should a railway accident in the future be traced to such a source (as can now be easily done), the company could not escape liability on the ground of non-preventible causes. A curious feature of color-blindness is that those in whom it is present are usually quite unconscious of it, and its detection has hitherto been a matter of accident, while its meaning has hardly been understood at all. Professors Holmgren's test-method is extremely simple in principle, and Dr. Jeffries describes it with such minuteness of detail that almost any one may apply it by providing himself with the requisite assortment of colored worsteds.

CÆSAR. A Sketch. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

In this work—which he calls a sketch, "because the materials do not exist for a portrait which shall be at once authentic and complete" —Mr. Froude has, by sheer force of literary skill, given freshness and fascinating interest to a narrative which is probably as familiar to most readers as any in the annals of literature. He does not accomplish this by any new discoveries of material; on the contrary, he rejects much that has hitherto been accepted as furnishing authentic data for Cæsar's life; but by marshalling the old and well-known facts in new combinations he presents a picture which as a whole gives one the impression of complete novelty. For one thing, the view-point from which Cæsar is usually regarded is entirely shifted in the present work. In most histories and biographies Cæsar is represented as the destroyer of the Roman Republic, as a ruthless military despot, as a man dominated from the very beginning by a selfish ambition: *Mr.* Froude depicts him as a reformer and *not* a revolutionist, as a sincere patriot, and as the preserver of the essential liberties of his countrymen against a corrupt aristocracy on the one hand and an anarchic mob on the other. Had he lived, so Mr. Froude thinks, he would have given a new lease of life to the ancient institutions of his country, and his murder "gave the last and necessary impulse to the closing act of the revolution."

Of course from this point of view Brutus and Cassius and their associates cease to be avenging patriots, and become a vulgar and nefarious band of conspirators, and indeed there is a complete transformation of the dramatis personæ who figured upon the great stage of the world at that period. Marius is vindicated at the expense of Sylla; Pompey degenerates until in the contest between them it is he and not Cæsar who is actuated by selfish ambition; Cato is an impracticable fanatic who did his country more harm than good; and even Cicero, whose verdicts about his contemporaries have remained almost undisputed, is shown to have been a time-serving egotist, destitute of political principle, and always with his chief attention directed to his own interests. To exalt Cæsar is necessarily to depreciate his antagonists and detractors, and Mr. Froude performs his task in no half-hearted way.

The book is even more a history than a biography, and it gives a most vivid and instructive picture of the Roman world at an epoch which was one of the most critical in the annals of mankind.

MAID, WIFE, OR WIDOW? By Mrs. Alexander. Leisure Hour Series. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

We are sorry to say that this story is quite beneath the level of Mrs. Alexander's best work. The author has never equalled her admirable first story ("The Wooing O't"), but her fault has hitherto been rather on the side of profuseness and over-elaboration than of

of material. The latter, however, is
y the defect of "Maid, Wife, or Wid-
vhich, with a conception that might
en worked out very charmingly in the
ons of an ordinary magazine story, is
t into an independent volume. There
skilful character-drawing in the story,
least one very attractive woman, but
w the reader does not get into close
ıy with it, and, short as it is, will be
eel that it is too long.

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OREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

Belgian Literary Union has resolved
nize an International Literary Con-
o be held in Brussels next year.

French papers state that Count Charles
ki, son of the Minister of Napoleon
engaged on the publication of his
memoirs.

. LANZONE, of Turin, is preparing a
ı Egyptian mythology, and another on
yri representing the passage of the sun
the hours of the night.

LE. A. TCHERNOFF is engaged on a
ion into Russian of Prof. Dowden's
speare, his Mind and Art," which will be
ed at St. Petersburg in the autumn of
ır.

historian Gregorovius is now engaged
fe of Pope Urban VIII., and has col-
nany important documents elucidating
icy pursued by that pontiff during the
Years' War.

ARVID AHNFELT, the well-known Swed-
iographer, has just completed a biograph-
l critical memoir of Leonhard Fredrik
he antiquary, who died in 1872, in his
ixth year. The volume contains a
eal of new matter regarding Swedish
re in the first half of the present cen-

ALDIS WRIGHT has just finished his
of *Coriolanus* for his "School Series of
peare's Plays" for the Clarendon Press.
ficulties in the play have forced him to
e it more freely than any previous play
eries, and its price will therefore be
higher.

VEMENT is in progress for establishing
ty of English Literature, which is de-
to occupy the place in this country
s occupied by the Société des Gens de
in France, and by similar bodies in
, Belgium, and Germany. This project
itcome of the recent meetings of the In-
nal Literary Congress.

A FRENCH society has been formed to promote the study of the history of French Protestantism, and proposes to issue a series of books on this subject under the collective title of "Classiques de Protestantisme." The first of these will be *L'histoire des églises reformées du royaume de France* attributed to the Reformer Théodore de Bayle, edited by Prof. Baum.

A PUBLISHING company of Turin, L'Unione tipografico-editrice, has issued the last number of a complete dictionary of the Italian language commenced seventeen years ago by the late Abate Tommaseo, and Profs. Meini, Bellini, etc. Since Tommaseo's death, in 1874, Prof. Meini has carried on the work alone, and the last thirty numbers, index of quotations, and preface, are all from his pen.

THE Russian Academy is just now printing a work by a young Orientalist, M. Sabinin, entitled "Records of the Georgian Church and Kingdom." It will contain a series of valuable historical documents in the Georgian language hitherto unpublished, and the text will be illustrated by portraits. M. Sabinin also intends adding a Russian translation. In the opinion of specialists this work promises to throw a new light on the obscure and intricate facts of Georgian history.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER, of Strasbourg, are publishing, for the Society for the Preservation of the Historical Monuments of Alsace, a reproduction, so far as existing materials allow, of the *Hortus deliciarum* of the Abbess Herrad von Landsperg, destroyed during the bombardment of Strasbourg on the night of August 24–25, 1870. The *Hortus*, dedicated by Herrad to the nuns of Hohenburg, was an extensive compilation, composed of quotations from the Scriptures, from the Fathers, from sacred and profane historians, etc. The MS. was ornamented with miniatures, forming a most valuable picture-gallery of the twelfth century.

WE learn from a recent Report that the system of libraries attached to the primary schools in Paris shows satisfactory progress. The number of these libraries now amounts to 440, with a total of 44,120 volumes. During the past year 100,482 books were lent out. Originally established in 1862, the enterprise encountered not a little opposition both from the religious institutions and the general body of teachers, who seem to have feared that the pupils would prefer discursive reading to their regular studies. But since 1872 things have gone more smoothly. No attempt is made to select what we should call "improving" literature. At first the novels of Mayne Reid, "Paul and Virginia" and "Robinson" were the most sought after. The classical works of the great French dramatists are now rising in popularity,

and also the scientific medleys of Jules Verne. The national romances of Erckmann-Chatrian are the rage among boys, while girls prefer *La Case de l'Oncle Tom.*

SCIENCE AND ART.

HEART AND BRAIN.—At the fifty-first meeting of German Naturalists, in Cassel, Dr. Wiedemeister made some remarks on the connection between heart-disease and mental diseases. Practitioners who are not exclusively psychologists are much inclined to consider cardiac affections as one of the causes of madness, while psychologists are of a totally different opinion. If his memory did not fail him, Bazin had found in making *post mortem* examinations of lunatics that in 1 per cent of the cases there was disease of the heart. Witkowsky had found this in more than 7 per cent, and Karrer, of Erlangen, in 30 per cent. Wishing to find some more definite numbers, he had for some years past carefully measured the hearts of lunatics, especially the left ventricle, and had found that in 75 per cent of the cases there was thickening of the wall of the left ventricle, and that the latter was hypertrophic.—*British Medical Journal.*

A TELL-TALE COMPASS.—Mr. Henry A. Severn, of Herne Hill, has invented a very clever little instrument, called a tell-tale compass, by which the captain or master of a ship, when down in his cabin, may know whether or not the ship is sailing her course, or is wandering from it. He uses the constant position of the compass-card and the varying one of the ship so as to produce an electric contact, which rings a bell in case the angle made by the line of actual progress with the course to be steered exceeds a certain deviation on either side; and he proposes that the bell rung in case of deviation on one side shall be different in tone from that rung in case of deviation on the other side. His invention is a veritable symbol of the chief inventions of the age, which are always employed in superseding the responsibilities of individual watchfulness, by mechanical warnings that allow of intermittent zeal. Even in matters of pure conscience we are very apt to prefer to trust to the sudden warning that some electric contact with social feeling is suddenly joined or interrupted, rather than exact from ourselves a rigid and vigilant scrutiny of our own course. A kind of social alarum is the fashionable conscience of the age.—*Spectator.*

SUNSPOTS AND RAINFALL.—In a pamphlet of thirty-four pages, which has been prepared by Messrs. Lockyer, Hunter, and Archibald for submission to the Indian Famine Commission, and is published by Messrs. Macmillan, we have a carefully-drawn-up digest of the evidence for the existence of a sunspot periodicity in cosmical phenomena. The authors have put together the evidence of such periodicity in Magnetic Declination, in Auroras, in the number of Cyclones, in the area of Cyclones, in Wrecks from Lloyd's books, and in Rainfall, and they express their conviction that, notwithstanding many apparent anomalies and a large area of unexplained facts, the evidence suffices to establish the existence of a common cycle, but they do admit that the time for safe prediction has not yet come. The pamphlet is very useful for those who wish to see all that can be said in favor of the theory.

RESEARCHES IN MAGNETIZATION. — It is known that in making permanent magnets the steel is first hardened and then magnetized, because, though in hard steel the temporary magnetism is somewhat less, its fixation is more certain. After it was proved that where steel is heated to a dark red the temporary magnetism it may acquire continuously increases, the idea naturally arose that very powerful permanent magnets might be got by magnetizing during the very process of hardening. Experiments have repeatedly been made in this direction, but they have been hardly decisive, and lately Herr Holtz has investigated the matter more thoroughly. His method was to get two steel bars as similar as possible, heat them to a bright red glow, then quench one of them directly, and the other after, and while a magnetizing force acted on it. This magnetizing force was provided in two ways—viz., either from an electro-magnet or from a magnetizing coil (which was suitably protected from the water). The first quenched bar was then subjected to the same magnetizing force, and the magnetism of the two bars was then measured by the method of oscillations. Some 500 magnetizations were thus performed on 170 bars; and the general result is that magnetization during hardening gives superior results only conditionally. The advantage of it decreases with increasing strength of the magnetizing force and thickness of bar. The method may give magnets six times as strong as those got by the ordinary method, but this only with an extremely weak magnetizing force. With a force from three Grove elements through a coil of 600 turns, and a bar 6 mm. thick, the advantage was already on the side of the old method. Herr Holtz concludes that magnetization during hardening offers no real advantage in practice. From experiments lately made by M. Jamin, it appears that a given current sent through a coil communicates to a bar within the coil much less magnetism when

is further enclosedin an iron tube than ır and tube are placed alongside each and that, at the same time, the tube greater magnetism in the former case the latter. M. Jamin further operated o concentric tubes, each 3 mm. thick, found that this thickness of 6 mm. of s sufficient to arrest almost completely ;netic effect of the exterior spiral, show- great magnetic impenetrability of iron.

SMITTING WATER-POWER.—Niagara is ɔdly a "water-privilege" the foremost : power and grandeur. If that prodig- ver could only be transmitted to a dis- hat a number of places which are now want of power, might avail themselves lectric light, and take to spinning and , hammering, sawing, planing, grind- l other mechanical employments! Sur- statements on the question have been h: one, that the cost of an efficient ould be sixty dollars a foot; another, copper deposits of the Lake Superior ample as they are, would not suffice construction of a cable to transmit the f the mighty waterfall. In answer to tatements, Professors Thomson and a of Philadelphia, whose electro-mag- searches we have before noticed, tell us ɔuld it be deemed desirable, the total f Niagara might be conveyed a dis- five hundred miles or more by a cop- e not exceeding one half of an inch in s. For the consumption of one mil- se-power, they say that a cable of three liameter, if perfectly insulated, would

Of course no single locality could ıe of such a vast amount of power; but nportant fact still remains, that with a very limited size, an enormous quanti- ver may be transferred to considerable s."

ır views were expressed by Sir William ɔn in the evidence which he gave a few iince before the Select Committee on ctric Light. "There would be," he ıo limit to the application of electricity ıtive-power; it might do all the work ıld be done by steam-engines of the werful description." And he thought egislation, in the interests of the nation he interests of mankind, should remove ı possible all obstacles, such as those from vested interests, and should en- inventors to the utmost."

TING BUOYS WITH GAS.—Experiments en made by the Trinity House on the of buoys with gas, which is manufac- ɔm waste fatty matters or the refuse of s. This gas is passed into the buoys under severe prersure, until a sufficient charge is accumulated to burn for three or four weeks, showing a bright light by night and day, even in boisterous weather. Here then is a means of lighting an intricate channel, or a passage, or of indicating the position of a wreck, which cannot fail to be useful; and the Trinity Board have ordered the construction of two buoys which will hold compressed gas enough to burn from four to six months. With these, further and, as we may assume, conclusive experiments will be carried on in the estuary of the Thames. The same kind of gas is, we are informed, used for the lighting of railway trains.

TESTS OF HEARING.—The audiometer invented by Professor Hughes has been employed with interesting results by Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., in testing the hearing of a number of persons. A telephone, microphone, a small battery, coils, and a clock are required in the construction of the instrument. Extending from one of the fixed coils to the other is a graduated bar, from two hundred degrees down to zero, on which the induction coil in the form of a ring may be readily shifted. Place the coil at two hundred degrees and the listener hears the clock ticking surprisingly loud; but from degree to degree as the coil is shifted downward the sounds decrease, and end at last in absolute silence. The point of silence varies: some persons can hear down to two and a half degrees; others stop at thirty, twenty, or ten degrees, as the case may be, according to their state of health or the sensitiveness of their hearing. Complete silence is necessary during the experiments; and the person under examination should be placed so as not to see the movements of the coil on the graduated scale. It is found in practice that the faintest sounds can be heard only when the decrease is gradual and continuous; and that they are lost by jumps and pauses in the shifting of the coil.

As a rule, the right ear is better than the left; but instances to the contrary have been met with among persons accustomed to exercise their left ear. Some deaf persons fail to remember sounds. A youth was tested who was unable to "catch all the sounds lying between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and seven degrees until he could remember what he had to listen for;" but by practice he succeeded in identifying all the intervening sounds. These facts, says Dr. Richardson, "seem to indicate that deafness from imperfection of the tympanum or other parts of the organ of hearing may be increased beyond the mere physical failure, either from some lost power of automatic adjustment in the auditory apparatus, or from failure of receptive power in the cerebrum itself, so that the memory rendered imperfect is slow to

assist the listener until by exercise of function the readiness is restored." The hearing is improved by holding the breath after a deep inspiration; and also by a high barometer. The influence of atmospheric pressure can thus be tested. In his own case, when the barometer is at thirty degrees, Dr. Richardson can hear on both sides close down to zero; but below thirty degrees he fails to reach zero on the left side by two degrees. He is of opinion that the audiometer will be "an essential in all physical examinations of men who are undergoing examination as to their fitness for special services requiring perfect hearing, such as soldiers, sentries, railway officials, and the like." Also in diagnosis; in differentiating between deafness through the external ear and deafness from closure of the Eustachian tube — throat deafness; and in determining the value of artificial tympanums in instances of deafness due to imperfection or destruction of the natural tympanum.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY AND DISEASE.—A book has recently appeared in Leipsic in which the author, Professor Jäer, maintains that an increased proportion of water in the tissues and humors of the body is one of the most essential conditions of liability to disease. We guard against disease if we attend to making the body yield as much water as possible through skin and lungs, and avoid all that favors the accumulation of water. Jäger therefore recommends—1, wearing close fitting woolen cothing throughout the year; 2, from time to time engaging in bodily movements which promote perspiration, on which account, *e.g.* he regards vigorous gymnastic exercises in schools as an important preventive of disease among children; 3, on outbreak of disease, the use of vapor or sweating baths, of drinks that excite perspiration (tea, coffee, strong wines, and beers, etc.), and of food that does the same (strongly-seasoned, especially with Spanish pepper); 4, constant ventilation of sitting and bed rooms, so that the moisture of the air may not become great. The author holds that the specific gravity of a living body is an accurate criterion for the strength of constitution of a man or a domestic animal—*i.e*, for its capability of resistance to causes of disease (chills, infection, etc.), and its power of work, bodily and mental. The specific gravity may be determined as follows:—Two chambers are made, which can be closed air-tight, and are connected by a tube. In one enters the man or animal; the other is underground and connected with the water pipes. When the man enters both chambers are filled with air; then, the door being closed air-tight, water is forced into the lower space, so that the air in this is forced into the upper. The larger the volume occupied by the man the greater will be the compression of the air. This is read off on a mercury manometer connected with the system. If the apparatus have been previously gauged, the volume of the body may be read directly from the position of the mercury. In an ordinary balance the weight of the body is then ascertained, and, by division, we arrive at the specific gravity.

AN ELECTRICAL BALANCE. — Professor Hughes, whose microphone established his reputation as a scientific experimentalist and discoverer, has brought out an Induction Balance; that is, an instrument in which the weighing or testing is done by induction currents. There are a few cells of a Daniell's battery; primary and secondary coils, from which currents run in opposite directions; and connections with a telephone, or with an electric sonometer. So long as the currents are undisturbed they balance or neutralize one another; but the slightest disturbance or alteration produces a sound in the telephone or sonometer, as the case may be. For instance, a sovereign is placed in the interior of one of the coils; a disturbance is at once indicated. Place another sovereign in the opposite coil, it restores the balance, and the disturbance ceases, provided the second coin be exactly of the same size and weight as the first. But should any difference exist, however slight, it is immediately indicated by a sound; and if shown on a scale, offers a ready means of detecting "sweated" or debased coins, with an accuracy never before attained. And the same with all other metals; consequently, metallurgists and chemists will be able to ascertain the exact molecular constitution of a metal, the amount of alloy, and the degree of chemical purity or impurity. That this instrument will render important and as yet unforeseen services to science, may safely be predicted; for besides what is already stated, it will detect the changes produced, in the substances under examination, by magnetism, strain, pressure, or heat. An instrument that can do so much will, we may assume, do more, when the best form shall have been discovered and tested by a variety of practical applications.

REGISTERING THE WIND.—An apparatus of simple character for recording continuously the direction of the wind is now in use at the Observatory of Lyons. It was constructed by M. Redier. A weathercock of suitable form is supported by a sort of tripod of grooved wheels running upon a circular rail of steel (the wheels having individually a horizontal axis, but collectively, a vertical). From the weathercock passes down a vertical rod to connection with a cylinder (placed with axis vertical), which is supported below by a steel

g on a plate of agate, and is guided part by horizontal pulleys. Thus ient of the weathercock is transmit- cylinder. The latter has wound ieet of paper, graduated vertically tally (the vertical divisions repre- hours, the horizontal the direc- a pencil applied to the paper is rtical directions by clockwork. It een that the tracing obtained on the ites the successive positions taken hercock, and, accordingly, the di- ie wind for any given time.

VARIETIES.

THRUST AT MODERN BURLESQUES. f spoiling is within the reach of the ilty; the coarsest clown with a his hand might chip the nose off and bust in the Vatican, and stand the effect of his work. Because quisite product of high powers, we refore, forced to admit the sadly ference of the monotonous jester establishing his superiority over facetious person, and over every ich he is ignorant or insensible, by y until he has distorted it in the ed mirror which he carries about a joking apparatus. Some high needed to give many worthy and is the freedom of muscular repose rowing demand on them to laugh ave no other reason than the peril en for dullards; still more to inspire ie courage to say that they object to l spoiling for themselves and their ill affecting themes; all the grander ims of men, by burlesque associa- d to the taste of rich fishmongers and their assistants in the gallery. people in the present generation eputed to know Shakespeare (as, ocent persons, the Florentine mule- elieved to have known the *Divina* iot, perhaps, excluding all the sub- s in the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*); eems a clear prospect that in the eration he will be known to them esques, and that his plays will find as pantomimes. A bottle-nosed me on with a monstrous corpu- hich he will frantically dance him- ing the midnight storm; Rosalind ill join in a grotesque ballet with and shepherdesses; Ophelia in l a voluminous brevity of grenadine through the mad scene, finishing ious "attitude of the scissors" in Laertes; and all the speeches in be so ingeniously parodied that the originals will be reduced to a mere *memoria technica* of the improver's puns—premonitory signs of a hideous millennium, in which the lion will have to lie down with the lascivious monkeys whom (if we may trust Pliny) his soul naturally abhors.—*George Eliot's "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such."*

THE REIGN OF MIST IN LITERATURE.—I come next to mistiness in the domain of literature. A comparison of the standard authors of former times with many popular writers of the present day at once suggests the reflection —how much harder, nowadays, it is to get at the author's meaning. Many poems are nothing short of very difficult conundrums. You are expected to read them three or four times over before you hit upon the main drift, and then successive readings will disclose the details, more or less, and often rather less than more. I confess, there is some satisfaction at the end, when you think you have unravelled the mystery; but I cannot believe that the general adoption of this obscure mysticism is compatible with a healthy spirit, or even with the highest style of poetry. It is not the spirit of the greatest poets of antiquity—men whom we do not hope to surpass or even to equal. Among prose writers, too, we now find the same obscure style frequently adopted. I should like to distribute, among a hundred intelligent men, a selection of the more rhapsodic passages from the prose works of Carlyle and Emerson, in order that each interpreter might write down what appeared to him the precise practical meaning of the several utterances of these dark oracles. I suspect commentators would differ, and I for one would hold them excused. Of course, as Burke points out, obscurity is an element of the sublime; at least it may be so for us mortals. Thoughts are often the more impressive for not being pared down to the limits of human comprehension. They thereby retain a sort of vague, shadowy grandeur. There is a pleasing boundlessness about them. They admit of unlimited amplification in the mind of the reader, to whom they are more pleasing for what they suggest than for what they themselves contain. Emerson takes this view of the case; he says, "An imaginative book renders us more service at first by stimulating us through its tropes, than afterwards when we arrive at the precise sense of the author." He then goes on to speak rather inconsistently with a previously-quoted passage of his: "I think nothing is of any value in books, excepting the transcendental and extraordinary. If a man is inflamed and carried away in his thoughts to that degree that he forgets the authors and the public and heeds only his one dream, which holds him like an insanity, let

me read his paper, and you may have all the arguments and historical criticism." The same writer also lays it down that "the poet knows that he speaks adequately only when he speaks somewhat wildly, not with the intellect used as an organ, but with the intellect released from all service, and suffered to take its direction from its celestial life." This is rather extreme for poetry; for ordinary prose on practical topics it is outrageous. It is all very well that prose aphorisms should be written with that bold, sweeping, exaggerative character which gives them their force. They are seldom more than half-truths; but in acting upon them in the affairs of life, men know how to add the requisite grains of salt. But when a whole treatise on religion, politics, or domestic life comes to be written with the license of an aphorism, it is about as healthy a provision for the reader as giving him a dinner all condiments and no substantials. Vividness is attained, while the cause of truth is sacrificed. But besides the gain of vividness there is another reason to induce writers to adopt the vague and shadowy style. It is often very hard to bring down our ideas to a strictly accurate form. It is easy to get half an idea, to seize half a truth; but it is very difficult to get at the whole truth, on all its sides, and to lop off the falsehoods that cling round our first crude conceptions. A ready way out of this difficulty is to speak in terms not precise or tied down to definite meaning. And so, to the great injury of correctness of view, a style is adopted, the chief characteristics of which are vagueness, exaggeration, paradox, and jugglery of words. —*The Month.*

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL. The destiny of the Bonapartes presses them hard. The House rose by war alone, and through the consequences of war every successive chief of the race has died in exile, amidst strangers and ingloriously. The First Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena; the Second, a quasi-prisoner at Schönbrunn; the Third, a defeated exile at Chislehurst; the Fourth an English volunteer, in a war against an African savage with whom he had no quarrel. Never was there a fate at once so picturesque, so full of the elements of tragedy, and yet so blurred. What had the Prince Imperial to do in Zululand? Nevertheless, though that question must be asked, the fate of a lad born to so lofty a prospect, so relentlessly pursued by misfortune, and himself so blameless, saddens even the Englishmen who would have regarded the realization of his dreams as one of the greatest of disasters for the world. He died in the wrong place, but fighting, and against the enemies of England. The little known of him by the country he had adopted was very favorable; the old animosity against his House died away; and his mother is regar respect which makes the whole peo thize in her incurable pain. Onc Empress Eugénie has to repeat, "I too favorable to war." Regarded her womanhood as one of the mos among mankind, respected and ev her husband's deadliest enemies, suffered blow after blow; has lost h her throne, her country; and no hope, her only child, has suffered death from enemies who never he and in a cause which was not his Heir of the Napoleons, the Child of tism of fire," assegaied by Zulus Africa! Scarcely in history or in there been a life like that of th Eugénie, for even Josephine, the w like her, was not stripped of her c very lad whose untimely death is no having been her descendant. She, women, is the greatest example of bility of earthly grandeur, and th human hope or expectation.—*The*

CRŒSUS.

My small Charlie said to me
That he had lots of riches.
"How much, old man?" said I; sa
"Two farthings in my breeches,

A silver fourpence in my purse,
And one French bit of money,"
Then added (speaking of his nurse)
"'Twas given me by Nunny,

A lucky sixpence, father, too;"
He paused, as though to measure
With those grave eyes what I shoul
On hearing of such treasure.

With those grave eyes he looked at
Ere he resumed his parley,—
It was as plain as A, B, C
(Or plainer, perhaps, to Charlie),

That weighty matters were our cue,
We meant to sift and try 'em;—
"And father," Charlie said, "are y
As rich a man as I am?"

And I replied—the while I drew
My arm around his shoulder—
"Charlie, I'm not so rich as you,
Because I'm ages older."

—*The*

TO GARIBALDI.

BRAVE Garibaldi, from the heart of God,
Tired with the stuff that shapes a great
With sword of vengeance and with chaste
To flash red justice in men's blinking ey
Thou hast done great things—made thin
Made Popes to fall and trampled slaves t
But this one thing the gods denied to thee
The greatest grace of greatness—to be w
Good Garibaldi, would that thou might kr
What hasty wits are passing slow to lea
That things by inches, not by ells, do grov
And meal is ground by patience in the q
Thy work was done as eagles seize their p
Now stout-necked oxen gently drive the

—JOHN STUART BLACKIE: *Rom*

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BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

Gray and his School.

A REMARK is every now and then made about Gray by somebody who has just been reading his charming letters. Gray, it is announced, was one of the first prophets of the true faith, or, as others call it, the modern superstition, of which mountains are the temples and Alpine clubs form the congregations. Their creed may be compressed into the single article that a love of mountains is the first of the cardinal virtues. To that doctrine, with some slight reservations, I yield a very hearty assent and consent; and I am glad to reckon Gray amongst its sound adherents. A mountainous country alone, he says, can furnish truly picturesque scenery. His early enthusiasm for the Chartreuse, his admiration in later years of the vale of Keswick and the pass of Killiecrankie, are symptoms of an orthodoxy creditable, because rarer in his time than our own. But, though Gray shared the sentiment which was then growing up, it would be absurd to attribute to him any influence in its propagation. His descriptive letters are admirable, and show that he had a true eye for scenery; but they were not published till after his death, and certainly his *Life and Writings*, clipped and docked by the precise Mason, was not the kind of book to generate a new enthusiasm. The real glory of revealing to mankind the new pleasure must be given—so far as it can be given to any individual writers—to men like Rousseau, whose passionate rhetoric made the love of nature a popular watchword, and Saussure, who first showed a thorough appreciation of the glories of the Alps. But in England, and not in England alone, even Rousseau was, in this respect, eclipsed by Ossian. The general estimate of those

gular poems, considered as descrip-e of a mountainous region, coincides, imagine, with that of Wordsworth. he mountains of Ossian are mere aubs, vague abstractions of mist and loom, gigantesque unrealities which peak of anything but first-hand impres-sions of actual scenery. You may read through Ossian—if you can read through it at all—without gaining any more distinct impressions of Highland scenery than you would have received in the Highlands themselves any time since last November. But the extraordinary influence of Ossian upon the minds of Mac-Pherson's contemporaries is a matter of history. When Goethe went to Switzerland, he evidently considered it the correct thing to have passages from Ossian at his fingers' ends for application to the Alps; it was the mountaineer's text-book, to be quoted in Switzerland as a later generation quoted Byron or the present the writings of Mr. Ruskin. Gray was one of the earliest enthusiasts, and, though he had a critical qualm or two, was apparently more moved by the new poems than by any literary event of his time. He is "*extasié* with their infinite beauty," makes "a thousand inquiries" about their authenticity, and in one letter declares himself to be "cruelly disappointed" with the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and able to admire nothing but Fingal. He studies Croma (who now knows Croma even by name?), and picks out the finest phrase in it as though he were criticising a book of the *Iliad*.

The Ossian fever was symptomatic of a widely-spread sentiment or fashion, due to causes far more general than the influence of any individual. It would be easy enough to show that worshippers of the picturesque had discovered the chief beauties of England before Gray wrote his letters. The tourist was already abroad. When Gray visited Gordale Scar, in Craven, he already found landscape painters settled at the neighboring inn and preparing views for the engraver. The reader of that maddest of books, *John Buncle*, may remember that the hero contrives at one place to emerge out of a mysterious cavern in the mountains of Westmoreland. He observes on the occasion that the vale of Keswick is considered to offer the finest views in England, and that they were, in truth, finer than even the Rev. Dr. Dalton had been able to make them appear in his descriptive poem. Yet Buncle thinks that Keswick is surpassed by the "shaded fells" in the neighborhood (apparently) of Ambleside, and that the cascades there are superior to "dread Lodore." The "Rev. Dr. Dalton" appears to have published his poem—a poem, I am sorry to say, unfamiliar to me—in 1755, some years before Gray's visit. But it is needless to enlarge upon this point. It is clear enough, from many symptoms, that the love of picturesque scenery was becoming fashionable in the middle of the century, and that Gray, as a man of taste, was amongst the first to feel the impulse.

The whole matter is, perhaps, of less importance than is sometimes attached to it. There is, after all, a good deal in Macaulay's common-sense explanation of the phenomenon—that a love of mountain scenery means simply the formation of good roads and comfortable inns in mountain districts. But Gray's taste in this respect is at least significant as to Gray's own position. His contempt for Rousseau and his love of Ossian are inversions of the judgment of later times; for no one would now deny the power of Rousseau, or find much pleasure—unless possessed by some antiquarian or patriotic mania—in the epics of the mythical bard. And yet we can see that Gray represents a vein of sentiment allied to some modern modes of thought, and generally regarded as antipathetic to the spirit of his own time. With all his popularity, he appears to be an isolated phenomenon. Everybody knows his poetry by heart The *Elegy* has so worked itself into the popular imagination that it includes more familiar phrases than almost any poem of equal length in the language. The *Bard* and the lines upon Eton have become so hackneyed as perhaps to acquire a certain tinge of banality. If few English poets have written so little, none certainly has written so little that has fallen into oblivion. And yet, though Gray is in this sense the most popular poet of his day, though he is more read than Young, or Thomson, or Collins, or Goldsmith, or many others, we do not think of him as stamping his image upon the time. He stands apart. His poetry

is taken to be like an oasis in the desert; it is a sudden spring of perennial freshness gushing out in the midst of that dreary didactic, argumentative, monotonous current of versification poured forth by the imitators of Pope. He never used Pope's measure for serious purposes, except in one fine fragment—the least read of his poems—and is, as it were, an outsider in the literature of the time. And yet, again, it must be remembered that Wordsworth picked him out for special condemnation as the worst offender in the use of conventional language. He definitely accepted and has enlarged upon the theory which Wordsworth attempted to upset—that poetry should use a language differing from that of common life. Indeed, he gets upon stilts as deliberately and consciously as any poet of the day, and is nervously sensitive to the risk of a lapse into the vernacular.

It would be easy to give a paradoxical turn to these remarks, and to show how Gray was at once the opponent and the representative of the poetical creed of his day. The puzzle, such as it is, arises from our habit of absurdly exaggerating the difference between ourselves and our grandfathers, and speaking as if everybody was "artificial" in the reign of Pope and "natural" in the reign of Wordsworth. No two words in the language cover more confusion of thought than those famous phrases. It would be easy enough to twist them so as to prove that Wordsworth was more artificial than Pope, quite as clearly as the opposite is so often demonstrated; and, for my part, I am fully convinced that there was just as much human nature and as little affectation in the days of Queen Anne as in those of Victoria or in those of Elizabeth. The contrast usually drawn has, I doubt not, an important meaning; but it is so obscured by the vague talk about "nature" that I never see the word without instinctively putting myself on my guard against some bit of slipshod criticism or sham philosophy. I heartily wish that the word could be turned out of the language. Though that, alas! is impossible, we may try to avoid the misleading associations which it continually introduces. Gray, at any rate, was a human being who liked looking at trees and hills as much as anybody does now; and he certainly succeeded in writing some verses which concentrate into a couple of pages a depth of genuine emotion such as would furnish whole volumes of modern verbiage. It is another question whether he ought to be called a natural or an artificial poet.

In the first place, however, it may be observed that Gray was not so solitary a phenomenon as we might at first sight fancy. He never entered the circle of literary men who lived in London, and who, in the later part of his career, acknowledged Johnson as their dictator. He shrank from the roughness of the "great bear," who, in his turn, seems to have despised Gray as a literary fop—a finikin and affected spinner of verses, who tried to be grand and succeeded only in being pompous and obscure. Gray, in his quiet cloister, led the life of a recluse and followed his own fancies with little direct reference to the public opinion of accepted dispensers of literary reputation. But no man is really independent of his time, and Gray had his allies and his followers. Amongst them were men still worth remembering, though all of them, like Gray himself, stood more or less apart from the main current of literature. In one of his early letters he speaks of the Odes just published by two young authors, who "both deserve to last some years, but will not." Collins, the first of these, has lasted, though destined to an early death, and scarcely more voluminous than Gray himself. Collins, like Gray, was sensitive and solitary, though in a still more morbid degree. It is recorded of him—and I know of no similar case except that of Landor in regard to *Pericles and Aspasia*—that he repaid his publisher for the loss incurred by his Odes. It is, perhaps, not irrelevant to add that his mind soon gave symptoms of approaching imbecility. The other young poet was Joseph Warton, still remembered for his essay on Pope, the elder brother of Thomas Warton, the historian of poetry; and the two brothers were the heads of what was once called the school of the Wartons. The "school" was not a very large one, and the poems of both the brothers—though Thomas is held to be better than Joseph—are not amongst the

things that have lasted. The influence of the Wartons, however, was very conspicuous in reviving the study of the earlier models of our literature. Joseph tried to persuade the world—unsuccessfully at the time—that Pope was inferior to Spenser; and his brother's history is a considerable landmark in that revival of interest in poetical antiquities indicated by such works as Percy's *Reliques*, or by the forgeries of Chatterton and MacPherson. I might have quoted Joseph Warton's earliest poem (1740) to show that what is called the love of nature was by no means a novelty when Gray went to the lakes. It is enough to give the title—*The Enthusiast; or, The Lover of Nature*—and to observe that Warton wishes to seat himself on a "pinetopt precipice, abrupt and shaggy," and to listen to "Boreas' blasts" and the sounds of "hollow winds and ever-beating waves," in the most approved romantic fashion. Both brothers, too, have a taste for the "moss-grown spire and crumbling arch;" and Tom's best sonnet—one much admired by Lamb—is written on a blank leaf of Dugdale's *Monasticon*, and expresses his delight in surveying the records of "cloister'd piety"—

> Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
> Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

In another he wishes to know whether "his pipe can aught essay to reach the ear" of that "divine bard" Mr. Gray, for whose *Elegy* and *Bard* he expresses the warmest admiration.

The similarity of taste shown by the Wartons and Gray does not appear to have led to personal intercourse. They were divided by that broad, though to the outward world invisible, gulf which still separates Oxford from Cambridge. Gray's most enthusiastic disciple, Mason, had come under his influence at Cambridge, and his first performance led to a passage of arms with Tom Warton. Mason attacked the Jacobitism of Oxford in a poem called *Isis*, stating, of course in a purely poetical sense, that Oxford men held "infernal orgies" to the foes of freedom. Warton replied in verses which Mason admitted to be better than his own. Modesty, however, was not Mason's strong point. Years afterwards, when riding into Oxford, he remarked that he was glad that it was already dark; otherwise, as he intimated, a mob would naturally have gathered to avenge his insults to the University. Mason's odes and choruses are so obviously an echo of Gray's that one is rather surprised to find Gray praising them in language which implies that he was not aware of his responsibility. Mason himself was cordially proud of the relationship, though he took amazing liberties as an editor of his master's letters, and occasionally gave himself airs of equality, or even patronage, which strike one as a little absurd. A more distant, but perhaps still more enthusiastic, admirer of Gray was Beattie, whose early odes (which he judiciously endeavored to suppress) are feebler echoes than Mason's of the same model, and who reverently submitted his best poem, the *Minstrel*, to Gray's correction, and, more wonderful to relate, accepted one or two of his critic's emendations. And, finally, we must include in the school of Gray the man whose levity and coxcombry has blinded many readers to his very remarkable ability. Horace Walpole, who quarrelled with Gray, as with many others of his friends, for a time, and who, unlike Gray, was thoroughly immersed in the central current of London society, was no poet, but was in thorough sympathy with Gray's antiquarian tastes, and by the *Castle of Otranto* and the sham Gothic of Strawberry Hill did more than profounder antiquarians to restore an interest in mediæval art.

The names thus brought together, to which others might of course be added, give a sufficient indication of the general tendencies of what I have called the school of Gray. They did not form a clique, like most schools, for they lived in remote regions, and most of them showed the touchiness and even sensibility which is rubbed off by the friction of large societies. Tom Warton, who was certainly sociable enough in a fashion, was buried at Oxford for nearly fifty years. Gray was so secluded in his Cambridge cloister that the young men made a rush to see him in later years—leaving their dinners, it is said, but that is scarcely credible—when he appeared by some rare accident in the college walks. Beattie stuck with equal persist-

ence to his college in Aberdeen, and could not be induced even to take a professorship in Edinburgh, being afraid, apparently, that his *Essay on Truth* would expose him to unpleasantness from the more metropolitan circle which admired and respected his antagonist Hume. The alarm, indeed, was more reasonable than Mason's alarm about Oxford, for the essay was not only vehement in its abuse, but had succeeded in making a great stir in the world. Mason, again, fixed himself in his Yorkshire living and his canonry, emerging only at intervals to pay a few visits to his aristocratic friends. And even Walpole made a kind of sham cloister at Strawberry, and, though a man of the world, a gossip, and a politician, was as irritable and uneasy a companion as the most retired of hermits. The great movements of thought generally spread, it is supposed, from the metropolitan centres, where intellectual activity is stimulated by the constant collision of eager and excited minds. But a new taste may make its appearance in the corners to which sensitive men retire from the uncongenial atmosphere of the world, and cultivate at their ease what is first an individual crotchet and afterwards developes into a fashionable amusement.

Gray, beyond all doubt, was the one man of genius of the school after the early death of Collins, for it would be strained to give a higher name than talent even to Horace Walpole's remarkable intellectual vivacity. Tom Warton's biographer (it is impossible to speak of Thomas) has drawn an elaborate parallel, in the proper historical fashion, between his hero and Gray. They were both dons, professors, students of antiquities, lovers of nature and of the romantic, composers of odes, and so forth. The parallel contains a good deal of truth, but it is consistent with an amusing contrast. Tom Warton was the thoroughly jovial, undignified don of the period. His poetry—even if his *Triumph of Isis* be superior to Mason's *Isis*, and his sonnets deserve some praise in a century barren of sonnets—is not generally refreshing; the poor man had to construct some of those fanciful pieces of verse which laureates in those days were bound to manufacture for the sovereign's birthday, and one cannot glance at them (nobody can read them) without profound sympathy. But his humorous verses have still a pleasant ring about them. There is a contagion in the enthusiasm with which he celebrates the virtues of Oxford ale. When he imagines himself discommuned for his indulgence, and unable even to get longer "tick" at the pothouse, he daringly compares himself to Adam exiled from Paradise. In another poem we have the characteristic triumph of the steady don, who has stuck to a bachelor life, over the misguided victim to matrimony and a college living. Thus will the poor fellow lament as butcher's bills and school fees become heavier year by year:—

> Why did I sell my college life
> (He cries) for benefice and wife?
> Return, ye days when endless pleasure
> I found in reading or in leisure,
> When calm around the common room
> I puffed my daily pipe's perfume,
> Rode for a stomach, and inspected
> At annual bottlings corks selected,
> And din'd untaxed, untroubled, under
> The portrait of our pious founder!

These of course are youthful productions; but, if all tales be true, the tastes described did not die out. Once, it is said, Warton's presence was required on some grand public function. The professor was not to be found till an ingenious person suggested that a drum and a fife should be sent through the streets performing a jovial and Jacobite tune; and before long the sweet notes enticed Warton from a public-house, pipe in mouth and with rumpled bands, to be miserably deceived in his hopes of fun. More creditable, and apparently more authentic, anecdotes relate how he took part in the boyish pranks of his brother's pupils at Winchester, and once at least composed a copy of Latin verses for a youthful companion, and insisted upon taking the half-crown which had been offered as a reward for their excellence before the mild imposture was detected.

Most men grow tired of pipes and ale and the jolly bachelor life of common rooms soon after they have put on their master's hood. In the old days, before commissions and reform, when the Universities were more frequently regarded as a permanent retreat for men who could find a pipe a sufficient substitute

for a wife, such jolly fellows as Warton formed a larger part of the college society. Most of them, however, were duller dogs than Tom Warton, who, with all his enjoyment of such heavy festivities, managed to write some laborious books. A proud, fastidious, and exquisitely sensitive man like Gray looked upon the whole scene with infinite contempt and scorn. It does not appear to be very clearly made out why he should have resided permanently at Cambridge, except for the sake of the libraries. Apparently he had resented some of Walpole's supercilious conduct, and possibly conduct which deserves a harsher name; for it is said that Walpole opened a letter addressed to Gray in the expectation of finding some disrespectful notice of himself. Anyhow, Gray erased Walpole from his list of friends, though he consented to resume acquaintanceship. He might previously have condescended to accept some of the appointments which Walpole could have easily procured during his father's ministry. But the father was turned out of office whilst the son was a discarded friend, and Gray, unwilling to enter the struggle of professional life, settled down at the University, though he always regarded it and its inhabitants with unqualified contempt. Gray—as his letters prove—had a very keen sense of humor, and when he chose could put a very sharp edge to his tongue. He let his fellow-residents know that he thought them fools—an opinion which they were perverse enough to resent. The poem with which he greeted Cambridge on first returning from his travels, headed a *Hymn to Ignorance*, is a curious contrast to Warton's enthusiastic *Triumph of Isis*.

> Hail, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,
> Ye Gothic fanes and antiquated towers,
> Where rushy Camus' slowly winding flood
> Perpetual draws his humid train of mud—

is the opening of his uncomplimentary address to his *alma mater*. "At the very time," says Parr, in that style of delicious pomposity which smells of his immortal wig, "in which Mr. Gray spoke so contemptuously of Cambridge, that very University abounded in men of erudition and science, with whom the first scholars would not have disdained to converse; and who shall convict me of exaggeration when I bring forward the names" of the immortal so-and-so? The names include, it is true, some which have still a right to respect—Bentley, Waterland, and Conyers Middleton, for example—but the most eminent were just dead or dying when Gray came into residence, and dignified heads of houses, like Bentley and Waterland, were in a seventh heaven of dignity, quite inaccessible to the youthful poet. It does not now appear that it can ever have been a great privilege to live in the same town with "Provost Snape," "Tunstall the public orator," or "Asheton of Jesus." Gray knew something of Middleton (who died in 1750, when Gray was 34), and speaks of his house as the only one in Cambridge where it was easy to converse; and he takes care to add that even Middleton was only an "old acquaintance," which is but an indifferent likeness of a friend. He made a few intimacies—chiefly with younger men, like Mason—who soon ceased to be residents—but the bulk of the University was in his eyes contemptible; and, on the whole, contemporary evidence would lead to the conclusion that his opinion was not far wrong. Cambridge had possessed very eminent men in the days of Bentley, Newton, Waterland, Sherlock, and Middleton, and it has had very eminent men at a later period, but Gray was himself almost the only man in the middle of the eighteenth century whom anybody need care to remember now. At any rate, there was a large proportion of that ale-drinking, tobacco-smoking element amongst the jolly fellows of the combination room, whose society Warton might relish, but whom Gray regarded with supreme contempt. The fellow-commoners appear by his account to have exceeded in audacity the young gentlemen who lately exhibited their sense of playful humor by defacing certain statues at Oxford. The wits of an earlier day put poor Gray in fear of his life. He ordered a rope ladder, to be able to escape from his rooms in case they set the college on fire; and, if I remember the tradition rightly, they set a "booby trap" for the poet, and, raising an alarm, induced him to descend his rope ladder into a water butt. Anyhow, poor Gray was driven from Peterhouse to Pembroke, and there abstracted his mind from the academical noises by a

course of study which, according to his admirers (but who shall answer for the admirers?), made him profoundly familiar with every branch of learning except mathematics. Meanwhile his appearance and manners were calculated to emphasize and provoke the mutual dislike between himself and his rougher surroundings. His rooms were scrupulously neat, with mignonette in the windows and flowers elegantly planted in china vases; he spoke little in general society, and compiled biting epigrams or classical puns with a derisory application to his special associates. In short, in outward appearance he belonged to the class fop or *petit-maître*, mincing, precise, affected, and as little in harmony with the rowdy fellow-commoners as Hotspur's courtier with the rough soldiers on the battlefield.

The want of harmony between Gray and his surroundings goes far to explain his singular want of fertility. In fact, we may say—without any want of respect for a venerable institution—that Gray could hardly have found a more uncongenial residence. Cambridge boasts of its poets; and a University may well be proud which has had, amongst many others, such inmates as Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Gray, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, and Mr. Tennyson. If a sceptic chooses to ask what share the University can claim in stimulating the genius of those illustrious men, the answer might be difficult. But, in any case, no poet except Gray loved his University well enough to become a resident. If it were not for Gray I should be inclined to guess that a poet don was a contradiction in terms. The reason is very obvious to any one who has enjoyed the latter title. It is simply that no atmosphere can be conceived more calculated to stimulate that excessive fastidiousness which all but extinguished Gray's productive faculties. He might wrap himself in simple contempt for the ale-drinking vanity of don. He could, in the old college slang, "sport his oak" and despise their railings, and even the shouts of "Fire!" of the worthy fellow-commoners. But a poet requires some sympathy and, if possible, some worshippers. The inner circle of Gray's intimates was naturally composed of men fastidious like himself, and all of them more or less critics by profession. The reflection would be forced upon his mind, whenever he thought of publishing, What will be thought of my poems by Provost Snape and Mr. Public-Orator Tunstall, and Asheton of Jesus, and those other luminaries whom Dr. Parr commemorates? And undoubtedly their first thought would be to show their claim to literary excellence by picking holes in their friend's compositions. They would rejoice greatly when they could show that faculties sharpened by the detection of false quantities and slips of grammar in their pupils' Latin verses were equal to the discovery of solecisms and defective rhymes in the work of a living poet. Gray's extreme sensitiveness to all such quillets of criticism is marked in every poem he wrote. Had he been forced to fight his way in literature he would have learnt to swallow his scruples and take the chance in a free give-and-take struggle for fame. In a country living he might have forgotten his tormentors and have married a wife to secure at least one thoroughly appreciative and intelligent admirer. But to be shut up in a small scholastic clique, however little he might respect their individual merits, to have the chat of combination rooms ever in his ears, to be worried by bands of professional critics at every turn, was as though a singing bird should build over a wasp nest. The *Elegy* and the *Odes* just struggled into existence, though much of them was written before he settled down as a resident; but Gray, like many another don of great abilities, finished but a minute fragment of the work of which he more or less contemplated the execution. The books contemplated but never carried out by men in his position would make a melancholy and extensive catalogue. The effect of these influences upon his work is palpable to every reader of Gray. No English poet has ever given more decisive proof that he shared that secret of clothing even an obvious thought in majestic and resounding language, which we naturally call Miltonic. Though he modestly asserts that he inherits

> Nor the pride nor ample pinion
> That the Theban eagle bear,
> Sailing with supreme dominion
> Through the azure deep of air,

yet we feel that none of his contemporaries—perhaps none of his successors—could have equalled, in dignity and richness of style, the noble passage in which that phrase occurs. And yet we must also feel that if his "car," as he says of Dryden's, is borne by "coursers of ethereal race," they are constantly checked before they can get into full career. He takes flight as if the azure deep were the natural home in which he could sail suspended like the eagle without perceptible effort. But the wings droop before they are well unfurled, and the magnificent strain ceases without giving the promised satisfaction. Even the *Elegy* flags a little towards the end; the "hoary-headed swain" becomes rather flat in his remarks, and the concluding epitaph has just a little too much twang of epigrammatic smartness. I fully agree, indeed, with Wolfe that it was a far greater achievement to write the *Elegy* than to storm the heights of Abram, and, for my part, hold that only a soldier, or author, or civilian of ultra-military enthusiasm could suppose that such a comparison involved condescension on the side of the general. Gray and his personal admirers seem to have been annoyed at the preference given to this above his other writings. It proved, so he argued, that the stupid public cared for the subject instead of the art; that they liked the *Elegy* as they liked Blair's *Grave*, and would have liked it as well if the same thoughts had been expressed in prose. Undoubtedly the public will always refuse to make that distinction between form and matter which seems so important to the critical mind. It is not, however, that they are unaffected by the artistic skill, but that they are affected unconsciously. The meditations of Blair, of Young, and of Hervey, equally popular in their day, have fallen into disrepute for want of the inquisitive felicity of language which has preserved the *Elegy*. It is a commonplace thing to say that the power of giving freshness to commonplace is amongst the highest proofs of poetical genius. One reason is, apparently, that it is so difficult to extract the pure and ennobling element from the coarser materials in which any obvious truth comes to be embedded. The difficulty of feeling rightly is as great as the difficulty of finding a worthy utterance of the feeling. Everybod judge of the difficulty of Gray's ta: will attend to what passes at a fi On such an occasion one is incli fancy, *à priori*, mourners will dr affectation and speak poetically b they will speak from their hearts as a matter of fact, there is no oc on which there is generally such a expenditure of painful and jarring ment, of vulgarity, affectation, a sincerity; and thus Gray's medi stand out from other treatment: similar theme not merely by the cal merits of the language, but admirable truth and purity of the lying sentiment. The temptatio too obtrusively moral and improv indulge in inappropriate epigra sham feeling, in idle sophistry, in ed and exaggerated gloominess, c on occasion to heighten the eff inappropriate humor, is so stron most people that Gray's kindne delicacy of feeling, qualities whic perceptible to the despised public be regarded as contributing qu much to the success of the *Elegy* technical merits of form, which, over, can hardly be separated fr merits of substance.

Indeed, when we come to the oth which have similar qualities of style, we are at no loss to expl difference of reception. The be *Ode upon Eton*, for example, com conflict with one's common sense know too well that an Eton boy always the happy and immaculat ture of Gray's fancy; and one fe the reflections upon his probable dation imply a fit of temporary ill- in the poet, supervening, no doub a deeper vein of melancholy. Tl timent is too splenetic to be pl The *Bard*, which has, I suppose recited by school-boys as freque the *Elegy*, is a more curious ind of the peculiarities of Gray's met composition. Mason gives an a of the remarkable transformation it underwent. Gray's first inten appears, was that the bard shou clare prophetically that poets never be wanting "to celebrate tr tue and valor in immortal strains, pose vice and infamous pleasur boldly censure tyranny and oppre:

Undoubtedly this gives a meaning to the ode worthy of the beginning. The victim could not make a more effective retort. But, unluckily, when the bard had got into full swing it struck him that the facts were not what his theory required. Shakespeare, says Mason, liked Falstaff in spite of his vices; Milton censured tyranny in prose; Dryden was a court parasite; Pope, a Tory; and Addison, "though a Whig," was a poor poet. The poor bard was therefore in the miserable position—one of the most wretched known to humanity—of a man who has begun a fine speech and does not see his way out of it. If Gray had taken a wider view of the poet's true function, he might still have found some embodiment for his thoughts; for English poetry, though it may not have been Whiggish, may certainly be regarded as the fullest expression of the more liberal and humanizing conceptions of the world which have to struggle against the pedantry and narrowness of prosaic professional theorizers. But the bard required sound Whig poetry to point his moral, and it was not forthcoming. Consequently he has to take refuge in the very scanty consolation afforded by the bare reflection that Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton would begin to write some time after the descendants of a Welshman had ascended the throne. One would not grudge any satisfaction to an unfortunate gentleman just about to commit suicide; but one must admit that he was easily pleased.

This want of any central idea converts the ode into a set of splendid fragments of verse, which scarcely hold together. Contemporary critics complained grievously of its "obscurity"—a phrase which seems ill-placed to us who know by experience what obscurity may really mean. An obscurity removable by a slight knowledge of English history and a recollection of the fact that Richard II. is said to have been starved instead of stabbed, as in Shakespeare, by Exton, is not of a very grievous kind; but the absence of any intelligible motive in the bard's final rupture is more serious. A Poet surely might have acted upon the *tant pis pour les faits* theory, and proceeded to make his general assertion without waiting for confirmatory evidence. A writer who, like Gray, secretes his poetry line by line and spreads the process over years, seems to fall into the same faults which are more frequently due to haste. He pores over his conceptions so long that he becomes blind to defects obvious to a fresh observer, and rather misses his point, as he introduces minute alterations without noticing their effect on the context. One wonders how a man of Gray's exquisite perception could have introduced the lines—

> And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
> In bearded majesty appear—

without seeing that we are only saved by a comma, and a comma easily neglected, from assuming that a Julia Pastrana would have been a usual phenomenon at the court of Elizabeth. Correction continued after the freshness of the impression has died away is apt to lead to such oversight.

The learned and fastidious don shows through the inspired "bard" by many equally unmistakable indications. His editor, Mitford, collected a number of parallel passages which curiously indicate the degree in which his mind was saturated with recollections of poetical literature. It seems to be now considered as unjustifiable plagiarism for a poet to assimilate the phrases of his predecessors. We may, indeed, find abundant proofs of familiarity with Shakespeare in Shelley, and in more recent writers; but they are generally of the unconscious kind, and would be avoided as sins against originality. The poets of the last century, such as Goldsmith, and especially Pope, had no scruples in the matter. Their work did not profess to be a sudden and spontaneous inspiration. It was a slow elaboration, with which it was perfectly allowable to interweave any quantity of previously manufactured material so long as the juncture was not palpable. Gray's adaptations seem sometimes to make the whole tissue of his poetry. He owns to an unconscious appropriation from Green (author of the *Spleen*) of the main thought of his *Ode to the Spring*, the comparison of men to ephemeral insects. But everywhere he is giving out phrases which he has previously assimilated. So in the very spirited translation from the Norse, "Uprose the king of men with speed," we have a

verse from the *Allegro*—" Right against the Eastern Gate"—cropping up naturally in quite a fresh connection. A single phrase seems to combine several semi-conscious recollections. The words in the *Bard* " dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart" come from Shakespeare, and the preceding " dear as the light that visits those sad eyes" are perhaps from Otway. But it is useless to accumulate instances of so palpable a process.

It is only in character, again, that Gray should have clung to a peculiar dictum, as he would have insisted upon wearing his proper academical costume in a performance in the senate-house. He would no more have dropped into Wordsworth's vernacular than he would have smoked a pipe in one of Warton's pot-houses. Wordsworth considered this dignity to be unnatural pomposity; and undoubtedly the language is frequently conventional and " unnatural," and a stumbling-block of offence to the generation which gave up wigs. Equally annoying was Gray's immense delight in semi-allegorical figures. We have whole catalogues of abstract qualities scarcely personified. Ambition, bitter Scorn, grinning Infamy, Falsehood, hard Unkindness, keen Remorse, and moody Madness are all collected in one stanza not exceptional in style—beings which to us are almost as offensive as the muse whom he has pretty well ceased to invoke, though he still appeals to his lyre. This fashion reached its culminating point in the celebrated invocation, somewhere recorded by Coleridge, " Inoculation, heavenly maid!" The personified qualities are a kind of fading " survival" —ghosts of the old allegorical persons who put on a rather more solid clothing of flesh and blood with Spenser, and with Gray scarcely putting in a stronger claim to vitality than is implied in the use of capital letters. The " muses" were nearly extinct, and in Pope's time the gods and goddesses had come to be regarded as so much " machinery" invented by Homer to work his epic poetry. They were, in fact, passions and qualities in masquerade; and they therefore found it very easy, in the next generation, to drop even this thin disguise, and fit themselves for poetic usage, not by taking the name of a pagar but by a simple typographical de

What would Gray have done more congenial circumstances if l duced such inimitable fragments such adverse conditions—wh learning threatened to choke h when his exquisite taste was pa with excessive fastidiousness, a temper and position alienated hi the most vigorous intellectual mo of the day? Perhaps—for the re the might-have-been is boundle would have produced a masterpi the " grand style," worthy of a p Milton's finest work; or, as p he would have done nothing. amusing exercise of the imagina place our favorite authors in di countries and centuries, and t their hypothetical development a earlier. I fancy that Gray woul buried himself still more prof from the political convulsions wh tracted Milton's sterner and more spirit; he would have studied P and Maimonides, and found symp companionship amongst the Cam Platonists; he would have writte fragment of semi-mystical reverie ing stupendous learning and phil ic breadth of thought, and p have composed some divine po the admiration of Henry More c Norris. Warton, doubtless, wc any period have enjoyed Oxford a joined in the jolly song, " Ba side go bare, go bare;" he woul sometimes accompanied Burton rambles where he was thrown int laughter by listening to the riba the bargees at the bridge end; he still have been an antiquarian, a note book might have contributed scraps of learning to the *Anat Melancholy*. Mason, anxious sink the man of the world in the c parson, would have racked his u nate brains for conceits worthy placed beside the most fashionab positions of Donne or Cowley. Walpole would, of course, have l any time the prince of gossips; he have kept most judiciously on t side in the most dangerous revol and have come just near enough lect the most interesting scandals

courts of the Stuarts; but probably his lively intellect would have led him to drop in occasionally at the meetings of the infant Royal Society, and to have been one of the early cultivators of a taste for ancient marbles or a judicious patron of Vandykes. It is, perhaps, harder to assign the precise place in our own days, when the separate niches are not so distinctly marked off, and even the Universities scarcely afford a satisfactory refuge for the would-be recluse; but at least one may assume that each of them would have been æsthetic to his fingers' ends, and have been thoroughly on a level with the last new developments of taste, whether for mediæval architecture or the art of the Renaissance, or that style which is called after Queen Anne. The snapdragon which Cardinal Newman saw from his windows of Trinity, and took for the emblem of his perpetual residence in the University, was probably flourishing when Warton's residence in the same college ceased; and Warton, in spite of that love of ale which is perhaps more prominent than it should be in our impressions of his character, would beyond all doubt have been a member of that school of which his successor was the greatest ornament, and which has given a new meaning to the old phrase High Church. It was amongst the Wartons and their friends that the word "Gothic," used by earlier writers as a simple term of abuse, came to have a more appreciative meaning; they were the originators of the so-called romanticism made popular by Scott, and which counts for so much in the Anglo-Catholic development.

The paradox, in short, with which I started comes simply to this: that Gray and his friends were eclectics. This taste for the "Gothic" was a kind of happy thought, a lucky discovery made by men feeling round rather vaguely for a new mode of literary and artistic enjoyment —not quite content with the exceedingly comfortable and respectable century in which they lived, and yet not clearly seeing how to improve upon it. Horace Walpole, the shrewdest of all and the least of a recluse, was, on one side, a thorough man of his time; he was a freethinker of the Voltaire type; believed—so far as he believed in anything—in Pope's poetry and Locke's philosophy; he sneered at enthusiasm and sentimentalism, and at any revolutionary movement calculated directly or indirectly to deprive Horace Walpoles of comfortable sinecures. But he had a taste, and money to spend upon it; so he made Gothic chapels and halls of lath and plaster, played with antiquarian researches, and wrote a romance which was made of literary lath and plaster to match the materials of Strawberry Hill. Gray's dilettanteism was far more serious and systematic, but it necessarily took the same direction. He did more than dabble in antiquarianism; he read with insatiable appetite; he became, I suppose, profound in Gothic architecture, so far as isolated efforts could make a man profound. But his attempts at putting his theory in practice were clearly of the Strawberry Hill kind. He instructs his friend to buy bits of plain colored glass, and arrange the tops of his windows in a "mosaic of his own fancy," only observing that, to give them a "Gothic aspect," it will be enough to turn the fragments "corner-ways." Then he manages to procure "stucco paper" at 3*d.* a yard, which is "rather pretty and nearly Gothic," and apparently represents Gothic arches and niches. It will produce an awkward effect, as he admits, where the pattern has to be turned the wrong way; and, indeed, he is awake to the inadequacy of the crude revival. Painters, as he says, make objects which are more like goose pies than cathedrals. The new toy was still in a very imperfect and rickety state. One of the quaintest illustrations of the Gothicism of that time is in Mason's *English Garden*. It is a weary bit of didactic poetry, and a most amiable and lenient critic, Hartley Coleridge, pronounces it to be the dullest poem which he ever attempted to read. It is hard, says Coleridge, to suppose it "wholly destitute of beauties, especially" (why especially?) "as it consists of 2423 lines of blank verse;" but he does not seem to have discovered any. Had the critic persevered to the end of the fourth book, he might at least have been rewarded by a smile at the author. Mason tries to enliven his performance by a story about a pattern man of taste and virtue, named Alcander, whose tragical sorrows are soothed by religion and

landscape gardening. It is enough to notice his performances in the last capacity. Alcander, as his name suggests, is an English country gentleman, possessed of an ancient mansion

> Coeval with those rich cathedral fanes
> (Gothic ill named) whose harmony results
> From disunited parts.

Alcander shows his taste by a restoration in the manner of the time. Let every structure, he proclaims,

> needful for a farm
> Arise in castle-semblance ; the huge barn
> Shall with a mock portcullis awe the gate
> Where Ceres entering, o'er the flail-proof floor
> In golden triumph rides ; some tower rotund
> Shall to the pigeons and their callow young
> Safe roost afford, and every buttress broad
> Whose proud projection seems a mass of stone
> Give space to stall the heifer and the steed.
> So shall each part, though turned to rural use,
> Deceive the eye with those bold feudal farms
> Which Fancy loves to gaze on.

He afterwards adopts a similar method

> To hide the structure rude where Winter pounds
> In conic pit his congelations hoar ;

concealing his ice house and dairy behind a modern "time-struck abbey." Alcander thus displays those admirable qualities of head and heart which enable him to bear with resignation the melancholy death of a beloved object. He finally consoles himself by placing her monument in a sham hermitage. The Gothic revival of a century ago sounds absurd enough to our ears, and it must be confessed that our foolery is more systematic and scientific, as it is probably more destructive. Alcander, happily, did not "restore" his castle, though he surrounded it with those queer farm buildings and brand-new ruins. Pope, it seems, had set the fashion of landscape gardening on the little plot of ground which, as Horace Walpole tells us, he had "twisted and twirled, and rhymed and harmonized, till it appeared two or three sweet little lawns opening and opening beyond one another, the whole surrounded with thick, impenetrable woods." Mason, Spence, Shenstone, and other persons of literary note helped, according to their opportunities, to promote the revolt against the old-fashioned style in which, as Mason puts it, Folly combined with Wealth

> To plan that formal, dull, disjointed scene
> Which once was call'd a garden.

He denounces the stiff canals, the clipped yews and holly hedges, and the geometric patterns of "tonsile box" with the zeal of a reformer. The theory seems to be that a garden ought to look as if it were not a garden. The change of taste, however, was doubtless symptomatic of the growing "love of nature," though I do not presume to discuss its merits. It was a development parallel to the literary change implied in the renewed taste for old ballads, for archaic poetry, or what passed for such under the names of Ossian and Rowley, and for Elizabethan literature.

Such tastes, however significant of the advent of a literary revolution, did not imply any revolutionary purpose in their cultivators. If Gray loved Spenser he was even more enthusiastic about Dryden, from whom he professed to have learnt the art of versification. Cowper tried to supersede Pope's Homer. Gray declared that nobody would ever translate Homer as well as Pope. Gray was as orthodox in his literary as in his philosophical profession of faith ; and his most avowed disciple Mason was, on the whole, of the same persuasion. In Warton and Beattie there is clearly some anticipation of Scott's romanticism, but Mason's experiments were rather in the classical direction. His *English Garden* was his most ponderous and unsuccessful performance. In some other efforts he showed a keenness of style, a causticity of satire, which induced the late Mr. Dilke to suggest him (not quite seriously, I fancy) as a possible candidate for the questionable honor of being the real Junius. It would be difficult indeed to imagine that Junius could by any possibility have been a country clergyman, living for the greatest part of the year at a distance from the political gossip of the day, however much interested in the spread of sound Whig principles. It is amusing to read the correspondence between Mason and his two friends Gray and Walpole, and to note how the respectful disciple, reverently receiving from his teachers little hints of criticism —laudatory, it is true, for the most part, but also dashed with tolerably sharp sarcasm—gradually developes into the rather dandified clergyman, anxious to show that the man of the world is not altogether sunk in the rustic parson ;

that he is no pedant, but a man of taste, and capable of tagging his remarks with bits of fashionable French, and even of occasionally repaying in kind his correspondent's affluence of the latest scandals. Mason's clerical gown did not sit very well upon him, though he seems to have been conscientious and independent, and not without some genuine kindliness of nature. But he always gives one the impression of being out of place in his cassock. It would not be easy to find a more quaint expression of the unprofessional turn of mind in a clergyman than a defence of Christianity in one of his sermons. "If," he says, "the British Constitution will not enable a man to dispense with religion, we must admit that nothing can;" and he proceeds to establish a proposition which certainly would not be considered as requiring defence in a modern pulpit—that even the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights did not supersede the Gospels. His claims to be a conceivable Junius seem to depend chiefly upon the clever squib called *Heroic Epistle*, which is an amusing burlesque of the architectural crotchets of Sir W. Chambers, and implies a want of reverence for George III. Mason took immense pains to conceal the authorship of this and some less successful sequels, and so far followed the steps of Junius; but it is impossible to fancy that the great pamphleteer would have made such a cackling over such a trifle, or have been so sensitive to the praises of his confidant Walpole.

Gray speaks of Mason's "insatiable reforming mouth," and remarks that he has no passions "except a little malice and revenge." There was a good deal of acidity in his nature, developed, perhaps, by his uncongenial position and by domestic trouble, if he had not the rancor and force which make a great satirist; but in earlier days Gray found in him a simple-minded and enthusiastic disciple, who read little or nothing, but wrote abundance, "and that with a design to make a fortune by it." His two poems *Elfrida* and *Caractacus* were fruits of this early fluency. They have been criticised elaborately by Hartley Coleridge, but belong, I think, to that kind and class of literature upon which serious criticism would be rather wasted. It is not that they are bad; rather they suggest an uncomfortable reflection upon the quantity of real talent, as well as conscientious effort, which may be thrown away in producing work unmistakably second-rate and void of genuine vitality. We can better estimate the extreme rarity and value of genius by measuring it against the achievements of remarkable cleverness. Hastily read, or read whilst still possessing the gloss of novelty, Mason's work might look like Gray's. Here, for example, is the first stanza of a chorus from *Caractacus*, which Gray not only praised to Mason, but cites in one of his notes as a proof that sublime odes could still be written in English:—

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
That shook the earth with thund'ring tread?
'Twas Death. In haste
The warrior past;
High towered his helmed head:
I mark'd his mail; I mark'd his shield;
I 'spyed the sparkling of his spear;
I saw his giant arm the falchion wield;
Wide wav'd the lickering blade, and fir'd the angry air.*

Longer quotation might be tiresome; but Mason continues to the end with all the manner of a genuine poet, and doubtless cheated himself as well as Gray into the impression that he had the real stuff in him. The effect is respectable at a little distance, though the work will not bear a moment's inspection.

The general design of the plays, however, is more to my purpose than the merits of their execution. At that time the worship of Shakespeare, though sometimes extravagant, had not become a mere slavish idolatry. It was still permitted to see spots in the sun; and not yet fashionable for poets to try to revive the Elizabethan style, though Mason made one feeble attempt at a play "on the old English model." Gray, with his catholic taste, admired Racine, and began a play in imitation of *Britannicus*; and the faithful Mason decided that a "medium between the French and English taste would be preferable to either." He had also a fancy that the ancient chorus might be restored, so as at once to give greater opportunities for

* The last line is an emendation for "Courage was in his van and Conquest in his rear," a line still more *à la Gray*, but removed in compliance with a criticism of Gray's.

poetical descriptions and the graceful introduction of "moral reflections." Though Gray ridiculed his arguments pretty sharply, he stuck to his plan as obstinately as Sam Weller when insisting, in defiance of paternal remonstrances, upon a poetical conclusion to his love letter. Accordingly, in *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*, certain bands of British virgins and druids talk the twaddle and burst into the lyrical irrelevance which are the function of a chorus. Mason had abundant self-complacency; and though his plays had only a moderate success, owing to the bad taste of the public, he felt that his ingenious eclecticisms combined the various merits of Sophocles, Racine, and Shakespeare. Unsuccessful authors may well invoke blessings on the man who invented conceit. But Mason, after all, writes like a cultivated scholar, with sensibility to poetic excellence, though without real poetic power; and if we laugh at his taste, our grandchildren will probably laugh with equal self-satisfaction at ours.

In truth, this fashion of writing plays not intended, or scarcely intended, for the stage, of which Mason was one of the first originators, is characteristic of the whole school. I will not argue a large question here, or deny that something may be said for the practice; and yet it seems as though a play which is not to be acted has a more than superficial resemblance to the feudal castles which were not meant for defence, and the abbeys in which there were to be no monks. The farm is dictated by conditions which are no longer present to the writer's mind, and are therefore apt to be a mere encumbrance. If you build a portcullis to let in cows, not to exclude marauders, it is apt to become rather ludicrously unreal. If you know that your play is to be read and not to be seen, the whole dramatic arrangement is on the way to become a mere sham. It does not grow out of the poetical conception, but is fitted on to it in compliance with a fashion. Why bother yourself to make the actors tell a story, when it is simpler and easier to tell it yourself?

In this sense literature grows more "artificial" as it is encumbered with more dead forms having no significance except as remnants of extinct conditions. There was a time, we are told, when art was perfectly spontanec the critic was happily not e People sang or recited by instinc out asking how or why. That age—if it ever existed since m monkeys—had long passed away the beginning of modern lit Spenser and Shakespeare, for e probably thought about the princ their art almost as much as their critics, and were very consciously experiments and devising new f expression. But as the noxious called a critic becomes rampant, a different phase, which seems t lustrated by the case of Gray fellows. The distinction seems that the critic, as he grows mo ceited, not only lays down rules guidance of the imaginative impu begins to think himself capable ducing any given effect at pleasu has got to the bottom of the affair, and can tell you what chemical composition of a *Ha* an *Agamemnon*, or an *Iliad*, a therefore teach you what mate select and how to combine ther can give you a recipe for an epic or for communicating the proper ævalvor classical flavor to your p ance. If he is as clever a man as he will perhaps go a little furth show not only how to extract th liar essence of a Racine or a peare, but how to mix the resu to produce something better either. In one respect he has made an advance. He is begin appreciate the necessity of a hi study of different literary form such quaint, old-fashioned criti Addison applied to Milton, Longinus, and Aristotle, and the ed M. Bossu are invoked as final a ties about the "fable" and the chinery" and the character of th we perceive that the critic is s suaded that there is one absolut rect and infallible code of art, ap in all times and places. Milt Homer are regarded as belonging same class, and are to be judged same laws. The later critic, ta wider survey and rummaging a the antiquarian stores to disco perils hidden under Dryasdust' mulations, began to see that the

many different types of art, each of which possessed its own charm and characteristic excellence. He scarcely saw at first that each form was also the outgrowth of a particular set of conditions, and could not be produced independently of them. It seemed easy to restore anything that struck him as picturesque or graceful. He could give the old ballad air by an arbitrary combination of bad spelling, or make his ruined abbey out of a scene painter's materials.

This early race of critics had no direct hostility to their own century or to its early classicalism. They were not iconoclasts, but only adding some new idols to the old pantheon. They aimed at being men of finer and more catholic taste than their neighbors, but wished to extend the borders of orthodoxy, to repeal the anathema which had been pronounced upon the "Gothicism" and barbarism of our old authors, not to anathematize the existing order in revenge. They were quiet, orthodox, and substantially conservative, even if nominally Whiggish, and feared or detested revolutionary impulses of any kind from the bottom of their hearts. Such men as Mason or the Wartons tried literary experiments which are now of no great value, because they represent at best the attempts of a superficial connoisseur of talent. They did something by attracting interest to researches which produced greater results when carried on by more thorough workers in the same mine. But it is also true that they were amongst the first to fall into the blunders since repeated on a more gigantic scale by successors who have tried more systematically to galvanize extinct forms into a semblance of vitality.

Gray, the man of real poetic genius, was also, if his friends judged rightly, the most profound antiquarian and the most deeply read of the whole school. Many of his critics have lamented the time which he spent in making elaborate tables of chronology, in studying genealogy, and annotating Dugdale's *Monasticon*, or Grosier's *History of the Chinese Dynasties*, or the *Botany* of Linnæus, when he might have been writing more elegies. There is so much to regret in the world that one would not waste much lamentation upon might-have-beens. It is a thousand pities that Burns took to drink, that Byron quarrelled with his wife, that Shelley was drowned in a squall, and that Gray wasted intellect upon labors which were absolutely fruitless; but we cannot afford to sit down and cry over it all. We must take what we can get, and be thankful. But neither can one quite accept the optimist theory that Gray really did all that he could have done under different circumstances. The fire was all but choked by the fuel, and the cloisters of Pembroke acted as a tolerably effective extinguisher upon what was left. The peculiar merit of Gray is that he had force enough, though only at the cost of slow and laborious travail, to find an utterance for genuine emotion, which was enriched instead of being made unnatural by his varied culture. The critic in him never injured the quality, but only reduced the quantity, of his work. What little he left is so perfect in its kind, so far above any contemporary performances, because he never forgot, like some learned people, that the ultimate aim of the poet should be to touch our hearts by showing his own, and not to exhibit his learning, or his fine taste, or his skill in mimicking the notes of his predecessors. He could rarely cast aside his reserve, or forget his academical dignity enough to speak at all; but when he does speak he always shows that the genuine depth of feeling underlies the crust of propriety. He cannot drop, nor does he desire to drop, the conventionality of style, but he makes us feel that he is a human being before he is a critic or a don. He wears stately robes because it is an ingrained habit, but he does not suppose that the tailor can make the man. In his letters this is as clear as in his poetry. His habitual reserve restrains him from sentimentalizing, and he generally relieves himself by a pleasant vein of sub-acid humor. But now and then he speaks, as it were, shyly or half afraid to unbosom himself, and yet with a pathetic tenderness which conquers our sympathy. Such is the beautiful little letter to Mason on the death of his wife, or still more the letter in which he confides to his friend Nichols how he had "discovered a thing very little known, which is that in one's

whole life one can never have more than a single mother." Sterne might have written a chapter of exquisite sentimentalizing without approaching the pathetic charm of that single touch of the reserved and outwardly pedantic don. His utterance is wrung from him in spite of himself, and still half veiled by the quaintness of the phrase.

Gray's love of nature shows itself in the same way. He does not make poetical capital out of it, and indeed has an impression that it would be scarcely becoming. He would agree with Pope's contempt for "pure description." Fields and hills should only be admitted in the background of his dignified poetry, and just so far as they are obviously appropriate to the sentiment to be expressed. But when he does speak it is always with the most genuine feeling in every word. There is a charming little description of the Southampton Water and of a sunrise—he can "hardly believe" that anybody ever saw a sunrise before—which are as perfect vignettes as can be put upon paper within equal limits, worth acres of more pretentious word-painting. He rather despised Mason's gardening tastes, it seems, on the ground that his sham wildernesses and waterfalls could never come up to Skiddaw and Lodore. To spend a week at Keswick is for him to be "in Elysium." He kept notes, too, about natural history, which seem to show as keen an interest in the behavior of birds or insects as that of White of Selborne himself. And yet his sensibility to such impressions has scarcely left a trace in his poetry, except in the moping owl and the droning flight of the beetle in the *Elegy*. The Spring has to appear in company with the "rosy-bosom'd hours," and the Muse and the insects have to preach a pathetic little sermon to justify the notice which is taken of them. Obviously this is not t of mountain worship which woul Scott or Wordsworth. Gray w haps, capable of feeling "the from the vernal wood," as truly a worth, but he would have altoge jected the doctrine that it cou him more than all "the sages," sisted the temptation to throw h aside except for a brief constit A turn in the backs of the colle enough for him, as a rule, anc times he may thoroughly enjoy holiday by the side of Derwentv a delightful relief after the mud ings of the Cam. Nobody could sense, love nature with a more and vivid affection; but such a nature is not symptomatic, Wordsworth, or Cowper, or R of any preference of savage, o or simple life to the existing civilized society. It implied the development of a new taste quately appreciated by the cock of letters of his own or the p generation, but not that passiona ing for relief from an effete set ventions, poetical, political, an characteristic of the rising schoc head, when he travels, is evid full of Dugdale's *Monasticon* Ossian, and he reconstructs an ples Netley Abbey in fancy tc charm to the Solent. He place monk, who glances at the wh that shoots by over a stretch glittering sea visible between groves, and then enters and cros self to drive away the tempter thrown that distraction in h Gray himself pretty much sha sentiments of his imagined mc only catches occasional glim natural scenery from the loop his retreat in an eighteenth cloister.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE FRENCH PLAY IN LONDON.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ENGLISH opinion concerning France, our neighbor and rival, was formerly full of hostile prejudice, and is still, in general, quite sufficiently disposed to severity. But from time to time France or things French bec the solid English public the o what our neighbors call an *engoi* an infatuated interest. Such ar *ment* Wordsworth witnessed i

after the Peace of Amiens, and it disturbed his philosophical mind greatly. Every one was rushing to Paris; every one was in admiration of the First Consul.

Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree,
Men known and men unknown, sick, lame, and blind,
Post forward all like creatures of one kind,
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee,
In France, before the new-born majesty.

All measure, all dignity, all real intelligence of the situation, so Wordsworth complained, were lost under the charm of the new attraction.

'Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind,
A seemly reverence may be paid to power;
But that's a loyal virtue, never sown
In haste, nor springing with a transient shower.
When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown,
What hardship had it been to wait an hour?
Shame on you, feeble heads, to slavery prone!

One or two moralists there may still be found, who comment in a like spirit of impatience upon the extraordinary attraction exercised by the French company of actors which has just left us. The rush of "lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree, men known and men unknown," of those acquainted with the French language perfectly, of those acquainted with it a little, and of those not acquainted with it at all, to the performances at the Gaiety Theatre—the universal occupation with the performances and performers, the length and solemnity with which the newspapers chronicled and discussed them, the seriousness with which the whole repertory of the company was taken, the passion for certain pieces and for certain actors, the great ladies who by the acting of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt were revealed to themselves, and who could not resist the desire of telling her so—all this has moved, I say, a surviving and aged moralist here and there amongst us to exclaim: "Shame on you, feeble heads, to slavery prone!" The English public, according to these cynics, were exhibiting themselves as men of prostrate mind, who pay to power a reverence anything but seemly; we were conducting ourselves with just that absence of tact, measure, and correct perception, with all that slowness to see when one is making one's self ridiculous, which belongs to the people of our English race.

The sense of measure is certainly not one of Nature's gifts to her English children; but then we all of us fail in it, we have all of us yielded to infatuation at some moment of our lives, we are all in the same boat, and one of us has no right to laugh at the other. I am sure I have not. I remember how in my youth, after a first sight of the divine Rachel at the Edinburgh Theatre, in the part of Hermione, I followed her to Paris, and for two months never missed one of her representations. I will not cast a stone at the London public for running eagerly after the charming company of actors which has just left us, or at the great ladies who are seeking for soul, and have found it in Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt. I will not quarrel with our newspapers for their unremitting attention to these French performances, their copious criticism of them; particularly when the criticism is so interesting and so good as that which the *Times* and the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* have given us. Copious, indeed—why should not our newspapers be copious on the French play when they are copious on the Clewer case, and the Mackonochie case, and so many other matters besides, a great deal less important and interesting, all of them, than the *Maison de Molière*?

So I am not going to join the cynics, and to find fault with the *engouement*, the infatuation, shown by the English public in its passion for the French plays and players. A passion of this kind may be salutary if we will learn the lessons for us with which it is charged. Unfortunately, few people who feel a passion think of learning anything from it. A man feels a passion, he passes through it, and then he goes his way and straightway forgets, as the Apostle says, what manner of man he was. Above all, this is apt to happen with us English, who have, as an eminent German professor is good enough to tell us, "so much genius, so little method." The much genius hurries us into infatuations; the little method prevents our learning the right and wholesome lesson from them. Let us join, then, devoutly and with contrition, in the prayer of the German professor's great country-

man, Goethe, a prayer which is more needful, one may surely say, for us than for him: "God help us, and enlighten us for the future; that we may not stand in our own way so much, but may have clear notions of the consequences of things!"

To get a clear notion of the consequences which do in reason follow from what we have been seeing and admiring at the Gaiety Theatre, to get a clear notion of them, and frankly to draw them, is the object which I propose to myself here. I am not going to criticise one by one the French actors and actresses who have been giving us so much pleasure. For a foreigner this must always be a task, as it seems to me, of some peril; perilous or not, it has been abundantly attempted, and to attempt it yet again, now that the performances are over and the performers gone back to Paris, would be neither timely nor interesting. One remark I will make, a remark suggested by the inevitable comparison of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt with Rachel. One talks vaguely of genius, but I had never till now comprehended how much of Rachel's superiority was purely intellectual power, how eminently this power counts in the actor's art as in all art, how just is the instinct which led the Greeks to mark with a high and severe stamp the Muses. Temperament and quick intelligence, passion, nervous mobility, grace, smile, voice, charm, poetry —Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt has them all; one watches her with pleasure, with admiration, and yet not without a secret disquietude. Something is wanting, or, at least, not present in sufficient force; something which alone can secure and fix her administration of all the charming gifts which she has, can alone keep them fresh, keep them sincere, save them from perils by caprice, perils by mannerism: that something is high intellectual power. It was here that Rachel was so great; she began, one says to one's self as one recalls her image and dwells upon it—she began almost where Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt ends.

But I return to my object—the lessons to be learnt by us from the immense attraction which the French company has exercised, the consequences to be drawn from it. Certainly we have something to learn from it, an thing to unlearn. What have w learn? Are we to unlearn our c mate of French poetry and dram every lover of poetry and of the this is a very interesting questi the great and serious kinds of po used to think that the French admirable as in so many other is, showed radical weakness. B is a new generation growing up us—and to this young and stirri eration who of us would not gl long, even at the price of having some of its illusions and to pass them?—a new generation whic French poetry and drama as seri Greek, and for which M. Victo is a great poet of the race and li Shakespeare.

M. Victor Hugo is a great r writer. There are people who posed to class all imaginative p together, and to call them all name of poet. Then a great r writer will be a great poet. A are the French inclined to give t extension to the name poet, an clination is very characteristic It betrays that very defect w have mentioned, the inadequacy genius in the higher regions of If they were more at home i regions, they would feel the difference between imaginative tion in verse and imaginative pr in prose too strongly to be ever to call both by the common poetry. They would perceive, that M. Victor Hugo, for insta Sir Walter Scott, may be a g mance-writer, and may yet be means a great poet.

Poetry is simply the most d and perfect form of utterance tha words can reach. Its rhythm an ure, elevated to a regularity, c and force very different from the rhythm and measure which vade prose, are a part of its pe The more of genius that a natio high poetry, the more will the and measure which its poetical u adopts be distinguished by adeq beauty. That is why M. He chin's remark on Shakespeare, have elsewhere quoted, is s "Shakespeare is not only,"

Henry Cochin, "the king of the realm of thought, he is also the king of poetic rhythm and style. Shakespeare has succeeded in giving us the most varied, the most harmonious verse which has ever sounded upon the human ear since the verse of the Greeks." Let us have a line or two of Shakespeare's verse before us, just to supply the mind with a standard of reference in the discussion of this matter; we may take the lines from him almost at random.

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul.

Yes, there indeed is the verse of Shakespeare, the verse of the highest English poetry; there is what M. Henry Cochin calls "the majestic English iambic." We will not inflict Greek upon our readers, but every one who knows Greek will remember that the iambic of the Attic tragedians is a rhythm of the same high and splendid quality.

Which of us doubts that imaginative production, uttering itself in such a form as this, is altogether another and a higher thing from imaginative production uttering itself in any of the forms of prose? And if we find a nation doubting whether there is any great difference between imaginative and eloquent production in verse and imaginative and eloquent production in prose, and inclined to call all imaginative producers by the common name of poets, then we may be sure of one thing—namely, that this nation has never yet succeeded in finding the highest and most adequate form for poetry. Because if it had, it could never have doubted of the essential superiority of this form to all prose forms of utterance. And if a nation has never succeeded in creating this high and adequate form for its poetry, then we may conclude that it is not gifted with the genius for high poetry; since the genius for high poetry calls forth the high and adequate form, and is inseparable from. So that, on the one hand, from the absence of conspicuous genius in a people for poetry, we may assert the absence of an adequate poetical form; and on the other hand, again, from the want of an adequate poetical form, we may infer the want of conspicuous national genius for poetry.

And we may proceed, if our estimate of a nation's success in poetry is said to have been much too low, and is called in question, in either of two ways. We may compare the production of Corneille and Racine which we are said to underrate, we may compare it in power, in penetrativeness, in criticism of life, in ability to call forth our energy and joy, with the production of Homer and Shakespeare. M. Victor Hugo is said to be a poet of the race and lineage of Shakespeare, and I hear astonishment expressed at my not ranking him much above Wordsworth. Well, then, compare their production, in cases where it lends itself to a comparison. Compare the poetry of the moonlight scene in *Hernani*, really the most poetical scene in that play, with the poetry of the moonlight scene in the *Merchant of Venice*. Compare—

. . . Sur nous, tout en dormant,
La nature à demi veille amoureusement—

with—

Sit, Jessica; look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!

Compare the laudation of their own country, an inspiring but also a trying theme for a poet, by Shakespeare and Wordsworth on the one hand, and by M. Victor Hugo on the other. Compare Shakespeare's

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England—

or compare Wordsworth's

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
Which Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held . . . ,

with M. Victor Hugo's

Non, France, l'univers a besoin que tu vives!
Je le redis, la France est un besoin des hommes.

Who does not recognize the difference of spirit here? And the difference is that the English lines have the distinctive spirit of high poetry, and the French lines have not.

Here we have been attending to the contents of the verses chosen. Let us now attend, so far as we can, to form only, and the result will be the same. We will confine ourselves, since our sub-

ject is the French play in London, to dramatic verse. We want an adequate form of verse for high poetic drama. The accepted form with the French is the rhymed Alexandrine. Let us keep the iambic of the Greeks or of Shakespeare, let us keep such verse as

This precious stone set in the silver sea

present to our minds. Then let us take such verse as this from *Hernani*:—

Le comte d'Onate, qui l'aime aussi, la garde
Et comme un majordome et comme un amoureux.
Quelque reitre, une nuit, *gardien peu langoureux*,
Pourrait bien, &c. &c.

or as this from the same:—

Quant à lutter ensemble
Sur le terrain d'amour, *beau champ qui toujours tremble*,
De fadaises, mon cher, je sais mal faire assaut.

The words in italics will suffice to give to us, I think, the sense of what constitutes the fatal fault of the rhyming Alexandrine of French tragedy, its incurable artificiality, its want of the fluidity, the naturalness, the rapid forward movement of true dramatic verse. M. Victor Hugo is said to be a cunning and mighty artist in Alexandrines, and so unquestionably he is; but he is an artist in a form radically inadequate and inferior, and in which a drama like that of Sophocles or Shakespeare is impossible.

It happens that in our own language we have an example of the employment of an inadequate form in tragedy and in elevated poetry, and can see the result of it. The rhymed ten-syllable couplet, the heroic couplet as it is often called, is such a form. In the earlier work of Shakespeare, adopted or adapted by him even if not altogether his own work, we find this form often employed.

Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath
That sundered friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell; no more my future can
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poitiers and Tours are won away
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

Traces of it remain in Shakespeare's work to the last, in the rhyming of final couplets. But because he had so great a genius for true tragic poetry, Shakespeare dropped this necessarily inadequate form and took a better. We find the rhymed couplet again in Dryden's tragedies. But this vigorous rhetorical poet had no real genius for true tragic poetry, and his form is itself a proof of it. True tragic poetry is impossible with this inadequate form. Again, al through the eighteenth century this form was dominant as the main form fo high efforts in English poetry; and ou serious poetry of that century, accor ingly, has something inevitably defecti and unsatisfactory. When it rises o of this, it at the same time adopts i stinctively a truer form, as Gray does the *Elegy*. The just use of the ten-syllal couplet is to be seen in Chaucer; a form for tragedy, and for poetry of t most serious and elevated kind, it is fective. It makes real adequacy poetry of this kind impossible; and prevalence, for poetry of this kin proves that those amongst whom it p vails have for poetry of this kind signal gift.

The case of the great Molière him will illustrate the truth of what I s He is by far the chief name in Fre poetry; he is one of the very grea names in all literature. He has ad rable and delightful power, penetrat ness, insight; a masterly criticism life. But he is a comic poet. W Had he no seriousness and depth nature? He had profound seriousn And would not a dramatic poet with *this* depth of nature be a tragedian if h could? Of course he would. For on by breasting in full the storm and clou of life, breasting it and passing throug it and above it, can the dramatist wh feels the weight of mortal things liberat himself from the pressure, and rise, a we all seek to rise, to content and joy. Tragedy breasts the pressure of life comedy eludes it, half liberates itself from it by irony. But the tragedian, i he has the sterner labor, has also th higher prize. Shakespeare has more joy than Molière, more assurance an peace. *Othello*, with all its passion an terror, is on the whole a work animat ing and fortifying; more so a thousan times than *George Dandin*, which i mournfully depressing. Molière, if h could, would have given us Othellos in stead of George Dandins; let us not dou it. If he did not give Othellos to us, was because the highest sort of poet

ranting to him ; and if the of poetic power had been to him but present, he found no adequate form of rse for conveying it, he ıad to create one. For such not power ; and this is only of saying that for the high- poetry the genius of his rs to have not power. But and great poet that he was, too sound an instinct to at- ırnest a matter as tragic ıadequate means. It would heart-breaking business for d not attempt it, therefore. *ıthrope* and the *Tartuffe* are they are comedy in verse, dy. They employ the es- se of French dramatic poe- tandrine. Immense power he making of them ; a world ense, piercing observation, litation, profound criticism lière had also one great ad- lramatist over Shakespeare ; a more developed theatre, a ped society. Moreover he ne time, probably, by nature *ıtre-poet* than Shakespeare, ner sense for theatrical sit- akespeare is not rightly to Goethe calls him, an epitom- than a dramatist ; but he pe called rather a dramatist e-poet. Molière—and here nature stood him in good theatre-poet of the very first ıedy, too, escapes, as has said, the test of entire seri- remains, by the law of its egion of comparative light- irony. What is artificial comedy more easily. In ıese advantages, the *Misan- he Tartuffe* have, and have their poetic form, an artifi- makes itself felt, and which ariness. The freshness and lière are best felt when he n pieces such as the *Avare*, *beries de Scapin*, or *George* ow entirely the contrary is th Shakespeare ; how un- it his verse which shows his ! But so inadequate a ramatic poetry is the French , that its sway hindered Molière, one may think, from being a tragic poet at all, in spite of his having gifts for this highest form of dramatic poetry which are immeasurably superior to those of any other French poet ; and in comedy, where he thought he could use the Alexandrine, and where he did use it with splendid power, it yet in a considerable degree hampered and lamed him, so that this true and great poet is actually most satisfactory in his prose.

If Molière cannot make us insensible to the inherent defects of French dramatic poetry, still less can Corneille and Racine. Corneille has energy and nobility, Racine an often Virgilian sweetness and pathos. But while Molière in depth, penetrativeness, and powerful criticism of life belongs to the same family as Sophocles and Shakespeare, Corneille and Racine are quite of another order. We must not be misled by the excessive estimate of them among their own countrymen. I remember an answer of M. Sainte-Beuve, who always treated me with great kindness, and to whom I ventured to say that I could not think Lamartine a poet of very high importance. "He was important to *us*," answered M. Sainte-Beuve. In a far higher degree can a Frenchman say of Corneille and Racine, "They were important to *us*." Voltaire pronounces of them : "These men taught our nation to think, to feel, and to express itself." *Ces Hommes enseignèrent à la nation à penser, à sentir et à s'exprimer.* They were thus the instructors and formers of a society in many respects the most civilized and consummate that the world has ever seen, and which certainly is not inclined to underrate its own advantages. How natural, then, that it should feel grateful to its formers and should extol them ! "Tell your brother Rodolphe," writes Joseph de Maistre from Russia to his daughter at home, "to get on with his French poets ; let him have them by heart, the inimitable Racine above all, never mind whether he understands him or not. I did not understand him when my mother used to come and sit on my bed, and repeat from him, and put me to sleep with her beautiful voice to the sound of this incomparable music. I knew hundreds of lines of him before I could read ; and that is why my ears, having drunk in this ambrosia betimes,

have never been able to endure common stuff since." What a spell must such early use have had for riveting the affections; and how civilizing are such affections, how honorable to the society which can be imbued with them, to the literature which can inspire them! Pope was in a similar way, though not at all in the same degree, a forming and civilizing influence to our grandfathers, and limited their literary taste while he stimulated and formed it. So, too, the Greek boy was fed by his mother and nurse with Homer; but then in this case it was Homer!

We English had Shakespeare waiting to open our eyes, whensoever a favorable moment came, to the insufficiencies of Pope, but the French had no Shakespeare to open their eyes to the insufficiencies of Corneille and Racine. Great artists like Talma and Rachel, whose power as actors was far superior to the power as poets of the dramatists whose work they were rendering, filled out with their own life and warmth the parts into which they threw themselves, gave body to what was meagre, fire to what was cold, and themselves supported the poetry of the French classic drama rather than were supported by it. It was easier to think the poetry of Racine inimitable when Talma or Rachel was seen producing in it such inimitable effects. Indeed, French acting is so good that there are few pieces, excepting always those of Molière, in the repertory of a company such as that which we have just seen, where the actors do not show themselves to be superior to the pieces they render, and to be worthy of better.

Phèdre is a work of much beauty, yet certainly one felt this in seeing Rachel in the part of Phèdre. I am not sure that one feels it in seeing Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt as Phèdre, but I am sure that one feels it in seeing her as Doña Sol. The tragedy of M. Victor Hugo has always, indeed, stirring events in plenty, and so long as the human nerves are what they are, so long will things like the sounding of the horn in the famous fifth act of *Hernani* produce a thrill in us. But so will Werner's *Twenty-fourth of February*, or Scott's *House of Aspen*. A thrill of this sort may be raised in us, and yet our poetic sense may remain profoundly dissatisfied. So it remains in *Hernani*. M. Sarcey, a critic always acute and intelligent, and whom one reads with profit and pleasure, says that we are fatigued by the long speeches in *Hernani*, and that we do not appreciate what delights French people in it, the splendor of the verse, the wondrous beauty of the style, the poetry. Here recurs the question as to the adequacy of the French Alexandrine as tragic verse. If this form is vitally inadequate for tragedy, then to speak absolutely of splendor of verse and wondrous beauty of style in it when employed for tragedy is misleading. Beyond doubt M. Victor Hugo has an admirable gift for versification. So had Pope. But to speak absolutely of the splendor of verse and wondrous beauty of style of the *Essay on Man* would be misleading. Such terms can be properly used only of verse and style of an altogether higher and more adequate kind, a verse and style like that of Dante or Milton. Pope's brilliant gift for versification is exercised within the limits of a form inadequate for true philosophic poetry, and by its very presence excluding it. M. Victor Hugo's brilliant gift for versification is exercised within the limits of a form inadequate for true tragic poetry, and by its very presence excluding it.

But if we are called upon to prove this from the poetry itself, instead of inferring it from the form, our task, in the case of *Hernani*, is really only too easy. What is the poetical value of this famous fifth act of *Hernani?* What poetical truth, or verisimilitude, or possibility has Ruy Gomez, this chivalrous old Spanish grandee, this venerable nobleman, who, because he cannot marry his niece, presents himself to her and her husband upon their wedding night, and insists on the husband performing an old promise to commit suicide if summoned by Ruy Gomez to do so? Naturally the poor young couple raise difficulties, and the venerable nobleman keeps plying them with *Bois! Allons! Le sépulcre est ouvert, et je ne puis attendre! J'ai hâte! Il faut mourir!* This is a mere character of Surrey melodrama. And Hernani, who, when he is reminded that it is by his father's head that he has sworn to commit suicide, exclaims:

Mon père ! mon père !—Ah ! j'en perdrai la raison !

and who, when Doña Sol gets the poison away from him, entreats her to return it—

Par pitié, ce poison,
Rends-le-moi ! Par l'amour, par notre âme immortelle !

because

Le duc a ma parole, et mon père est là-haut.

The *poetry !* says M. Sarcey ;—and one thinks of the poetry of *Lear*. M. Sarcey must pardon me for saying that in

Le duc a ma parole, et mon père est là-haut

we are not in the world of poetry at all, hardly even in the world of literature, unless it be the literature of *Bombastes Furioso*.

Our sense for what is poetry and what is not, the attractiveness of the French plays and players must not make us unlearn. We may retain our old conviction of the fundamental insufficiency, both in substance and in form, of the classic tragedy of the French. We may keep, too, what in the main has always been the English estimate of Molière : that he is a man of creative and splendid power, a dramatist whose work is truly delightful, edifying and immortal ; but that even he, in poetic drama, is hampered and has not full swing, and, in consequence, leaves us somewhat dissatisfied. Finally, we poor old people should pluck up courage to stand out yet, for the few years of life that remain to us, against that passing illusion of the turbulent young generation around us, that M. Victor Hugo is a poet of the race and lineage of Shakespeare.

What are we to say of the prose drama of modern life, the drama of which the *Sphinx* and the *Etrangère* and the *Demi-Monde* are types, and which was the most strongly attractive part, probably, of the feast offered to us by the French company ? The first thing to be said of these pieces is that they are admirably acted. But then, constantly, as I have already said, one has the feeling that the French actors are better than the pieces which they play. What are we to think of this modern prose drama itself, the drama of M. Octave Feuillet, and M. Alexandre Dumas the younger, and M. Augier ? Some of the pieces composing it are better constructed and written than others, and much more effective. But this whole drama has one character common to it all ; it may be best described as the theatre of the *homme sensuel moyen*, the average sensual man, whose country is France, and whose city is Paris, and whose ideal life is the free, gay, pleasurable life of Paris. Of course there is in Paris much life of another sort too, as there are in France many men of another type than that of the *homme sensuel moyen*. But for many reasons, which I need not enumerate here, the life of the free, confident, harmonious development of the senses, all round, has been able to establish itself among the French, and at Paris, as it has established itself nowhere else, and the ideal life of Paris is this sort of life triumphant. And of this ideal the modern French drama, works like the *Sphinx* and the *Etrangère* and the *Demi-Monde*, are the expression ; it is the drama, I say, of the *homme sensuel moyen*, the average sensual man. It represents the life of the senses developing themselves all round without misgiving, a life confident, fair and free, with fireworks of fine emotions, grand passions and *dévouement*, lighting it up when necessary.

We in England have no modern drama at all. We have our Elizabethan drama. We have a drama of the last century and of the latter part of the century preceding, a drama which may be called our drama of *the town*, when *the town* was an entity powerful enough, because homogeneous enough, to evoke a drama embodying its notions of life. But we have no modern drama. Our vast society is not homogeneous enough, not sufficiently united, even any large portion of it, in a common view of life, a common ideal, capable of serving as basis for a modern English drama. We have apparitions of poetic and romantic drama (as the French, too, have their charming *Gringoire*), which are always possible, because man has always in his nature the poetical fibre. Then we have numberless imitations and adaptations from the French. All of these are at the bottom fantastic. We may truly say of them that " truth and sense and liberty are flown." And the reason is evident. They are pages out of a life which the ideal of the *homme sensuel moyen* rules,

ferred to a life where this ideal does reign. For the attentive observer result is a sense of incurable falsity he piece as adapted. Let me give example. Everybody remembers *ık Dominoes*. The piece turns upon an ident possible and natural enough in e life of Paris. Transferred to the e of London, the incident is unreal, ıd its unreality makes the whole piece, ı its English form, fantastic and absurd.

Still that does not prevent such pieces, ınd the theatre generally, from exercising a great attraction. For we are at the end of a period, and have to deal with the facts and symptoms of a new period on which we are entering; and prominent among these fresh facts and symptoms is the irresistibility of the theatre. We know how the Elizabethan theatre had its cause in an ardent zest for life and living, a bold and large curiosity, a desire for a fuller, richer existence, pervading this nation at large, as they pervaded other nations, after the long mediæval time of obstruction and restraint. But we know too how the great middle class of this nation, alarmed at grave symptoms which showed themselves in the movement, drew back, made choice for its spirit to live at one point instead of living, or trying to live, at many, entered, as I have so often said, the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned upon its spirit there for two hundred years. It forsook the theatre. The theatre reflected the aspiration of a great community for a fuller and richer sense of human existence no more. It came afterwards to reflect the aspirations of "the town." It developed a drama to suit these aspirations; while it also recalled and re-exhibited the Elizabethan drama, so far as "the town" wanted it and liked it. Finally, as "the town" ceased to be homogeneous, the theatre ceased to develope anything expressive. It still repeated the old with more or less of talent, but the mass of the British middle class kept quite aloof from the whole thing. I remember that, happening to be at Shrewsbury twenty years ago, and finding the whole Haymarket company acting there, I went to the theatre. Never was there such a scene of desolation. Scattered at very distant intervals through the boxes were some half-dozen chance-comers like myself; there were some soldiers and their friends in the pit, and a good many riff-raff in the upper gallery. The real townspeople, the people who carried forward the business and life of Shrewsbury, and who filled its churches and chapels on Sundays, were entirely absent. I pitied the excellent Haymarket company; it must have been like acting to one's self upon an iceberg. Here one had a good example, as I thought at the time, and as I have often thought since, of the complete estrangement of the British middle class from the theatre.

What is certain is that a signal change is coming over us, and that it has already made great progress. It is said that there are now forty theatres in London. Even in Edinburgh, where in old times a single theatre maintained itself under protest, there are now, I believe, over half a dozen. The change is not due only to an increased liking in the upper class and in the working class for the theatre. Their liking for it has certainly increased, but this is not enough to account for the change. The attraction of the theatre begins to be felt again, after a long interval of insensibility, by the middle class also. Our French friends would say that this class, long petrified in a narrow Protestantism and in a perpetual reading of the Bible, was beginning at last to grow conscious of the horrible unnaturalness and *ennui* of its life, and was seeking to escape from it. Undoubtedly the type of religion to which the British middle class has sacrificed the theatre, as it has sacrifices do much besides, is defective. But I prefer to say that this great class, having had the discipline of its religion, is now awakening to the sure truth that the human spirit cannot live right if it lives by one point only, that it can and ought to live by several points at the same time. The human spirit has a vital need, as we say, for conduct and religion; but it has the need also for expansion, for intellect and knowledge, for beauty, for social life and manners. The revelation of these additional needs brings the middle class to the theatre.

The revelation was indispensable, the needs are real, the theatre is one of the mightiest means of satisfying them, and the theatre, therefore, is irresistible. That conclusion, at any rate, we may

take for certain. But I see our community turning to the theatre with eagerness, and finding the English theatre without organization, or purpose, or dignity, and no modern English drama at all except a fantastical one. And then I see the French company from the chief theatre of Paris showing themselves to us in London—a society of actors admirable in organization, purpose, and dignity, with a modern drama not fantastic at all, but corresponding with fidelity to a very palpable and powerful ideal, the ideal of the life of the *homme sensuel moyen* in Paris, his beautiful city. I see in England a materialized upper class, sensible of the nullity of our own modern drama, impatient of the state of false constraint and of blank to which the Puritanism of our middle class has brought our stage and much of our life, delighting in such drama as the modern drama of Paris; the emancipated youth of both sexes delighting in it; the new and clever newspapers, which push on the work of emancipation and serve as devoted missionaries of the gospel of the life of Paris and of the ideal of the average sensual man, delighting in it. And in this condition of affairs I see the middle class beginning to arrive at the theatre again after its abstention of two centuries and more; arriving eager and curious, but a little bewildered.

Now, lest at this critical moment such drama as the *Sphinx* and the *Etrangère* and the *Demi-Monde*, positive as it is, and powerful as it is, and pushed as it is, and played with such prodigious care and talent, should too much rule the situation, let us take heart of grace and say that as the right conclusion from the unparalleled success of the French company was not that we should reverse our old notions about the tragedy of M. Victor Hugo, or about French classic tragedy, or even about the poetic drama of the great Molière, so neither is it the right conclusion that we should be converted and become believers in the legitimacy of the ideal of the life of the *homme sensuel moyen*, and in the sufficiency of its drama. This is not the occasion to deliver a moral discourse. It is enough to revert to what has been already said, and to remark that the French ideal and its theatre have the defect of leaving out too much of life, of treating the soul as if it lived at one point or group of points only, of ignoring other points, or groups of points, at which it must live as well. And herein the conception of life shown in this French ideal and in its drama really resembles, different as in other ways they are, the conception of life prevalent with the British middle class, and has the like defect: both conceptions of life are too narrow. Sooner or later, if we adopt either, our soul and spirit are starved, and go amiss, and suffer.

What *are* we to learn then from the marvellous success and attractiveness of the performances at the Gaiety Theatre; what *is* the consequence which it is right and rational for us to draw? Surely it is this: "The theatre is irresistible; organize the theatre." Surely if we wish to stand less in our own way and to have clear notions of the consequences of things, it is to this conclusion that we should come.

The performances of the French company show us plainly, I think, what is gained—the theatre being admitted to be an irresistible need for civilized communities—by organizing the theatre. Some of the drama played by this company is, as we have seen, questionable. But in the absence of an organization such as that of this company it would be played more; it would, with a lower drama still to accompany it, almost if not altogether reign; it would have far less correction and relief by better things. An older and better drama, containing many things of high merit, some things of surpassing merit, is kept before the public by means of this company, is given frequently, is given to perfection. Pieces of truth and beauty, which emerge here and there among the questionable pieces of the modern drama, get the benefit of this company's skill, and are given to perfection. The questionable pieces themselves lose something of their unprofitableness and vice in their hands; the acting carries us into the world of sound and pleasing art if the piece does not. And the type of perfection fixed by these fine actors influences for good every actor in France.

Secondly, the French company shows us not only what is gained by organizing the theatre, but what is meant by organizing

it. The organization in the example before us is simple and rational We have a society of good actors, with a grant from the State on condition of their giving with frequency the famous and classic stage-plays of their nation, and with a commissioner of the State attached to the society and taking part in the council with it. But the society is to all intents and purposes self-governing. In connection with it is the school of dramatic elocution of the *Conservatoire*, a school with the names of Regnier, Monrose, Got and Delaunay on its roll of professors.

The Society of the French Theatre dates from Louis the Fourteenth and from the great century, and has traditions, effect, consistency, and a place in the public esteem, which are not to be won in a day. But its organization is such as a judicious man, desiring the results which have been by this time won, would naturally have devised ; and it is such as a judicious man, desiring in another country to secure like results, would naturally imitate.

We have in England everything to make us dissatisfied with the chaotic and ineffective condition into which our theatre has fallen. We have the remembrance of better things in the past, and the elements for better things in the future. We have a splendid national drama of the Elizabethan age, and a later drama which has no lack of pieces conspicuous by their stage-qualities, their vivacity and their talent, and interesting by their pictures of manners. We have had great actors. We have good actors not a few at the present moment. But we have been unlucky, as we so often are, in the work of organization. In the essay at organization which we had, in the patent theatres with their exclusive privilege of acting Shakespeare, we find by no means an example, such as we have in the constitution of the French Theatre, of what a judicious man, seeking the good of the drama and of the public, would naturally devise. We find rather such a machinery as might be devised by a man prone to stand in his own way, and devoid of clear notions of the consequences of things. It was inevitable that the patent theatres should provoke discontent and attack ; they were attacked and their privilege fell. Still to this essay, however imperfect, of a public organization for the English theatre, our stage owes the days of power and greatness it has enjoyed. So far as we have had a school of great actors, so far as our stage has had tradition, effect, consistency, and a hold on public esteem, it had them under the system of the privileged theatres. The system had its faults, and was abandoned ; and then, instead of devising a better plan of public organization for the English theatre, we gladly took refuge in our favorite doctrines of the mischief of State interference, of the blessedness of leaving every man free to do as he likes, of the impertinence of presuming to check any man's natural taste for the bathos and to press him to relish the sublime. We left the English theatre to take its chance. Its present impotence is the result.

It seems to me that every one of us is concerned to find a remedy for this melancholy state of things, and that the pleasure we have had in the visit of the French company is barren, unless it leaves us with the impulse to do so, and with the lesson how alone it can be rationally done. "Forget",—can we not hear these fine artists saying in an undertone to us, amidst their graceful compliments of adieu ?—"forget your clap-trap, and believe that the State, the nation in its collective and corporate character, does well to concern itself about an influence so important to national life and manners as the theatre. Form a company out of the materials ready to your hand in your many good actors or actors of promise. Give them Drury Lane Theatre. Let them have a grant from your Science and Art Department ; let some intelligent and accomplished man, like our friend Mr. Pigott, your present Examiner of Plays, be joined to them as Commissioner from the Department, to see that the conditions of the grant are observed. Let the conditions of the grant be that a repertory is agreed upon, taken out of the works of Shakespeare and out of the volumes of the Modern British Drama, and that pieces from this repertory are played a certain number of times in each season ; as to new pieces, let your company use its dis-

n. Let a school of dramatic elo-
ı and declamation be instituted in
:ction with your company ; it may
ise you to hear that elocution and
mation are things to be taught and
:, and do not come by nature, but
so. Your best and most serious
;" (this is added with a smile)
ıld have been better if in their
they had learnt elocution. These
ımendations, you may think, are
'ery much ; but, as your divine
ım says, they are enough ; they
erve. Try them. When your in-
ion in the west of London has be-
a success, plant a second of like
in the east. The people *will* have
ıeatre ; then make it a good one.
'our two or three chief provincial
; institute, with municipal subsidy
:o-operation, theatres such as you
ıte in the metropolis with State
ly and co-operation. So you will
'e the English theatre, and then a
rn drama of your own will also,
bly, spring up amongst you, and you will not have to come to us for pieces like *Pink Dominoes.*"

No, and we will hope, too, that the modern English drama, when it comes, may be something different from even the *Sphinx* and the *Demi-Monde.* For my part, I have all confidence that if it ever comes, it will be different and better. But let us not say a word to wound the feelings of those who have given us so much pleasure, and who leave to us as a parting legacy such excellent advice. For excellent advice it is, and everything we saw these artists say and do upon the Gaiety stage inculcates it for us, whether they exactly formulated it in words or no. And still, even now that they are gone, when I pass along the Strand and come opposite to the Gaiety Theatre, I see a fugitive vision of delicate features under a shower of hair and a cloud of lace, and hear the voice of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt saying in its most caressing tones to the Londoners : *The theatre is irresistible ; organize the theatre !—The Nineteenth Century.*

THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

BY ALEXANDER BAIN.

the present state of the controversy
ıssical studies, the publication of
ge Combe's contributions to Edu-
ı is highly opportune. Combe
the lead in the attack on these
:s fifty years ago, and Mr. Jolly, the
r of the volume, gives a connected
of the struggle that followed. The
s were, on the whole, not very great.
all portion of natural science was
luced into the secondary schools ;
s the classical teaching was kept up
fore, the pupils were simply sub-
l to a greater crush of subjects ;
could derive very little benefit from
:e introduced on such terms. The
: on the Universities was *nil.* They
true to Dugald Stewart's celebrated
:rance on their conservatism.* The public, however, were not unmoved ; during a number of years there was a most material reduction in the numbers attending all the Scotch Universities, and the anti-classical agitation was reputed to be the cause.

The reasonings of Combe will still repay perusal. He puts with great felicity and clearness the standing objections to the classical system, while he is exceedingly liberal in his concessions, and moderate in his demands. "I do not denounce the ancient languages and classical literature on their own account, or desire to see them cast into utter oblivion. I admit them to be refined studies, and think that there are individuals who, having a natural turn for them, learn them easily and enjoy them much. They ought, therefore, to be cultivated by all such persons. My objection is solely to the practice of rendering them

* The academical establishments of some of Europe are not without their use to historian of the human mind. Immovably fixed to the same station by the strength of their cables and the weight of their anchors, enable him to measure the rapidity of the current by which the rest of the world is borne along."

the main substance of the education bestowed on young men who have no taste or talent for them, and whose pursuits in life will not render them a valuable acquisition."

Before alluding to the more recent utterances in defence of classical teaching, I wish to lay out as distinctly as I can the various alternatives that are apparently now before us as respects the higher education—that is to say, the education begun in the secondary or grammar schools and completed and stamped in the Universities.

1. The existing system of requiring proficiency in both classical languages. This requirement is imperative everywhere at present. The Universities agree in exacting Latin and Greek as the condition of an Arts Degree, and in very little else. The defenders of classics say with some truth that these languages are the principal basis of uniformity in our degrees; if they were struck out, the public would not know what a degree meant.

How exclusive was the study of Latin and Greek in the schools in England, until lately, is too well known to need any detailed statement. A recent utterance of Mr. Gladstone, however, has felicitously supplied the crowning illustration. At Eton, in his time, the engrossment with classics was such as to keep out religious instruction!

As not many contend that Latin and Greek make an education in themselves, it is proper to call to mind what other things have been found possible to include with them in the scope of the Arts Degree. The Scotch Universities were always distinguished from the English in the breadth of their requirements; they have comprised for many ages three other subjects—mathematics, natural philosophy, and mental philosophy, including logic and ethics. In exceptional instances, another science is added; in one case, natural history, in another, chemistry. According to the notions of scientific order and completeness in the present day, a full course of the primary sciences would comprise mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, physiology or biology, and mental philosophy. The natural history branches are not looked upon as primary sciences; they give no laws, but repeat the laws of the primary sciences while classifying the kingdoms of Nature.

In John Stuart Mill's celebrated address at St. Andrews, he stood up for the continuance of the classics in all their integrity, and suddenly became a great authority with numbers of persons who probably had never treated him as an authority before. But his advocacy of the classics was coupled with an equally strenuous advocacy for the extension of the scientific course to the full circle of the primary sciences; that is to say, he urged the addition of chemistry and physiology to the received sciences. Those that have so industriously brandished his authority for retaining classics, are discreetly silent upon this other recommendation. He was too little conversant with the working of Universities to be aware that the addition of two sciences to the existing course was impracticable; and he was never asked which alternative he would prefer. I am inclined to believe that he would have sacrificed the classics to scientific completeness; he would have been satisfied with the quantum of these already gained at school. But while we have no positive assurance on this point, I consider that his opinion should be wholly discounted as not bearing on the actual case.

The founders of the University of London attempted to realize Mill's conception to the full. They retained classics; they added English and a modern language, and completed the course of primary science by including chemistry and physiology. This was a noble experiment, and we can now report on its success. The classical languages, English and French or German, mathematics and natural philosophy, and (after a time) logic and moral philosophy, were all kept at a good standard; thus exceeding the requirements of the Scotch Universities at the time by English and a modern language. The amount of attainment in chemistry was very small, and was disposed of in the matriculation examination. Physiology was reserved for the final B.A. examination, and was the least satisfactory of all. Having myself sat at the Examining Board while Dr. Sharpey was Examiner in Physiology, I had occasion to know that he considered it prudent to be content with a mere show of studying the subject. Thus, though the experience of the University of London as

well as of the Scotch Universities proves that the classics are compatible with a very tolerable scientific education, they will need to be curtailed if every one of the fundamental sciences, as Mill urged, is to be represented at a passable figure.

In the various new proposals for extending the sphere of scientific knowledge, a much smaller amount of classics is to be required, but neither of the two languages is wholly dispensed with. If not taught at college, they must be taken up at school as a preparation for entering on the Arts curriculum in the University. This can hardly be a permanent state of things, but it is likely to be in operation for some time.

2. The remitting of Greek in favor of a modern language is the alternative most prominently before the public at present. It accepts the mixed form of the old curriculum, and replaces one of the dead languages by one of the living. Resisted by the whole might of the classical party, this proposal finds favor with the lay professions as giving one language that will actually be useful to the pupils as a language. It is the very smallest change that would be a real relief. That it will speedily be carried we do not doubt.

Except as a relaxation of the gripe of classicism, this change is not altogether satisfactory. That there must be two languages (besides English) in order to an Arts Degree is far from obvious. Moreover, although it is very desirable that every pupil should have facilities at school or college for commencing modern languages, these do not rank as indispensable and universal culture, like the knowledge of sciences and of literature generally. They would have to be taught along with their respective literatures to correspond to the classics.

Another objection to replacing classics by modern languages is the necessity of importing foreigners as teachers. Now, although there are plenty of Frenchmen and Germans that can teach as well as any Englishmen, it is a painful fact that foreigners do oftener miscarry, both in teaching and discipline, with English pupils, than our own countrymen. Foreign masters are well enough for those that go to them voluntarily with the desire of being taught; it is as teachers in a compulsory curriculum that their inferiority becomes apparent.

The retort is sometimes made to this proposal—Why omit Greek rather than Latin? Should you not retain the greater of the two languages? This may be pronounced as mainly a piece of tactics; for every one must know that the order of teaching Latin and Greek at the schools will never be topsy-turvied to suit the fancy of an individual here and there, even although John Stuart Mill himself was educated in that order. On the scheme of withdrawing all foreign languages from the imperative curriculum, and providing for them as voluntary adjuncts, such freedom of selection would be easy.

3. Another alternative is to remit both Latin and Greek in favor of French and German. Strange to say, this advance upon the previous alternative was actually contained in Mr. Gladstone's ill-fated Irish University Bill. Had that Bill succeeded, the Irish would have been for ten years in the enjoyment of a full option for both the languages.* From a careful perusal of the debates, I could not discover that the opposition ever fastened upon this bold surrender of the classical exclusiveness.

The proposal was facilitated by the existence of professors of French and German in the Queen's Colleges. In the English and Scotch Colleges endowments are not as yet provided for these languages; although it would be easy enough to make provision for them in Oxford and Cambridge.

In favor of this alternative, it is urged that the classics, if entered on at all, should be entered on thoroughly and entirely. The two languages and literatures form a coherent whole, a homogeneous discipline; and those that do not mean to follow this out should not begin it. Some of the upholders of classics take this view.

4. More thorough-going still is the scheme of complete bifurcation of the

* No doubt the classical languages would have been required, to some extent, in matriculating to enter college. This arrangement, however, as regarded the students that chose the modern languages, would have been found too burdensome by our Irish friends, and on their expressing themselves to that effect, would have been soon dispensed with.

assical and the modern sides. In our reat schools there has been instituted hat is called the modern side, made up f sciences and modern languages, together with Latin. The understanding hitherto has been that the votaries of the ancient and classical side should alone proceed to the Universities ; the modern side being the introduction to commercial life, and to professions that dispense with a University degree. Here, as far as the schools are concerned, a fair scope is given to modern studies.

As was to be expected, the modern side is now demanding admission to the Universities on its own terms ; that is, to continue the same line of studies there, and to be crowned with the same distinctions as the classical side. This attempt to render school and college homogeneous throughout, to treat ancient studies and modern studies as of equal value in the eye of the law, will of course be resisted to the utmost. Yet it seems the only solution that can bring about a settlement that will last.

The defenders of the classical system in its extreme exclusiveness are fond of adducing examples of very illustrious men who at college showed an utter incapacity for science in its simplest elements. They say that by classics alone these men are what they are, and if their way had been stopped by serious scientific requirements, they would have never come before the world at all. The allegation is somewhat strongly put ; yet we shall assume it to be correct, on condition of being allowed to draw an inference. If some minds are so constituted for languages, and for classics in particular, may not there be other minds equally constituted for science, and equally incapable of taking up two classical languages? Should this be granted, the next question is, Ought these two classes of minds be treated as equal in rights and privileges? The upholders of the present system say, No. The language mind is the true aristocrat ; the science mind is an inferior creation. Degrees and privileges are for the man that can score languages, with never so little science ; outer darkness is assigned to the man whose *forte* is science alone. But a war of caste in education is an unseemly thing ; and after all the levelling operations that we have passed through, it is not likely that this distinction will be long preserved.

The modern side, as at present constituted, still retains Latin. There is a considerable strength of feeling in favor of that language for all kinds of people ; it is thought to be a proper appendage of the lay professions ; and there is a wide-spread opinion in favor of its utility for English. So much is this the case, that the modern-siders are at present quite willing to come under a pledge to keep up Latin, and to pass in it with a view to the University. In fact, the schools find this for the present the most convenient arrangement. It is easier to supply teaching in Latin than in a modern language, or in most other things ; and while Latin continues to be held in respect, it will remain untouched. Yet the quantity of time occupied by it, with so little result, must ultimately force a departure from the present curriculum. The real destination of the modern side is to be modern throughout. It should not be rigorously tied down even to a certain number of modern languages. English and one other language ought to be quite enough ; and the choice should be free. On this footing, the modern side ought to have its place in the schools as the co-equal of classics ; it would be the natural precursor of the modernized alternatives in the Universities ; those where knowledge subjects predominate.

The proposal to give an inferior degree to a curriculum that excludes Greek should, in my judgment, be simply declined. It is, however, a matter of opinion whether, in point of tactics, the modern party did not do well to accept this as an instalment in the meantime. The Oxford offer, as I understand it, is so far liberal that the new degree is to rank equal in privileges with the old, although inferior in *prestige*. In Scotland, the degree conceded by the classical party to a Greekless education was worthless, and was offered for that very reason.*

* One possible consequence of the new Natural Science Degree may be that the public will turn to it with favor, while the old one sinks into discredit.

Among the adherents of classics, Professor Blackie is distinguished for surrendering their study in the case of those that cannot profit by them. He believes that with a free alternative, such as the thorough bifurcation into two sides would give, they would still hold their ground, and bear all their present fruits. His classical brethren, however, do not in general share this conviction. They seem to think that if they can no longer compel every University graduate to pass beneath the double yoke of Rome and Greece, these two illustrious nationalities will be in danger of passing out of the popular mind altogether. For my own part, I do not share their fears, nor do I think that, even on the voluntary footing, the study of the two languages will decline with any great rapidity. As I have said, the belief in Latin is wide and deep. Whatever may be urged as to the extraordinary stringency of the intellectual discipline now said to be given by means of Latin and Greek, I am satisfied that the feeling with both teachers and scholars is that the process of acquisition is not toilsome to either party; less so perhaps than anything that would come in their place. Of the hundreds of hours spent over them, a very large number are associated with listless idleness. Carlyle describes Scott's novels as a "beatific lubber land;" with the exception of the "beatific," we might say nearly the same of classics. To all which must be added the immense endowments of classical teaching; not only of old date but of recent acquisition. It will be a very long time before these endowments can be diverted, even although the study decline steadily in estimation.

The thing that stands to reason is to place the modern and the ancient studies on exactly the same footing; to accord a fair field and no favor. The public will decide for themselves in the long run. If the classical advocates are afraid of this test, they have no faith in the merits of their own case.

The arguments *pro* and *con* on the question have been almost exhausted. Nothing is left except to vary the expression and illustration. Still, so long as the monopoly exists, it will be argued and counter-argued; and, if there are no new reasons, the old will have to be iterated.

Perhaps the most hackneyed of all the answers to the case for the classics is the one that has been most rarely replied to. I mean the fact that the Greeks were not acquainted with any language but their own. I have never known an attempt to parry this thrust. Yet, besides the fact itself, there are strong presumptions in favor of the position that to know a language well you should devote your time and strength to it alone, and not attempt to learn three or four. Of course the Greeks were in possession of language A 1, and were not likely to be gainers by studying the languages of their contemporaries. So we too are in possession of a very admirable language, although put together in a nondescript fashion; and it is not impossible that if Plato had his Dialogues to compose among us, he would give his whole strength to working up our own resources, and not trouble himself with Greek. The popular dictum—*multum non multa*, doing one thing well—may be plausibly adduced in behalf of parsimony in the study of languages.

The recent agitation in Cambridge, in Oxford, and, indeed, all over the country, for remitting the study of Greek as an essential of the Arts Degree, has led to a reproduction of the usual defences of things as they are. The articles in the March number of this REVIEW, by Professor Blackie and Bonamy Price, may claim to be the *derniers mots*.

Professor Blackie's article is a warning to the teachers of classics, to the effect that they must change their front; that, whereas the value of the classics as a key to thought has diminished, and is diminishing, they must by all means in the first place improve their drill. In fact, unless something can be done to lessen the labor of the acquisition by better teaching, and to secure the much-vaunted intellectual discipline of the languages, the battle will soon be lost. Accordingly, the professor goes minutely into what he conceives the best methods of teaching. It is not my purpose to follow him in this sufficiently interesting discussion. I simply remark that he is staking the case for the continuance of Latin and Greek in the schools on the possibility

of something like an entire revolution in the teaching art. Revolution is not too strong a word for what is proposed. The weak part of the new position is that the value of the languages *as languages* has declined, and has to be made up by the incident of their value as *drill*. This is, to say the least, a paradoxical position for a language teacher. If it is mere drill that is wanted, a very small corner of one language would suffice. The teacher and the pupil alike are placed between the two stools—interpretation and drill. A new generation of teachers must arise to attain the dexterity requisite for the task.

Professor Blackie's concession is of no small importance in the actual situation. "No one is to receive a full degree without showing a fair proficiency in two foreign languages, one ancient and one modern, with free option." This would satisfy the present demand everywhere, and for some time to come.

The article of Professor Bonamy Price is conceived in even a higher strain than the other. There is so far a method of argumentation in it that the case is laid out under four distinct heads, but there is no decisive separation of reasons; many of the things said under one head might easily be transferred without the sense of dislocation to any other head. The writer indulges in high-flown rhetorical assertions rather than in specific facts and arguments. The first merit of classics is that "they are languages; not particular sciences, nor definite branches of knowledge, but literatures." Under this head we have such glowing sentences as these: "Think of the many elements of thought a boy comes in contact with when he reads Cæsar and Tacitus in succession, Herodotus and Homer, Thucydides and Aristotle." "See what is implied in having read Homer intelligently through, or Thucydides, or Demosthenes; what light will have been shed on the essence and laws of human existence, on political society, on the relations of man to man, on human nature itself." There are various conceivable ways of counter-arguing these assertions, but the shortest is to call for the facts—the results upon the many thousands that have passed through their ten years of classical drill. Professor Campbell, of St. Andrews, once remarked, with ence to the value of Greek in p lar, that the question would have ultimately decided by the inner con ness of those that have und the study. To this we are entit add, their powers as manifested world, of which powers spectato be the judges. When, with a few b exceptions, we discover nothing remarkable in the men that hav subjected to the classical trainir may consider it as almost a wa time to analyze the grandiloquent tions of Mr. Bonamy Price. But were to analyze them, we shoul that *boys* never read Cæsar and T through in succession; still less cydides, Demosthenes, and Aris that very few *men* read and unde these writers; that the shortest come into contact with Aristotl avoid his Greek altogether, and ta expositors and translators in the m languages.

The professor is not insensible reproach that the vaunted classica cation has been a failure, as com with these splendid promises. He however, that though many have to become classical scholars in t sense of the word, "it does not that they have gained nothing fro study of Greek and Latin; just th trary is the truth." The "con must mean that they have gained thing; which something is stated "the extent to which the facult the boy have been developed, the tity of impalpable but not less r tainments he has achieved, and hi eral readiness for life, and for act a man." But it is becoming mo more difficult to induce people to a long course of youthful years u confessedly *impalpable* result. We give up a few months to a specu and doubtful good, but we need pable consequences to show for our spent on classics. Next comes the a sion that the teaching is often bad why should the teaching be so ba what is the hope of making it b Then we are told that science by leaves the largest and most imp portion of the youth's nature abso undeveloped. But, in the first pl is not proposed to reduce the scho

college curriculum to science alone; and, in the next place, who can say what are the "impalpable" results of science?

The second branch of the argument relates to the greatness of the classical writers. Undoubtedly there are some very great writers in the Greek and Roman world, and some that are not great. But the greatness of Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Plato, and Aristotle can be exhibited in a modern rendering; while no small portion of the poetical form can be made apparent without toiling at the original tongues. The value of the languages then resolves itself, as has been often said, into a *residuum*. Something also is to be said for the greatness of the writers that have written in modern times. Sir John Herschel remarked long ago that the human intellect cannot have degenerated, so long as we are able to quote Newton, Lagrange and Laplace, against Aristotle and Archimedes. I would not undertake to say that any modern mind has equalled Aristotle in the *range* of his intellectual powers; but in point of intensity of grasp in any one subject he has many rivals; so that to obtain his equal we have only to take two or three first-rate moderns.

If a number of persons were to go on lauding to the skies the exclusive and transcendent greatness of the classical writers, we should probably be tempted to scrutinize their merits more severely than is usual. Many things could be said against their sufficiency as instructors in matters of thought, and many more against the low and barbarous tone of their *morale*: the inhumanity and brutality of both their principles and their practice. All this might no doubt be very easily overdone, and would certainly be so if undertaken in the style of Professor Price's panegyric.

The professor's third branch of the argument comes to the real point; namely, what is there in Greek and Latin that there is not in the modern tongues? For one thing, says the professor, they are dead, which of course we allow. Then, being dead, they must be learnt by book, and by rule; they cannot be learnt by ear. Here, however, Professor Blackie would dissent, and would say that the great improvement of teaching, on which the salvation of classical study now hangs, is to make it a teaching by the ear. But, says Professor Price: "A Greek or Latin sentence is a nut with a strong shell concealing the kernel—a puzzle, demanding reflection, adaptation of means to end, and labor for its solution, and the educational value resides in the shell and in the puzzle." As this strain of remark is not new, there is nothing new to be said in answer to it. Such puzzling efforts are certainly not the rule in learning Latin and Greek. Moreover, the very same terms would describe what may happen equally often in reading difficult authors in French, German, or Italian. Would not the pupil find puzzles and difficulties in Dante, or in Goethe? And are there not many puzzling exercises in deciphering English authors? Besides, what is the great objection to science, but that it is too puzzling for minds that are quite competent for the puzzles of Greek and Latin. Once more, the *teaching* of any language must be very imperfect, if it brought about habitually such situations of difficulty as are here described.

The professor relapses into a cooler and correcter strain when he remarks that the pupil's mind is necessarily more delayed over the expression of a thought in a foreign language (whether dead or alive matters not), and therefore remembers the meaning better. Here, however, the desiderated reform of teaching might come into play. Granted that the boy left to himself would go more rapidly through Burke than through Thucydides, might not his pace be arrested by a well-directed cross-examination; with this advantage, that the length of attention might be graduated according to the importance of the subject, and not according to the accidental difficulty of the language?

The professor boldly grapples with the alleged waste of time in classics, and urges that "the gain may be measured by the time expended," which is very like begging the question.

One advantage adduced under this head deserves notice. The languages being dead, as well as all the societies and interests that they represent, they do not excite the prejudices and the passions of modern life. This, however,

may need some qualification. Grote wrote his history of Greece to counterwork the party bias of Mitford. The battles of despotism, oligarchy, and democracy are to this hour fought over the dead bodies of Greece and Rome. If the professor meant to insinuate that those that have gone through the classical training are less violent as partisans, more dispassionate in political judgments, than the rest of mankind, we can only say that we should not have known this from our actual experience. The discovery of some sweet, oblivious antidote to party feeling seems, as far as we can judge, to be still in the future. If we want studies that will, while they last, thoroughly divert the mind from the prejudices of party, science is even better than ancient history ; there are no party cries connected with the Binomial Theorem.

The professor's last branch of argument, I am obliged, with all deference, to say, contains no argument at all. It is that, in classical education, a close contact is established between the mind of the boy and the mind of the master. He does not even attempt to show how the effect is peculiar to classical teaching. The whole of this part of the paper is, in fact, addressed, by way of remonstrance, to the writer's own friends, the classical teachers. He reproaches them for their inefficiency, for their not being Arnolds. It is not my business to interfere between him and them in this matter. So much stress does he lay upon the teacher's part in the work, that I almost expected the admission that a good teacher in English, German, natural history, political economy, might even be preferable to a bad teacher of Latin and Greek.

The recent Oxford contest has brought out the eminent oratorical powers c Canon Liddon ; and we have some cur osity in noting his contributions to th classical side. I refer to his letters the *Times*. The gist of his advocacy Greek is contained in the following s legations : First, the present syste enables a man to recur with profit a advantage to Greek literature. To t it has been often replied that by far greater number are too little familiariz with the classical languages, and es cially Greek, to make the literature reading. But farther, the recurrin the study of ancient authors by professional men in the present da an event of such extreme rarity th cannot be taken into account in question of public policy. The sec remark is that the half-knowledge the ordinary graduate is a link betwe the total blank of the outer world an the thorough knowledge of the accom plished classic. I am not much struck by the force of this argument. I think that the classical scholar might, by ex positions, commentaries, and transla tions, address the outer world equally well without the intervening mass o imperfect scholars. Lastly, the Canon puts in a claim for his own cloth. Th knowledge of Greek paves the way fo serious men to enter the ministry i middle life. Argument would be throwi away upon any one that could for moment entertain this as a sufficien reason for compelling every graduate i Arts to study Greek. The observatio that I would make upon it has a wide bearing. Middle life is not too late fo learning any language that we suddenl discover to be a want ; the stimulus c necessity or of strong interest, and th wider compass of general knowledg compensate for the diminution of verb memory.—*Contemporary Review.*

THE SOUVENIRS OF MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN.

THERE are superior persons who object to what they are pleased to call "light reading." And they not only include in their condemnation novels, but also those pleasant memoirs which they loftily designate as mere gossip. They seem to imagine that books which may amuse cannot by any possibility instruct. The proper study of mankind, according to the self-elected wise men of the nineteenth century, is to solve questions which are practically insoluble. The lost spirits who reasoned high and found themselves in wandering mazes lost, probably realized their situation ; but we do not think metaphysicians of th

nt day are in the slightest degree
e when they are floundering. Mrs.
les Kemble, whose character is so
ningly described in that delightful
, the "Records of a Girlhood," used
y of the sages of her day, "When A
to B and C, and B and C do not
rstand him and A does not under-
l himself, that's metaphysics."
then what hard words are used.*
difficult for an ordinary mortal to
rstand them. It will be impossible
to read even light literature with-
a dictionary. When we came on
ord "dynamic" in the last novel of
reatest writer of the age, we were
ly bewildered and distressed, but
ad on until we came to the melo-
atic drowning of the only interest-
haracter in the book, when we
d the volume in disgust, and are to
lay unaware who was the father of
irrepressible prig, Mr. Daniel De-
t. Here are the specimen articles
e magazine of the period; "The
of Will in Evolution," "The Place
onscience in Evolution," "The
onable Basis of Certitude," "Phi-
hy of the Pure Sciences," "Psycho-
cal Facts." Then in the midst of
awful lucubrations comes an article
ed "Is Insanity on the Increase?"
y suggestive question, in answer to
we can only sorrowfully imagine
whilst there are writers and readers
ain-puzzling articles like these, it
possible that insanity can be alto-
r on the wane.
d then how conceited young gen-
n patronize and bore mankind with
"schools of thought" and "aims
."" How pleasant, perhaps supe-
ersons would say how degrading,
n from celestial talk and "psycho-
cal facts" to the sunny souvenirs of
me Vigée Le Brun.
at a pleasant picture is here given
ench society just before the whirl-
which scattered it for ever. Ma-
Le Brun, as an artist patronized by
y, naturally saw kings, queens, and princes through rose-colored spectacles. Her accounts of Marie-Antoinette are flattering in the extreme, but they coincide with the general impression left by the memoirs of the period.

Madame Le Brun writes:

"It was in the year of 1779, my dear friend, that I took the Queen's portrait for the first time. She was then in all the brilliancy of her youth and beauty. Marie-Antoinette was tall and admirably proportioned, her arms were lovely, her hands small and beautifully formed, and her feet charming. She walked better than any woman in France; carrying her head with a majesty which denoted the sovereign in the midst of her Court without detracting in the least from the sweetness and grace of her whole aspect. In short, it is very difficult to give an idea to those who have not seen the Queen, of so much grace and dignity combined. Her features were not regular; she inherited from her family the long oval-shaped face peculiar to the Austrian nation; her eyes, which were nearly blue, were not large, but their expression was at once lively and soft, her nose was small and well-formed, and her mouth was not large, although the lips were rather thick. But the most remarkable thing about her was the brilliancy of her complexion. I never saw anything like it, and *brilliant* is the only word to express what it was; her skin was so transparent that it allowed of no shadow. I never could obtain the effect I desired; paint could not represent the freshness, the delicate tints of that charming face, which I never beheld in any other woman.

"At the first sitting, the Queen's imposing air began by intimidating me extremely, but her Majesty spoke to me with so much goodness that her kind manner soon dissipated this impression. It was then that I made the portrait which represents her with a large hoop, dressed in white satin, and holding a rose in her hand. This picture was destined for her brother, the Emperor Joseph II., and the Queen ordered two copies of it; one for the Empress of Russia, the other for her apartments at Versailles or at Fontainebleau."

It was at this first sitting that Marie-Antoinette replied to Madame Le Brun in answer to her remark how much *l'élévation de sa tête* added to the nobleness of her aspect, "If I were not Queen, they would say that I have an air of insolence; is not that true?" The supposed haughtiness of the Queen made her an object of hatred to the French people, and the more she dispensed with etiquette and entered into society, the more her unpopularity increased.

In an unpublished memoir of the time, it is stated that the parties at the Duchess of Polignac's gave great offence

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was against the hard words used by a
us provincial that Falconbridge protest-

ds! I was never so bethumped with
words
e I first called my brother's father, Dad."

to a portion of the nobility. The Queen was supposed to preside at these soirées. Those who were not invited were furious, those who were asked and were not sufficiently noticed were malignant. Hence arose those false and cruel libels which spread from the highest to the lowest classes of society. With what result is too well known. One is almost forced to agree with the Greek dramatists that fate is the great agent pervading life. Marie-Antoinette was born on a day of evil omen, *Le jour des Morts*, and there is no record in history of a woman who suffered such prolonged tortures and who endured them so nobly.

Madame Le Brun writes :

" One day it so happened that I failed to appear at the time appointed for my sitting, because, owing to my health being very delicate at the time, I was taken suddenly ill. I hastened the next day to Versailles to make my excuses. The Queen had not expected me, and had ordered her carriage to go for a drive, and this carriage was the first thing I saw on entering the courtyard of the château. Nevertheless, I went up and spoke to the gentlemen-in-waiting. One of them, M. Campan, received me very stiffly, and said angrily, in his stentorian voice : ' It was yesterday, madame, that her Majesty expected you, and of course she is going out driving and she will certainly not give you a sitting.' On my saying that I merely came to take her Majesty's orders for another day, he went to find the Queen, who immediately sent for me into her cabinet. She was finishing her toilette ; and held a book from which she was teaching her daughter, the young madame. My heart beat, for I felt nervous, knowing I had been in the wrong. The Queen turned and said kindly, ' I waited for you all yesterday morning ; what happened to you ?' ' Alas ! madame,' I replied, ' I was so ill that I was unable to attend your Majesty's commands. I come [to-day to receive them, and will leave directly.' ' No ! no ! do not go away,' she rejoined ; ' I will not let you have your journey for nothing.' She countermanded her carriage and gave me a sitting. I recollect that in my anxiety to make amends for her goodness, I seized my box of colors with such haste that I upset them all, and my brushes and paints were strewn over the floor ; I stooped down to repair my awkwardness. ' Let them alone, let them alone,' said the Queen, ' you are not in a condition to stoop ;' and in spite of all that I could say, she picked them all up herself."

In the " Memoirs of the Baroness d'Oberkirch," which are as pleasant as those of Madame Le Brun, many anecdotes are given illustrating Marie-Antoinette's kindness of heart. The Queen in the education of her children endeavored to instil in them kindness and consideration for others.

Madame Le Brun writes :

" The Queen never neglected an opportunity of teaching her children the gracious and affable manners which so endeared her to all who surrounded her. I have seen her making madame, then a child of six years old, dine with little peasant girl, whom she protected, serving her first, and saying to her daughter : ' You must do her the honors.' "

Nothing could be more perfect in theory than an education of this kind, but we fear in practice it resulted in the pride that apes humility ; for Madame d'Oberkirch, who piqued herself on her knowledge of Court etiquette, received the following setting down from the child of *seven*.

Madame d'Oberkirch writes :

" I was struck by the beauty and grace of the child, and accustomed to the freedom of German Courts I said so ; this liberty did not please her ; an expression of anger spread itself over her face as with a proud and dignified air she replied :

" ' I am charmed, baroness, that you think me so ; but I am surprised to hear you say it. I was stunned !"

However, the governess came to the rescue. The gracious and affable princess relented, held out her hand to be kissed, and restored the bewildered baroness to her senses.

Madame Le Brun gives a curious account of the way she was treated by the Princesse de Conti :

" One day whilst Madame de Montesson* was sitting to me, the old Princesse de Conti paid her a visit, and this princess in speaking to me always called me Miss. It made the thing more remarkable that I was immediately expecting the birth of my first child. It is true that formerly all the great ladies so addressed their inferiors, but this fashion had ceased with Louis XV."

Madame Le Brun was passionately fond of the theatre. In the days of her girlhood the opera was her constant resort :

" In the summer the performance finished *at* half past eight, and the most fashionable people left even before it was over to walk in the garden. It was then the custom to carry enormous bouquets, the odor of which, added to that of the strongly scented hair-powder which every one wore, actually embalmed the air that we breathed. Later on, but before the Revolution, I have known these *réunions* prolonged until two o'clock in the morning, with music in

* Mistress of the Duke of Orleans.

n air by moonlight. Many artists and rs sang there, amongst others Garat sevido. It was crowded with people, famous St. Georges often played there riolin."

Comédie Française was then in ry. "The actors were so admi- ' writes Madame Le Brun, "that ave never been excelled." There ost animated description of them se memoirs. She was present at esentation of the "Mariage de ," by the actors of the Comédie ıise at the residence of Count euil, the intimate friend of Marie- ıette. Nothing shows more the ess of the French aristocracy than ncouragement of an author who riting them down.

e last play acted in the theatre at Genne- was a representation of the 'Mariage de ' by the actors of the 'Comédie Fran- I remember that Mademoiselle Sainval the countess, and Mademoiselle Olivier ;e; and that Mademoiselle Contat was ıg as Susanna; nevertheless Beaumar- ıust have worried M. de Vaudreuil into ing such a very doubtful play to be per- at this theatre. Dialogue, couplets, all irected against the Court, of which the :e chiefly consisted, without speaking of ıence of our excellent prince. Every one want of tact; but Beaumarchais was wild light. He rushed about like a madman, some one complaining of the heat, in- f allowing time for the windows to be , he broke all the panes with his cane."

lame d'Oberkirch thinks "that ibility showed a great want of tact plauding it, which was nothing ıan giving themselves a slap in the They will repent it yet." And lid repent it; in a short time the r part of that brilliant audience ı exile or prison. Even the ac- ; were not spared.

lame Roland writes from her pris- ;t before her execution:

rrite this on the 4th of September at at night, the apartments next to me re- ng with peals of laughter. The actresses Théâtre Français were arrested yester- To-day they were taken to their own ents to witness the ceremony of taking seals, and are now returned to prison, the peace officer is supping and amusing f in their company. The repast is noisy olicsome. I catch the sound of coarse vhile foreign wines sparkle in the gob- he place, the object, the persons, and n occupation form a contrast not a little ı."

The rage for theatricals was extreme. Amateur acting was the order of the day. The Queen herself acted, amongst other characters, Rosine in the "Barbier de Séville," but, alas! she acted badly and sang out of tune. The royal princes also acted and sang "spicy" songs; Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII., whilst sitting to Madame Le Brun, sang such vulgar songs that Madame Le Brun wondered where he had learnt them.

Madame Le Brun writes: "His voice was never in tune. 'How do you think I sing?' he asked one day.

"'Like a prince, Monseigneur,' I replied."

A most courtly answer. Royal princes, whether they command an army, sing, fiddle, or shoot, should do it well or not at all. George III., who once took lessons on the violin, abandoned the pursuit when, in answer to a question as to how he was getting on, his master replied, "There are three classes of performers—those who play well, those who play badly, and those who cannot play at all. Your Majesty is just entering the second class." The Prince of Wales also prided himself on his singing, and quarrelled with his chaplain, the witty "Dean" Cannon, because he would not agree with him that he sang a certain song better than any one in London. Another royal duke of the period, who piqued himself on his shooting, having deprived his equerry of half his sight, complained that the wretched unfortunate made such a "fuss about his eye."

As in Edinburgh in the olden time, so in Paris the suppers were the chief charm of society.

"No one can imagine," writes Madame le Brun, "what society was like in France in those days when business was over, and twelve or fifteen people would visit at different friends' houses, and there finish the evening. It was at the suppers that Parisian society showed its superiority over all Europe."

Madame Le Brun's *salon* seems to have been one of the most popular in Paris. Her suppers were merely a simple repast; a fowl, a fish, a dish of vegetables, and a salad; but everybody was gay, good-tempered, and the hours passed like minutes. Here is the account of one which was such a grand success, and it only cost a few francs,

although it was reported to have cost sixty thousand :

" Here, my dear friend, is an exact account of the most brilliant suppers I ever gave :

" One evening I had invited twelve or fifteen friends to hear a reading of the poet Le Brun ; whilst I was resting, before they arrived, my brother read to me some pages of the ' Travels of Anacharsis.' When he reached the part describing Greek dinners, and the different sauces and food they had, he said, ' We ought to try some of those things to-night.' I immediately spoke to my cook and told her what to do, and we decided that she should make one sauce for the fowl, and another for the eels. As I was expecting some very pretty women, I thought we might all dress up in Greek costumes, so as to create a surprise for M. de Vaudreuil and M. Boutin, who we knew could not arrive before ten. My studio, full of things with which I draped my models, provided me with several clothes, and the Comte de Parois, who lodged in my house, had a fine selection of Etruscan vases. He came to see me that day, as it happened ; I informed him of my project, and he brought me a quantity of vases to choose from. I dusted them carefully and placed them on a mahogany table, laid without a cloth. I then placed a large screen behind the chairs, which I concealed by covering it here and there with a drapery, like that which is seen in some of Poussin's paintings. A hanging lamp threw a strong light on the table. At last everything was prepared, even my costumes ; the first to arrive was a daughter of Joseph Vernet, the charming Madame Chalgrin. Immediately I dressed her hair and draped her ; then came Madame de Verneuil, renowned for her beauty ; Madame Vigée, my sister-in-law, who, without being pretty, had the most lovely eyes ; and there they were all three metamorphosed into *bonâ fide* Athenians. Le Brun-Pindare came in ; we took off his powder, and undid his side curls, and on his head I placed a wreath of laurel. The Comte de Parois had a large purple mantle which served for drapery for my poet, and in a twinkling there was Pindare transformed into Anacreon. Then came the Marquis de Cubières ; whilst they went to his house for his guitar, which he had had mounted as a golden lyre, I dressed him also, as well as M. de Rivière (my sister-in-law's brother), Gingueré, and Chaudet, the famous sculptor.

" It was getting late ; I had not much time to think of myself, but as I always wore white tunic-shaped dresses, now called blouses, I only needed a veil and a crown of flowers on my head. I took great pains with my daughter, a charming child, and Mademoiselle de Bonneuil, now Madame Regnault d'Angély, who was very pretty. Both were most graceful to behold, bearing each an antique vase and waiting on us.

" At half past nine the preparations were over, and as soon as we were seated the effect of the arrangement was so novel and picturesque, that we kept rising in turns in order to look at those who were seated. At ten we heard the carriage of the Comte de Vaudreuil and de Boutin, and when these two gentlemen enter the room they found us singing the chorus Gluck, ' The God of Paphos and Guido,' whil M. de Cubières accompanied us on his lyre.

" I never in my life saw two such asto ished faces as those of M. de Vaudreuil and h companion. They were surprised and d lighted, and could hardly tear themselves aw from looking at us, in order to sit down in th places reserved for them. Besides the two dish I have mentioned, we had a cake made of hon and Corinthian grapes, and two plates of veg tables. We did indeed drink that evening a bottle of old Cyprian wine, which I had giv me, but that was our only excess. We sa long time at table, and Le Brun recited seve odes to us. We all spent a most enjoyab evening."

No one had at this time any apprehension of what was coming. Life was a carnival, every one lived for pleasure, and pleasure alone. Every thing was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. There was discontent amongst the people, but no one for an instant imagined that any thing would occur to shake the monarchy to its foundations. France in 1786 was apparently as powerful as ever. She had been victorious in war, she was ruling Holland, building out the sea at Cherbourg, and concluding a commercial treaty with England, which was calculated to restore material prosperity to her people. But the cost of the war to free America had been enormous, seventy millions. And there was this danger : The King of France was in the same situation as the ' Divine Figure from the North ' is now. He had dispensed liberty abroad, and it was demanded at home. The King of France tried concession ; it failed. The Emperor of Russia is using repression it may succeed. In addition to this, the hard winter of 1788–9, combined with the scarcity of corn, exasperated the people to the last degree ; and the most alarming symptoms of popular discontent began to appear. But no one ever then imagined the catastrophe so near.

Madame Le Brun writes :

" About the same time I went to spend a few days at Marly with Madame Auguier, a sister of Madame Campan's, and attached, like herself, to the Queen's household. She had a château and fine park near the weir. One day as we were standing at a window looking on to the court, and from thence to the high road we saw a drunken man enter and fall down. Madame Auguier, with her usual kindness, called to her husband's valet and told him to pick up this unfortunate creature, take him to

:hen and look after him. Soon after :t returned.

'adame is really too kind,' said he; ıan is a scoundrel! here are the papers all from his pocket;' and he placed in ıds several documents, one of which be- h, 'Down with the Royal Family! down : nobles and priests!' then followed rev- ary litanies and a thousand atrocious :ies, drawn up in language which made ıair stand on end. Madame Auguier : village guards called up: four of these ; came, who were desired to take the ray and make inquiries about him; they ı off, but the valet, who followed them ɔme distance, without their knowledge, :m, as soon as they had turned the road, eir prisoner by the arm and dance about g with him as though they were the best ıds. I cannot tell you how this alarmed ıat was to become of us if the civil guard nt itself to the cause of the wicked?

dvised Madame Auguier to show these to the Queen, and a few days after, ɔn duty again, she read them to her maj- ho returned them saying, 'It is impos- at they should meditate such wickedness, ıever believe them capable of it!'

as! subsequent events have shown the of this noble doubt; and, without ag of the august victim who would not in such horrors, poor Madame Auguier was destined to pay for her devotion :r life.

ıis devotion never wavered. In the cruel ɔf the Revolution, knowing the Queen ithout money, she insisted on lending :nty-five louis. The revolutionists heard ıd hastened to the Tuileries to conduct prison, or in other words to the guillo- On seeing them coming furiously toward h menaces on their lips, Madame Au- ɔreferred speedy death to the agony of into their hands; she threw herself out window and was killed."

: soldiers and police were not to pended on. In fact the extin- :rs were on fire and the revolution- ere emboldened to proceed to ex- ies. The famous 'Maison du the descendants of the heroes who urned the tide of battle at Stein- nd Fontenoy, had been disbanded ancial reasons. The Swiss regi- were alone to be depended on, ɔught for their master nobly but n.

dame Le Brun writes:

e dreadful year of 1789 had begun, and ıd taken possession of all wise minds. :mber in particular one evening, having some friends to hear some music, that ater part of them arrived with conster- depicted on their faces; they had been orning to Longchamps; the populace, ıled at the Barrière de l'Etoile, had frightfully all those who were in car- riages; some wretches got out on the steps of the carriages, crying out, 'Next year you will be behind your coaches and we shall be inside!' This and many other still worse remarks they were exposed to."

In October, after the King and Queen were dragged to Paris by the triumphant populace, Madame Le Brun sought safety in flight—luckily for herself, as the favorite of royalty would have probably shared the fate of so many of her friends.

On her way to Italy,

"I had opposite me in the diligence a man extremely dirty and unpleasantly odorous, who told me very coolly that he had stolen watches and other articles of value. Fortunately he saw nothing on me to tempt him; for I had only a little linen with me and eighty louis for my journey; all my trinkets I had left at Paris. The thief, not content with relating these acts of prowess, spoke continually about hanging such and such person, naming several people of my acquaintance. My little girl was so frightened at the man's manner and conversation that I took courage to say to him, 'Sir, I beg of you, do not speak of murder before this child.' He was silenced, and ended by having a game of play with her."

It was in Italy that Madame Le Brun heard the details of the horrors in Paris, of the death of so many dear friends. It is a curious fact that the only person guillotined who showed signs of fear was Madame du Barry, the celebrated mistress of Louis XV.

Madame Le Brun writes:

"She is the only woman, amongst the numbers who perished in those days, who was unable to face the scaffold; she wept, she implored mercy from the horrible crowd which surrounded her, and that crowd was so affected that the executioner hastened to put an end to her agony. I am convinced that had the victims of that awful time not died so courageously, the Terror would have ceased much sooner. Men whose intellects are not fully developed have too little imagination to feel touched by internal suffering, and the pity of the populace was more easily aroused than its admiration."

It is singular that the screams of Madame du Barry should have produced more effect on the bloodthirsty populace than the sight mentioned by De Tocqueville of a tumbril full of noble ladies being dragged to the place of execution who were looking as serene and tranquil as if they were going "*à la messe.*"

On her arrival in Rome Madame Le Brun was warmly received by her friends.

"The Abbé Maury came to tell me that the Pope wished me to take his portrait. I greatly desired to do so, but it was necessary that I should be veiled whilst painting his Holiness, and the fear that under the circumstances I should not be able to do justice to my subject compelled me to decline this honor. I was very sorry about it, for Pius VI. was one of the handsomest men I had seen."

The French nobility flying from the Revolution were now arriving in Rome. There were also many distinguished ladies from different countries who sat to Madame Le Brun for their portraits. Miss Pitt, the daughter of Lord Camelford, afterward Lady Grenville, who only died the other day at an advanced age, then sixteen and very pretty, was painted as "Hebe on clouds, holding a goblet in her hand, from which an eagle was drinking."

Madame Le Brun writes:

"At the same time I took the portrait of a Polish lady, the Countess Potoçki. She came to me with her husband, and when he had left us, she coolly observed, 'It is my third husband; but I think I shall take up with my first again, who suited me better, although he is a regular scamp.'"

Will the ties of marriage ever become as loose in England? We really are in fear. Only the other day three thousand Norfolk farmers were seized with a burning desire to marry their wives' sisters,* and this at a time of agricultural depression! They will surely go farther when the good old times return. And their petition to Parliament was presented in such cold weather! Sydney Smith had an idea that people were more moral in the winter than the summer: heat made their virtue ooze out of their fingers' ends. As an illustration of this he once † called out to Mrs. Norton at a large dinner-party, "If this hot weather lasts we must give up port wine and marriage, and addict ourselves to sherbet and polygamy." A woman with three husbands alive must have such delightful reminiscences! We were reading the other day about Lady Hanmer, the wife of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Speaker, who ran off with Tom Hervey. Sir Thomas did not care much about that, but he was horribly disgusted with Tom, who kept on writing letter after letter to him about "*our* wife." three proprietors of Madame F must have had moments of strang plexity about *their* wife.

Another of Madame Le Brui quaintances had escaped from th ons of Paris and arrived at Rom is described by her friend, Horac pole, as "the pretty, little, Duchesse de Fleury," who seem Madame Potoçki, to have had re husbands always in waiting.

It is of this lady that Mada Brun relates the following an "Before the return of the Bou having occasion one day to vis Emperor Napoleon, he said brusquely, 'Do you still love 'Yes, sire, when they are polit replied."

The Bonapartes were not polit the readers of these Memoirs wi trast the insolent manner of M Murat, when sitting for her port Madame Le Brun, with the gracio of Marie-Antoinette.

At Naples Madame Le Bru Lady Hamilton, and speaks with v at the facility she had of expres her features either joy or sorrow, imitating different persons.

"One moment she would be a de Bacchante with animated eyes, and hai order, then all at once her face would sorrow, and you saw a beautiful re Magdalen."

At Vienna, as in every other in Europe, Madame Le Brun w ceived in the highest society. An other friends she was very kindly t by Prince Kaunitz, the celebrated ister of Maria-Theresa. The was then in his eighty-third year was a man of the most singular and prejudices. Madame Le Bru invited to see him ride, which the imagined that he did better tha one.

Madame Le Brun writes:

"He rode like a Frenchman, his costu figure reminded me of the cavaliers of t of Louis XIV., such as we see them rep ed in the beautiful pictures of Wouverm

Although so old, he would ne low the passage to the other world mentioned in his presence. The no such thing as death. When M Theresa died the event was anno

* Lord Palmerston said the great advantage of this kind of marriage would be that it required only one mother-in-law.

† From a note-book.

:e thus, " The Empress signs
He was always very inde-
his manner with Maria-
)ne day her Majesty began
m about his scandalous mode
ıe Prince promptly replied,
ıere to talk about your Maj-
rs, not about my own."
: Brun frequently dined with
ımmitted the most atrocious
st can commit : she would
d not, eat any thing, which
annoyed the Prince. We
:ther she was witness to that
operation after dinner which
by Swinburne in his ' Courts
:

ner the Prince treated us with the
s gums—one of the most nauseous
ever witnessed ; and it lasted a
ng time, accompanied with all
ıises. He carries a hundred im-
is pocket for this purpose, such
ll sorts for seeing before and be-
, a whetting steel for his knife,
d the steel with, knives and scis-
number, and cottons and lawns
eyes. His whims are innumer-
allusive to the mortality of human
ver be rung in his ears. To men-
-pox is enough to knock him up
. The other day he sent a favor-
:at as a present to an aunt of his,
ter her decease, and would not
t but for a blundering servant,
it to him."

Le Brun's account of the
:iety in Russia during the
: of the Empress Catherine,
l reign of Paul, are peculiar-
g at the present time.
Le Brun writes :

extremely ugly. A flat nose,
ge mouth, full of long teeth, made
a death's-head."

Memoirs of Madame d'Ober-
) accompanied Paul and his
fe to Paris, when they visit-
s the Comte and Comtesse
ıe character of the unfortu-
is drawn in favorable colors,
dvent to the throne it is clear
d was unhinged.
Le Brun writes :

nade me witness a rather curious
placed a screen behind the Em-
o have a stationary background.
the pauses, Paul began to cut all
, like a monkey : scratching at
d pretending to climb over it ;
ted some time. Alexander and
Constantine were evidently grieved at seeing their father behave in such an extraordinary manner before a stranger, and it made me very uncomfortable also."

Madame Le Brun was at Moscow when the murder of Paul was accomplished. At midnight on the 24th of March, in the midst of a group of people, a young noble pulled out his watch, and said, " It must be over now." It was over. Five conspirators, headed by Zouboff, the lover of the Empress Catherine, had entered Paul's sleeping apartment, and murdered him after a desperate resistance.

Madame Le Brun writes :

" His body was embalmed and exposed for six weeks on a state bed, the face uncovered and very little decomposed, for they had put on rouge. The Empress Maria, his widow, went every day and prayed beside this funeral couch ; she took her two youngest sons, Nicholas and Michael, with her, who were of such tender years that the former asked her once ' why papa was always asleep ?' "

What a reminiscence for the Emperor Nicholas ?

In 1802 Madame Le Brun paid a visit to England, where she was received with the utmost distinction. Madame Le Brun seems to have found society in London like its climate, rather dull and oppressive. We give an extract from her journal respecting the great actress of the time. Madame Le Brun was an excellent critic, and her opinion will perhaps convince some doubters who imagine that the acting of the Kembles was conventional and unnatural :

" I was more fortunate with Mrs. Siddons, whose visit I did not lose ; I had seen this celebrated actress for the first time in the ' Gamester,' and I cannot express the pleasure with which I applauded her. I do not believe it possible for any one to possess greater talent for the stage than Mrs. Siddons had ; all the English were unanimous in praising her perfect and natural style. The tone of her voice was enchanting ; that of Mademoiselle Mars alone at all resembling it ; and what above all, to my mind, constituted the great tragedian was the eloquence of her silence."

We have now concluded, although we fear imperfectly, the agreeable task of reviewing such a book as this. It may be gossiping, but then how dull history would be without its gossip. Where did Macaulay procure his wonderful historical portraits but from memoirs like these. From those of Saint-Simon, Grammont, Pepys, and Dangeau

were produced the life-like characters of Charles II. and Louis XIV. So the future historian will from these 'Souvenirs' obtain a picturesque description of that charming society which existed in France in the ancient days. How France has suffered since 1789! Three times has her capital been occupied by foreign armies. Revolution has followed revolution. In 1870 her end seemed at hand. But that is not to be. Always falling over like a tumbler pigeon, how rapidly she resumes her flight! The pleasure of this revival to Englishmen is not marred by envy. We are indebted to France for many pleasures of our life, and there is no greater pleasure than in reading the manners and customs of bygone times written in the style of that accomplished artist, Madame Vigée Le Brun.—*Temple Bar.*

HALF-HEARTED.

If I could love thee, Love, a little more,
If thy fair love outlived the brief sweet rose—
If in my golden field were all thy store,
And all my joy within thy garden close—
Then would I pray my heart to be full fond
Forever, and a little bit beyond.

If daffodil and primrose were not frail,
If snowdrop died not ere the dying day—
If I were true as Daphnis in the tale,
If thou couldst love as Juliet in the play—
Then would I teach my heart to be full fond
Forever, and a little bit beyond.

But since I fear I am but wayward true,
And wayward false, fair love, thou seem'st to be—
Since I some day must sigh for something new,
And each day thou for life's monotony—
Prithee, stay here ere yet we grow too fond,
And let me pass a little bit beyond.

Blackwood's Magazine.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER V.

A BRAVE CAREER.

BUT when we went on deck the next morning we forgot all about the detestable person who was about to break in upon our peace (there was small chance that our faithful Angus Sutherland might encounter the snake in this summer paradise, and trample on him, and pitch him out; for this easy way of getting rid of disagreeable folk is 'not permitted in the Highlands now-a-days) as we looked on the beautiful bay shining all around us.

"Dear me!" said Denny-mains, "if Tom Galbraith could only see that now! It is a great peety he has never been to this place. I'm thinking I must write to him."

The Laird did not remember that we had an artist on board—one who, if she was not so great an artist as Mr. Galbraith had at least exhibited one or two small landscapes in oil at the Royal Academy. But then the Academicians, though they might dread the contrast between their own work and that of Tom Galbraith, could have no fear of Mary Avon.

And even Mr. Galbraith himself might have been puzzled to find among his pigments any equivalent for the rare and

clear colors of this morning scene as now we sailed away from Bunessan with a light topsail breeze. How blue the day was—blue skies, blue seas, a faint transparent blue along the cliffs of Bourg and Gribun, a darker blue where the far Ru-Treshanish ran out into the sea, a shadow of blue to mark where the caves of Staffa retreated from the surface of the sun-brown rocks! And here, nearer at hand, the warmer colors of the shore —the soft, velvety olive-greens of the moss and breckan; the splashes of lilac where the rocks were bare of herbage; the tender sunny reds where the granite promontories ran out to the sea; the beautiful cream whites of the sandy bays! Here, too, are the islands again as we get out into the open—Gometra, with its one white house at the point; and Inch Kenneth, where the seals show their shining black heads among the shallows; and Erisgeir and Colonsay, where the skarts alight to dry their wings on the rocks; and Staffa, and Lunga, and the Dutchman, lying peaceful enough now on the calm blue seas. We have time to look at them, for the wind is slight, and the broad-beamed *White Dove* is not a quick sailer in a light breeze. The best part of the forenoon is over before we find ourselves opposite to the gleaming white sands of the northern bays of Iona.

"But surely both of us together will be able to make him stay longer than ten days," says the elder of the two women to the younger—and you may be sure she was not speaking of East Wind.

Mary Avon looks up with a start; then looks down again—perhaps with the least touch of color in her face—as she says hurriedly—

"Oh, I think you will. He is your friend. As for me—you see—I—I scarcely know him."

"Oh, Mary," says the other reproachfully. "You have been meeting him constantly all these two months; you must know him better than any of us. I am sure I wish he was on board now—he could tell us all about the geology of the islands, and what not. It will be delightful to have somebody on board who knows something."

Such is the gratitude of women!—and the Laird had just been describing to her some further points of the famous heresy-case.

"And then he knows Gaelic!" says the elder woman. "He will tell us what all the names of the islands mean."

"Oh, yes," says the younger one, "he understands Gaelic very well, though he cannot speak much of it."

"And I think he is very fond of boats," remarks our hostess.

"Oh, exceedingly — exceedingly!" says the other, who, if she does not know Angus Sutherland, seems to have picked up some information about him somehow. "You cannot imagine how he has been looking forward to sailing with you; he has scarcely had any holiday for years."

"Then he must stay longer than ten days," says the elder woman; adding with a smile, "you know, Mary, it is not the number of his patients that will hurry him back to London."

"Oh, but I assure you," says Miss Avon seriously, "that he is not at all anxious to have many patients—as yet! Oh, no!—I never knew any one who was so indifferent about money. I know he would live on bread and water—if that were necessary—to go on with his researches. He told me himself that all the time he was at Leipsic his expenses were never more than 1*l.* a week."

She seemed to know a good deal about the circumstances of this young F.R.S.

"Look at what he has done with those anæsthetics," continues Miss Avon. "Isn't it better to find out something that does good to the whole world than give yourself up to making money by wheedling a lot of old women?" This estimate of the physician's art was not flattering.

"But," she says warmly, "if the Government had any sense, that is just the sort of man they would put in a position to go on with his invaluable work. And Oxford and Cambridge, with all their wealth, they scarcely even recognize the noblest profession that a man can devote himself to—when even the poor Scotch Universities and the Universities all over Europe have always had their medical and scientific chairs. I think it is perfectly disgraceful!"

Since when had she become so strenuous an advocate of the endowment of research?

"Why, look at Dr. Sutherland—when he is burning to get on with his own proper work—when his name is beginning to be known all over Europe—he has to fritter away his time in editing a scientific magazine and in those hospital lectures. And that, I suppose, is barely enough to live on. But I know," she says, with decision, "that in spite of every thing—I know that before he is five-and-thirty, he will be President of the British Association."

Here, indeed, is a brave career for the Scotch student: cannot one complete the sketch as it roughly exists in the minds of those two women?

At twenty-one, B.M. of Edinburgh.

At twenty-six, F.R.S.

At thirty, Professor of Biology at Oxford: the chair founded through the intercession of the women of Great Britain.

At thirty-five, President of the British Association.

At forty, a baronetcy, for further discoveries in the region of anæsthetics.

At forty-five, consulting physician to half the gouty gentlemen of England, and amassing an immense fortune.

At fifty——

Well, at fifty, is it not time that "the poor Scotch student," now become great and famous and wealthy, should look around for some beautiful princess to share his high estate with him? He has not had time before to think of such matters. But what is this now? Is it that microscopes and test-tubes have dimmed his eyes? Is it that honors and responsibilities have silvered his hair? Or, is the drinking deep of the Pactolus stream a deadly poison? There is no beautiful princess awaiting him anywhere. He is alone among his honors. There was once a beautiful princess—beautiful-souled and tender-eyed, if not otherwise too lovely—awaiting him among the Western Seas; but that time is over and gone many a year ago. The opportunity has passed. Ambition called him away, and he left her; and the last he saw of her was when he bade good-by to the *White Dove*.

What have we to do with these idle dreams? We are getting within sight of Iona village now; and the sun is shining on the green shores, and on the ruins of the old cathedral, and on that white house just above the corn-field? And as there is no good anchorage about the island, we have to make in for a little creek on the Mull side of the Sound, called Polterriv, or the Bull-hole; and this creek is narrow, tortuous, and shallow; and a yacht drawing eight feet of water has to be guided with some circumspection—especially if you go up to the inner harbor above the rock called the Little Bull. And so we make inquiries of John of Skye, who has not been with us here before. It is even hinted that if he is not quite sure of the channel, we might send the gig over to Iona for John Macdonald, who is an excellent pilot.

"John Macdonald!" exclaims John of Skye, whose professional pride has been wounded. "Will John Macdonald be doing any thing more than I wass do myself in the Bull-hole—ay, last year—— last year I will tek my own smack out of the Bull-hole at the norse end, and ferry near low water, too; and her deep-loaded? Oh yes, I will be knowing the Bull-hole this many a year."

And John of Skye is as good as his word. Favored by a flood-tide, we steal gently into the unfrequented creek, behind the great rocks of red granite; and so extraordinarily clear is the water that, standing upright on the deck, we can see the white sand of the bottom with shoals of young saithe darting this way and that. And then just as we get opposite an opening in the rocks, through which we can descry the northern shores of Iona, and above those the blue peak of the Dutchman, away goes the anchor with a short, quick rush; her head swings round to meet the tide; the *White Dove* is safe from all the winds that blow. Now lower away the gig, boys, and bear us over the blue waters of the Sound!

"I am really afraid to begin," Mary Avon says, as we remonstrate with her for not having touched a color-tube since she started. "Besides, you know, I scarcely look on it that we have really set out yet. This is only a sort of shaking ourselves into our places; I am only getting accustomed to the ways of our cabin now. I shall scarcely consider

: have started on our real voyag-
:il——"
yes, we know very well. Until
e got Angus Sutherland on-board
hat she really said was, after
ıesitation :
—until we set out for the northern
les."
r it's a good thing to feel nervous
ɔeginning," says the Laird, as the
weep of the four oars brings us
and nearer to the Iona shores.
ve often heard Tom Galbraith
t to the younger men. He says if a
man is over-confident, he'll come
ıing. But there was a good one
e heard Galbraith tell about a
man that was pentin at Tarbert—
Tarbert on Loch Fyne, Miss
Ay, well, he was pentin away,
was putting in the young lass of
ıse as a fisher-lass ; and he asked
ihe could not get a creel to strap
back, as a background for her
/e know. Well, says she——"
: the fierce humor of the story
to bubble up in the Laird's blue-
/es. We were all half laughing al-
It was impossible to resist the
f delight on the Laird's face.
ys she—just as pat as ninepence
she, 'it's your ain head that
a creel !' "
explosion was inevitable. The
laughter at this good one was so
ɔus that a subdued smile played
he rugged features of John of
" *It's your ain head that wants*
:" the Laird laughed, and laugh-
in, until the last desperately sup-
l sounds were something like *kee!*
ee! Even Mary Avon pretended
erstand.
ıere was a real good one," says
/iously overjoyed to have so ap-
ive an audience, " that I mind of
ɜ in the Dean's *Reminiscences*. It
ɔout an old leddy in Edinburgh
ıet in a shop a young officer she
en before. He was a tall young
ınd she eyed him from head to
and says she—ha ! ha !—says
Od, ye're a lang lad: God gie
ce.' Dry—very dry—wasn't it ?
was real humor in that—a pawky
that people in the South cannot
tand at all. '*Od,*' says she,
a lang lad: God grant ye grace.'
There was a great dale of character in
that."

We were sure of it ; but still we pre-
ferred the Laird's stories about Homesh.
We invariably liked best the stories at
which the Laird laughed most—whether
we quite understood their pawky humor
or not.

" Dr. Sutherland has a great many
stories about the Highlanders, " says
Miss Avon timidly ; " they are very
amusing."

" As far as I have observed," remark-
ed the Laird—for how could he relish
the notion of having a rival anecdote-
monger on board ?—" as far as I have
observed, the Highland character is en-
tirely without humor. Ay, I have heard
Tom Galbraith say that very often, and
he has been everywhere in the High-
lands."

" Well, then," says Mary Avon, with
a quick warmth of indignation in her
face—how rapidly those soft dark eyes
could change their expression !—" I
hope Mr. Galbraith knows more about
painting than he knows about the High-
landers ! I thought that anybody who
knows any thing knows that the Celtic
nature is full of imagination, and humor,
and pathos, and poetry ; and the Saxon
—the Saxon !—it is his business to plod
over ploughed fields, and be as dull and
commonplace as the other animals he
sees there !"

Gracious goodness !—here was a tem-
pest ! The Laird was speechless ; for,
indeed, at this moment we bumped
against the sacred shores—that is to say,
the landing-slip of Iona ; and had to
scramble on to the big stones. Then
we walked up and past the cottages, and
through the potato-field, and past the
white inn, and so to the hallowed shrine
and its graves of the kings. We spent
the whole of the afternoon there.

When we got back to the yacht and
to dinner we discovered that a friend
had visited us in our absence, and had
left of his largesse behind him—nastur-
tiums and yellow-and-white pansies, and
what not—to say nothing of fresh milk
and crisp, delightful lettuce. We drank
his health.

Was it the fear of some one breaking
in on our domestic peace that made that
last evening among the western islands
so lovely to us ? We went out in the

gig after dinner; the Laird put forth his engines of destruction to encompass the innocent lythe; we heard him humming the "Haughs o' Cromdale" in the silence. The wonderful glory of that evening—Iona become an intense olive-green against the gold and crimson of the sunset; the warm light shining along the red granite of western Mull. Then the yellow moon rose in the south—into the calm violet-hued vault of the heavens; and there was a golden fire on the ripples and on the wet blades of the oars as we rowed back with laughter and singing.

"Sing tántara! Sing tántara!
Sing tántara! Sing tántara!
Said he, the Highland army rues
That e'er they came to Cromdale!"

And then, next morning, we were up at five o'clock. If we were going to have a tooth pulled, why not have the little interview over at once? East Wind would be waiting for us at Castle Osprey.

Blow, soft westerly breeze, then, and bear us down by Fion-phort, and round the granite Ross—shining all a pale red in the early dawn. And here is Ardalanish Point; and there, as the morning goes by, are the Carsaig arches, and then Loch Buy, and finally the blue Firth of Lorn. Northward, now, and still northward—until, far away, the white house shining amidst the firs, and the flag fluttering in the summer air. Have they descried us, then? Or is the bunting hoisted in honor of guests? The pale cheek of Mary Avon tells a tale as she descries that far signal; but that is no business of ours. Perhaps it is only of her uncle that she is thinking.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR NEW GUESTS.

BEHOLD, now!—this beautiful garden of Castle Osprey all ablaze in the sun—the roses, pansies, poppies, and what not bewildering our eyes after the long looking at the blue water; and, in the midst of the brilliant paradise—just as we had feared—the snake! He did not scurry away at our approach, as snakes are wont to do; or raise his horrent head, and hiss. The fact is, we found him comfortably seated under a drooping ash, smoking. He rose and explained that he had strolled up from the shore to await our coming. He did not seem to notice that Mary Avon, as she came along, had to walk slowly, and was leaning on the arm of the Laird.

Certainly nature had not been bountiful to this tall, spare person who had now come among us. At first sight he looked almost like an albino—his yellow-white, closely-cropped head; a certain raw appearance of the face, as if perpetual east winds had chafed the skin; and weak gray eyes that seemed to fear the light. But the albino look had nothing to do with the pugilist's jaw and the broken nose, and the general hang-dog scowl about the mouth. For the rest, Mr. Smethurst seemed desirous of making up for those unpleasant features which nature had bestowed upon him by a studied air of self-possession, and by an extreme precision of dress. Alack and well-a-day!. these laudable efforts were of little avail. Nature was too strong for him. The assumption of a languid and indifferent air was not quite in consonance with the ferrety gray eyes and the bull-dog mouth; the precision of his costume only gave him the look of a well-dressed groom, or a butler gone on the turf. There was not much grateful to the sight about Mr. Frederick Smethurst.

But were we to hate the man for being ugly? Despite his raw face, he might have the white soul of an angel. And in fact we knew absolutely nothing against his private character or private reputation, except that he had been blackballed at a London club in bygone days; and even of that little circumstance our women-folk were not aware. However, there was no doubt at all that a certain coldness—apparent to us who knew her well—characterized the manner of this small lady who now went up and shook hands with him, and declared—unblushingly—that she was so glad he had run up to the Highlands.

"And you know," said she, with that charming politeness which she would show to the arch-fiend himself if he were properly introduced to her, "you know, Mr. Smethurst, that yachting is such an uncertain thing, one never knows when one may get back; but if you could spare a few days to take a run with us, you would see what a ca-

.riner Mary has become, and I am would be a great pleasure to us." :se were actually her words. She d them without the least tremor of tion. She looked him straight in ce with those clear innocent, con- eyes of hers. How could the tell that she was wishing him at o?

l it was in silence that we waited r our doom pronounced. A yacht- ip with this intolerable Jonah on ! The sunlight went out of the the blue went out of the sky and eas; the world was filled with , and chaos, and East Wind!

igine, then, the sudden joy with we heard of our deliverance! r it was not the raucous voice of rick Smethurst, but a sound of er bells.

)h, thank you," he said, in his af- .ly indifferent way; "but the fact iave run up to see Mary only on a matter of business, and I must get at once. Indeed, I purpose leav- r the Dalmally coach in the after- Thank you very much, though; ps some other time I may be more iate."

w we had wronged this poor man! ited him no longer. On the con- great grief was expressed over his ture; and he was begged at least y that one evening. No doubt he eard of Dr. Angus Sutherland, who iade such discoveries in the use of hetics? Dr. Sutherland was com- y the afternoon steamer. Would e stay and meet him at dinner?

r tears broke out afresh—meta- :ally—when East Wind persisted ; intention of departure; but of e compulsion was out of the ques- And so we allowed him to go in- house, to have that business in- w with his niece.

poor crayture!" remarked the confidently, forgetting that he was g of a friend of ours. "Why does t speak out like a man, instead of ing and dawdling? His accent is isufferable."

And what business can he have with ?" says our sovereign lady sharply t as if a man with a raw skin and r-white hair must necessarily be a ocket. "He was the trustee of that little fortune of hers, I know; but that is all over. She got the money when she came of age. What can he want to see her about now?"

We concerned ourselves not with that. It was enough for us that the snake was about to retreat from our summer paradise of his own free will and pleasure. And Angus Sutherland was coming; and the provisioning of the yacht had to be seen to; for to-morrow—to-morrow we spread our white wings again and take flight to the far north!

Never was parting guest so warmly speeded. We concealed our tears as the coach rolled away. We waved a hand to him. And then, when it was suggested that the wagonette that had brought Mary Avon down from Castle Osprey might just as well go along to the quay—for the steamer bringing Dr. Sutherland would be in shortly—and when we actually did set out in that direction, there was so little grief on our faces that you could not have told we had been bidding farewell to a valued friend and relative.

Now if our good-hearted Laird had had a grain of jealousy in his nature, he might well have resented the manner in which these two women spoke of the approaching guest. In their talk the word "he" meant only one person. "He" was sure to come by this steamer. "He" was so punctual in his engagements. Would he bring a gun or a rod; or would the sailing be enough amusement for him? What a capital thing it was for him to be able to take an interest in some such out-of-door exercise, as a distraction to the mind! And so forth, and so forth. The Laird heard all this, and his expectations were no doubt rising and rising. Forgetful of his disappointment on first seeing Mary Avon, he was in all likelihood creating an imaginary figure of Angus Sutherland—and, of course, this marvel of erudition and intellectual power must be a tall, wan, pale person, with the travail of thinking written in lines across the spacious brow. The Laird was not aware that for many a day after we first made the acquaintance of the young Scotch student he was generally referred to in our private conversation as "Brose."

And, indeed, the Laird did stare con-

siderably when he saw—elbowing his way through the crowd and making for us with a laugh of welcome on the fresh-colored face—a stout-set, muscular, blue-eyed, sandy-haired, good-humored-looking, youngish man; who, instead of having any thing Celtic about his appearance, might have been taken for the son of a south-country farmer. Our young Doctor was carrying his own portmanteau, and sturdily shoving his way through the porters who would fain have seized it.

"I am glad to see you, Angus," said our queen-regent, holding out her hand; and there was no ceremonial politeness in that reception—but you should have seen the look in her eyes!

Then he went on the wagonette.

"How do you do, Miss Avon?" said he, quite timidly, like a school-boy. He scarcely glanced up at her face, which was regarding him with a very pleasant welcome; he seemed relieved when he had to turn and seize his portmanteau again. Knowing that he was rather fond of driving, our mistress and admiral-in-chief offered him the reins, but he declined the honor; Mary Avon was sitting in front. "Oh no, thank you," said he quite hastily, and with something uncommonly like a blush. The Laird, if he had been entertaining any feeling of jealousy, must have been reassured. This doctor-fellow was no formidable rival. He spoke very little—he only listened—as we drove away to Castle Osprey. Mary Avon was chatting briskly and cheerfully, and it was to the Laird that she addressed that running fire of nonsense and merry laughter.

But the young Doctor was greatly concerned when, on our arrival at Castle Osprey, he saw Mary Avon helped down with much care, and heard the story of the sprain.

"Who bandages your ankle?" said he at once, and without any shyness now.

"I do it myself," said she cheerfully. "I can do it well enough."

"Oh no, you cannot!" said he abuptly; "a person stooping cannot. The bandage should be as tight, and as smooth, as the skin of a drum. You must let some one else do that for you."

And he was disposed to resent this walking about in the garden before dinner. What business had she to trifle with such a serious matter as a sprai[n]? And a sprain which was the recall of [an] older sprain. "Did she wish to be la[me] for life?" he asked sharply.

Mary Avon laughed, and said t[hat] worse things than that had befallen p[eo]ple. He asked her whether she fo[und] any pleasure in voluntary martyrdo[m]; she blushed a little, and turned to [the] Laird.

The Laird was at this moment la[ying] before us the details of a most giga[ntic] scheme. It appeared that the inha[bit]ants of Strathgovan, not content with a steam fire-engine, were talking about having a public park—actually propo[s]ing to have a public park, with beds [of] flowers, and iron seats; and, to crow[n] all, a gymnasium, where the youths o[f] the neighborhood might twirl themselve[s] on the gay trapèze to their hearts' con-[e]nt. And where the subscriptions were to come from; and what were the hardiest plants for borders; and whether the gymnasium should be furnished with ropes or with chains—these matters were weighing heavily on the mind of our good friend of Denny-mains. Angus Sutherland relapsed into silence, and gazed absently at a tree-fuchsia that stood by.

"It is a beautiful tree, is it not?" ["] said a voice beside him—that of our [ir] midge-like empress.

He started.

"Oh yes," he said cheerfully. "[I] I was thinking I should like to live the[se] life of a tree like that, dying in the win[-] ter, you know, and being quite imper[-]vious to frost, and snow, and hard[-]d weather; and then, as soon as the fine[-]me warm spring and summer came round, [a]d, coming to life again and spreading your[-]self out to feel all the sunlight and the[-]h warm winds. That must be a capita[l] life."

"But do you really think they can[-]a feel that? Why, you must believe tha[t] those trees and flowers are alive!"

"Does anybody doubt it?" said he quite simply. "They are certainly [I] alive. Why——"

And here he bethought himself for [a] moment.

"If I only had a good microscope now," said he eagerly, "I would show you the life of a plant directly—in every cell of it: did you never see the con-

fe in each cell—the motion of
›rophyll granules circling and cir-
ght and day? Did no one ever
›u that?"

no one had ever shown us that.
r now and again have entertain-
:ls unawares; but we were not
stumbling against Fellows of the
›ociety.

en I must borrow one some-
' said he decisively, "and show
secret life of even the humblest
ıat exists. And then look what
ıife it is, in the case of the pe-
plants. Did you ever think of
Those great trees in the Yosemite
-they were alive and feeling the
unlight and the winds about them
ılfred was hiding in the marshes;
:y were living the same undisturb-
when Charles the First had his
ıopped off; and they were living
ıace and quietness—when all Eu-
ıd to wake up and stamp out the
onic pest; and they are alive
d quite careless of the little crea-
hat come to span out their cir-
ence, and ticket them, and give
diculous names. Had any of the
:hs a life as long as that?"

Laird eyed this young man as-
There was something uncanny
ıim. What might not he say when
e northern solitudes to which we
oing—the great Semple heresy-
ıs brought on for discussion?

at dinner the Laird got on very
th our new guest; for the latter
l most respectfully when Denny-
was demonstrating the exceeding
and strength, and fitness of the
used in the south of Scotland.
ıdeed the Laird was generous.
nitted that there were blemishes.
:precated the introduction of
words; and gave us a much
list of those aliens than usually
; in books. What about *conjee*
e-vee, and *fracaw* as used by
children and old wives?

ı after dinner—at nine o'clock
nderful glow of the summer even-
; still filling the drawing-room—
ırd must needs have Mary Avon
› him. It was not a custom of
She rarely would sing a song of
pose. The linnet sings all day—
you do not watch her; but she
t sing if you go and ask.

However, on this occasion, her hostess went to the piano, and sat down to play the accompaniment; and Mary Avon stood beside her, and sang, in rather a low voice—but it was tender enough—some modern version of the old ballad of the Queen's Maries. What were the words? These were of them, anyway:

"*Yestreen the Queen had four Maries;*
This night she'll hae but three:
There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me."

But indeed, if you had seen that graceful slim figure—clad all in black velvet, with the broad band of gold fringe round the neck—and the small, shapely, smoothly-brushed head above the soft swathes of white muslin—and if you had caught a glimpse of the black eyelashes drooping outward from the curve of the pale cheek—and if you had heard the tender, low voice of Mary Avon, you might have forgotten about the Queen's Maries altogether.

And then Dr. Sutherland: the Laird was determined—in true Scotch fashion—that everybody who could not sing should be goaded to sing.

"Oh, well," said the young man, with a laugh, "you know a student in Germany must sing whether he can or not. And I learned there to smash out something like an accompaniment also."

And he went to the piano without more ado, and did smash out an accompaniment. And if his voice was rather harsh?—well, we should have called it raucous in the case of the East Wind, but we only called it manly and strenuous when it was Angus Sutherland who sang. And it was a manly song, too—a fitting song for our last night on shore, the words hailing from the green woods of Fuinary, the air an air that had many a time been heard among the western seas. It was the song of the Biorlinn* that he sang to us; we could hear the brave chorus and the splash of the long oars:

"*Send the biorlinn on careering!*
Cheerily and all together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!

* *Biorlinn*—that is, a rowing-boat. The word is pronounced *byurlen*.

" Give her way and show her wake
'Mid showering spray and curling eddies—
Ho, ro, clansmen !
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen !"

Do we not hear now the measured stroke in the darkness of the morning? The water springs from her bows; one by one the headlands are passed. But, lo! the day is breaking; the dawn will surely bring a breeze with it; and then the sail of the gallant craft will bear her over the seas:

" Another cheer, our Isle appears !
Our biorlinn bears her on the faster—
Ho, ro, clansmen !
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen !

" Ahead she goes ! the land she knows !
Behold ! the snowy shores of Canna—
Ho, ro, clansmen !
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen !"

A long, strong pull together indeed: who could resist joining in the thunder of the chorus? And we were bound for Canna, too; this was our last night on shore.

Our last night on shore. In such circumstances one naturally has a glance round at the people with whom one is to be brought into such close contact for many and many a day. But in this particular case, what was the use of speculating, or grumbling, or remonstrating? There is a certain household that is ruled with a rod of iron. And if the mistress of that household chose to select as her summer companions a " shilpit bit thing," and a hard-headed, ambitious Scotch student, and a parochial magnate haunted by a heresy-case, how dared one object? There is such a thing as peace and quietness.

But however unpromising the outlook might be, do we not know the remark that is usually made by that hard-worked officer, the chief mate, when, on the eve of a voyage, he finds himself confronted by an unusually mongrel crew? He regards those loafers and outcasts—from the Bowery, and Ratcliffe Highway, and the Broomielaw—Greeks, niggers, and Mexicans—with a critical and perhaps scornful air, and forthwith proceeds to address them in the following highly polished manner:

" By etcetera-etcetera, you are an etceteraed rum-looking lot; but etcet etcetera me *if I don't lick you into sh before we get to Rio.*"

And so—good-night!—and let all g people pray for fair skies and a favo breeze! And if there is any song t heard in our dreams, let it be the of the Queen's Maries—in the low, der voice of Mary Avon:

" There was Mary Beaton and Mary Seat And Mary Carmichael and me."

Chapter VII.

NORTHWARD.

We have bidden good-by to the lan the woods and the green hills have come pale in the haze of the summ light; we are out here, alone, on t shining blue plain. And if our you Doctor betrays a tendency to keep fo ward—conversing with John of Sk about blocks, and tackle, and winches and if the Laird—whose parental ca and regard for Mary Avon is becomin beautiful to see—should have quite monopoly of the young lady, and b more bent than ever on amusing he with his " good ones;" and if ou queen and governor should spend a larg portion of her time below, in decoratin cabins with flowers, in overhauling na pery, and in earnest consultation wit Master Fred about certain culinary my teries; notwithstanding all these dive gences of place and occupation, our li tle kingdom afloat is compact enough There is, always, for example, a rea sembling at meals. There is an insta community of interest when a sudd cry calls all hands on deck to rega some new thing—the spouting of a wh or the silvery splashing of a shoal mackerel. But now—but now—if o some cloud-compelling Jove would bre this insufferably fine weather, and g us a tearing good gale!

It is a strange little kingdom. It no postal service. Shilling telegra are unknown in it; there is no ne paper at breakfast. There are no bar re organs; nor rattling hansoms raisin the dust in windy streets; there is no afternoon scandal; overheated rooms at midnight are a thing of the past. Serene, independent, self-centred, it minds its own affairs; if the whole of Europe were roaring for war, not even an echo

cry would reach us. We only
e soft calling of the sea-birds as
and read, or talk, or smoke ;
ne to time watching the shadows
n the blistering hot decks, or
ɜ at the names of the blue moun-
ıat rise above Loch Etive and
er. But oh ! for the swift gale
this calm to pieces ! Is there no
you giants secretly brewing a
or us, far up there among the
:hasms, to spring down on these
eas ?
ey prayed for rain in the churches
nday—so Captain John says,"
.von remarks, when we assemble
r at lunch.
e distilleries are stopped : that's
:ious," continues the Laird.
:ll," says Queen T., " people talk
:he rain in the West Highlands.
be true, as everybody says it is
But now—excepting the year we
› America with Sylvia Balfour
ɜ been here for five years running ;
:h year we made up our mind for
e—thinking we had deserved it,
ɔw. Well, it never came. Look
now."
the fact was that we were lying
less on the smooth bosom of the
c, with the sun so hot on the
hat we were glad to get below.
:ry strange—very strange, in-
' remarked the Laird, with a pro-
ur. " Now, what value are we
on any historical evidence if we
ch a conflict of testimony about
at our own doors ? How should
e two opeenions about the weather
West Highlands ? It is a matter
ımon experience—dear me ! I
ıeard the like."
›, but I think we might try to re-
: those diverse opinions !" said
Sutherland, with an absolute
. " You hear mostly the com-
of London people, who make
of a passing shower. Then the
and holiday folk, especially from
uth, come in the autumn, when
.e summer weather has broken.
ıen," he added, addressing him-
:h a frank smile to the small crea-
ıo had been expressing her won-
:r the fine weather, " perhaps, if
e pleased with your holiday on
ıole, you are not anxious to re-
member the wet days ; and then you are not afraid of a shower, I know ; and besides that, when one is yachting, one is more anxious for wind than for fine weather."

" Oh, I am sure that is it !" called out Mary Avon, quite eagerly. She did not care how she destroyed the Laird's convictions about the value of historical evidence. " That is an explanation of the whole thing."

At this, our young Doctor—who had been professing to treat this matter seriously merely as a joke—quickly lowered his eyes. He scarcely ever looked Mary Avon in the face when she spoke to him, or when he had to speak to her. And a little bit of shy embarrassment in his manner toward her—perceivable only at times—was all the more singular in a man who was shrewd and hard-headed enough, who had knocked about the world, and seen many persons and things, and who had a fair amount of unassuming self-confidence, mingled with a vein of sly and reticent humor. He talked freely enough when he was addressing our admiral-in-chief. He was not afraid to meet *her* eyes. Indeed they were so familiar friends that she called him by his Christian name—a practice which in general she detested. But she would as soon have thought of applying " Mr." to one of her own boys at Epsom College as to Angus Sutherland.

" Well, you know, Angus," says she pleasantly, " you have definitely promised to go up to the Outer Hebrides with us, and back. The longer the calms last, the longer we shall have you. So we shall gladly put up with the fine weather."

" It is very kind of you to say so ; but I have already had such a long holiday——"

" Oh !" said Mary Avon, with her eyes full of wonder and indignation. She was too surprised to say more. She only stared at him. She knew he had been working night and day in Edinburgh.

" I mean," said he hastily, and looking down, " I have been away so long from London. Indeed, I was getting rather anxious about my next month's number ; but luckily, just before I left Edinburgh, a kind friend sent me a most valuable paper, so I am quite at

ease again. Would you like to read it, sir? It is set up in type."

He took the sheets from his pocket, and handed them to the Laird. Dennymains looked at the title. It was *On the Radiolarians of the Coal Measures*, and it was the production of a well-known professor. The Laird handed back the paper without opening it.

"No, thank you," said he, with some dignity. "If I wished to be instructed, I would like a safer guide than that man."

We looked with dismay on this dangerous thing that had been brought on board: might it not explode and blow up the ship?

"Why," said our Doctor, in unaffected wonder, and entirely mistaking the Laird's exclamation, "he is a perfect master of his subject."

"There is a great deal too much speculation now-a-days on these matters, and parteecularly among the younger men," remarked the Laird severely. And he looked at Angus Sutherland. "I suppose now ye are well acquainted with the 'Vestiges of Creation?'"

"I have heard of the book," said Brose—regretfully confessing his ignorance "but I never happened to see it."

The Laird's countenance lightened.

"So much the better—so much the better. A most mischievous and unsettling book. But all the harm it can do is counteracted by a noble work—a conclusive work that leaves nothing to be said. Ye have read the 'Testimony of the Rocks,' no doubt?"

"Oh yes, certainly," our Doctor was glad to be able to say; "but—but it was a long time ago—when I was a boy, in fact."

"Boy or man, you'll get no better book on the history of the earth. I tell ye, sir, I never read a book that placed such firm conviction in my mind. Will ye get any of the new men they are talking about as keen an observer and as skilful in arguing as Hugh Miller? No, no; not one of them dares to try to upset the 'Testimony of the Rocks.'"

Angus Sutherland appealed against this sentence of finality only in a very humble way.

"Of course, sir," said he meekly, "you know that science is still moving forward—"

"Science?" repeated the Lai rd. "Science may be moving forward or moving backward; but can it upset the facts of the earth? Science may say what it likes; but the facts remain the same."

Now this point was so conclusive that we unanimously hailed the Laird as vic-tor. Our young Doctor submitted with an excellent good humor. He even promised to post that paper on the R adi-olarians at the very first office we n ight reach: we did not want any such explo-sive compounds on board.

That night we only got as far as Fis h-nish Bay—a solitary little harbor, pro b a-bly down on but few maps; and th at we had to reach by getting out the g ig for a tow. There was a strange bronz e-red in the northern skies, long after th e sun had set; but in here the shadow of the great mountains was on the water r. We could scarcely see the gig; but An n-gus Sutherland had joined the men an d was pulling stroke; and along with th e measured splash of the oars, we hear d something about "*Ho, ro, clansmen!*" Then, in the cool night air, there was a slight fragrance of peat-smoke; we knew we were getting near the shore.

"He's a fine fellow that," says the Laird, generously, of his defeated an n-tagonist. "A fine fellow. His knowl l-edge of different things is just remark k-able; and he's as modest as a girl. Ay y, and he can row, too; a while ago, whe n it was lighter, I could see him put h is shoulders into it. Ay, he's a fine, goo d-natured fellow, and I am glad he h as not been led astray by that mischievo us book, the 'Vestiges of Creation.'"

Come on board, now, boys, and swi ng up the gig to the davits! Twelve fat th-oms of chain?—away with her then!— and there is a roar in the silence of t he lonely little bay. And thereafter si-lence; and the sweet fragrance of the peat in the night air, and the appe ar-ance, above the black hills, of a cle ar, shining, golden planet that sends a qu iv-ering line of light across the water to us. And, once more, good-night and ple as-ant dreams!

But what is this in the mornin g? There have been no pleasant dreams for John of Skye and his merry men dur ing the last night; for here we are alre ady between Mingary Bay and Ru-na-Gaul

ouse ; and before us is the open
c, blue under the fair skies of the
g. And here is Doctor Suther-
t the tiller, with a suspiciously
nt look about his hair and shirt-

ıave been up since four," says he,
laugh. "I heard them getting
weigh, and did not wish to miss
ng. You know these places are
familiar to me as they are to you."
there going to be any wind to-
)hn ?"
) mich," says John of Skye, look-
:he cloudless blue vault above and
ssy sweeps of the sea.
ertheless, as the morning goes by,
as much of a breeze as enables
lraw away from the mainland—
Ardnamurchan ("the headland of
at sea") and out into the open—
uick Island, and the sharp Scuir
g, and the peaks of Rum lying
ere on the still Atlantic, and far
ı the north the vast and spectral
ins of Skye.
now the work of the day begins.
Avon, for mere shame's sake, is
compelled to produce one of her
canvases and open her box of

And now it would appear that
Sutherland—though deprived of
thority of the sick room—is be-
; to lose his fear of the English
lady. He makes himself useful
vith the elaborate and patronizing
y of the Laird, but in a sort of
sive, matter-of-fact shifty fashion.
athes the spikes of her easel with
) that they shall not mark the deck.
s up, to counterbalance that lack
ility, a piece of cord with a heavy

Then, with the easel fixed, he
her a deck-chair to sit in, and a
ool for her colors, and these and
places under the lee of the fore-
be out of the glare of the sun.
ur artist is started ; she is going
te a sketch of the after-part of
cht, with Hector of Moidart at
er : beyond, the calm blue seas,
aint promontory of land.
ı the Laird—having confidentially
ed to Miss Avon that Tom Gal-
than whom there is no greater
ity living, invariably moistens the
anvas with megilp before begin-
ning work—has turned to the last report of the Semple case.

"No, no," says he to our sovereign lady, who is engaged in some mysterious work in wool, "it does not look well for the Presbytery to go over every one of the charges in the major proposeetion —supported by the averments in the minor—only to find them irrelevant ; and then bring home to him the part of the libel that deals with tendency. No, no ; that shows a lamentable want of purpose. In view of the great danger to be apprehended from these secret assaults on the inspiration of the Scriptures, they should have stuck to each charge with tenahcity. Now, I will just show ye where Dr. Carnegie, in defending *Secundo*—illustrated as it was with the extracts and averments in the minor —let the whole thing slip through his fingers."

But if any one were disposed to be absolutely idle on this calm, shining, beautiful day—far away from the cares and labors of the land ? Out on the taffrail, under shadow of the mizen, there is a seat that is gratefully cool. The glare of the sea no longer bewilders the eyes ; one can watch with a lazy enjoyment the teeming life of the open Atlantic. The great skarts go whizzing by, long-necked, rapid of flight. The gannets poise in the air, and then there is a sudden dart downward and a spout of water flashes up where the bird has dived. The guillemots fill the silence with their soft kurrooing—and here they are on all sides of us—*Kurroo !—Kurroo !*—dipping their bills in the water, hastening away from the vessel, and then rising on the surface to flap their wings. But this is a strange thing : they are all in pairs—obviously mother and child—and the mother calls *Kurroo ! Kurroo !* —and the young one, unable as yet to dive or swim, answers *Pe-yoo-it ! Pe-yoo-it !* and flutters and paddles after her. But where is the father ? And has the guillemot only one of a family ? Over that one, at all events, she exercises a valiant protection. Even though the stem of the yacht seems likely to run both of them down, she will neither dive nor fly until she has piloted the young one out of danger.

Then a sudden cry startles the Laird

from his heresy-case and Mary Avon from her canvas. A sound far away has turned all eyes to the north; though there is nothing visible there, over the shining calm of the sea, but a small cloud of white spray that slowly sinks. In a second or two, however, we see another jet of white water arise; and then a great brown mass heave slowly over; and then we hear the spouting of the whale.

"What a huge animal!" cries one. "A hundred feet!"

"Eighty, any way!" The whale is sheering off to the north: there is less and less chance of our forming any correct estimate.

"Oh, I am sure it was a hundred! Don't you think so, Angus?" says our admiral.

"Well," says the Doctor, slowly—pretending to be very anxious about keeping the sails full (when there was no wind)—"you know there is a great difference between 'yacht measurement' and 'registered tonnage.' A vessel of fifty registered tons may become eighty or ninety by yacht measurement. And I have often noticed," continues this graceless young man, who takes no thought how he is bringing contempt on his elders, "that objects seen from the deck of a yacht are naturally subject to 'yacht measurement.' I don't know what the size of that whale may be. Its registered tonnage, I suppose, would be the number of Jonahs it could carry. But I should think that if the apparent 'yacht measurement' was a hundred feet, the whale was probably about twenty feet long."

It was thus he tried to diminish the marvels of the deep! But, however he might crush us otherwise, we were his masters on one point. The Semple heresy-case was too deep even for him. What could he make of "*the first alternative of the general major*"?

And see, now, on this calm summer evening, we pass between Muick and Eigg; and the sea is like a plain of gold. As we draw near the sombre mass of Rum, the sunset deepens, and a strange lurid mist hangs around this remote and mountainous island rising sheer from the Atlantic. Gloomy and mysterious are the vast peaks of Haleval and Haskeval; we creep under them—favored by a flood-tide—and the silence of the desolate shores seems to spread out from them and to encompass us.

Mary Avon has long ago put away her canvas; she sits and watches; and her soft black eyes are full of dreaming as she gazes up at those thunder-dark mountains against the rosy haze of the west.

"Haleval and Haskeval?" Angus Sutherland repeats, in reply to his hostess; but he starts all the same, for he has been covertly regarding the dark and wistful eyes of the girl sitting there. "Oh, these are Norse names. Scuir na Gillean, on the other hand, is Gaelic—it is *the peak of the young men*. Perhaps the Norsemen had the north of the island, and the Celts the south."

Whether they were named by Scandinavian or by Celt, Haleval and Haskeval seemed to overshadow us with their sultry gloom as we slowly glided into the lonely loch lying at their base. We were the only vessel there; and we could make out no sign of life on shore, until the glass revealed to us one or two half-ruined cottages. The northern twilight shone in the sky far into the night; but neither that clear metallic glow, nor any radiance from moon, or planet, or star, seemed to affect the thunder-darkness of Haskeval and Haleval's silent peaks.

There was another tale to tell below—the big saloon aglow with candles; the white table-cover with its centre-piece of roses, nasturtiums, and ferns; the delayed dinner, or supper, or whatever it might be called, all artistically arranged; our young Doctor most humbly solicitous that Mary Avon should be comfortably seated, and, in fact, quite usurping the office of the Laird in that respect; and then a sudden sound in the galley, a hissing as of a thousand squibs, telling us that Master Fred had once more and ineffectually tried to suppress the released genie of the bottle by jamming down the cork. Forthwith the Laird, with his old-fashioned ways, must needs propose a health, which is that of our most sovereign and midge-like mistress; and this he does with an elaborate and gracious and sonorous courtesy. And surely there is no reason why Mary Avon should not for once break her habit and join in that simple ceremony; especially

is a real live Doctor—and not Doctor, but an encyclopædia of c and all other knowledge—who ain fill her glass? Angus Suth- imidly but seriously pleads; and s not plead in vain; and you hink from his look that she had ed an extraordinary favor on him. ve—we propose a health too— lth of the FOUR WINDS! and we do not care which of them it is who is coming to-morrow, so long as he or she comes in force. Blow, breezes, blow! —from the Coolins of Skye or the shores of Coll, or the glens of Arisaig and Moidart—for to-morrow morning we shake out once more the white wings of the *White Dove*, and set forth for the loneliness of the northern seas.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE ORIGIN OF THE WEEK.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A.

D occasion to consider in the f this *Review*, some years ago,* gin of the seventh day's rest. gin of the week, or time-measure n days, is a different matter, of course associated with the a of the Sabbath. The observ- a day of rest once in each week may not have synchronized with kly followed the recognition of :k as a measure of time, but it y was not a necessary adjunct to k. I propose now to consider e week probably had its origin, ing, as occasion serves, such ıry evidence as can be derived story or tradition. Usually this ıdred subjects have been dealt *osteriori*. Observances, festivals, ogical arrangements, and so :nown or recorded to have been l by various nations, have been :d, and an inquiry made into gnificance. The result has not :ogether satisfactory. Many in- g facts have been brought to research has proceeded, and sev- borate theories have been ad- on nearly every point of chro- al research. Any one of these ;, examined alone, seems to be hed almost beyond dispute by the of facts seemingly attesting in r; but when we find that for an- nd yet another theory a similar f facts can be adduced, we lose all theories thus supported. At ıose only retain their belief in a of the kind who have given so much care to its preparation that they have had no time to examine the evidence favoring other theories.

On the other hand, there is much to be said in favor of an *d priori* method of dealing with ancient chronological arrangements. We know certainly how the heavens appeared to men of old times; if occasion arise we can determine readily and certainly the exact aspect of the heavens at any given place and time; we know generally the conditions under which the first observations of the heavens must have been made; hence we can infer, not unsafely, what particular objects would have been first noted, or would have been early chosen as time-measures; what difficulties would have presented themselves as time proceeded; and how such difficulties would have been met.

The inquiry, let me remark at the outset, has an interest other than that depending on chronological relations. I know of none better suited to commend to our attention the movements of the heavenly bodies, which, as Carlyle has remarked, I think, though taking place all the time around us, are not half known to most of us. As civilization indeed progresses, the proportion of persons acquainted with the motions of the heavenly bodies becomes less and less; both because artificial measures of time come more generally into use, and because fewer persons in proportion are engaged out of doors at night under conditions making the movements of the heavens worth observing. Even the increased interest taken of late in the study of astronomy has not tended, I believe,

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to increase the number who have a familiar acquaintance with the heavenly bodies and their motions. So soon as a student of astronomy sets up an observatory, indeed, he is more likely to forget what he already knows about ordinary celestial phenomena than to pay closer attention to them. If he wants to observe a particular star or planet, he does not turn to the heavens—one may almost say indeed, strange though it sounds, that the heavens are the last place he would think of looking at; he simply sets the circles of his telescope aright, knowing that the star or planet he wants will then be in the field of view. The telescope is as often as not turned to the object before the door of the revolving dome has been opened—that is, while no part of the sky is in view.

It is precisely because in old times matters must have been entirely different, and familiarity with astronomical facts much more important to persons not themselves engaged in the study of astronomy, that the method of inquiry which I propose now to pursue respecting the origin of the week is so full of promise. If we will but put ourselves mentally in the position of the shepherds and tillers of the soil in old times, we can tell precisely what they were likely to notice, in what order, and in what way.

In the first place, I think, it will appear that some division of the month analogous to the week must have been suggested as a measure of time long before the year. Commonly the year is taken as either the first and most obvious of all time-measures, or else as only second to the day. But in its astronomical aspect the year is not a very obvious division of time. I am not here speaking, be it understood, of the exact determination of the length of the year. That, of necessity, was a work requiring much time, and could only have been successfully achieved by astronomers of considerable skill. I am referring to the commonplace year, the ordinary progression of those celestial phenomena which mark the changes of the seasons. As Whewell well remarks of the year, the repetition of similar circumstances at equal intervals is less *manifest in this* case (than in that of the day), and, the intervals being mu uch longer, some exertion of memory be- comes requisite in order that the rec cur- rence may be perceived. A child mig aigh easily be persuaded that successive ye: ear were of unequal length; or, if the sumn nme were cold, and the spring and autu um warm, might be made to believe, if if al who spoke in its hearing agreed to s sup- port the delusion, that one year was two. Of course the recurrence of ev vents characterizing the natural year is far too obvious to have been overlooked even before men began to observe the h eav- enly bodies at all. The tiller of the soil must observe the right time to plant seeds of various kinds that they ma re- ceive the right proportion of the sum- mer's heat; the herdsman could not but note the times when his flocks and herds brought forth their young. But no definite way of noting the progress of the year by the movements of the su n or stars* would probably have suggeste d itself until some time after the moon's motions had been used as means of mea e uring time. The lunar changes, on the other hand, are very striking and obvious y they can be readily watched, and they s. are marked by easily determinable stages. l, "It appears more easy," says Whewell, n "and in earlier stages of civilizatron more common, to count time by *moons* s than by years."

It has indeed been suggested that the e moon's use as a measurer of time was s from the earliest ages so obvious that the e Greek words, *mēn* for month, *mēnē* for or moon (less common, however, than n *selēnē*), and the Latin *mensis* for month, , have been associated with the Latin verb b *to measure* (*metior*, *mensus sum*, etc.)). Cicero says that months were called d *menses*, "quia *mensa spatia conficiunt*," " because they complete measured spaces s. Other etymologists, says Whewell, con- nect these words "with the Hebrew ew *manah*, to measure." Note also the he measure of value, maneh—"twenty nty shekels, five-and-twenty shekels, fifteen en shekels shall be your *maneh*, or *mn na* Ezek. 45 : 12. Again, the name *manna* is given to the food found in the the desert, by some interpreted a "po or-

* There are many reasons for believing, as I may one day take an opportunity of showing in these pages, that the year was first measured by the stars, not by the sun.

The word mene or mna in arning, *Mene, tekel, phares*, was ted "numbered." With the ord is connected the Arabic *Al-* or *Al-manach*. Whewell points it "if we are to attempt to ascend earliest conditions of language, st conceive it probable that men have a name for a most conspic- bject, *the moon*, before they would verb denoting the very abstract neral notion, to measure." This ; but it does not follow that the nay not have received a name im- her quality as a measurer long ie was first named. For the idea g the moon as a measurer of time s certainly have followed the con- of the abstract idea of measure- is this conception must have fol- he recognition of the moon as an of observation. It is noteworthy, that in the Greek the moon has imes—one, more usual, *sĕlēnē*, hich the Latins derived the name the other, *mene*, certainly con- with *mēn*, for month. It seems certain that they, and those from hey derived the usage, had come rd the moon's quality as a time- er as distinct from her quality as ament of the night. To this term for the moon Whewell's re- oes not apply, or rather, his re- uggests the true explanation of herwise would be perplexing, the tion being that very derivation vords *mene, mensis, month, moon*, from a word signifying "to e," which Whewell oppugns. f this view be rejected, we may ird the words signifying mensur- measurement and numbering) as from a name for the moon, , etc.—a circumstance which ndicate the recognized character moon as a time-measurer even gnificantly than the converse de- n.

noteworthy that of all the phe- obvious to observation, the s of the moon are those which rectly suggest the idea of meas- t. The earth's rotation on her axis is in reality much more uniform than the moon's circling motion around the earth; but to ordinary observation the recurrence of day and night seems rather to suggest the idea of inequality than that of the uniform subdivision of time. For the lengths of day and night are seldom equal, and are constantly varying. The daily motions of the fixed stars are more uniform than the moon's, and, if carefully noted, afford an almost perfect uniformity of time-measurement. But instruments of some kind are necessary to show that this is the case. The moon, on the other hand, measures off time in an obvious and striking manner, and, to ordinary observation, with perfect uniformity. In measuring time, the moon suggests also the idea of numerical measurement. And measures of length, surface, volume, and so forth, could more readily have been derived in ancient times from the moon's motions than in any other manner. In precisely the same way that now, in Great Britain, all our measures,* without exception, are derived from the daily motion of the stars, so in old times the more obvious motions of the moon could have been used, and were

hese may be added the Sanskrit *mâsa*, l *mao*, the Persian *mah*, the Gothic Erse *mios*, and the Lithuanian *mienu*.

* Even our measures of the value of money depend on the observed motions of the stars. As I pointed out in my essay "Our Chief Time-piece Losing Time" ("Light Science for Leisure Hours"), "when we come to inquire closely into the question of a sovereign's intrinsic value, we find ourselves led to the diurnal motion of the stars by no very long or intricate path." For a sovereign is a coin containing so many grains of gold mixed with so many grains of alloy. A grain is the weight of such and such a volume of a certain standard substance—that is, so many cubic inches, or parts of a cubic inch, of that substance. An inch is determined as a certain fraction of the length of a pendulum vibrating seconds in the latitude of London. A second is a certain portion of a mean solar day, and is practically determined by a reference to what is called a side real day—the interval, namely, between the successive passages by the same star across the celestial meridian of any fixed place. This interval is assumed to be constant and is in fact very nearly so. Strangely enough, the moon, the older measure of time, is, by her attraction on the waters of this earth, constantly tending to modify this nearly constant quantity—the earth's rotation. For the resistance of the tidal wave acts as a break, constantly retarding the earth's turning motion—though so slowly that 1500 millions of years would be required to lengthen the terrestrial day by one full hour.

probably used, to give the measures required in those days.

If, then, the names of the moon, months, and so forth, were not originally derived from the idea of measurement, it is nevertheless certain that the moon must, from the very earliest times, have been regarded as *par excellence*, *the measurer*. The *à priori* reasons for expecting that the moon's name, or one of her names, would be thus derived, seem to me to add greatly to the probability of this derivation, which has been inferred from the actual co-existence of such names as *mene* for the moon ; *men*, *mensis*, etc. (see previous note), for the month ; *mna*, *maneh*, *mensus* (root *mens*) for measurement.

The circling motion of the moon round the earth being noted from the very earliest time, it is certain that, very soon after, men would think of subdividing the moon's circuit. The nights when there was no moon would be distinguished in a very marked way from those in which the moon was full or nearly so, and thus the lunar month would be obviously marked off into two halves, each about a fortnight in length. Something analogous to this first subdivision is to be recognized in a circumstance which I may one day have to deal with more at length, the subdivision of the year into two halves—one in which the Pleiades were above the horizon and visible at sunset, the other when they were below the horizon. There would be the bright half and the dark half of the month (so far as the nights were concerned), and it must be remembered that these would not be unimportant distinctions to the men of old time, nor mere matters of scientific observation. To the shepherd, the distinction between a moonlit and a moonless night must have been very noteworthy. All his cares would be doubled when the moon was not shining, all lightened when she was nearly full. A poet in our time singing the glories of the moonlit night might be apt to forget the value of the light to the herdsman ; but in old times this must have been the chief thought in connection with such a night. Thus we find Homer, after describing the beauty of a moonlit night, in a noble passage (mistranslated by Pope, but nobly rendered by Tennyson), closing his description with the words—

"The Shepherd gladdens in his heart."

We can well understand, indeed, that according to tradition, the first astronomers in every nation were shepherds.

It might seem at a first view that the division of the month into two parts would be most conveniently marked by the moon (1) coming to full and (2) disappearing. But apart from the consideration just mentioned, showing the probability that the first division would be into the bright half and the dark half, it is easily seen that neither the full phase, nor what is called technically "new" (in reality the absolute disappearance of the moon), could be conveniently determined, with any thing like precision. The moon looks full a day or two before and a day or two after she really is full. The time of the moon's coming to the same part of the sky as the sun, again, though it can be inferred by noting when she first disappeared and when she first reappeared, is not obviously indicated—or, which is the essential point—so manifested as to afford, *at the time*, an indication of the moon's reaching that special stage of her progress. If a clock were so constructed that time were indicated by the rotation of a globe half white half black, and so situated that the observer could not be certain when the white side was fully turned toward him, it is certain he would not observe that phase for determining time exactly. If he were not only uncertain when the black side was fully turned toward him, but could not ascertain this at all until some little time after the white side began to come into view again on one side (having disappeared on the other shortly before), he would be still less likely to observe the black phase as an epoch.

If we consider what the owner of such a timepiece would be apt to do, or rather would be certain to do, we shall not be long in doubt as to the course which the shepherds of old time would have followed. The only phases which such a clock would show with any thing like precision would be those two in which one half the globe exactly would be white and the other black. Not only would

of these be a perfectly definite marked unmistakably by the ıtness of the separating line be- black and white, but also the rate ıge would at these times be most

The middle of the separating ır terminator in the moon's case, ll times travelling athwart the face satellite, but most quickly when ng the middle of her disc. Apart, from the consideration already oned, which would lead the first ers to divide the month into a ınd a light half, the aspect of the 's face so varied before their eyes suggest, or, one may say, to force them, the plan of dividing her e at the quarters, when she is half ıcreasing and half full diminishing. us pause for a moment to see ıer this first result, to which we have led by purely *à priori* considera- accords with any evidence from ion. We might very well fail to ıuch evidence, simply because all ırlier and less precise ways of divid- me (of which this certainly would e), giving way, as they must inevi- do, to more exact time-measures, leave no trace whatever of their nce. It is, therefore, the more re- ıble and in a sense fortunate, that) cases we find clear evidence of vision of the lunar month into two ı, and in the precise manner above ıted. Max Müller, remarking on eek, says that he has found no of any such division in the ancient literature of the Hindoos, but the ı is divided into two according to oon—the *clear* half and the *obscure*

(Flammarion, from whom I take ference to Max Müller, says, "the half from new to full, and the *ob*- half from full to new;" but this is estly incorrect, the half of the ı from new to full having neither more nor less light by night than the half from full to new.) A similar division has been found among the Aztecs.

The next step would naturally be the division of each half, the bright and the dark half, into two equal parts. In fact this would be done at the same time, in most cases (that is, among most nations) that the month was divided into two. The division at half full increasing and half full decreasing would be the more exact; but once made would afford the means of determining the times of "full" and "new." During the first few months after men had noticed closely the times of half full, they would perceive that between fourteen and fifteen days separated these times, so that "full" and "new" came about seven days after the times of half-moon.

All this would be comparatively rough work. Herdsmen, and perhaps the tillers of the soil in harvest time, would perceive that the lunar month, their ordinary measure of time, was naturally divisible into four quarters, two epochs (the half-moons) limiting which were neatly defined, while the intermediate two could be easily inferred. They would fall into the habit of dividing the months into quarters in this rough way long before they began to look for some connection between the length of the month and of the day, precisely as men (later, no doubt) divided the year roughly into four seasons, and the seasons into months, long before they had formed precise notions as to the number of months in years and seasons. We shall see presently that in each case, so soon as they tried to connect two measures of time—the month and day in one case, the year and month in the other—similar difficulties presented themselves, and also that while similar ways of meeting these difficulties naturally occurred to men, tradition shows that these natural methods of dealing with the difficulties were those actually followed in one case certainly, and (and to show which is the object of the present paper) most probably in the other also.

Men, at least those who were given to the habit of enumeration, would have found out that there are some 29½ days in each lunar month not long after they had regarded the month as divided into four parts, and long before they had

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is noteworthy that in the Assyrian tab- ely deciphered by Mr. G. Smith (which ıies of Babylonian originals older proba- an the books of Job and Genesis), we the account of the creation of the sun, and stars, from which the account in s was probably abridged, special refer-) the moon's smaller horned phase— ıe beginning of the month, at the rising night, his horns are breaking through, ne on the heaven; on the ninth day to he begins to swell."

ought of connecting months and days gether. After a while, however, the casion of some such connection would rise. It might arise in many different ays. The most likely occasion, perhaps, would be the necessity of apportioning work to those employed as herdsmen or in tilling the soil. They would be engaged probably (so soon as the simplest of all engagements, by the day, required some extension) by the month. In fact one may say that certainly the hiring of laborers for agricultural and pastoral work must have been by the month almost from the beginning.*

But from the beginning of hiring also, it must have become necessary to measure the month by days. Herdsmen and laborers could not have had their terms of labor defined by the actual observation of the lunar phases, though these might have shown them, in a rough sort of way, how their term of labor was passing on.

Thus, at length, a month of days and its subdivisions must have come into use. The subdivisions would almost certainly correspond with the quarters already indicated; and the week of seven days is the nearest approach in an exact number of days to the quarter of a month. Four periods of eight days exceed a lunar month by two and a-half days; while four periods of seven days exceed a lunar month by only one and a-half days.

Now there would be two distinct ways in which the division of the month into four weeks might be arranged.

First, the month might be taken as a constant measure of time, and four weeks, of seven days each, suitably placed in each month, so that the extra day and a-half, or nearly enough three days in two months, could be intercalated. Thus in one month a day could be left out at the time of new moon, and in the next two days, one day alternating with two in successive months: if the remaining part of each month were divided into four equal parts of seven days in each, the arrangement would correspond closely enough with the progress of the months to serve for a considerable time before fresh intercalation was required. Two lunar months would thus be counted as fifty-nine days, falling short of the truth by one hour, twenty-eight minutes, and nearly eight seconds. On four lunar months the difference would be nearly three hours, and in thirty-two lunar months nearly one day. So that if in the first month two days, in the second one, in the third two, in the fourth one, and so on——in the thirty-first two, and in the thirty-second *two* (instead of one) were intercalated, the total error in those thirty-two months, or about two years and five calendar months of our present time, would be only about half-an-hour.

We find traces of a former arrangement by which the time of new moon was separated, as it were, from the rest of the lunar month. The occurrence of new moon marked in most of the old systems a time of rest and religious worship, probably, almost certainly, arising originally from the worship of the heavenly bodies as deities. But the chronological arrangements, probably connected with this usage at first, have left few traces of their existence. The usage presents manifest imperfections as part of a chronological system, and must soon have been abandoned by the more skilful of those who sought among the celestial bodies for the means of meas-

* The earliest record we have of hiring is that contained in Genesis, chap. 29. We read there that Jacob "abode with Laban *the space of a month*," serving him without wages. Then Laban said to Jacob, "Because thou art my brother, shouldst thou therefore serve me for nought? tell me, what shall thy wages be?" At this time, it is worth noting, the number seven had come to be regarded as convenient in hiring, for Jacob said, "I will serve thee seven years for Rachel, thy younger daughter. . . . And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." It is obvious that the length of the service was regarded by the narrator as a special proof of Jacob's love for Rachel. For an ordinary wage a man would work seven days; for his love Jacob worked seven years. That this was so is shown by Laban's calling the term a week. After giving Leah instead of Rachel, he says, "Fulfil her week, and we will give thee this also for the service which thou shalt serve with me yet seven other years. And Jacob did so, and fulfilled her week." The week must have been a customary term of engagement long before this, or it would not be thus spoken of. Servants (the herdsmen of Abram's cattle, and the herdsmen of Lot's cattle) are mentioned somewhat earlier. The word week is not used earlier than in the passage just quoted; and there is no reference to a weekly day of rest before the Exodus.

g time. The Greeks adopted such rrangement as I have above indicat- "The last day of each lunar th," Whewell says, "was called by ı 'the old and new,' as belonging to the waning and the reappearing n, and their festivals and sacrifices, letermined by the calendar, were :eived to be necessarily connected the same periods of the cycles of sun and moon." "The laws and les," says Geminus, "which direct- hat they should in sacrifices observe e things, months, days, and years, : so understood." With this per- ion, a correct system of intercalation me a religious duty. Aratus, in a age quoted by Geminus, says of the n:

still her shifting visage changing turns,
her we count the monthly round of morns."

the religious duty of properly inter- ing a day every thirty-two months, orrect for the difference between two r months and fifty-nine days, would ı not to have been properly attended or Aristophanes in the "Clouds" es the moon complain thus:

"CHORUS OF CLOUDS.

e moon by us to you her greeting sends,
t bids us say that she's an ill-used moon,
d takes it much amiss that you should still affle her days, and turn them topsy-turvy;
d that the gods, who know their feast-days well,
your false count are sent home supperless,
d scold and storm at her for your neglect."

ıe second usage would be the more enient. Perceiving, as they would ıis time have done, that the lunar th does not contain an exact num- of days, or of half-days, men would gnize the uselessness of attempting se any subdivision of the month, th by month, and would simply take week of seven days as the nearest oach to the convenient subdivision, quarter-month, and let that period on continually, without concerning ıselves with the fact that each new th began on a different day of the :. In fact this corresponds precisely what has been done in the case of ear.

he necessity of adopting some arrangement for periodical rest would render the division of time into short periods of unvarying length desirable. And as herdsmen and laborers were early engaged by the lunar month, and afterward by its subdivision the quarter-month, it is very probable that the beginning of each month would first be chosen as a suitable time for a rest, while later one day in each week would be taken as a rest day. This would not be by any means inconsistent with the belief that from very early times a religious significance was given to the monthly and weekly resting days. Almost every observance of times and seasons and days had its first origin, most probably, in agricultural and pastoral customs. It was only after a long period had elapsed that arrangements, originally adopted as convenient, became so sanctioned by long habit that a religious meaning was attached to them. Assuredly, whatever opinion may be formed about the Sabbath rest, only one can be formed about the new-moon rest. *That* certainly had its origin in the lunary motions and their relation to the convenience and habits of out-door workers. It seems altogether reasonable, apart from the evidence *à priori* and *à posteriori* in favor of the conclusion, to adopt a similar explanation of the weekly rest, constantly associated as we find it with the rest at the time of new moon. This explanation implies that the week would almost certainly be adopted as a measure of time by every nation which paid any attention to the subject of time-measurement. Now we know that no trace of the week exists among the records of some nations, while in others the week was at least only a subordinate time-measure. Among the earlier Egyptians the month was divided into periods of ten days each, and hitherto no direct evidence has been found to show that a seven-day period was used by them.* The Chinese divided the month similarly. Among the Babylonians the month was divided into periods of five days, six such periods in each month, and also into weeks of seven days. The

* Laplace asserts of the Egyptians that they used a period of seven days, but he misunderstood the account given by Dion Cassius, who referred to the astronomers of the Alexandrian School, not to the ancient Egyptians.

same double arrangement was adopted by the Hebrews.

It is easy to show, however, that the division of the month into six equal or nearly equal parts, five days in each, was not arrived at in a similar way to the division into four parts, and was a later method. We have seen how the quarters of the lunar orbit are determined at "half-full," by the boundary between the light and dark half crossing the middle of the moon's disc. Content at first to determine this ocularly, observers would after a time devise simpler methods of making more exact determinations. Such devices as Ferguson, the self-taught Scottish peasant, employed to determine the positions of the stars, would be likely to occur to the Chaldæan shepherds in old times. That astronomer (for he well merits the name, when we consider under what disadvantages he achieved success) constructed a frame across which slender threads could be shifted, so that their intersections should coincide with the apparent places of stars. A frame similarly constructed might be made to carry four such threads forming a square, which properly placed would just seem to inclose the moon's disc, while a fifth thread parallel to two sides of the square and midway between them could be made to coincide with the straight edge of the half-moon—and thus the exact time of half-moon could be easily determined. Now when the separating line or arc between light and darkness fell otherwise, the fifth thread might be made to show exactly how far across this separating arc (that is, its middle point) had travelled, and thence how far the month had progressed—*if* the observer had some little knowledge of trigonometry. If he had no such knowledge, but were acquainted only with the simpler geometrical relations of lines and circles, there would only be two other cases, besides that of the half-moon, with which he could deal by this simple method, or some modification thereof. When the middle point of the arc between light and darkness has travelled exactly one-fourth of the way across the moon's disc, the moon has gone one-third of the way from "new" to "full." When that middle point has travelled exactly three-fourths of the way across, the moon has gone two-thirds of the way from "new" to "full." Either stage can be determined almost as easily with the frame and threads, or some like contrivance, as the time of half-moon, and similarly of the corresponding stages from "full" to "new." Thus, including new and full, we have six stages in the moon's complete circuit. She starts from "new;" when she has gone one-sixth of the way round, the advancing arc of light has travelled one-fourth of the way across her disc; when she has gone two-sixths round, it has travelled three-fourths of the way across: then comes "full," corresponding to half-way round; then, at four-sixths of the way round, the receding edge is one-fourth of the way back across the moon's disc; at five-sixths it is three-fourths of the way back; and lastly she completes her circuit at "new" again. Each stage of her journey lasts one-sixth of a lunar month, or five days, less about two hours. Thus five days more nearly represents one of these stages than a week represents a quarter of a lunar month. For a week falls short of a quarter of a month by more than nine hours, while five days exceeds a sixth of a month by rather less than two hours. Moreover, while six periods of five days exceed a month by less than half-a-day, four weeks fall short of a month by more than a day and a-half.*

We can very well understand then, that the division of the lunar month into six parts, each of five days, or into three parts, each of ten days, should have been early suggested by astronomers, as an improvement on the comparatively rough division of the month into four equal parts. We can equally understand that where the latter method had been long in use, where it had become connected with the system of hiring (one day's rest being allowed in each quarter-month), and especially where it had become associated with religious observances, the new method would be

* The five days' period has as great an advantage over the week in more exactly dividing the year, as it has in dividing the month, since, while fifty-two weeks fall short of a year by nearly a day and a quarter, seventy-three periods of five days only fall short of a year by a quarter of a day. But the number 52 has the great advantage over 73 of being subdivisible into four thirteens.

esisted. It would seem that a
etween advocates of a five days'
nd those of a seven days' period
early times, and was carried on
siderable bitterness. There are
o find in the great pyramid of
he record of such a struggle,
ence that finally the seven days'
ame to be distinguished, as a
me-measure, from the five days'
vhich was regarded doubtless as
e though perhaps a more exact
ıtific subdivision. In the Jew-
ous system, however, both sub-
appear.

ular piece of evidence has quite
been obtained respecting the
the Babylonians, which, while
ng what I have above shown
e week and the five days' pe-
ms to afford some explanation
eek of weeks. So far as I
has not been considered in this
r light before. We learn from
r Sayce that the Babylonians
: 7th, 14th, 19th, 21st, and 28th
each month *sabbatu*, or day of
e clearly the 7th, 14th, 21st, and
espond to the same day of the
ut how does the 19th fall into
s? It appears to me—though
dmit that I only make a guess
ıatter, knowing of no indepen-
dence to favor the idea—that
day of a month became a day
; being the forty-ninth from the
g of the preceding month. It
act, from the preceding month,
ıth seventh day, or the sabbath
hs. So to regard it, however,
, to make the 19th day of one
ıe forty-ninth from the begin-
the preceding—it is necessary
ength of the month should be
as thirty days (the difference
forty-nine days and nineteen.)
in any nation the month and
isions would thus, in all prob-
e dealt with—the week almost
becoming for a while at least a
of time, and in most case re-
so long in use as to obtain an
hold on the people from the
ect of custom—another way of
ith the moon's motions would
have been recognized.

ng the moon, night after night,
ld soon perceive that she travels among the stars. It is not easy to determine, from *à priori* considerations, at what particular stage of observational progress the stars, which are scattered over the background on which the heavenly bodies travel, would be specially noticed as objects likely to help men in the measurement of time, the determination of seasons, and so forth. On the whole, it seems likely that the observation of the stars for this purpose would come rather later than the first rough determinations of the year, and therefore considerably later (if the above reasoning is just) than the determination of the month. The suitability of the stars for many purposes connected with the measurement of time is not a circumstance which obtrudes itself on the attention. Many years might well pass before men would notice that at the same season of the year the same stars are seen at corresponding hours of the night; for this is less striking than the regular variation of the sun's altitude, etc., as the year progresses. This would be true even if we assumed that from the beginning certain marked star groups were recognized and remembered at each return to particular positions on the sky. But it is unlikely that this happened until long after such rough observations as I have described above had made considerable progress. There is only one group of stars respecting which any exception can probably be made, viz., the Pleiades, a group which, being both conspicuous and unique in the heavens, must very early have been recognized and remembered. But even in the case of the Pleiades (though almost certainly it was not only the first known star group, while most probably it was the object which led to the first precise determination of the year's length) a considerable time must have passed before the regular return of the group, at times corresponding to particular parts of the year of seasons, was recognized by shepherds and tillers of the soil. Certainly the moon's motions must have been earlier noted.

So soon, however, as men had begun to study the fixed stars, to group them into constellations, and to watch the motions of these groups athwart the heavens, hour by hour, and (at the same hour) night by night, they would note

with interest the motions of their special time-measurer, the moon, amongst the stars.

They would find first that the moon circuits the stellar heavens always in the same direction; namely, from west to east, or in the direction contrary to that of the apparent diurnal motion which she shares with all the celestial bodies. A very few months would show that, speaking generally, the moon keeps to one track round the heavens; but possibly, even in so short a time, close observers would perceive that she had slightly deviated from the course she had at first pursued. After a time this would be clearly seen, and probably the observers of those days may have supposed for a while that the moon, getting farther and farther from her original track, would eventually travel on a quite different path. But with the further progress of time, she would be found slowly to return to it. And in the course of many years it would be found that her path lies always, not in a certain track round the celestial sphere, but in a certain zone or band some twenty moon-breadths wide—to which no doubt a special name would be given. It was in reality the mid-zone of the present zodiac, which is about thirty-five moon-breadths' wide. The central track of the moon's zone, which may be called the lunar zodiac, is in reality the track of the sun round the heavens. But the recognition of the moon's zone would long precede either the determination of the sun's path among the stars or that of the zodiac or planetary highway. The distinction between the sun and moon in this respect is well indicated in Job's words, "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness"—the brightness of the sun preventing man from determining his real course till astronomy as a science had made considerable progress, whereas the track of the moon among the stars is obvious to every one who watches the moon, either from night to night or even for a few hours on any one night. The motions of the planets, again, and indeed the very recognition of these wandering stars, belong to an astronomy much more advanced than that which we have been here dealing with.

Watching the moon's progress along her zone of the stellar heavens night after night, the observers would perceive that she completes the circuit in less than a month. Before many months had passed they would have determined the period of these circuits as between twenty-seven and twenty-eight days. It is very likely that at first, while their estimate of the true period was as yet inexact, they would suppose that it lasted exactly four weeks. We must remember that the natural idea of the earlier observers would be that the motions of the various celestial bodies did in reality synchronize in some way, though how those motions synchronized might not easily be discovered. They would suppose, and as a matter of fact we know they did suppose, that the sun and moon and stars were made to be for signs and seasons and for days and months and years. To imagine that the celestial machinery contrived for man's special benefit was in any sense imperfect would have appeared very wicked. They would thus be somewhat in the position of a person for whom a clockmaker had constructed a very elaborate and ingenious clock, showing a number of relations, as the progress of the day, the hour, the minute, the second, the years, the months, the seasons, the tides, and so forth, but with no explanation of the various dials. The owner of the clock would be persuaded that all the various motions indicated on the dials were intended for his special enlightenment, though he would be unable for a long time to make out their meaning, or might fail altogether. So the first observers of the heavens must have been thoroughly assured that the movements of the sun, moon, planets, and stars were for measures of time, and therefore synchronized (though in long periods) with each other. We recognize a wider system (a nobler scheme, one might say, if this did not imply a degree of knowledge which we do not really possess) in the actual motions of the celestial bodies. But with the men of old times it was different.

Most probably, then, perceiving that the moon completes her circuit of the stellar heavens in a day or two less than a lunar month, they would suppose that it was *this* motion which the moon completes in twenty-eight days. Nor would

t the error of this view so
he student of modern astron-
suppose. The practice of
cycle after cycle till a great
l been completed in order to
ıe true length of the cycle,
ɔugh it now appears to us,
ɔe at all an obvious resource
ɔbservers of the heavens. Of
this method had been em-
vould soon have shown that
circuit of the stellar heavens
lished in less than twenty-

The excess of two-thirds
each circuit would mount up
lays in many circuits, and
be recognized; while after
months the exact value of the
ıld be determined. This,
a process belonging to much
:han those we are considering.
the moon's motions among
luring one lunation, the ob-
ɛss very careful, would note
suggest that she is travel-
at the rate of more than a
ircuit in twenty-eight days.
ɛd her zone into twenty-eight
corresponding to her daily
ıd as soon as she first appear-
w moon began to watch her
rough such of these twenty-
ons as were visible at the time
ıe sun's side of the heavens
course not be visible), she
ı to travel across one division
:our hours very nearly. As
obliterates from view all but
:r stars, it would be all the
ılt to recognize the slight dis-
actually existing—the fact
; that she requires only twen-
urs and about twenty-six min-
'erse a station, a discrepancy
;h in time, but corresponding
.e progress on the moon's part
stars. Then in the next
observation would simply be
o comparison being made be-
moon's position among the
first seen in one month and
she had attained when last
ɛ preceding month. If this
—and this seems the natural
serving the moon's motions
stars when astronomy was yet
—the discrepancy between the
ircuit and four weeks would
long remain undetected. So long as this was the case, the moon's roadway among the stars would be divided into twenty-eight daily portions.

Accordingly, we find, in the early astronomy of nearly all nations, a lunar zodiac divided into twenty-constellations or lunar mansions. The Chinese called the zodiac the Yellow Way, and divided it into twenty-eight *nakshatras*. These divisions or mansions were not neatly or precisely defined, but, precisely as we should expect from the comparative roughness of a system of astronomy in which alone they could appear at all, were irregular divisions, straggling far on either side of the ecliptic, which should be the central circle of the lunar roadway among the stars. The mansions were named from the brightest stars in each; and we are told that the sixteenth mansion was named *Vichaca*, from a star in the Northern Crown, a constellation almost as distant from the ecliptic as the horizon is from a point half-way toward the point overhead.

A similar division of the older zodiac was adopted by Egyptian, Arabian, Persian, and Indian astronomers. The Siamese, however, only reckoned twenty-seven, with from time to time an extra one, called *Abigitten*, or the intercalary mansion. It would appear, however, from some statements in their books, that they had twenty-eight lunar constellations for certain classes of observation. Probably, therefore, the use of twenty-seven, with an occasional intercalary mansion, belonged to a later period of their astronomical system, when more careful observations than the earlier had shown them that the moon circuits the stellar heavens in about twenty-seven and one-third days.

It is important to observe that astronomers were thus apt to change their usage, dropping either wholly or in great part the use of arrangements found to be imperfect. For, noting this, we shall have less difficulty in understanding how the twenty-eight lunar mansions of the older astronomy gave place entirely among the Chaldæans to the twelve signs of the zodiac—that is, the parts of the zodiac traversed day by day by the moon gave place to the parts of the zodiac traversed month by month by the sun. Because the Chaldæan astronomy

has not the twenty-eight lunar mansions, it is commonly assumed that this way of dividing the zodiac was never used by them. But this conclusion cannot safely be adopted. On the contrary, what we have already ascertained respecting the Chaldæan use of the week, besides what we should naturally infer from *à priori* considerations, suggests that in the first instance they, like other nations, divided the zodiac into twenty-eight parts; but that later, recognizing the inaccuracy of this arrangement, they abandoned it, and adopted the solar zodiacal signs.

This corresponds closely with what the Persian astronomers are known to have done. We read that "the twenty-eight divisions among the Persians (of which it may be noticed that the second was formed by the Pleiades, and called *Pervis*) soon gave way to the twelve, the names of which, recorded in the works of Zoroaster, and therefore not less ancient than he, were not qite the same as those now used. They were the Lamb, the Bull, the Twins, the Crab, the Lion, the Ear of Corn, the Balance, the Scorpion, the Bow, the Sea Goat, the Watering Pot, and the Fishes. The Chinese also formed a set of twelve zodiacal signs, which they named the Mouse, the Cow, the Tiger, the Hare, the Dragon, the Serpent, the Horse, the Sheep, the Monkey, the Cock, the Dog, and the Pig.

It appears to me not unlikely that the change from lunar to solar astronomy, from the use of the month and week as chief measures of time to the more difficult but much more scientific method of employing the year for this purpose, was the occasion of much ceremonial observance among the Chaldæan astronomers. Probably elaborate preparations were made for the change, and a special time chosen for it. We should expect to find that this time would have very direct reference to the Pleiades, which must have been the year-measuring constellation as certainly as the moon had earlier been the time-measuring orb. It has long seemed to me that it is to this great change, which certainly took place, and must have been a most important epoch in astronomy, that we must refer those features of ancient astronomy which have commonly been regarded as pointing to the origin of the science itself. I cannot regard it as a reasonable, still ess as a probable assumption, that astronomy sprang full formed into being, as the ordinary theories on this subject would imply. Great progress must have been made, and men carefully trained in mathematical as well as observational astronomy must for centuries have studied the subject, before it became possible to decide upon those fundamental principles and methods which have existed from the days of the Chaldæan astronomers even until now. As to the epoch of the real beginning of astronomy, then, we have, in my opinion, no means of judging. The epoch to which we really can point with some degree of certainty—the year 2170 B.C. or thereabouts—must belong, not to the infancy of astronomy, but to an era when the science had made considerable progress.

I have said that we should expect to find the introduction of the new astronomy, the rejection of the *week* as an astronomical period in favor of the *year*, to be marked by some celestial event having special reference to the Pleiades, the year-measuring star-group. Whether the *à priori* consideration here indicated is valid or not, may perhaps be doubtful; but it is certain the epoch above mentioned *is* related to the Pleiades in a quite unmistakable manner. For at that epoch, *quam proximè*, through the effects of that mighty gyrational movement of the earth which causes what is termed the precession of the equinoxes, the star Alcyone, the brightest of the Pleiades, and nearly central in the group, was carried to such a position that when the spring began the sun and Alcyone rose to their highest in the southern skies at the same instant of time.

Be this, however, as it may, it seems abundantly clear that quite early in the progress of astronomy, the more scientific and observant must have recognized the unfitness of the week as an astronomical measure of time. With the disappearance of the week from astronomical systems (the lunar "quarters" being retained, however) the week may be considered to have become what it now is for ourselves, a civil and in some sense a religious time-measure. That it should retain its position in this character was to be expected, if we consider the firm hold which civil measures

established obtain among the gen-
y of men, and the still greater con-
y with which men retain religious
vances. A struggle probably took
between astronomers and the
hood when first the solar zodiac
into use instead of the lunar sta-
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d of the week as a measure of time.
seems to me to be indicated by
passages in certain more or
nythological records of the race
gh whom (directly) the week has
nded to us. But this part of
ubject introduces questions which
t be satisfactorily dealt with with-
a profound study of those rec-
in their mythological sense, and
ough investigation of philological
ns involved in the subject. Such
ches, accompanied by the careful
sion of all such astronomical rela-
as were found to be involved,
, I feel satisfied, be richly reward-
More light will be thrown on the
t systems of astronomy and astrol-
y the careful study of some of the
n Scriptures, and clearer light will
own on the meaning of these books
consideration of astronomical and
gical relations associated with
than has heretofore been suppos-
The key to much that was myste-
in the older systems of religion has
ound in the consideration that to
s first he rose above the condition
agery, the grander objects and
ses of nature—earth, sea, and sky,
clouds and rain, winds and storms, the earthquake and the volcano, but, above and beyond all, the heavenly bodies with their stately movements, their inextricably intermingled periods, their mystical symbolisms—all these must have appeared as themselves divine, until a nobler conception presented them as but parts of a higher and more mysterious Whole. In all the ancient systems of religion we have begun to recognize the myths which had their birth in those first natural conceptions of the child-man. To this rule the ancient religious system of the Hebrew race was no exception ; but from their Chaldæan ancestors they derived a nature-worship relating more directly to the heavenly bodies than that of nations living under less constant skies, and to whom other phenomena were not less important, and therefore not less significant of power, than the phenomena of the starry heavens. So soon as we thus recognize that Hebrew myths would, of necessity, be more essentially astronomical than those of other nations, we perceive that the Hebrew race was not unlike other early races in having no mythology, as Max Müller thought, but possessed a mythology less simply and readily interpreted than that of other nations. It would, however, take me far from my special subject at present to deal further with the considerations to which it has here led me. I may, however, before long endeavor to show reasons for my belief.—*Contemporary Review.*

CONVERSATIONS WITH PRINCE NAPOLEON.

BY THE LATE N. W. SENIOR.

Senior was introduced to Prince Napo-
Prosper Merimée, one of our few Im-
t friends, in 1859, and from that period
Prince several times, both in London
Paris. Prince Napoleon was aware
. Senior kept a journal, and evidently
or the purpose of being reported. Now
e recent sad event has set the Prince
ead of the Imperial Party, these con-
ns have attained additional interest.—
I. S.]

is, Monday, May 2d, 1859.—
Napoleon sent to ask me to call
, so I went this morning to the
Royal.

He began with our elections, and assuming a change of ministry to be inevitable, asked whom I thought likely to be the next Premier.

"Lord John," I said, "or Lord Palmerston."

"And who would be Foreign Secretary?"

"Lord Clarendon or Lord Granville."

"What we should prefer," he replied, "would be Palmerston and Clarendon. Clarendon is thoroughly liberal. No one joined more heartily with Cavour in the Congress. He said to him

early in the proceedings, 'The Congress shall not separate until it has spoken Italian.'

"Why," he continued, "cannot England and France understand one another about Italy? England is liberal, more liberal than we are; she cannot wish the misgovernment of Italy to continue."

"England," I answered, "is quite as anxious that the oppression of Italy should cease as France is. Look at Lord Palmerston's speech at Tiverton. Look at the speeches of the other candidates. Nothing shows better the opinion of a country than the hustings' speeches."

"Then," he said, "why do not you join with us?"

"You cannot expect," I said, "from us more than neutrality. We have no interests in Italy which would justify a war. We are not connected, as you are, with Piedmont."

"Neutrality," he answered, "is all that we have strictly a right to ask; but let it not be a *neutralité malveillante*."

"I do not believe," I said, "that it is, or will be, as long as the war is confined to Italy."

"I am confidant," he answered, "that, unless Prussia acts with far less prudence than I expect, it will not, and cannot, extend beyond Italy. I know that some of your public men, with the old traditional jealousy of our family, suspect us of further designs. *Pour parler de ma petite personne*, all that I can say is, that I firmly believe that no such designs exist. If we wished to make a war of ambition, should we make it in Italy? What have we to gain in Italy? What Frenchman would desire any frontier beyond the Alps? There are extensions of territory that would suit us—there is the Bavarian Palatinate, there is Mayence; but we are not mad enough to think them worth the risks of a war.

"You accuse us of wishing to tear up the treaties of 1815. On the contrary, though those treaties were made against us, we are making war in support of them. Those treaties gave Lombardy and Venetia to Austria. We do not wish to take them from her. We think that she dreadfully misgoverns them, *mais cela ne nous regarde pas*. If misgovernment were a just cause of war, there never could be peace, for there is always misgovernment. We misgovern Algeria, as I well know from my experience as its minister, but you do not consider that a cause of war. We think that you misgovern Ireland, but yet we prize above all things your alliance. What we complain of is that Austria is not satisfied with Lombardy and Venetia, that in defiance of the treaties of 1855 she chooses to be mistress beyond the Po, that she has made vassals of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, that she occupies the Legations, that she prevents good government in Naples, in short, that she is every thing in Italy, and that we are nothing. It is against all the traditions of our foreign policy that we should tolerate this. Louis Philippe would not have borne it if he had not been forced by his position to refuse to allow France to perform her duty. I do not defend all the conduct of Piedmont. I have often entreated my father in-law to refrain from meddling with the internal affairs of Austria and warned him that if he rushed into war with her, he might be crushed before we could come to his assistance. So it may be now, for the war has found us quite unprepared.

"Would that have been the case if it had been a war of aggression on our part?

"Some of your papers are absurd enough to talk of invasion. If you look into our ports and arsenals, you will find that we have sent all our available ships into the Mediterranean. I do justice to the wishes of your ministers to preserve peace, but they managed the affair very ill.

"One fine day Lord Cowley told us suddenly that he was going to Vienna, '*pour causer des affaires de l'Italie*.' We said, 'Go, by all means;' but it would have been better if he had made himself better acquainted with our views, and had been authorized to speak in our name."

"I thought," I said, "that he went at your request."

"By no means," answered the Prince; "he went spontaneously, or by the order of your Government. While he was there, Russia proposed a Congress. It was not our suggestion, nor did we like it, but to show our desire of peace

l. It was to have consisted
great Powers. Sardinia, nat-
gh, asked to join in it. We
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o be considered as a quasi-
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llions which the Crimean war
war in which she had no real
We thought, too, that the
Naples and Tuscany had a
admitted. Austria object-
e yielded. But while the
Congress were being debat-
suddenly sent a brutal sum-
iedmont to disarm, and on
invaded her. It is amusing
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y directed against France fall
l of Austria. Now, what is
this conduct of ours to excite
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that you would send a squad-
ely a ship, into the Adriatic
we do. You would find our
in the war as great as it was

why cannot England and
ıe to an understanding about
We are forced to treat him
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you are under no such in-

ıot aware," I said, "that any
ıt respecting the Pope was
ıssion."
we should like," he answer-
ve the Pope Rome, and a lit-
round it, a sort of garden
e, extending, perhaps, to Al-
Tivoli, and to secularize the
dominions."
not believe," I answered,
should object to that. And
lous Catholics in France have
e the same suggestion."
" he said, "you accuse us of
alliance, purchased by aban-
rkey to her.
is none ; there is an under-
ıat she shall place an army of
ı on the frontiers of Gallicia,
in the event of the German
ion attacking us, an event
lieve to be highly improbable.
rkey, its name has not been
The Emperor has not the
tion to undo all that was
e Crimean war. He is as de-
cided as he ever was to maintain, at any sacrifice, the independence and the integrity of Turkey. Our understanding with Russia has not been bought by any concession whatever. We do not like Russia, though we hate Austria more. The alliance that we prize is yours ; we should be mad if we wantonly exchanged it for that of Russia."

He asked me how long I intended to remain in Paris. Three weeks, I answered.

"Great events," he said, "may happen in that period. I hope that you will let me see you from time to time."

He talks well and fluently. Much of what he said appeared to me to have been thought over before.

Paris, May 17th, 1860.—Prince Napoleon gave me an audience to-day.

He asked me what I was doing. I told him that my principal occupation was the Education Commission.

"I have been a member," he said, "of many commissions, but I will not serve on another unless I can select my associates. The only way to make a commission work well is to put one man at its head and let him choose the rest rather as counsellors and instruments than as colleagues. Have you inquired into our system ?"

"We have," I answered.

"All," he replied, "except the primary education is bad. We have thrown it too much into the hands of the Government. We have left little choice to the parents, either as to the masters or the studies. It is still worse in Germany. Your fault is the opposite one, but it is the less of the two. In education anarchy is better than despotism.

"What," he continued, "is the public feeling in England respecting Italy ?"

"The bulk of the people," I answered, "sympathize thoroughly with the Italians. They wish to see the Austrians driven out of Italy at any expense and by any means ; our statesmen generally desire the same result, but are anxious and alarmed when they see the means that are employed."

"I was sorry," he said, "to hear of Garibaldi's sailing. I admire and respect him, and I expected his own destruction and that of his followers. But he seems likely to succeed. I cannot

regret a Sicilian revolution, or even, what must follow it, a Neapolitan one; but the further consequences alarm me. Of course Naples and Sicily will annex themselves to Sardinia. That kingdom is now so large that it attracts every floating body. What will be the state of the remaining Papal territories *enclavés* in it on all sides? They must be swallowed up in it. And then what is to be done with the Pope?"

"When I had the honor," I said, "of conversing with your Imperial Highness on this subject last year, you proposed that he should keep Rome and a *petit jardin autour*."

"That might have done last year," he answered; "now we must have Rome for the capital of the United Italian Kingdom. It is the only capital that my father-in-law can select without offending Piedmont and exciting the jealousy of the other great historical towns. You would not, I suppose, have the Pope a subject of the King of Italy? And unless he be a subject, indeed whether a subject or not, he will be a bitter, unrelenting enemy. Rome never acquiesces in any loss, never treats any thing as a *fait accompli*. She has recovered so wonderfully from situations which seemed to be desperate, that she never despairs. When my father-in-law accepted the Romagna, he broke forever with the Pope and his successors. The Papal influence, too, which was once a refuge from despotism, is now its instrument. Every misgovernment is defended by the authority, and indeed by the example, of the Pope. Every improvement is opposed by them. As soon as Sardinia was constitutional, all the clergy became the enemies of the Government. There will not be peace, or safe, well-established liberty in Italy as long as the Pope remains there. And whither is he to go? Not to Vienna, as he would like to do, since Gaeta will no longer be open to him. In the present state of Italian feeling as respects Germany, his residence in any part of it would expose him to indignation and contempt, which might produce a schism. An Italian prince who flies from his country to Germany can never return. If he is not to be a subject, Elba perhaps; or, if he wishes for a larger population to teaze, the island of Sardinia may be given to him in sovereignty—Italy would make a good bargain by parting with it to get rid of the Pope—or one of the Balearic islands. But if he is not to be a sovereign, I think that he will inhabit one of the fine towns of Spain—Seville, for instance. The cathedral there might console him for St. Peter's. The Holy Week in Seville is almost as splendid as the Holy Week in Rome."

"We should be happy," I said, "to receive him in Malta, not in La Valetta, but in Città Vecchia, which is a beautiful little town in a fine air. He would find himself among a population of priests."

"Well," he said, "*c'est une grosse affaire;* I do not pretend to guess what will turn out, or how it will turn out.

"If my father-in-law would have listened to advice, the danger would have been less. The Emperor wrote to him to urge him to refuse Tuscany. We told him that if he would be satisfied with Lombardy, Parma, Modena, and the Legations—no slight accessions to his fortune in one year—France would protect him in their possession, but that we could not guarantee him any thing if he accepted Tuscany. Now, if he had refused Tuscany, or if the vote for autonomy had prevailed, this new revolution would probably have stopped at Naples. The Pope would not have been surrounded on all sides by Sardinian annexation. Lamoricière might have kept him on his throne until the fever had subsided.

"The disposal of the Pope is, as I said, *une grosse affaire*, but it is not the last, or perhaps the worst. When Venetia is the only province wanting to Italian unity, will Victor Emmanuel be able to keep his hands off it? Or even if his people were to allow him to remain quiet, will Austria keep her hands off *him?* The original Piedmontese army was small and good; it fought well by our side; but the present army is large and bad. It has been spoilt by adding to it a rabble from Central Italy. It is like a bottle of brandy poured into a bucket of water. Sixty thousand Austrians could disperse it. They could march from Mantua to Naples.

"Are we to stop them again?

"I told my father-in-law that we should not—that if he chose to play

le or quits he must take the conse-
ces. I do not say that it will be
ır, in fact, I foresee nothing except
if Garibaldi succeeds in Sicily, as I
:t him to do, and, I must confess,
him to do, Southern Italy will be
utionized.

What do you say," he continued,
ıut Turkey?"

The state of Russia is such," I an-
:d, " that I do not think that even
ey has much to fear from her."

I quite agree with you," he replied.
:h is the state of the Russian army
of the Russian finances that she
l not march fifty thousand men be-
her own frontier. But Turkey has
:r, and, in her present weak, disor-
ed state, more dangerous enemies
ıg those who are called her subjects.
Serbs are discontented, and threat-
march to Constantinople."

What is their population?" I asked.

About a million," he answered,
t as they are semi-barbarians, every
is a soldier. They say that they
raise two hundred thousand men.
thousand would be enough. The
arians would join them, and the
:s have no real army to oppose
."

Could they cross the Balkan," I
l, "with only sixty thousand men?"

Much more easily," he answered,
ın the Russians did. And, on the
e, if Constantinople is no longer to
urkish, perhaps it would be as well
ave it Servian. I had rather see
there than Russians, or Greeks, or
rians."

The United States," I said, " want
rt on the Mediterranean. Perhaps
ıtantinople would suit *them*."

When such matters have to be set-
" he said, " this coolness between
and and France is most unfortunate.
Savoy business has been ill-managed
oth sides. The Emperor ought to
made up his mind sooner. He
ıt not to have given additional im-
ance to what he was doing by deny-
t, by showing a consciousness that
ras likely to excite alarm, which
ed to imply that it ought to excite
n. You, as you could not prevent
ught to have accepted it frankly.
as a slight price to give us for hav-
lone your work for you in the Cri-
mea and in Italy. It did not materially increase our power, it merely relieved us from a humiliation. You would have earned our gratitude by cordially acquiescing in it, instead of disgusting us by your unfriendly opposition. A partnership cannot be lasting if one of the parties grudges to the other any one part of the profits.

" Among the things," he continued, " which, if mutual confidence could be restored, might be arranged, is a general disarmament. Peace is becoming more expensive than war used to be. There are more than two millions of men under arms in Europe You are spending for military purposes twenty-six millions sterling every year. And this in perishable things: in ships that rot, in machinery that gets obsolete, and in soldiers and sailors whose services are useless as long as they have not to fight. Then there is loss occasioned by commercial uneasiness and distrust. I fear that some day people will say—

" 'It is better to have a war, and fight it out, than that this preparation and anxiety should be prolonged indefinitely.'"

Thursday, May 24th.—I dined with Prince Napoleon, and met the Duke of Magenta (MacMahon), the Duc de Grammont, French Ambassador in Rome, now on leave, Admiral Bouet, Michel Chevalier, Merimée, and several others.

Before dinner I had a good deal of conversation with MacMahon. He is a man of pleasing, simple manners.

We talked of the Cabyles, whom he described as a far superior race to the Arabs.

" Race, indeed," he said, " they are not. They are a mixture of all the races who have been driven from the plains by successive invasions, and forced to establish themselves on the mountain plateaux and gorges, which, until we came, were impregnable. They are Numidians, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, all mixed by common misfortune. Many have light or red hair and blue or gray eyes. They live in large villages, which may be called towns, cultivate their lands, and preserve traces of Roman law. They are bad Mussulmans, and capable, perhaps, of being

converted, which a real Mussulman is not. You have little to tell *him*. He believes, as you do, in the unity of God; indeed, he thinks that he believes in it much better than you do. He venerates Jesus and the blessed Virgin. He accepts the Gospels, but he says that there has been a further revelation. Jesus was a great prophet and was sent from God, but Mohammed was a still greater. The Arab is unconvertible and unimprovable, but I think that we shall do much with the Cabyles."

The dinner was not long, and directly we had had our coffee the men all moved into the smoking-room. Here the Prince filled (I use the word literally) a huge armchair. Next to him sat MacMahon and Grammont, then Bouet, Merimée, and I. The others stood about or sat on the sofas.

The cigars were lighted, and we began alking of Garibaldi.

"I have no doubt," said the Prince, "that by this time he is master of Sicily."

"With the exception," said Grammont, "of Messina. The citadel of Messina cannot be taken by such troops as his."

"That depends," said Bouet, "on the fidelity of the garrison. Those among them that are Sicilians cannot be relied on. When I was off Messina with a squadron a year ago, the inhabitants crowded to my ships to beg me to take possession of the town. The fiercest anti-Neapolitans were the clergy, regular as well as secular. In the late *émeutes* they fired on the royal troops from the convent windows."

"The people," said the Prince, "gave the utmost assistance to the disembarkation of Garibaldi's men, and I suspect that the cruisers let him pass."

"I do not believe," said Bouet, "that they could stop him. How are you to guard a coast as long as from Boulogne to Bayonne? Garibaldi is a good sailor, probably a better sailor than general. His father was a Nice fisherman, and he passed the first twenty years of his life on the sea. I believe that he steered first for Tunis, and then ran up northward to Marsala."

"Cavour," said the Prince, "took what he is not accustomed to do, a middle course. He should either have stopped Garibaldi or have given him five thousand men. He has thrown on himself and on my father-in-law all the discredit, such as it is, of having favored the expedition. He would not have been more blamed and hated by the *Codini** if he had given it real aid."

"Garibaldi's popularity in Paris," said Bouet, "is enormous. All the portraits of him disappear as fast as they are published. Some of my servants were at a bourgeois wedding the other day—there were fifty or sixty guests. Nothing but Garibaldi was talked about; even the bride and bridegroom seemed to think of nothing else."

"I do not believe," said MacMahon, "that he will ever be a general. He wants comprehensiveness. He cannot foresee or provide for results distant in time and space. But he is an admirable partisan. When he was in Italy with his four thousand men, one of his spies told him that he had discovered, a couple of leagues off, an Austrian force of about three thousand men, who were not aware of his proximity, and could be surprised and cut off. The spy was a traitor. There were twelve thousand Austrians, and the spy had been sent to decoy Garibaldi into attacking them. With his usual impetuosity he fell into the trap, marched against the Austrians and found, when he approached them, that they far outnumbered him, and were prepared. Most men would have retreated, been followed, overtaken, and destroyed. He attacked the Austrians with such vigor that they thought that their spy must have deceived them, and that Garibaldi was in force. He drove them from their position and pursued them for a couple of miles, when they discovered the smallness of his numbers and turned back on him; his troops, active and unencumbered, saved themselves in the mountains."

"He will beat the Neapolitans," said the Prince, "more easily than he beat the Austrians; and I do not believe that the Romans, even with Lamoricière, will stop him. The instant that Tuscany annexed itself to Piedmont, I saw that the kingdom of Italy was formed. Nothing but some blunder on our part can prevent it."

(*) The reactionary party in Italy.—M. C. M. S.

he fault of our policy," said the
e Grammont, "is that we have,
, no policy whatever. Instead of
lling events we are governed by
'

ur policy and our duty," said the
, "are perfectly simple and plain.
re to leave Rome instantly, and let
lians settle the matter themselves.
ot say what is the settlement that
e—perhaps you may guess."
nd the Austrians," said the Duc
mmont; "will they permit that
ient? Twenty thousand Aus-
would dispose of Garibaldi."
he Austrians," said Bouet, "had
y game as long as they held Tus-
They could march through their
ountry on Rome and Naples.
hey cannot cross Tuscany without
with Piedmont, which implies a
th France. They must go by sea.
ey may be met at sea and beaten.
iedmontese navy is larger and bet-
n the Austrian one. Their army,
o retreat except by its ships, will
med and demoralized."
is our business," said the Prince,
revent their going by sea or by
We must march out of Rome,
the first thing. We ought to do
morrow. Italy must be Italian.
e not Italian it will be again Aus-
which France ought not to suffer,
ll not suffer."
nd what is to become of the
" said the Duc de Grammont.
la nous est égal," said the Prince.
will be Bishop of Rome; we shall
im a good civil list, and he will
or the King of Italy."
ot Pio Nono," said the Duke.
not Pio Nono," replied the Prince
ebody else. We shall change him
Pio Decimo—for some pope *qui
vre*. For the last five hundred
Italy has been sacrificed to the
r; it shall be so no longer. You,
Duc, know the state of the Papal
nment better than anyone else;
se gentlemen whether its badness
gerated."
ertainly not exaggerated," he an-
l; "it is underrated. No one
as not lived in Rome can imagine
ocity or its corruption. It is not
rnment, it is a conspiracy of rogues
irri."

"Give us," said the Prince, "some facts."

"I will tell you," said the Duke, "one which occurred a short time ago. Some of the pontifical estates were to be let. A person whom I know, an excellent country gentleman, who never meddles in politics, wished to take them. So did a relation of Antonelli's. My acquaintance was therefore accused by the sbirri of having hissed them. He was thrust into one of the horrible papal dungeons and kept *au secret*, lest he should give any instructions to his *homme d'affaires* to bid for the lands. Antonelli's friend got the lease at half its value. I heard of it, went to the Pope, and got my acquaintance out, or he would probably be in prison now, and would remain there until his cell was wanted for somebody else.

"Last year some French soldiers accused a ferryman of demanding more than his fare. He was thrown into prison. Six months after his wife came to ask for my intercession. I went to the police. 'You have made me,' I said, 'a sort of accomplice in a horrible oppression. I hear that on a trumpery accusation by one of our soldiers, a poor man has been six months in prison?' 'Of course he has,' answered the Director of Police; 'it is your own fault; you should have come or sent to me sooner. When a man is accused of having behaved ill to any of your soldiers, we keep him in prison until you ask for his release. It is a small proof of our gratitude to you.' But, bad as the Governments of Rome and Naples are, the people are still worse. After *le bon Dieu* had finished creating the bulk of the human species, he made Romans and Neapolitans out of the refuse and rubbish that were left."

"The people," said the Prince, "are what their Governments have made them. Centuries of ecclesiastical tyranny would have made us just as bad. And this is the Government which we brought back, which we have supported for ten years, and which we still support. It is our duty to God and man to withdraw that support instantly, whatever be the consequences. You say, M. le Duc, that we have no policy. What policy ought we to have?"

"*Une politique*," answered the Duke,

"*bien nette, bien arrêtée, bien ferme et regardant seulement nos propres intérêts. Pas une politique d'idées.*"

"And what are our interests," said the Prince, "except that Italy be united and well governed?"

"*Jamais peut-être,*" said the Duke, "*un ministre Français n'a été ainsi mis sur la sellette.* Permit me to ask a question in my turn. Is it our interest to create a new great Power at our gates?"

"France," said the Prince, "ought not to be deterred from following her instincts as the promoter of civilization by such fears, even if there were any foundation for them. But there is none. She is too great to fear any neighbor. I am not sure that it would not be well to have six great Powers instead of five. They would better keep one another in order. One of these five, too, seems to be falling to pieces, and may want a successor."

"The two dangers to Austria," said the Duke, "are Hungary and Venetia. They are two weights, one on the north, the other on the south, which are pulling her asunder. I think that she will conciliate Hungary."

"The young Emperor," said the Prince, "will conciliate nobody. As to Venetia, that cannot be conciliated."

"No," said the Duke, "but it can be exchanged. I have reason to think that Austria is ready to resign it, if we will give her the Herzegovina and Moldavia and Wallachia."

"If she is not ready," replied the Prince, "we must stimulate her; we must subject her to a gentle compulsion. It is all for her good, as she will find when she gets wiser. The kingdom of Italy must extend from the Alps to Cape Passaro."

"I doubt," I said, "whether it will extend to Cape Passaro. The Sicilians will set up for themselves."

"Well then," said the Prince, "let them take a sovereign, provided he be an Italian, or let them be a republic, or let them take the Pope. We can do without them."

"Perhaps," said the Duke, "England will relieve you of Sicily."

"Bah!" said the Prince, "that is one of your old traditions. Because England took Sicily when my uncle took Naples, you think that she wants it again. She refused it at the Congress of Vienna. But you diplomatists study nothing but history. As to what is actually passing, you know no more than the rest of us. When the Emperor wants to know what is going on, he does not send for Thouvenel, he sends for the *Nord*, or the *Indépendance Belge*, or the *Times* So does Queen Victoria. I never learned anything from Walewski, except, perhaps, some little official secret of no real importance, but which he had better not have told."

The Prince now rose from the arm-chair which he had so worthily filled. "Ainsi finit," said Merimée to me as we went out, "la séance Italienne. Le Prince parle bien, et dit admirablement tout ce qu'il ne doit pas dire."

He greeted his guests, and was treated by them, with perfect familiarity. The only mark of his rank was the occasional use of Monseigneur. Much may have depended on the levelling influence of the cigar.

It was now about eleven. We have been in the smoking-room ever since quarter to nine. I expected to find the ladies retired, but they still sat in a little circle round the Princess. No one joined that circle, and at length it broke up too. The Princess came to the tea-table where I was, and talked to me for ten minutes about Cavour, Azeglio, and Marochetti very agreeably. She is very like her father, but graceful and self-possessed, simple, and grande dame. She is said to have been educated by Jesuits, to be a devout Papist, and to be made miserable by the Pope's degradation, and by the favor shown by her husband to the anti-Papal party.

Paris, April 14th, 1861.—Prince Napoleon sent a few days ago to ask me to visit him to-day.

I found several people in the antechamber. We were called in one by one, but no one's audience lasted more than three minutes, except mine, which was prolonged to five. He seemed anxious and absent, to use a French phase, *préoccupé*.

He told me that he had heard from an authority that could scarcely be mistaken that Lord Derby and Lord Palmerston had coalesced, that Derby was to be Premier and Palmerston Foreign Sec-

, and that Gladstone had joined
adicals.
is a most dangerous combination,"
lded, "and disturbs me, who,
ı know, am a steady friend to the
ıh alliance. With such a ministry
ıis painful Syrian question, *tout est
e.*"
'out est possible," I answered, "ex-
he story itself."
I did not convince him. So he
ne that *sa femme* hoped I would
vith them that day, and bowed me

dinner I found Lord Henry Len-
ıd several other persons, none of
, except Michel Chevalier, I

: dinner was stiff and silent. Be-
me and the Prince sat Madame de
He talked to her much in a half
er. I found afterward that it was
the letter.* "I am very sorry,"
id, "that the Emperor has sup-
d it, as now I cannot answer it.
:sent *ça regarde mon cousin.* It is
well written, and not more unfair
vas to have been expected. I think
f, however, hardly treated, for in
ıeech I carefully spared the Duc
nale. I said nothing of the Duc
urbon."
nediately after dinner we went into
noking-room, where the Prince
ıis usual armchair by the fire.
was bitter and cynical.
talked of the Pope.
'hat I wish," said the Prince, "is
rid of him altogether, and if all
shops and priests follow him, so
the better."
et," said somebody, "your Im-
Highness has lately been recom-
ng a bishop, Monseigneur——"
told the Emperor," he answered,
—— was not quite so bad as the
o he was made bishop. But there
: to choose among them. I have
ıriests of every kind. They are
Germany, they are bad in Italy,
ey are nowhere so thoroughly bad
'rance. Perhaps, however, I ought
ept Ireland. When I was in Ire-
ıst year the priests crowded round
ıt they had no knowledge or com-

e allusion is to a pamphlet published by
: d'Aumale, in answer to a speech de-
by Prince Napoleon.—M. C. M. S.

mon sense. I found them highly disaffected, but when I asked for their grievances they could not explain to me that they had any. On their own showing, Ireland is as free as any country in Europe."

"They had one grievance," I answered, "though they did not choose to complain of it—that they had no public provision."

"I scarcely call that a grievance," replied the Prince. "No priests ought to be paid by the Government.

"The real grievance is that the large majority and the poor majority of the Irish have to pay the priests of the rich minority. It is bad enough to have to pay a priest whom you believe."

He talked much of English politics; said that Lord Palmerston was a Tory, Gladstone a Radical, and —— a fool, and would not allow that any one had any political honesty except Lord Grey and Sir George Lewis.

The smoking party broke up very soon, and the Prince merely walked through the drawing-rooms and disappeared.

The Princess looked smiling and happy. Probably she was the only person present who had not heard of the Duc d'Aumale's letter.

Paris, March 13th, 1862.—I dined with Prince Napoleon. The ladies were Madame de ——, the Princess, and her two ladies-in-waiting. Among the men the only ones that I knew were General Kalergi, the man who, after having in 1843 headed the great revolution and pointed his cannon against King Otho's palace, now represents him in Paris; Pietri; M. Petinet, formerly Prefect of Upper Savoy, now Director of the Imperial Printing Office; Colonel Claremont, the English military attaché; and several others whose names I could not ascertain, and whom, therefore I must designate by letters.

When we retired into the *fumoir* the Prince became the centre of an animated political discussion. As is generally the case in Paris, it turned more on general propositions than on particular facts. The Prince gave us a sort of essay on the French nation.

"The great fault," he said, "of the French is *qu'ils n'ont pas de caractère.*

This shows itself in their dread of being in the minority. On every question the instinct of a Frenchman is to ascertain on which side is the majority, and to join it. It shows itself also in their want of elasticity. They have no backbone; a blow from the Government strikes them down, and they lie flat and torpid. It was the same three hundred years ago. There was at that time a strong Protestant feeling in France, but it could not stand persecution.

"Next to this their great fault is their hatred of superiors. The peasant, lying at the bottom of society, hates everyone who wears a coat, and still more every one who wears a cassock."

"And yet," said Pietri, "he would rise if you were to pull down his *clocher*."

"In some departments," said the Prince, "perhaps in twenty out of the eighty-six, he likes his *clocher*, but in every department he hates his *curé*."

"The bas clergé, however," said Pietri, "are the best."

"The least bad," said the Prince. "The other day a storm was raised in the Senate because I was supposed to have said that Napoleon re-entered France in 1815 with the cry, '*à bas les prêtres!*' If I had said so it would have been the truth. The only country in Europe in which the priest is popular is England, and he is popular there because he is a gentleman, a man of the world, a *père de famille*, and above all because he is rich and is charitable. Our priests are poor; they eke out their incomes by exactions from the people; they are turned out of their seminaries ignorant of every thing except a scholastic divinity which, even if it be comprehensible, no one understands; they spring from the same class as the peasants over whom they claim absolute authority; they interfere in the *ménage;* they set the wife and the daughter against the husband and the father Every Government and every party that relies on their support is doomed."

"Does the peasant," I asked, "hate the prefect?"

"No," said the Prince. "In the first place, he never sees him. To him the prefect is an abstract idea, or at most an impersonation of the Government. And the peasant clings to the Government as the enemy of his enemy, the bourgeois."

"What the *ouvrier* hates most is his *patron*. When I had to select a couple of hundred ouvriers to send them to London for the Exposition, I offered them forty thousand francs toward the expense. They accepted it from *me*, but they all said that they would not take a sou from their masters.

"Next to his *patron* the *ouvrier* hates the *bourgeois*.

"Louis Philippe and his bourgeois Chamber of Deputies were abominations to him. So were the Provisional Government and the Constituents' Assembly. All the ouvriers were behind the barricades against Louis Philippe in February, 1848, and against Cavaignac in the following June. He hates constitutional government, with its checks and counter-checks and hierarchy of power. His political affection is given only to what he supposes to be the revolutionary principle, the absence of an aristocracy, that is to say, of any intermediate between the Government and the mass of the people.

"As for the bourgeois, he hates everybody, because he fears everybody. He hates and fears the people, he hates and fears what aristocracy we have left us, he hates and fears the Government.

"Why," I asked, "the Government?"

"Because it taxes him," answered the Prince; "because it imposes free trade on him; because it makes war, subjects him to conscription, and interferes with trade."

"Because," said X., "it emasculates his newspapers, interns him, or sends him to Cayenne if he talks too loud, and because it interferes with the course of justice if he is defrauded by one of its favorites."

"And the aristocracy?" I asked.

"There is no aristocracy," answered the Prince, "except the aristocracy of office, which gives influence but no respect, and the small aristocracy of military and civil talent. Our officials, orators, and *littérateurs* are something while their office or their talent continues, but their influence is transient."

"A great speaker," said Y., "is always a considerable man in France."

"He was nothing," said the Prince,

ı 1852 to 1861, and who knows oon he may be reduced again to g?"

ill," said W., "a great proprie- ich, for instance, as Falloux, has ice in the provinces."

ertainly," said the Prince, "but iany of them are there? And how of those have qualities which make capable or even desirous of exer- an influence? As for titles, they orth nothing; and birth, which has little value in a few circles, is sel- authentic. Not one family in a ed in the Faubourg has any right name which it bears.

he consequence," he continued, ll this is that there is no desire for r, or, indeed, possibility of it. For y cannot exist without intermediate s, centres of resistance between the e and the people, breakwaters for rone and bulwarks for the people. bitterly deplore it; France is not l in government, in commerce, in hing, in short, except in religion, its religious tolerance arises from isbelief. Even the schoolmaster not affect to have any faith in the ines which he is obliged to pretend ch."

Ve must trust," said Pietri, "to radual operation of the press."

too," said the Prince, "trust to ress; though it has done positively ittle, it has done comparatively during the last ten years. It has ed the Emperor to give us an in- ent of free trade and of free dis- on.

lliberal as France still is, she is ı less so than she was in 1852, much o than she would have been if Louis ppe had continued.

But we shall not see fully the useful nce of the press till it is free. I he *useful* influence, for the positive nce, the influence for evil, is prob- greatest under a system of compres- In America, where there is perfect om, no one newspaper has much nce. In England, where the enor- expense of founding and keeping newspaper gives a monopoly to a reat capitalists, a few newspapers considerable power, but not half ower which they have in France. fiscal burdens, the *cautionnement*, the liability to suppression, and the stamp, keep the number of papers lower even than it is in England, and the notoriety of the fact that they all publish, and indeed exist, only by the sufferance of the Government gives importance to their censures. Every thing that they say in opposition to the Government is taken as an admission. What I wish for is not so much the liberty of the press as its anarchy."

"By its anarchy," I said, "do you mean that there shall be no such thing as a *délit de la presse?*"

"I mean," he answered, "that there shall be no stamp, no *cautionnement*, no forced signature, no *avertissement*. At present the press is under the *régime* not of *l'arbitraire*, which is bad enough, but of *le caprice*, which is intolerable. I wish a journal with only two hundred *abonnés* to be able to live. I wish to have a hundred, or five hundred, such journals; their errors and their falsehoods would neutralize one another.

"But while every opposition journal calls in question the principle of the Government and of the dynasty, we must have some *délits de la presse*.

"In England you have practically abandoned prosecution because these questions are never raised. No newspaper in England writes against Christianity, or royalty, or property.

"Still the system of *avertissement*, if it were not managed by a fool or a madman, has many advantages."

"I detest it," said Petinet. "To be tried, warned, and suppressed without being heard is intolerable."

"Still," said the Prince, "it is better to be suppressed than to be imprisoned. You would not find the tribunals much more liberal than M. de Persigny."

"But a jury," I said, "might be so."

"The jury," said the Prince, "would consist of bourgeois. A jury, when it is frightened, is worse than even a judge, for it is not responsible even to public opinion, *et les bourgeois sont en permanence de peur*."

"I have had some experience," said Petinet, "for I have appeared before the tribunal seventeen times."

The conversation passed to the dissolution or expiration of the Corps Législatif.

"In the next Chamber," said R——, "there will be at least thirty opposition members. We see the influence of only six."

"Among them," said the Prince, "I hope to see Thiers. He could certainly be returned for Rouen, and with little difficulty for Lille."

"He will give trouble," said Pietri.

"Unless he is bought," said the Prince. "Not with money, Thiers is above that, but by flattery. Never did the Emperor spend a compliment better than when he called Thiers *un historien illustre et national*. Thiers has not forgotten it."

"Nor," said Pietri, "does he let any one else forget it."

"Paris," said the Prince, "will return ten *rouges*. If I were to go into the Faubourg St. Antoine I should be elected by the *ouvriers* unanimously, especially if the *patrons* opposed me.

"But the opposition, though it may give trouble, will do little good. The Corps Legislatif has no influence. 'The deputies,' say the people, 'are named by the prefects; *we* name the Emperor.'

"One thing, however, the next Chamber will do if it be not done before, it will force the evacuation of Rome. We cannot remain the supporters of that odious tyranny and the obstacles to Italian unity. Every motive requires us to escape from such a situation."

"Billault," said Pietri, "says that it will take three centuries to consolidate Italy."

"An additional motive," said the Prince, "for losing no more time."

At about half-past nine we returned to the drawing-room, where we found the Princess, her two ladies, and Madame de ——.

I talked to Madame de —— about Rome.

"I never would have created," she said, "the temporal power of the Pope. It injures his spiritual influence, just as his spiritual functions interfere with his political ones. But he has it, and I dread the immediate consequences of his losing it. I would keep the *statu quo* if I could; and such are the opinions of almost all whom I see."

"Not here," I said.

"Not," she answered, "on one side of the palace, but very strongly on the other."

The conversation passed to Savoy.

M. Petinet maintained that the annexation was popular among all excepting the priests.

"The people," said the Prince, "never from 1815 to 1859 gave up the hope of returning to France.

"Thousands of families kept little tricolors as sacred deposits. They loved, indeed, the House of Savoy, but they hated Piedmont, and felt degraded by the prospect of being swallowed up in the great kingdom of Italy."

"They are swallowed up now," I said, "in a still greater empire."

"Yes," said the Prince; "but in an empire with glorious recollections, with a glorious present, and with a glorious future. The kingdom of Italy is glorious only in its hopes."

The Princess sat at first near the fire with her ladies, but she afterward came into the middle of the room, sat on an ottoman with a circle round her, and joined easily in a general unconstrained conversation.

Paris, April 12th, 1862.—I paid my visit of adieu to Prince Napoleon.

He, too, had been reading Lord Palmerston's speech, but not with the feelings of Thiers.

"I am delighted," he said, "to find a man who, with all his faults, is at the head of the statesmen of Europe, fully agreeing with me. The union of Rome to the rest of Italy is now only a question of time. I cannot believe that the time will be long, but while it lasts it is full of danger to the Emperor, to the Pope, to France, and to Italy.

"The Pope's death," he continued, "would be a great misfortune."

"Would he have a successor?" I asked.

"I have no doubt," he answered, "that his successor is already agreed on."

"Subject," I said, "I suppose to the vetoes of France, Austria, and Spain?"

"If the election," he answered, "be made *sur le corps du Pape*, that is, immediately after the death of the Pope, while his body is still on the bed in which he died, there is no veto. And such is the distrust of France in the College of

nals that some one hostile to us will med.

'io Nono is weak and timid and ir- ıte, but his successor may be a fool anatic, still less accessible to rea- ıan he is."

ris, April 2d, 1863.—I breakfast- th Prince Napoleon. The only guests were his aides-de-camp and ary.

asked me if there was much sym- for the Poles in England.

)ur sympathies," I answered, "at our active sympathies, are only he nations who have coasts. Be- if a nation be regarded as one per- ıt individual, responsible for the)f all its previous generations, no ı has more deserved its fate than d. While it was independent it ıe torment of Europe and of itself. ; always engaged in religious civil every party was constantly call- r foreign intervention ; the nobles petty tyrants, the people were ; they had no industry, or litera- or toleration ; they gave up their erce to Jews, and then persecuted ; they were utterly without the for- ıce, the candor, and the justice free institutions require. Since ırtition they have been stirring up war throughout Europe. Every ıtion has had Poles among its pro- s, often among its exciters."

Well," said the Prince, "we are less :. We forget what Poland was in she is—the victim of falsehood and ıtematic oppression. Poles have t by our side against foreign and ıt domestic enemies. They have :d the people of France in their gles against the aristocrats ; they)een one of the elements of the rev- nary leaven which saves us from eneral torpidity of the Continent. [recognize in your language the ess and—if you will pardon the —the selfishness of English policy. vill never, as we do, fight for an Then you think yourselves bound ıe treaties of 1815. We detest we repudiate them, we have torn to pieces. They were fetters when re weak, we threw them off as soon became strong. It was his sub-)n to them that overthrew Louis pe.

"Your policy is formed on reasoning, ours on sentiment. It was sentiment, not reasoning, that made Louis Napoleon President, that made him Emperor. But, though you have no active sympathy for people without coasts, like Poland and Hungary, you must have a passive one, enough not to disturb you, but to make you look with pleasure on the active sympathy of less reasoning nations.

"You cannot but admire the self-devotion of the fathers and mothers who send out their children, or of the young men who, after confession and absolution, go out to die in battle against overwhelming numbers, or to be hunted down in the forests, which are their only fortresses.

"You cannot but detest the barbarity of the Russians, who have turned the conscription, which our glorious revolution invented as the security for national independence and liberty, into the most odious instrument of oppression. If you will not fight for Poland, you will at least speak for her ; and though speaking without acting is only a half measure, or much less than a half measure, it is far better than silence. Prussia is at the bottom of the scale of baseness and degradation. She joins the Czar in order to subjugate Poland for him, and so to leave him free to use his Russian soldiers to prevent his own subjects from insisting on a constitution. She has done still worse—she has violated the sacred right of asylum, the only resource of the oppressed. She has done what every civilized power in Europe would have refused, what, indeed, it would have been an insult to request from any civilized power. She has delivered the Polish refugees to Russia. She has delivered men of birth and education to be punished by the slow tortures of the Siberian mines, for having attempted to save their children from blows, degradation, and death, in the snow and forests of the Caucasus. This the Prussian ministers have not only done, but avowed.

"With the light graceful irony which may be expected from a German, they describe it by saying, 'We have not delivered the refugees to Russia ; we have only removed them from Prussia by the Russian frontier.'

"Austria comes next. She is merely

silent, not from love of her enemy, Russia, but because she fears to have to give up her share of the Polish robbery.

"You, with your inactive sympathy, are the third accomplice. You say that the conduct of Russia is hateful, that of Prussia hateful and base, that of Poland heroic, and then you say, 'Poland has no coasts,' and fold your arms."

"And what," I said, "will you make of your *active* sympathy? Your ministers tell the Poles to rely on the generous and liberal feelings of the Czar."

"That was a wicked insult," replied the Prince, "fit for a ministre sans porte-feuille. Happily the policy of the Emperor does not depend on that of his ministers. What we shall do I cannot tell. I am not in the Emperor's confidence; but that we shall do something —and something great—I am convinced. It may be a pacific intervention—it may be a warlike one. France does not wish for more wars. She has enough, and much more than enough, on her hands already. She is not, like the Americans, carried away by the new excitement of having armies and enormous debts. She knows that armies and debts are things to be kept as low as possible. But in a good cause—and there cannot be a better—France is always ready to sacrifice herself, or rather will insist on sacrificing herself. And certainly this is a case in which the Emperor will not resist the will of his people."

The conversation passed to English statesmen.

"Derby, Ellenborough, and Gladstone," said the Prince, "are your best speakers. Palmerston is your best party leader. He has, indeed, all the faults of a very young man. He threw away his first Premiership by his presumption and impatience. But he has the tact and the experience of an old man. Hi foreign policy is thoroughly English— bold, almost defiant, in words; cau tious, almost timid, in conduct; excep where no opposition is to be feared He gratifies your vanity by his languag to all, and by his action against th weak; but he takes care to keep you a peace. Then his speeches gratify th national taste for triviality and plati tudes. Every one can understand, ever one can sympathize with them, for the express merely what has been though from the time of Adam and repeated fror the time of Noah. He goes down t Glasgow, calls together the boys, an tells them that education is an excellen thing. Thereupon there is *brouhah* Then he tells them that peace is an e cellent thing. More applause. The he reminds them that they have a doc which would receive the Warrior, a the enthusiasm *est d son comble.* French minister who should talk su *banalités* would be pelted.

"You like, too, to be governed *en pl santant, quoique la plaisanterie soit quelq fois mauvaise.* Your great men cl familiarly the *peuple*, because the *pe* is powerless. All parties know tha the familiarity of contempt. In Fra the familiarity is real, because the eq ity is real. Our servants are our equ One of mine left me about a year a he had been with me seven or eight ye He knew nothing when he came, learned his business in my service. he writes *pour me faire part* that he h son, and to hope to have an opportu *de me serrer la main.*

"He will call on me, I shall s hands with him, and perhaps in or four months you will meet him d with me."—*Fortnightly Review.*

AN EPISODE OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

In his wind-shaken tent the soldier sits,
Beside him flares an oil-lamp smokily,
Whose dim light glooms and flickers on the sheet
Of rustling paper that, with eager eyes
And heart, intent he reads. Now with a smile
The flaxen-bearded sunburnt face lights up—
A smile that in the smiling breeds a pain
Within his yearning heart: the gentle hand
That those sweet loving words hath traced, will he

Ever again in his protecting clasp
Enfold it? Who can tell! He can but kiss,
With wild intensity, the page that hand
Hath touched. Each line, each word read and re-read,
At last there is no more. With swimming eyes
He looks, and drinks her name into his soul.
Yet see those lines, with pencil widely ruled,
Where largely sprawl big letters helplessly;
What do they say, those baby characters,
So feebly huge?
"Loved Papa,
"When will you come home again?
"My own dear Papa!"

As he reads this the tent to him grows darker,
His strong hand trembles, and the hot tears burn
In his blue eyes, and blur the straggling words.
What need to see? The words are stamped upon
His heart, and his whole soul doth feel them there.
The wind on gusty wings sweeps by, and lo!
With its wild voice, his child's sweet treble mingles
In accents faintly clear:
"Loved Papa,
"When will you come home again?
"My own dear Papa!"

And now his head is bowed into his hands,
His brave heart for a moment seems to climb
Into his throat and choke him. Hark! what sound
Thus sharply leaps among, and slays the sad
Wind-voices of the autumn night, with shrill
And sudden blast? The bugle-call "To arms!"
And startled sleepers, at its fierce appeal,
Half dreaming clutch their swords, and gasping wake,
How many soon to sleep again—in death!
And on that father's heart the pealing cry
Strikes cold as ice, though soldier there's none braver,
For still above the bugle's thrilling breath
That pleading child-voice sweetly calls:
"Loved Papa,
"When will you come home again?
"My own dear Papa!"

. . . . . .

Across a rough hillside the light of dawn
Doth coldly creep, with ruthless touch revealing
All that by darkness had been hid, and there,
Amongst the stalwart forms that stiffening lie
Upon the blood-soaked ground, where they lie thickest
There is one found, with flaxen hair and beard
Dark dyed with gore, a bullet in his heart!
A crumpled paper in his hand was clutched,
'Gainst the cold lips the rigid hand did press
Some childish writing by his life-blood stained.
What are the words? One scarce can read them now:
"Loved Papa,
"When will you come home again?
"My own dear Papa!"

Temple Bar.

Chapter XVIII.

In which M. de Saint-Luc hears of something to his advantage.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good—even an east wind is welcome to outward bound ships—and Barrington's hasty exit from Algeria, if it caused some heart-aching in one quarter that we know of, was productive of nothing but unalloyed delight in another.

Saint-Luc, as he stood upon his balcony, and watched the *Euphrate* steaming slowly out of harbor, rubbed his hands in glee, feeling that a formidable obstacle had been removed from his path. Whatever difficulties might yet intervene between him and the successful issue of his suit—and he was not disposed to underrate either their number or their magnitude—that of the presence of a possible rival need no longer be included among them; nor would it henceforth be necessary for him so to time his visits to the Campagne de Mersac as that they should not clash with those of the inevitable Englishman.

He rode up the same afternoon to inquire whether Mademoiselle de Mersac had recovered from her indisposition; but he only left a card at the door, without dismounting, fearing lest a too speedy appearance upon the field so lately vacated by the enemy might savor of undue precipitation. In a like prudent spirit he refrained from any endeavor to meet Jeanne until the return of Madame de Breuil's weekly reception-day afforded him an excuse for once more turning his horse's head in the direction of El Biar; and even then, as it turned out, he failed to obtain the interview he had hoped for.

Madame la Duchesse had discontinued her receptions for the summer months, the servant told him, in answer to his inquiry; but he would ask whether she was well enough to see monsieur. Mademoiselle Jeanne had already gone out. Under the circumstances, Saint-Luc did not much care about being admitted; but as he could hardly say so consistently with politeness, he waited at the door, in a broiling sun, while the man departed on his mission, and was presently rewarded by a reque would be so kind as to walk the Duchess being unable to bedroom.

The Duchess's bedroom was airy, and luxuriously furnishec longed to the modern portio house, and had nothing Moor in its construction or in its ments. The low bedstead, witl bordered covering, the soft- chairs of all shapes and sizes, XIV. writing-table, the inlaid and the numberless nicknack evidently of Parisian origin owner of all these pretty thi from the sofa upon which she her quilted silk peignoir wrap her, greeted Saint-Luc in fe rather querulous accents.

"Come in, monsieur, and I do not apologize for rece here; the bedroom of a dying an is as much open to the worl *pelle ardente.*"

Saint-Luc, with the best pc tention, declared that, if he m by appearances, he was in of a lady who had a great man life and health before her; b servation was not well receive

"Eh, eh! what is the use ing such *banalités* as that," Duchess, petulantly. "I am of years old, and I have enough to kill a Hercules. that, perpetual anxiety and which you are chiefly answeral

"I, madame?"

"Certainly. You know th wish is to provide a home f before I take my leave of h this troublesome world. H months is it that I have bee waiting to hear that you have matters with her?"

"Madame, you will allow just as anxious as you can be at the result which we bo But you will also allow that t an exceptional one. And no d you will remember that when ly requested Mademoiselle sac's hand, shortly after my Algiers, you yourself told

could never hope to obtain it in that simple fashion, but that I must gain her affections before her consent."

"*Mon Dieu*, yes; I told you that it would be necessary to woo her *à l'anglaise;* but I suppose that even the English put some limit to their wooing. We do not live in the days of the patriarchs; and if you are content to play the part of Jacob, I am not so sure that Jeanne is prepared to accept that of Rachel, while it is absolutely certain that I am no Rebekah. The whole winter through you have been showering bouquets and compliments and tender glances at the girl, and for my part I cannot see that you are any nearer the end than you were when you started. To tell you the truth, M. de Saint-Luc, you astonish me. It is inconceivable that you, who, if half the stories one hears be true, know how to make yourself irresistible among the ladies of Paris, the most *blasées* women in the whole world, should have any difficulty in captivating a child like Jeanne."

Saint-Luc smiled, and made a deprecating gesture.

"The knowledge which you attribute to me, madame, is not likely to help me much here. It is precisely because my experience of your charming sex has lain entirely within the limits of a certain class that I am altogether at sea when I am removed from it. It may be very ridiculous, but it is unfortunately true, that I have no idea how to set about attracting the affections of a lady whom I not only love, but respect."

"Ah, bah! All women are the same, my dear Vicomte, and you ought to know it. It is not by sighing and looking piteous that you will obtain any thing of them. A lover who understands his business neither argues nor entreats—he simply takes what he wants."

"I doubt whether that method would succeed with Mademoiselle de Mersac."

"Why should it not succeed as well with her as with another? At least you might give it a trial, for it would be better than your present method—admitting that you have one. If you will not even ask, how can you expect to receive?"

"Supposing that I had already asked, and had been refused?"

"What!" cried the old lady, starting up from her recumbent position. "Do you mean me to understand that she has actually refused you, and never said a word to me about it? It is too bad! But in that case there is no more to be said; and I have been wasting, Heaven only knows how much good time and patience! You are aware that Jeanne is completely her own mistress. If she has declined your offer, it is apparently because you have failed to please her. I deplore her decision, but I can assure you, if you do not know it already, that I have no power to make her alter it."

"I have no illusions upon that point, madame. I have only a hope—a faint one, I admit—still just a hope that, in process of time, she herself may reconsider her choice. I am in every respect unworthy of her; but for all that, I think I can offer her a more complete devotion than she is likely to meet with elsewhere. All that I have to trust to is the chance that she may sooner or later discover this, and that it may have some influence upon her."

The Duchess did not seem to think much of this forlorn hope. She pursed up her lips, wrinkled her brow, and reflected.

"You are too modest," she said at length. "Keep on repeating to a girl that you are unworthy of her, and the chances are that she will end by believing you. It is possible that, as you say, you may make her love you at last by mere force of loving her. I have heard of cases of that kind, though I cannot say that I have ever personally known of such a one. But the truth is that the experiment demands more time than we can give you, or than you have a right to ask. Come, M. de Saint-Luc, you are a man of the world, and you will not be offended if I speak to you frankly. You, very naturally and very prettily, look at this matter from the romantic point of view. I, as naturally, if not quite as prettily, view it in its practical aspect. I have no ambitious or selfish aims to serve; all I wish is that Jeanne should get a good husband and a comfortable home; and I know that, so long as I live, the connections which I have still kept up will enable me to put such chances in her way. When I am gone, the case will be very different. Only

this morning I had a letter from France, telling me of two young men, highly suitable in every way, who are anxious to settle down, and form an alliance with some lady of good birth and moderate fortune. For my own part, if I could see any reasonable probability that your hopes would be realized, I should ask nothing better than to send these gentlemen about their business; but candidly, do you think I ought to do so?"

"You must act as you think best, madame," answered Saint-Luc, with a sigh.

"Yes; but don't you see that if another suitor is to appear upon the scene, your presence would become a little embarrassing? I think I may fairly ask that this question should be settled now, one way or the other. Repeat your proposal, and let there be an end of it."

"That would be worse than useless. I admit the justice of what you say, madame, and I am ready to withdraw, if you ask me to do so; but I decline to subject myself to the certainty of a second rejection."

"Then let me speak for you. Possibly I may be able to plead your cause more effectually than you could do yourself. At all events, I can tell you one thing for your comfort; if there be the faintest chance for you, I shall be much more likely to discover it than you would be. I will have a little talk with Jeanne to-night, and you shall hear the result to-morrow morning."

"The result," observed Saint-Luc, getting up, and taking his hat, "is not very doubtful. As soon as I receive your intimation that it is all up with me, I shall take my passage for Marseilles. I love Mademoiselle de Mersac too well to remain here as an obstacle in the way of her happiness, or even of her convenience. But if, as is possible, the two candidates whom you speak of should prove no more fortunate than I have been, I shall ask your permission to return some day."

"You will not require my permission," answered the Duchess, a little touched by so much docility, "but you shall have it, with all my heart—and my best wishes into the bargain."

So Saint-Luc went his way sorrowfully; and being disposed neither for sleep nor society, sat up nearly all the night through, with dull care to keep him company. In the Duchess's powers of persuasion he had no confidence at all, and he was far indeed from suspecting what fruit his careless suggestion, thrown out merely as a means of quieting what appeared to him an absurd and boyish scruple on Léon's part, had already borne. All the more profound was his stupefaction when, early the next morning, he received the following brief note:

"What possessed you, my dear monsieur, to give me violent emotions and upset my health without any reason? I should be tempted to call you hard names if I were not too contented to be vexed with anybody. Jeanne, dear child, offers no opposition whatever to our wishes; and if you will look in upon us this afternoon, you shall hear from her own lips what I hope you will consider good news. To think that you should have reached your time of life without discovering that when a woman says no, she almost invariably means yes! I felicitate you, and press your hand cordially.

"LOUISE DE BREUIL."

If these few lines had been written in Chinese instead of in the clearest and most explicit French, they could not have puzzled Saint-Luc more utterly. Between the time when they were handed to him by his servant and that which he deemed the earliest permissible for obeying the invitation they conveyed, he had ample leisure to peruse and reperuse them till he had got them by heart; but at the end of all he could extract from them no more agreeable deduction than that there must be some mistake somewhere. It was all very well for Madame de Breuil to reiterate the old dictum that feminine negatives are usually equivalent to affirmatives, but this, like most general propositions, failed to hold water when applied to a particular instance; and Saint-Luc was neither foolish enough to believe that Jeanne was in love with him nor clever enough to guess at the true state of affairs. He was therefore in no wise sanguine or jubilant, and spent the greater part of

in pacing up and down his
l in exclaiming at intervals,
ossible !"
came about that M. de Saint-
ıyed less ease and *aplomb* upon
on of his first meeting with his
de than might have been ex-
ım a gentleman so renowned
breeding. For when he was
o the drawing-room, Jeanne
:r slow, stately way, from the
which she had been seated,
nced a few steps toward him,
ut her hand, and behind her
Duchess, all smiles, and Léon,
o, but looking a little puzzled
ıs withal ; and it was evident
ı his part, was expected to do
ıething, and that nobody was
elp him out of his task. No
polite dismissal would have
ı unprepared, and he would
ın how, in such a case, to re-
ıt loss of dignity ; but so little
ieved in his good fortune that
iitted to rehearse any scene in
might be called upon to act
: an accepted lover, and now,
urprise and perplexity, he
n vain for some appropriate

h, after a pause, during which
ntemplated him with perfect
ty, and the Duchess began to
tle, he did what was perhaps,
whole, the best thing he could
, he took the cool white hand
n, and bent respectfully over
uching it with his lips. And
so, he noticed that Jeanne
ver so slightly. She returned
fa without any other display
ın, and then the Duchess's
:ame loosened.
ee, monsieur, that I am not
ad ambassadress, after all.
quitted myself of my mission
.tisfaction ? Then come and
for I deserve some thanks.
contented I am ! I am ten
nger since yesterday. You
:t rid of me as soon as you ex-
ıps. Henceforward you will
n to me, for you know that I
ys looked upon Jeanne as my
Apropos, what is your Chris-
? Charles ? What a comfort !
ı good name—a name that can

offend nobody. Do you know that I have been tormenting myself all the morning with a horrid fear that it might be Achille, or Alcibiade, or something grotesque It is a point upon which I am rather particular. Once—I shall never forget it—my poor father wished me to marry a man named Léonce. Happily there were other objections to him, and the affair fell through. Léonce ! It would have been impossible for me to address him without laughing. I detest classical names—the Republic and the Empire have vulgarized them forever. Jeanne is a pretty name, do you not think so ? But of course you do. I am a silly old woman to ask such a question."

Under cover of this artillery of prattle Saint-Luc managed to collect his scattered ideas. By the time that the old lady had paused for want of breath, he had got his little speech ready, and he delivered it in straightforward and unaffected language.

"You know, madame—and so do you, Léon—and so also does mademoiselle herself—how little I have ventured to expect the happiness that has come to me. All I can say is that I will do my best to show myself worthy of it. It would be ridiculous presumption on my part to assume that mademoiselle has any such feeling for me as I have for her—indeed I know that it is not so. But this I can promise to her, and to you all, that if she ever comes to repent of her choice, it shall not be through any fault of mine."

He looked a little wistfully at Jeanne as he spoke the last words, but she only inclined her head slightly, without speaking, and he turned, with a half sigh, toward Léon, who promptly grasped him by the hand, thinking that the proper thing to do under the circumstances, and remarked felicitously that he had always known things would come right in the end, and had said so, if Saint-Luc remembered, at Fort Napoléon. Then, murmuring something about being obliged to go to the stables, he slipped quietly away, and when he was fairly out in the open air, drew a long breath, and congratulated himself in that he had passed over an uncertain piece of ground without making any false steps.

In the drawing-room an awkward period of silence supervened. Saint-Luc

had said his say ; Jeanne did not choose to speak at all ; and the Duchess's spirits were somewhat damped by the solemnity of the younger people.

"I think I will go up-stairs and rest for a little," she said, gathering up her shawl, her book, and her other belongings ; "all this excitement has tired me. I shall find you here when I come down again, no doubt," she added to Saint-Luc, who rose to open the door for her.

"If mademoiselle will put up with my company for so long," he answered, trying to smile.

Jeanne had got up, when he turned round after closing the door, and was standing, with her elbow resting upon the mantelpiece, fanning herself leisurely with one of those dried palmetto-leaves which no Algerian lady is without during the hot months.

"Why not?" she asked, replying to his last remark, although it had not been addressed to her. "We shall have to put up with one another now until one of us dies."

"The prospect is not an agreeable one to you, mademoiselle, I fear," said Saint-Luc, stung through all his humility by her cool contempt.

"Not very ; but it does not much signify. It is unfortunate for me that I was brought up to think that girls should choose their own husbands, as they do in England. In my case it has turned out a mistake ; and in truth I suppose it is better that every nation should keep to its own customs. Let us endeavor to think that I am altogether French, and that our betrothal is one of the ordinary kind. You marry me because you wish to settle down, and I marry you because my family desire it. There need be no question of love between us."

"Pardon me, there is a great deal of love ; but it is all on one side. I do not complain of that ; but, mademoiselle, I love you so dearly that I would far rather go away now, and never see you again, than condemn you to a life of unhappiness. If, as it seems, I can inspire you with nothing but repugnance, why——?"

"Why have I accepted you? I thought I had already answered that question. Because my family wish it. For the rest, I did not mean you to understand that you were repugnant to me. I certainly do not love you—after what passed between us at Fort Napoléon you must be aware of that ; but I shall do my duty ; I shall try to like you, and—respect you, if I can."

"Be it so. I do not despair. Love begets love, they say, and some day I may gain yours."

"Pray, pray do not expect that," returned Jeanne, with great earnestness. "It can never be. I am not submissive, and I am not always good-tempered, I am afraid ; but I will do my best to make your home comfortable, if you will not talk about love. More than that I can not do—and you cannot expect more," she added, with a touch of defiance.

"I am contented," answered Saint-Luc, looking, however, a little sad over it.

The man's excessive meekness exasperated Jeanne. The color mounted into her cheeks, and she tore off a corner of her palmetto fan and crushed it between her fingers.

"I cannot in the least understand you!" she exclaimed half involuntarily. "It seems to me that you are doing a very foolish thing ; but I suppose you must be the best judge of your own actions, and at any rate I have not deceived you. And now I have something to say which had better be said at once and done with, for it is about a disagreeable matter which I do not intend to allude to again. I wish you to know that Léon has told me about the money which he lost to you at cards, and about the manner in which you and he seem to have agreed that it should be paid."

Saint-Luc looked vexed. "I wish Léon had not spoken to you about that silly affair," he said. "It was all a misunderstanding. There is no real debt at all ; but he took an absurd notion into his head that he was bound to pay me an immense sum which I never had the remotest intention of accepting from him ; and he was so obstinate over it that, to quiet him, I suggested the first way out of the difficulty that occurred to me. I am sorry now that I did not happen to hit upon some other solution, because, as things have turned out, it may look to you as if I had presumed too much upon the probability of your accepting my second

Nothing could be further from
ıth, I assure you ; and I need
say that I never imagined that
:ount of the transaction would
'our ears."
should have thought you must
:nown that Léon has no secrets
ıe. But that does not much mat-
ı any case, I must have been told
the money could have been

ıad hoped that, as there need be
:ual transfer of coin, he and I
have been able to arrange the
without troubling you about it.
ı tell you the truth, mademoiselle,
ıot give much thought to the de-
as I told you before, the debt is
ly imaginary one."
ıne bit her lip. Believing, as she
at her present unlucky plight was
sult of a deliberate plan laid by
Luc, it cost her an effort to refrain
)penly charging him with needless
.ty. Nothing could justify his be-
; but if he had thrown himself
her mercy, pleading his love for
ı his excuse, he might perhaps
een allowed the benefit of an ex-
ing circumstance. As it was,
vas nothing to be said for him.
do not understand how a debt
imaginary," she answered coldly.
.éon lost the money to 'you, he
t to you, and will pay it. Let us
t simply as a matter of business,
please. I am not quite certain
vhat legal rights our marriage may
ou over my property, and it is not
ble that any one but ourselves
l know of this unfortunate busi-
I desire, therefore, to have your
ı assurance that you give up all
:o 255,800 francs of my dowry."
business-like air with which this
ınbusiness-like demand was enun-
might have provoked Saint-Luc to
: if he had not been too much hurt
the comical side of the situation.
pledge you my word of honor,
ıoiselle, that it shall be so," he
" and I will bind myself by an
f you feel any fear of my robbing
But, believe me, you are attaching
t deal too much importance to a
blunder. Will you permit me to
ou my version of the story ?"
'o, thank you. I have your prom-
ise that you will not oppose my handing over the requisite sum to Léon, and that is sufficient. I do not wish to hear another word about the matter."

" Very well. I also should be glad to let the whole thing be forgotten, only I fancied you were blaming me—"

" I am blaming nobody," interrupted Jeanne, with sudden irritability. " Pray do not harp upon it ; let us talk of something else."

Saint-Luc did not press the point. In spite of Jeanne's assurances, he perceived plainly that he was being condemned unheard ; but he was content to waive his right of self-defence in deference to the will which was henceforth to be his law. Deliberately, and of his own choice, he bowed his neck beneath the yoke, saying, with a smile—

" As you please. I will never say or do any thing that is disagreeable to you, if I can avoid it," and then began to talk about the Governor-General's ball.

If Madame de Trémonville could have been present in the spirit—if she could have seen her silent partner of the previous evening putting forth all his conversational powers in the vain effort to interest his indifferent hearer, and Jeanne scarcely so much as pretending to listen to him—she would have felt that her prophetic sketch of Mademoiselle de Mersac's married life was justified before the event, and her respectful admiration for M. de Saint-Luc would probably have suffered some diminution. Who, indeed, respects humility in this world ? The virtue is so rare a one that most people fail to recognize it when they see it, and usually set it down as one of the meaner vices. It must be admitted that Jeanne, who ought perhaps to have known better, was in no wise propitiated by her lover's submissiveness. She did not understand that it was an exaggerated sense of his own unworthiness that made Saint-Luc mentally prostrate himself before her ; she saw only the ignoble, crouching attitude, and trod him under foot without compunction.

" Why will you insist upon it that I am always in the right ?" she exclaimed once, rather cruelly. " Surely I must be wrong sometimes ? Let us try to discover some point upon which we can differ, or we shall never agree."

But this was some days later, after Jeanne had had to put up with a long course of unbroken acquiescence. Upon this first afternoon she bore two hours of Saint-Luc's society without open murmuring, and suffered him to depart at last with no worse punishment than a somewhat curt dismissal.

"It is time for me to go and dress for dinner," she said. "I suppose you will be coming here every day now. I am always busy in the morning, but after three o'clock you will generally find me disengaged. Good-by."

CHAPTER XIX.

JEANNE QUARRELS WITH FANCHETTE, AND LÉON SINGS THE "MARSEILLAISE."

HUMAN nature, even in its moods of highest self-abnegation, is still apt to retain a sufficient remnant of love for self to long for the applause or gratitude of fellow-mortals. Curtius, when he resolved upon immolating himself upon the altar of patriotism, arrayed himself, it will be remembered, in a suit of shining armor, mounted a prancing war-horse, and disappeared into the gulf with the eyes of the awe-struck citizens upon him, and their murmurs of mingled admiration and pity in his ears. The sacrifice would have been equally efficacious, it is to be presumed, and the chasm as permanently closed, if he had walked quietly down to it, after nightfall, and slipped in, without saying a word to anybody. But he probably felt himself entitled to a more dramatic ending, and who shall blame him? Damon, waiting on the scaffold for the tardy Phintias, while the headsman stood by his side and the last sands ran out of the hour-glass, was a spectacle so sublime that the tyrant Dionysius is said to have been moved by it to make one of the silliest requests ever recorded in history or fiction. Had Damon risked his life in some commonplace manner, such as dragging his friend out of a duck-pond, he would not have been sublime at all, and would, therefore, have been the more heroic; while, if he had smilingly espoused a hideous heiress in order to pay Phintias's gambling debts, he would have accomplished a feat unsurpassed in the annals of friendship or love. There is no sacrifice so great but that gratitude will render it bearable, and none too small to be magnified into a burden by absence of recognition. Jeanne de Mersac, who was about to lay down her life for her brother in a sense which, without any figure of speech, was far more terrible to her than death, could not but feel it no slight addition to her unhappiness that he should be precluded from appreciating her devotion. It was, of course, inevitable that he should be kept in ignorance of the motives which had actuated her in accepting M. de Saint-Luc; but there was little consolation in that thought; and, moreover, Jeanne could have found it in her heart to wish that he should at least have guessed at what seemed so obvious, were it only that she might have had the satisfaction of quieting his fears. But he apparently felt no anxiety, and, at all events, did not display any. As far as his sister could understand his feelings, he was satisfied with the arrangement, though not overjoyed at it, and desirous chiefly to avoid meeting Saint Luc, or mentioning his name.

It was, perhaps, in some degree through Jeanne's own fault that a certain coolness and estrangement sprang up at this time between her and her brother. She informed him of her engagement briefly and without comment, speaking in a certain cold, matter-of-fact voice, the sound of which was well known to Léon, and which had, from his boyhood up, always had the effect of overawing him. He looked surprised, but did not say very much in reply; nor was it until Jeanne had begun to talk about something else that he remarked hesitatingly—

"I thought, after what you said the other day about Saint-Luc—"

"Never mind what I said the other day," she interrupted. "I was in a romantic mood the other day—I am not often in a romantic mood, am I?—and I daresay I talked a good deal of nonsense. I told you that I would not marry M. de Saint-Luc because I did not love him; but now I think that objection need not stand in my way. If I could have loved him it would have been better; but as I cannot, I must be satisfied with knowing that my marriage

im will be a good thing in other

ı ought undoubtedly to have in- in what ways, but he did not. ıtented himself with murmuring ing about Saint-Luc's excellent :s, and almost immediately left him. How far he was aware :rue causes of his sister's change ion it would be difficult to say ; ly he managed to persuade him- ıt his own embarrassed position ly one of them.

y from a long-standing habit of ıcence in all Jeanne's decisions, because it was so very desirable ıe should marry Saint-Luc, and because he really believed that marriage would tend to secure n happiness, he refrained from further questions, and dismissed ɔject from his mind with an in- leclaration that every thing had ed for the best.

this did not, however, prevent ɔm feeling guilty and uncomfort- ı his sister's company, nor her ıoticing his altered manner, and ıg it ; and as Jeanne, for all her ssession, was no adept at conceal- r displeasure from those whom ed, home soon became rather a place to the young marquis, who aughter and soft speeches, and ıt, smiling faces to welcome him, ıo had been so accustomed all his these agreeable surroundings that come to look upor them almost ight. The upshot of it was that ented himself as frequently and ong periods as he was able.

ɜ Jeanne found that she must bear ırden in solitude, or in society as worse than solitude. M. de elle, good man, had been a little d by the precipitancy with which losophical teaching had been act- n. He would have preferred that should have consecrated at least to tears and regret ; and though always kind to her in a fussy, troublesome way, made no fur- ıllusion to sentimental topics. ɔuchess, excited, talkative, and , was a very trying companion ; . de Saint-Luc was simply intol-

To escape from him now be- ıe chief aim of Jeanne's life. She had a hundred excuses for being out when he called, or for leaving him soon after his arrival. Her wedding had been fixed to take place in the beginning of September, and the necessity for super- vising the progress of her *trosseau* afforded her a pretext for constantly es- caping to the convent of El Biar or to the school for Arab girls in the town, to neither of which establishments were gentlemen admitted.

Upon occasions, however, she was compelled to sit through a long *tête-à-tête* with her future husband, and then that unlucky scapegoat had a troublous time of it. Never was man more persistent- ly snubbed, more pitilessly disdained ; and never was unmerited cruelty more patiently borne.

When nature is asked to carry a heav- ier weight than her strength is equal to, the habitual qualities which make up a human character are apt to give way in one place or another. The generous are not always generous, nor the just always just. Great men have often stooped to mean actions, and good men to heartless ones, thereby sorely perplex- ing their biographers, who seem to think that inconsistency requires some explan- ation. In the everlasting fight between the good and evil parts of our nature, the victory, even in the best of us, can- not always be for the right side.

Long afterward, Jeanne, looking back upon those sultry summer weeks during which she had stood with her back to the wall, fighting against despair—look- ing back, and viewing men and events in the changed light which time had thrown upon them—knew not which to wonder at most, her own unremitting vir- ulence or Saint-Luc's forbearing gentle- ness. She had learned then to appreciate that kind, faithful heart, and could never think of the remorseless stabs which she had inflicted upon it without an aching pain at her own. Even at the time her conscience smote her occasionally when her victim winced under her sharp speeches—for, after all, it is but poor sport to attack one who will not retaliate —but if she relented at all, it was only after his back was turned. The sound of his step in the hall was sufficient to chase away any rising compassion from her breast.

"*C'est plus fort que moi*," she said,

one day, in answer to a remonstrance from Fanchette, who had overheard part of a conversation between the betrothed couple, and who was in the habit of using an old servant's privilege of speaking plainly to her mistress when so minded. "I do not want to be rude—I despise myself for being rude, but help it I cannot. He irritates my nerves beyond all bearing. I sit still and listen to him as long as I can; I bite my tongue to make it keep silent; and then at last he gives me an opportunity of saying something that I know will hurt his feelings; and I feel that I must say it or die."

The old woman held up her wrinkled hands in amazement.

"I do not recognize you, Jeanne," she exclaimed. "You to take a delight in hurting another's feelings!—it is not like you. And that poor gentleman, too, who is so good—so generous—"

"Generous?" interrupted Jeanne, with a short laugh. "Oh, if he has been generous to you, Fanchette, you have, of course, a good reason for liking him. He has never given me any money, you see, so that he has not the same claim upon my gratitude."

"He has given you his heart, which is worth more than money," cried the old nurse, reddening. "And it is not at my age, and after thirty years of service in one family, that I should be accused of taking bribes, mademoiselle. And a pair of spectacles is not money, even if they be mounted in gold. Never, since I have been in this house, has any gentleman dared to offer me a present, except as a mark of esteem. Money, indeed! I have money of my own in the bank, as you know very well; and I could treat myself to fifty pairs of spectacles to-morrow without being ruined, if I felt so inclined. Decidedly, Jeanne, you are losing your head if you believe that old friends and honest folks are capable of such baseness." And Fanchette hobbled off in deep dudgeon.

Poor Jeanne was like a wounded animal; her first impulse was to turn upon those who laid a finger upon her hurts, and she could not always restrain herself from yielding to it. Her temper at this time was certainly not angelic; but the worst that could have been said of her has now been said. No one, except Saint-Luc, had much cause to co of her conduct. Outsiders remar change in her, unless it were a increase of taciturnity, nor was erally suspected that she was otl than satisfied with her destiny. good sisters at the convent, in cool parlor she spent a great part days, thought her softened and i ed; the little colony of poor and si ple whom she visited as usual r in the receipt of an increased b and united in shrill lamentatior the too probable departure of thei factress; the children at the school lifted their little brown fac their work and showed their whit when the beautiful, tall lady over *trosseau* they were busy came in, ing the bag of bonbons which th learnt to expect with her.

With all these worthy peopl were not of her world, Jeanne co on well enough; but to receive tl gratulations of her friends, to r their inquisitive questionings anc their amiable inuendoes, was less

The story of Léon's gamblin had leaked out, as such stories w and, in a more or less garbled for reached the ears of nearly all quaintances. Of these, some fe content to shrug their shoulders, that the young fellow was going devil, as they had always said he and to greet Saint-Luc with the ad respect due to a man of such ability; but the majority, and es the old ladies, were not going to delicious a bit of scandal die out examining into its details. Tak news of Léon's heavy losses i junction with that of his sister's ment to the winner, they were mously of opinion that there w in it all than met the eye; and, that the subject was one which d ed, and would repay, careful Their congratulatory visits, th were marked by sundry hints an uations which mystified the I while they greatly alarmed Jea whom an incapacity for preva and a fine belief in the wicked lying had been implanted by her much to her subsequent inconv

That the gossips would ere lo wormed the truth out of her is b

doubt, had not Saint-Luc luckily got wind of their suspicions and taken prompt measures to suppress them. He, poor fellow, had lived in a society which takes broad views of morality, and he had no scruple whatever in seeking out those old ladies, questioning them as to the information they had received, and meeting their statements with a categorical denial. He then went to M. de Monceaux, and made use of such brief and pithy arguments as to convince that gentleman that his life depended upon his contradiction of the reports which he admitted having had some share in spreading. De Monceaux made a wry face, but as he was always willing to oblige a friend in an inexpensive way, and, besides, infinitely preferred eating his words to being run through the body, he took occasion to pay a round of visits on the following day, and to mention, in the course of conversation, that he had been made the victim of a foolish hoax in the matter of young de Mersac's supposed losses—the stakes being, in reality, payable in *sous* and not in napoleons, as had been pretended.

Amongst those who experienced a natural feeling of disappointment at this announcement was Madame de Trémonville, whom de Monceaux met at her door in the act of alighting from her carriage. She had just returned from the Campagne de Mersac, whither she had betaken herself primed with acid-sweet congratulations, only to be refused admittance, and was consequently in no mood to wish her neighbors well.

"A hoax?" she repeated incredulously, when de Monceaux had concluded his brief explanation. "That sounds very improbable. Why should they have wished to make you think that they were playing for gold instead of copper?"

"Oh, as for that, I was not the only one taken in," replied de Monceaux, with ready mendacity. "De Mersac himself fully believed at the time that he was ruined; and a fine fright he had. It was Saint-Luc who contrived to deceive him about the stakes, and to make him suppose that he had lost about four hundred times as much as he really had. His object was to induce the young fellow to renounce gambling by showing him what it might lead him to, as the Spartans used to exhibit a drunken man to their sons, by way of disgusting them with intemperance. And I understand that he has succeeded."

"What kindness! and what morality! M. de Saint-Luc is really becoming too good for the society of such sinners as you and I. And to think that his pupil has also been mine!—with a difference. For while he has been striving to wean the poor little Marquis from the amusements of this life, I have been doing my small best to introduce him to them."

"Saint-Luc has more than once, in my presence, warned young de Mersac against the dangers of this house," observed M. de Monceaux, remembering that he owed his friend one. "I fear that you will lose your pupil, madame."

"You think so?" returned Madame de Trémonville, with a scornful laugh. "Stay and dine with us, and I flatter myself that before the evening is over you will have changed your mind. The Marquis makes his appearance in the drawing-room as punctually as the coffee. To tell the truth, I was beginning to find him terribly wearisome, and was thinking of giving him his *congé*; but since M. de Saint-Luc permits himself to caution people against visiting me, I shall let him see that my friends come here when I please, and as often as I please."

"Non vides quanto moveas periclo
Pyrrhe, Gætulæ catulos leænæ?"

murmured de Monceaux, as he followed the little lady into the hall. He added aloud, "Madame, no one knows better than I do that you are irresistible, but is it worth while to waste your time in making a slave of a raw lad? I can answer for one full-grown man who requires no persuasion to cast himself at your feet, and who—"

"It will be worth while if it amuses me," interrupted Madame de Trémonville, disregarding this flattering avowal. But she meant that it would be worth while if it annoyed Saint-Luc.

M. de Monceaux cared very little whether Léon were subjugated or no; but he liked a good dinner, and knew that Madame de Trémonville had a *chef* (passing rich upon thirty pounds a year) whom many a London club might have envied. Moreover, he thought it more

than likely that a game of baccarat would be proposed before the evening was at an end, and baccarat was a form of gambling which usually brought him luck.

As the dinner-hour drew near, three young officers, evidently *habitués* of the house, entered; and shortly afterward the whole party sat down to table, without waiting for M. de Trémonville, who had not yet returned from his bureau.

"My husband is very busy just now," the lady of the house remarked casually, as she finished her soup. "One can never tell at what hour he may come in. For the last three days he has been perpetually receiving and sending off telegrams. By-the-by, messieurs, I hope you are all fond of Rhine wine, for I think you will drink very little else this autumn."

"Bah! there will be no war," said one of the officers.

"And why not, pray?" asked Madame de Trémonville, smiling in the superior fashion of one behind the scenes.

"Firstly, because I have no luck; secondly, because the Prussians are not ready; and thirdly, because it is impossible to declare war without a pretext. Besides, the Emperor is growing old, and the Mexican affair has damped his ardor for glory. We have already inflicted a humiliation upon the Prussians by making them withdraw their Prince Leopold, and, for my part, I scarcely see what more we should gain by a successful campaign."

"Prestige, and the left bank of the Rhine," answered M. de Monceaux, holding up his wine to the glow of the sunset.

"The revenge of Sadowa," said another.

"And of Nikolsburg," added a third.

"You none of you understand the situation," said Madame de Trémonville. "If the Emperor declares war, it will not be for the sake of glory or prestige —France has enough of both—nor to revenge fancied slights, nor even to rectify the eastern frontier—though that may become a political necessity—but to insure peace. The Empire is peace; the country desires peace. We shall have it; but to obtain it we must make up our minds to pass through a short struggle. When our victorious armies enter Berlin, the tranquillity of Europe will be assured for the next half-century."

Madame de Trémonville was as ignorant of the history of past campaigns as she was of politics and of the art of war; but she was not more ignorant than the newspaper writers from whom she derived her information, such as it was; and, in common with the immense majority of her compatriots, she had a blind confidence in the reigning dynasty. "As for a pretext," she resumed, "that is easily found; and if we cannot discover one, we shall take the liberty of going to war without any. War is unavoidable, and we must take advantage of the first favorable moment to declare it."

"Ah, there is the question," remarked the officer who had spoken first. "Is the present moment a favorable one for us?"

Madame de Trémonville turned upon him with sovereign contempt. "Monsieur de Marcy," said she, "do you take His Majesty the Emperor for an imbecile? Is it likely that he would declare war if he were not sure of success?"

"War is not yet declared," said de Monceaux; "and I confess that I am a little of M. de Marcy's opinion. I think the Government will be satisfied with having given King William a slap in the face, and will go no further. I believe we are a match for the Prussians; but they are good soldiers, and Berlin is a long way from Paris, and we have no allies."

"No allies?" cried Madame de Trémonville. "Wait a little. I know from a sure source that Austria will join us as soon as the first shot is fired. Bavaria and Würtemberg, who can put some 80,000 men into the field between them, must follow suit. In this way Prussia, with an army of something like 700,000 men, including the reserves, will be hemmed in by forces amounting in all to 1,600,000; that is to say, that she will be outnumbered in the proportion of considerably more than two to one. If you think that is not enough to put King William back in his place, I will throw you in Hanover, who has been awaiting her opportunity for four years past."

These imposing figures did not fail to produce their effect upon the company,

no member of which had sufficient knowledge of his own to verify or dispute them; and Madame de Trémonville, having secured the respectful attention of her audience, went on to expatiate upon the probable future policy of the conquering Emperor. With her enemies crushed, with the temporal power of the Pope assured, with religion freed from disturbing influences, and the machinations of disaffected plotters rendered abortive by the contentment of the nation, France would be at liberty to devote herself to the fulfilment of her destiny—that of leading the world in the path of civilization. The standing army might be reduced, taxation diminished, and a new era of government, combining the blessings of constitutional freedom with those of order and discipline, inaugurated. Under the benevolent sway of a dynasty secure alike against aggression abroad and treason at home, industry would take a fresh start, science would be encouraged, the arts fostered, and, lastly, a Court would gather at the Tuileries which for brilliancy, refinement, and elegance would surpass any known to history or tradition. Madame de Trémonville waxed so enthusiastic over this portion of her subject that she pursued it without intermission until dinner was at an end, and carried it with her into the drawing-room afterward. She was predicting the speedy advent of a somewhat equivocal millennium when the entrance of Léon diverted her thoughts into another channel, and recalled her to actualities.

"How late you are!" she cried, greeting the infatuated youth with a reproachful look which set his silly heart beating.

"On the contrary, madame, I am ten minutes before my usual time," he answered innocently.

"But when I tell you that you are late! Do you not know, M. de Mersac, that a well-bred man never contradicts a lady? You are unpardonably rude this evening."

"Madame, I apologize most humbly."

"On your knees, then, or I will not forgive you."

The young idiot actually plumped down upon his knees in the middle of the room, and Madame de Trémonville, darting a mischievous glance over her shoulder at de Monceaux, gravely accorded the desired pardon.

"But we must have no disloyal subjects here this evening," she added. "When you came in, M. le Marquis, we were discussing the prospects of war. At such a time as this you must waive considerations of party, and cry '*Vive l'Emperor*,' or we shall send you home again."

"Madame!——"

"Do as I command you, or retire. Our patriotism will be content with nothing less."

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" ejaculated Léon in such lugubrious accents that there was a general outburst of laughter.

"Bravo!" cried Madame de Trémonville, patting him approvingly on the shoulder. You have said your lesson well, and you shall have your reward. I will sing to you, and you shall turn over my music for me."

What fascination was there about this vulgar little woman that could induce Léon, who, after all, was a gentleman, though a foolish one, to parade his subjection to her in so public a fashion? There is no answer to such questions; but the phenomena which suggest them may be witnessed any day nearer home than Algeria. The young marquis was not the first man who, falling a victim to the enchantments of this Circe, had been forced by her to exhibit himself to the world in a shape half melancholy, half contemptible. It soothed her self-love to see her admirers grovelling before her; and on this particular evening, the boast which she had made to de Monceaux caused her to be more capricious and imperious than usual. She made Léon fetch and carry for her like a dog; she bullied and petted him by turns; and to show his perfect docility, ordered him first to sing "Partant pour la Syrie," which he did with a very bad grace, and then to read aloud a newspaper article in which a lively historical parallel was drawn between the Comte de Chambord and Rip Van Winkle.

It was an exhibition of much the same nature as may be seen in any travelling menagerie. An elephant balancing his unwieldy body upon an inverted tub, firing a pistol with his trunk, and raising himself clumsily upon his hind

legs is not a beautiful, an imposing, or even a comical spectacle ; but there are people who think such sights worth paying for, and de Monceaux was very well amused by Léon's performance, though the other young men, who all this time were left to entertain one another, thought it a trifle tedious.

A diversion was at length created by the appearance of M. de Trémonville, who walked into the room looking tired and harassed, and with no trace of his customary smiling, official sleekness about him.

" Messieurs," said he, taking off his spectacles and rubbing them slowly with his silk pocket-handkerchief, " I bring you the news of the declaration of war."

A volley of exclamations and questions greeted this announcement. Everybody began to speak at once. When had the news arrived ? Was it certainly true ? Had France or Prussia declared war ? What was the cause assigned ?—and so forth. When M. de Trémonville could get a hearing, he satisfied the impatience of his questioners to the best of his ability. The Governor-General had received a telegram announcing that the King of Prussia having refused to give audience to M. Benedetti, diplomatic relations between the two countries had been broken off, and that an aide-de-camp was now on his way to Berlin with the formal declaration of war. The Chasseurs d'Afrique were under orders to proceed immediately to France, and other regiments were to follow as soon as transports could be got ready to embark them. The Governor-General himself was to take command of an army corps, and would probably leave in the course of a few days. It was said that the Emperor would assume the command-in-chief in person. M. de Trémonville communicated all this intelligence soberly, almost dolorously, for the turn that affairs had taken inspired him with some anxiety. He was not a specially far-sighted man, but he had a keen eye to his own interests, and he perceived that, whatever brilliant prospects an appeal to arms might hold out to military men, it could offer none whatever to bureaucrats. To the latter class victory would bring no advancement, whereas a disaster, which would undoubtedly hurl the Emperor Napoleon from his throne, would only too certainly sweep away a large proportion of his civilian employés with him. " *C'est fâcheux*," murmured M. de Trémonville, in conclusion, as he rubbed his spectacles.

But nobody paid any attention to him —least of all his wife. That patriotic lady had seated herself before the piano, and now, after striking a few stirring chords, broke forth into the first words of the Marseillaise. Her shrill voice rang through the house—

" Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé !"

" Join, all of you, at the end of the verse," she cried ; and her enthusiasm gained the company. They ranged themselves in a group behind her, and presently the ears of the passers-by on the high-road caught the first sound of a chorus which was soon to become very familiar to them—

" Aux armes, citoyens !
Formez vos bataillons."

Léon, to whom this revolutionary song was anathema—M. de Monceaux, who was past the age for enthusiasm—Madame de Trémonville, who in her heart cared for neither dynasty, nor country, nor any person or thing except herself, all forgot themselves in a sudden access of exaltation, and sang at the highest pitch of their voices, concluding with a tremendous shout of " *Vive la France !*"

Meanwhile, M. de Trémonville, unmoved in the midst of all this excitement, continued to rub his spectacles in the corner where he was seated apart, murmuring, " *C'est fâcheux.*"—*Cornhill Magazine.*

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY.

A FEW months ago we considered in these pages the influence of bodily illness as a mental stimulant, or rather (as perhaps we might have named the article but for the undue length of such a title) the abnormal activity sometimes evinced by the mind at seasons of great bodily prostration or disturbance. We propose

to consider the somewhat more
ar, but not less instructive pheno-
ı, the strange influence of the
on the body. There are few cir-
ances in mental physiology more
sing when rightly understood, few
s more suggestive, than this, that
conceived in the mind—that is,
are in the habit of supposing, the
s of processes taking place in the
natter of the brain—should influ-
ıot only voluntary but involuntary
r processes, nay, not only respira-
circulation, and so forth, but the
ıs processes of secretion on which
utrition of different parts of the
depends. There is no novelty, of
e, in the recognition of this cir-
ance, though we venture to express
lief that quite a large proportion
ıse who may read this article will
onsiderable novelty in some of the
ıce we shall adduce. But the fact
he relations here considered have
ɔeen recognized by physicians and
nts of mental physiology, does not
ɔt from the interest of the problem
ıted by these relations. It may
be said that as yet they have not
in the least degree explained. Yet
roblem is not one which appears at
t view so hopelessly beyond all our
pts at solution, as some which are
ɔcted with mental and corporeal
rs. We can understand, for in-
e, that the student of mental physi-
should at present turn hopelessly
the attempt to explain how thought
d in any way depend on changes in
ubstance of the brain, or again,
the task of attempting to determine
by any process of evolution, the
ɔmena of consciousness should
been developed from cerebral
ges which in their simpler form ap-
to result in automatic movements.
re have no such seemingly hopeless
em in the subject now to be con-
ɔd. For in reality it amounts sim-
ɔ the question how or why certain
ges in one part of the body lead to
ges in other parts of the body.
listinctions between mind and mat-
etween thought and cerebral activ-
re not here involved. A problem
ently physical, and physical only,
ɔmitted to our investigation. Yet
rto the solution of this problem has
not been attained; nor indeed does there seem at present to be good reason for regarding it as attainable.

Let us turn, however, to the consideration of certain remarkable illustrations of the influence of the mind on bodily functions. The subject is specially suited for the use of the inductive method. Indeed, the chief difficulty we are likely to find in the application of this method resides in the probability that our space will be too limited to afford room even for a single instance of each class of illustrative cases.

By a coincidence it so chances that the great modern advocate of the inductive method of research—Francis Bacon—supplies a very effective piece of evidence as to the influence of the imagination on external growths which seem to have their origin in deficient vitality of certain parts of the external surface of the body—as warts, wens, and the like. Bacon did not, however, treat the evidence afforded in his own case with the acumen which might have been expected from the inductive philosopher. "I had from my childhood," he says, "a wart upon one of my fingers; afterward, when I was about sixteen years old, being then at Paris, there grew upon both my hands a number of warts, at the least an hundred in a month's space. The English ambassador's lady, who was a woman far from superstition" (a statement which must be taken *cum grano*), "told me one day she would help me away with my warts; whereupon she got a piece of lard with the skin on, and rubbed the warts all over with the fat side; and amongst the rest that wart which I had from my childhood; then she nailed the piece of lard, with the fat toward the sun, upon a post of her chamber window, which was to the south. The success was that within five weeks' space all the warts were quite away, and that wart which I had so long endured for company. But at the rest I did little marvel because they came in a short time, and might go away in a short time again; but the going away of that which had stayed so long doth yet stick with me."

Bacon considered the result of the experiment to have been due to some sympathy which he supposed to exist between the lard and the warts after they

had once been in contact. It is difficult for us to understand how so absurd an explanation could even for a moment have been entertained by Bacon—not when, as a mere boy, the experiment was successfully tried upon him, but in after years, when he had learned to study the relations of cause and effect. The servant who places a poker across the top bar of the grate, under the impression that in some occult way the fire will be made to burn more actively through this arrangement, adducing this or that case in which a fire so treated did burn up as sufficient proof that the method is infallible, does not seem to reason (if one can call such a mental process reasoning) more absurdly than Bacon did when the experiment which so "stuck with him" satisfied him that the drying of grease which had once touched his warts could cause the warts themselves to disappear, though the skin was hung up in one place while he and his warts were in other places, and no contact remained between the warts and the skin of lard. If the idea of some occult sympathy between the fat and the warts could really arise in a mind "far from superstition," one would suppose it must have occurred to Bacon that the justice of this idea could be very readily put to the test. He had only to apply a skin of lard to some one's warts, and then submit the skin to a variety of more active processes than mere sun-drying, inquiring whether the warty person found sudden relief, sudden pain, or any effect whatever, when the nature of such experiments was kept concealed from the said patient. One can understand that those who were not far from superstition might imagine the experiment to be really rendered effective by charms, prayers, and incantations, or by some mystical ceremonies or other which were not disclosed to the patient. We know that in Bacon's time, and to a far later date, the efficiency of such magic devices was believed in by many who called themselves philosophers. To this day there are many who are foolish enough to indulge in such beliefs. But Bacon regarded the process of cure as purely natural, though, as one would suppose, the evidence against such a view should have appeared insurmountable to a man of his reasoning power. We must, however, remember that in his day it must have appeared almost, if not quite as unreasonable to assume that the imagination could affect a part of the body, as that some secret sympathy might exist between a part of the body and some substance which had touched it. Many readers will remember that Sir Kenelm Digby, in a work published as late as 1658, discusses gravely the influence produced on a badly wounded hand by bathing a garter, which had been stained with the blood, in a basin of water wherein a certain powder had been dissolved. "As soon as the bloody garter was put within the bason," the wounded man "started suddenly as if he had found some strange alteration in himself." "I asked him what he ailed?" proceeds the narrator. "'I know not what ailes me, but I find that I feele no more pain. Methinks that a pleasing kind of freshnesse, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which had taken away the inflammation that tormented me before.' I replied, 'since then that you feel already so good effect of my medicaments, I advise you to cast away all your plaisters; only keep the wound clean, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold.' This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the King, who were both very curious to know the circumstances of the businesse, which was" (the story is not so distinct here as could be wished), "that after dinner I took the garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a good fire. It was scarce dry, but Mr. Howell's servant came running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more, for the heat was such as if his hand were 'twixt coles of fire. I answered, although that had happened at present, yet he should find ease in a short time; for I knew the reason of this new accident, and would provide accordingly; for his master should be free from that inflammation, it may be, before he could possibly return to him; but in case he found no ease, I wished him to come presently back again; if not, he might forbear coming. Thereupon he went; and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water: thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. To be brief,

there was no sense of pain afterward; but within five or six days the wounds were cicatrized, and entirely healed." Sir Walter Scott, in speaking of such stories as these, expresses the opinion that possibly the cure may have resulted from the care with which the wound was in the first place washed. It will be observed, however, that Sir Kenelm Digby's account does not countenance this explanation. Nor, if one could accept it as it stands, could one adopt the idea that the imagination of the patient produced the changes of feeling described. For it is clearly stated that the patient felt relief before he knew that the garter had been placed in the basin of water; that the pain returned when the "chirurgeon" in another house had dried the garter, and that the pain disappeared before the return of the messenger who carried back the promise of relief. If such stories as these were current in Bacon's time, and were generally believed, his explanation of the disappearance of his warts, confirmed as it seemed by what he knew of the actual circumstances, may have seemed to him as philosophical as to us it appears absurd.

So the faith, which prevailed for many years after Bacon's time, in the efficacy of the Royal Touch must be regarded as based to some degree on evidence, though the evidence was misunderstood. In days when many believed that a certain divinity doth hedge a king, it was natural that in the first place the imaginations of those folks of feebie vitality and often of deficent mental power, who were brought to kings to be touched, should be so far affected as to cause such bodily changes as we now know to be produced by a strongly excited imagination, and that in the second place the persons thus cured and those who heard of such cures should attribute the effect to the virtue of the kingly touch, not to the influence of mere mental processes. Dr. Todd, in his *Influence of the Mind on the Body*, quotes a singular passage from a book by Browne of Norwich, surgeon to King Charles II.—a book rejoicing in the title *Adenochoiradelogia; or, a Treatise of Glandules, and the Royal Gift of Healing them.* "A Nonconformist child, in Norfolk," says Browne, in the passage referred to, "being troubled with scrofulous swellings, the late deceased Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich, being consulted about the same, his Majesty being then at Breda or Bruges, he advised the parents of the child to have it carried over to the king (his own method being used ineffectually); the father seemed very strange at his advice, and utterly denied it, saying the touch of the king was of no greater efficacy than any other man's. The mother of the child, adhering to the doctor's advice, studied all imaginable means to have it over, and at last prevailed with the husband to let it change the air for three weeks or a month; this being granted, the friends of the child that went with it, unknown to the father, carried it to Breda, where the king touched it, and she returned home perfectly healed." The worthy doctor is careful that the moral of the story should not be overlooked. "The child being come to its father's house, and he finding so great an alteration, inquires how his daughter arrived at this health. The friends thereof assured him, that if he would not be angry with them they would relate the whole truth; they having his promise for the same, assured him they had the child to be touched at Breda, whereby they apparently let him see the great benefit his child had received thereby. Hereupon the father became so amazed that he threw off his Nonconformity, and expressed his thanks in this manner: 'Farewell to all dissenters, and to all nonconformists; if God can put so much virtue into the king's hand as to heal my child, I'll serve that God and that king so long as I live, with all thankfulness.'" It was found later that Hanoverian kings had the same power as the Stuart, even as old Aubrey had noted of the Yorkist and Lancastrian kings. "The curing of the King's Evil," he said, "by the touch of the king, does much puzzle our philosophers, for whether our kings were of the house of York or Lancaster, it did the cure for the most part." And so no doubt it would if the patient had been touched by one of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, or by the valet of such a one, or, in fine, by Tom Noakes or John Styles, so only that the patient

s fully persuaded he had been touch- by the rightful monarch.

Another "royal personage" succeed- l (by a coincidence singular enough, t the same place, Breda) in curing a umber of men of a much more active lisorder, though in this case the imagi- nation was aided chiefly by the ideas suggested by medicine bottles of ortho- dox shape, not solely by faith in royal blood. During the siege of Breda in 1625, many soldiers of the Prince of Orange's army were prostrate with scur- vy. The mortality was serious, the patients having altogether lost heart. "This," says Dr. Frederic van der Mye, who was present, "was the most terrible circumstance of all, and gave rise to a variety of misery; hence proceeded fluxes, dropsies, and every species of distress (*omne chaos morborum*), attend- ed with a great mortality." At length the Prince of Orange sent word to the sufferers that they should soon be relieved, and provided with medicines pronounced by doctors to be wonderfully efficacious in the cure of scurvy. "Three small phials of medicine were given to each physician, not enough for the recovery of two patients. It was publicly given out that three or four drops were sufficient to impart a healing virtue to a gallon of liquor." "We now," says Van der Mye, "displayed our wonder-working balsams, nor were even the commanders let into the secret of the cheat put upon the soldiers. They flocked in crowds about us, every one soliciting that part might be reserv- ed for their use. Cheerfulness again ap- pears in every countenance, and a uni- versal faith prevails in the sovereign virtue of the remedy. . . . The effect of the delusion was really astonishing: for many quickly and perfectly recovered. Such as had not moved their limbs for a month before were seen walking the streets sound, upright, and in perfect health. They boasted of their cure by the Prince's remedy. . . . Many who declared that they had been rendered worse by all former remedies, recovered in a few days, to their inexpressible joy, and the no less general surprise, by taking (almost by their having brought to them) what we affirmed to be *their gracious Prince's cure.*" We may add that on another occasion widespread scurvy was suddenly cured in a very different way: it is stated on good au- thority, says Dr. Todd, "that in 1744 the prospect of a naval engagement be- tween the British and allied fleet had the effect of checking the scurvy."

Scurvy being related closely to disor- ders of a kind which have been known in many cases to yield to the action of the imagination, the reader may be more struck probably by cases in which the actual progress of internal organic dis- eases would seem to have been arrested by psychical means. Some thirty years ago Sir John Forbes mentioned some remarkable instances of this kind, which had been described in a very interesting paper communicated to the *British and Foreign Naval Review* by a naval sur- geon whose high character was well known to him. Most of these cases are not such as could be advantageously de- scribed in full in these pages. The fol- lowing account, one of the most strik- ing, has been abridged and verbally mod- ified (not at all altered in essentials) to render it more suitable for our readers. In July, 1845, the company of a Gov- ernment ship were attacked by an epi- demic complaint, which in the severe instances led to a severe form of dysen- tery. Among those who suffered most was a first-class petty officer, who, though he had had but a mild attack of dysen- tery, had been much distressed by some of the sequels of the disorder. To re- move these, very powerful medicines had been employed, and successfully, save in this respect that intense irritation of the stomach had been produced, from which the patient suffered severely. Ex- ternal irritants were employed until the poor fellow's skin became perfectly cal- lous; sedatives were given until his senses were muddled; but he seemed to obtain not the least relief. "This be- ing so," says the writer, "I determined to try the effect of mental influence. Stating to him, as I did to the other men, that as his disease was most obsti- nate, so was it necessary to have recourse to desperate means to relieve it; that with his sanction I would therefore put him under a medicine which it was nec- essary to watch with the greatest atten tion lest its effects should prove mo prejudicial, perhaps fatal, and so fort Having by these statements made an i

pression, it became necessary to keep it up. This was done by repeated visits, at all hours of the day and night, and by expressing on these occasions the most intense anxiety as to the effect of the very powerful and dangerous medicaments. This was not a case in which a sudden effect could be expected to be produced, whatever might be the means employed. Symptoms of disease existed which bore too close a resemblance to those of an organic order to admit of hope of a sudden, if even of tardy relief." (It will be seen presently that unmistakable evidence was afterward obtained of the existence of such organic mischief as the surgeon at this time feared.) "Hence the pills (*bread*, of course) were given every sixth hour only. Within twenty-four hours the man's sufferings were decidedly less. Within four days he was almost free from pain. On the sixth day he was quite so; his pills were omitted; and at the end of a fortnight he was again at duty with a clear eye, a healthy skin, and was rapidly regaining his flesh. Here, as in most cases where this method has been tried, the diet and drink have been left unrestricted. Occasionally, however, it became necessary to taboo some article, lest its coming in contact with the remedy might prove most destructive; in other words, articles were occasionally forbidden when the mind seems to be inclined to lose sight of what must be made the all-important subject of thought by night and day. The wonderful improvement in this man's state was frequently commented on by both officers and men, who of course were, and still are, as little acquainted with the means employed as the patient himself was."

This case is so remarkable that we might well be disposed to consider that the man's cure was not in reality effected by the means to which the surgeon attributed it. Might not the illness, for instance, have been on the point of yielding to the remedies used before the mental method was tried? Or may there not have been some other cause at work? for to mention no other, a patient on board ship may have changes of climate unlike those ordinarily experienced by the patient on land. One feels disposed at a first view of the case to prefer an explanation based on the possibility of some such causes as these having acted, than one which in reality requires us to believe that a man (and one, too, be it remembered, not specially trained, like some Eastern devotees, to fix his attention constantly on his interior), by thinking constantly about the good effects of a supposed medicine upon his stomach and intestines, could actually cause organic changes to take place in these *viscera*. The case would then be a singular introversion of the state of things described by Macbeth. He says, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" But here the physician throws his physic on one side, not because he cannot minister to a mind diseased, but because he believes a healthy mind has the power of ministering to a diseased body when physic has altogether failed. The memory (of bread pills and of their imagined potency) was here trusted to pluck from the intestines a rooted trouble, the brain was called upon to raze out the written troubles of the stomach. For it appeared afterward that these troubles *were* written (at least in the poetic sense in which Shakespeare uses the word). They had, at any rate, made their mark. Let the rest of the story be carefully noted. "It may be said," proceeds the narrator, "that this case, as above given, goes for nothing, in so far as it does not show that the pains were any thing but casual; in which case any other mode of treatment, or very likely no mode at all" (doubtless the reader has already thought of the possibility that the medicines made most of the mischief) "would have been equally successful; or it may be again, as it has before been said, that it" [the disease, presumably] "was altogether feigned, and that the commanding officer would have made a better and quicker cure. I think not; and for the following reasons: the man's flesh had wasted; his eye became sunken; his skin sickly in hue, as well as in feeling: his sleep, when he had any, was of the most disturbed character. But more than all, the pain after some weeks returned, and the other bad symptoms followed in its wake; *yet both it and they were both relieved a second time by the same means.* While suffering from a third attack he was sent to the Royal Naval Hospital at Malta, and

there, after much suffering, he brought up by vomiting a portion of the mucous membrance of one of the small intestines" . . . clearly recognizable by a well-trained medical eye. "I am distinctly assured," says our author, "by one of the officers of the establishment, that he most carefully examined the ejected matter, and that its characters were so marked, that there could be no room for a doubt as to what it was. This being so, we have pretty clear proof that disease existed long before this slough was thrown off; and that even this organic disease was suspended, on two occasions, by mental influence only."

The question how far it is a legitimate medical practice to deceive a patient in such a case as the above has been raised by Dr. Todd, and is answered by him in a way which seems open to objection. "Nothing," he says, "can justify our asserting what is not true in order to gain the patient's confidence." And elsewhere, "in regard to misleading patients generally, even *causâ scientiæ*, one of the practical difficulties the investigation into the influence of the imagination presents, is certainly the unseemliness of making experiments of this nature, and the danger of sullying that strict honor which by no profession is more prized or maintained than by the professors of the medical art." If the cause were that of science alone, this emphatic opposition to the misleading of a patient may be regarded as justified. But there certainly seems an excess of strictness in objecting to the deception of a patient for his own good. If a doctor is perfectly satisfied that a patient will not recover without a strong mental effort, and that this effort will certainly not be made unless the patient is misled with regard to the nature of the treatment, the doctor might fairly consider it his duty to "assert what is not true to gain the patient's confidence." An adherence to veracity so scrupulous as to outweigh the life of a fellow-creature may appear deserving of admiration when dealt with in a treatise on morals, but in actual life would be altogether objectionable. If it be urged that liberty to deviate in some such cases from strict truth might be open to abuse, it may at once be answered that so also would liberty to select the strictly veracious course (under any circumstances) be open to abuse. Consider, for instance, the following case, which is by no means an imaginary one. A man is lying prostrate under a very dangerous illness, and it is known to all who attend on him that any severe mental shock must inevitably prove fatal to him, but that if for a few days he can be kept free from mental disturbance he will recover. He sends a messenger to inquire about the health of a beloved relative whom he knows to be in a critical condition, or exposed perhaps to some special form of danger distinct from illness. The messenger, when he reaches that relative's house, is informed that death has been there before him. Shall he return and tell the patient the truth, thereby certainly killing him? Let it be assumed that he must at any rate take some message back; protracted anxiety being, let us assume, as dangerous for the patient as the sudden shock of illness. He can do only one of two things: tell the truth and kill, or assert what is not true and spare the patient's life. Few will question what he ought to do. But the question may be raised, is he to be regarded even as free to choose? He holds for the time being the patient's life in his hands; he can kill or spare; if he kills, how should he escape reprobation? And might he not be so situated that liberty to choose one or other course might be abused if he told the truth? His fatal veracity might not be the offspring of a tender conscience, but of greed or some other evil passion. The doctor in the cases considered by Todd is somewhat similarly circumstanced. He is satisfied that there is a chance, at any rate, of saving life, if his patient is assured that certain substances are medicines potent to cure. Is he justified in refusing to his patient this chance of life? Doctors might unquestionably use for a wrong purpose the right of misleading a patient for his good; but they might use for a worse purpose the right (if they possessed it) of killing him with the blunt truth.

A singular case, bearing in some degree on the right to mislead a patient, was described a few months ago in a public address by a well-known American doctor. A young lady in one of the Western States was convinced that

a bristle of her tooth-brush had become imbedded in her throat, and was causing mischief there, which would terminate fatally if the foreign body were not removed. The family doctor, and after him several physicians of repute, examined her throat, and all agreed in assuring her (which really was the case) that there was no bristle there at all. She continued to grow worse, the imaginary bristle causing all the effects which a real bristle might perhaps have caused—at any rate, all the effects which she imagined that a real bristle would cause. At last a young surgeon was consulted, who followed a different line of treatment. Looking long and carefully at her throat, and examining the afflicted part with several instruments, he at last gravely assured her that she was quite right; a bristle was there, and the inflammation she experienced was undoubtedly due to it. He could not, he said, remove the bristle at once, as the only instrument which would effectually reach it was at home. He went home for it, as he said, but really to inclose in an instrument of suitable form a bristle from a tooth-brush. Returning, he carefully nipped the skin of the throat where the young lady felt the pricking of the non-existent bristle, and after causing her enough discomfort to satisfy her that this time the operation of extracting the bristle was certainly in progress, he withdrew the instrument in triumph, and along with it the bristle, which had indeed first entered her mouth in that instrument's company. From that time she recovered rapidly. For it will be understood that though there was no real cause for her fears, a real irritation had been excited by them, and organic mischief had resulted. The story ends here so far as our present subject is concerned, though as a tale it may seem to many incomplete without a few words more. The young surgeon, we are told, was highly in favor thenceforth. He had not only saved her life, as she supposed, but had shown her to have been right, and all her friends, as well as the other doctors, wrong. She would have accepted his hand but for the circumstance that, having already a wife, he omitted to offer it. She blazoned abroad his fame, however, until he had become famous "throughout the whole State." All would have ended pleasantly had he not in a moment of weakness confided the true explanation of the young lady's cure to his wife—of course under promise of strict secrecy—which, however, did not prevent the story from reaching the young lady's ears in a few hours. It is hardly necessary to say that thenceforth her feelings toward the doctor were the reverse of those she had entertained before. True, she owed her cure to him, but the cure was worse than the illness.

In the case last considered, which, be it remembered, actually occurred, though probably some of the surroundings were a little altered by the narrator, the truth, supported though it was by the weight of authority, not of one doctor only but of several, was found ineffective to arouse the will of the patient even against a disease which had had its origin in her imagination only. We may well doubt then whether, if the influence of the mind on bodily processes were thoroughly recognized and admitted, it would be found possible to produce the same effect by a direct and truthful appeal to the will, as by misleading the patient. That some few persons of strong will could by a resolute effort check the process of actual disease in their internal organs, or excite processes of organic change resulting in cure, may be admitted,* but it must at the same time be admitted that in the large majority of cases this would not happen, even if the patient could be persuaded to make the attempt. It is only when unconscious of control that the ordinary mind is capable of directing the atten-

* The writer offers the following experience with some diffidence, because the effects supposed to have resulted from an effort of the mind may be otherwise explained—possibly were due to mere coincidence. Still, such effects have been noticed, in so many cases, that he is disposed to explain them in the way suggested. It has frequently happened to him that during a busy week, fortnight, or month of lecturing, he has noticed signs of an incipient cold—such signs as under ordinary conditions have been nearly always followed by a severe cold with loss of voice. Now, he has observed that in the majority of instances of this kind, no such sequel has followed, although no greater care has been taken to check the progress of the cold than at other times. It is as though the strong feeling that he must not take cold prevented him from doing so.

tion fixedly in the way required. And of course, in the great majority of cases the doctor has to deal with men of ordinary mind, not with those possessing strong power of fixing the attention, and resolute will to exert that power.

What might be hoped from minds of such exceptional power we may learn from several instances which have been recorded in the history of medicine. Among the most remarkable is the case of Andrew Crosse, the electrician—a case so remarkable, indeed, that were it open to doubt, one might be disposed to reject it as incredible, or at any rate as explicable in any other way than as an instance of the power of the mind over the body.

Crosse had been bitten severely by a cat, which on the same day died from hydrophobia. He seems resolutely to have dismissed from his mind the fears which must naturally have been suggested by these circumstances. Had he yielded to them, as most men would, he might not improbably have succumbed within a few days or weeks to an attack of mind-created hydrophobia—so to describe the fatal ailment which ere now has been known to kill persons who had been bitten by animals perfectly free from rabies. Three months passed, during which Crosse enjoyed his usual health. At the end of that time, however, he felt one morning a severe pain in his arm, accompanied by severe thirst. He called for water, but "at the instant," he says, "that I was about to raise the tumbler to my lips, a strong spasm shot across my throat; immediately the terrible conviction came to my mind that I was about to fall a victim to hydrophobia, the consequence of the bite that I had received from the cat. The agony of mind that I endured for one hour is indescribable; the contemplation of such a horrible death—death from hydrophobia—was almost insupportable; the torments of hell itself could not have surpassed what I suffered. The pain, which had first commenced in my hand, passed up to the elbow, and from thence to the shoulder, threatening to extend. I felt all human aid was useless, and I believed that I must die. At length I began to reflect upon my condition. I said to myself, 'Either I shall die or I shall not; if I do, it will only be a similar fate which have suffered, and many more mu ter, and I must bear it like a ma on the other hand, there is any h my life, my only chance is in sun ing my utmost resolution, defyi attack, and exerting every effort mind.' Accordingly, feeling that cal as well as mental exertion was sary, I took my gun, shoulder and went out for the purpose of ing, my arm aching the while i ably. I met with no sport, but *I the whole afternoon, exerting at eve I went a strong mental effort agai disease.* When I returned to the I was decidedly better; I was eat some dinner, and drank wa usual. The next morning the pain had gone down to my elbo following it went down to the wri the third day left me altogether. tioned the circumstance to Dr. lake, and he said he certainly cons I had had an attack of hydrop which would possibly have prove had I not struggled against it by a effort of mind."

It seems to us not unlikely th case, besides illustrating the power mind in arresting disease, might if carefully studied, to throw lig the nature of hydrophobia. We assume, it should seem, that the can only act on the body by means nerves, which indeed may be regar simply outlying branches from the nerve-trunk—the brain. By mental effort the nervous system, as a whole, or in some special reg thrown into some condition which its normal condition, and in this mal state influences in some manner the other tissues, either body as a whole, or of the part body in which the nerves ar thrown into an abnormal state. seems by no means impossible to tain experimentally what is the of condition thus brought abo mental efforts to direct attenti special parts of the body. The re tion of the possibility that the p of the hydrophobic disease in the may be arrested by interposing way, as it were, a barrier of nervo tem in this abnormal condition, conceivably suggest some s

remedy for the disease, some process or medicament by which this abnormal condition might be brought about in cases where the mind and will were not sufficiently powerful to produce such an effect without aid from without.

Remembering the resemblance between some of the phenomena of hydrophobia and of lock-jaw, the following case, in which the cure of lock-jaw was attributed to the use of metallic tractors, further illustrates this particular point, for it was subsequently sufficiently demonstrated that all the results of metallic tractorism could be equally well produced with wooden or bone tractors painted to resemble metallic ones—in other words that they were simply effects of imagination, strongly excited by the belief that metallic tractors have powerful curative effects. The account is given by the late Mr. John Vine Hall, of whom Dr. Todd remarks that his veracity was unimpeachable: "Mrs. P., a poor woman in Wharf Lane, Maidstone, was seized with a lock-jaw four days ago, and continued in a most deplorable state, attended by a physician and a surgeon, till this morning, when she was completely cured in fifty minutes by the application of the tractors. The medical gentlemen had been exerting themselves to the utmost, in the kindest manner, and one of them said he would give a hundred guineas if he could save her life. This gentleman came into the room while I was in the act of using the tractors, which he had never seen before, but kindly said they should certainly have a fair chance, and he directed me where to apply them with the greatest advantage. I continued the operation for forty minutes without any apparent benefit, and then giving the tractors into the hands of the surgeon, returned to my own house, awaiting the issue of their further application. In about twelve minutes the surgeon (Mr. S.) came breathless with haste and delight to inform me that he had himself continued the use of the tractors only ten minutes when the poor creature opened her mouth. Mr. S. was so fully persuaded of the efficacy of the tractors that he immediately purchased a pair for his own use. Mr. S. writes: 'The case is yours, the sugestion was yours; I merely continued the employment of the measure from the apparent helplessness of medical means in relieving the distressing complaint. Although previously to the employment of the tractors I had utterly given up the idea of saving my poor patient; although I feared medicine would prove wholly inefficacious, yet I am not prepared to say that certain death would have been the result; but I do not for a moment mean to impeach the effect of the tractors in this case. I feel conviction that they produced the cure.'"

In passing we may note, with Dr. Todd, our surprise that after it had been conclusively proved by the experiments made by Dr. Haygarth and others with wooden tractors, that such cures as the above were really due to the effect of imagination, they should therefore have ceased to pay further attention to the matter. The result of their experiments was more interesting than would have been any demonstration of the potency of metallic tractors. They had established, in fact, the existence of a curative power in nature far more wonderful, and promising to be of far greater, because of far wider, utility than those mystical instruments. Yet having effected this great discovery, they treated it as if it were of no value whatever. Are we to suppose that if, when death was gradually approaching nearer and nearer to Mrs. P. of Maidstone, S. the surgeon, and Vine Hall the tractorian, had known what was afterward established by Haygarth and others, they would have declined to use the means by which (through the influence on her imagination) the poor woman was actually cured? The conduct of Haygarth and the rest, after the efficiency of metallic tractors had been disproved, suggests that this would have been the course of medical men acquainted with Haygarth's results. In other words, having proved that a certain very potent method of cure derives its power from a source other than had been supposed, doctors seem to have agreed that therefore this remedy should no longer be employed, though the very researches by which they had detected the true nature of the remedy had at the same time indicated its wonderful efficacy. It is as though a physician called in by a family doctor to counsel him about a patient should sup-

pose that a certain medicine which had proved of great service before his arrival contained quinine, but finding on analysis or otherwise that it contained other ingredients, and no quinine at all (satisfying himself, also, in the meanwhile, from observation, that it was of great service to the patient), should incontinently throw the bottle out of window. This, as Dr. Todd well remarks, "is at least as astonishing as that the public should believe in, and allow themselves to be cured by, the metallic tractors of Perkins, and be content to refer the influence to galvanism."

The case of Irving preaching under an attack of cholera, and actually overmastering that terrible disease in the struggle, is perhaps familiar to many of our readers. But it so remarkably illustrates our subject that we can ill afford to omit it. During the cholera season of 1832, he was seized with "what was in all appearance, and to the conviction of medical men when described to them, that disease which had proved fatal to so many of our fellow-creatures." He had risen in perfect health. But by breakfast-time he had become very cold, and was in great agony. The usual symptoms of cholera presently supervened. A medical man informed Dr. Todd that to his knowledge Irving was in a state of dangerous collapse during one part of the morning. "With sunken eyes, pallid cheeks, and an altogether ghastly appearance, he tottered to the church, a quarter of a mile distant, and found another minister officiating for him." He was tempted, he tells us, to turn back, but summoned resolution to send a message to his brother minister that he would shortly take his place. In the meantime he stretched himself on three chairs in the vestry before the fire. "Even as I shifted my position," he says, "I endured much suffering, and was almost involuntarily impelled to draw up my limbs in order to keep the pain under. Nevertheless, when I stood up to attire myself for the pulpit, and went forward to ascend the pulpit-stairs, the pains seemed to leave me." With dimmed sight, his head swimming, and his breathing labored he grasped the sides of the pulpit and looked wistfully around, wondering what was to follow. Be it remembered that in his eyes disease was sin; faith only was needed to overcome all other bodily ills save those due to accident or old age; and that disease seemed now likely to master him was evidence, as he thought, that he had sinfully lost hold of faith. It was a moral struggle (at least it seemed so to him), not a bodily contest in which he was engaged. As he thus stood contending against the evil spirit in imagination, but in reality bringing by strong effort of the will his natural energies to meet the progress of physical disease, the crisis came. In an instant "a cold sweat," he tells us, "chill as the hand of death, broke out all over my body, and stood in large drops upon my forehead and hands. From that moment I seemed to be strengthened." For more than an hour he preached with a fervor unknown to him—fervid preacher as he ever was before. He walked home, eating little. In the evening he preached in a crowded school-room, and next morning rose before the sun, strong and hearty as before the attack.

An agency competent, as these and many similar cases which might be cited seem to show, to check the progress of such maladies as hydrophobia, lock-jaw, and cholera, is one which deserves to be dealt with, not as an interesting illustration of psychological and physical relations, but as a potent remedial force worthy to take its place beside, if not above, any of the medicaments which doctors are at present in the habit of employing. But apart from this, the circumstance that powers so remarkable exist in the cerebral faculties suggests other purposes to which they might be applied. In the phenomena of hypnotism, or artificial somnambulism, we have some very striking evidence on this point; but it would lead us too far from our present subject to consider these, except in so far as they illustrate the influence of the mind on bodily disease. In this respect they supply some of the most remarkable evidence we have to consider. Let it be premised before considering the phenomena of hypnotism, mesmerism, or whatever we choose to call them, that the theory of their being due to animal or any other sort of magnetism has been abundantly disproved. Of course, if it were otherwise, they would fall entirely outside the range of this essay.

Nor, again, can they be in any way attributed to the influence of one mind on another, except in the way of suggestion. The cure of the naval officer considered above might be attributed in *this* sense to the action of the surgeon's mind on the patient's body, for it was the ideas advanced by the surgeon which excited the necessary action in the mind of the patient whereby the progress of disease in his body was checked. But as in that case the immediate remedial agent was (if the case is interpreted as above) the mental action of the sufferer, so all the phenomena of hypnotism are due to cerebral processes in the subject, these processes being simply initiated by the suggestions, more or less obvious, of the operator. We have said that the magnetic interpretation has been disproved, and equally we can assert that the supposed influence of the operator's mind on the subject's body has no real existence. We have not space here to consider the evidence; but full evidence has been obtained that precisely as all the results of metallic tractorism (a special case of animal magnetism, as was supposed) can be obtained with wooden ones, so all the phenomena attributed to animal magnetism generally can be obtained without any magnetic influences, while the phenomena which had seemed to be excited by the actual will of an operator are obtained in equal degree when he purposely diverts his thoughts to other matters. The only circumstance remaining unexplained in the phenomena of hypnotism is the strange power which the subject often possesses or seems to possess of reading the thoughts of the operator. But this may probably regarded as simply illustrating the abnormal powers which the mind of the hypnotized possesses for the time being; and indeed it is certain that the power of mind-reading acquired at such times (probably merely the power of recognizing minute changes of expression, attitude, gesture, and so forth) is by no means limited to the operator; in some of the most remarkable and the best attested instances the hypnotized person has been able to read the thoughts of any person to whom his attention has been directed.* Setting aside, however, all explanations based on hypotheses inconsistent with the known laws of physics, or on impressions supposed to be produced by one person's mind on another person's body—in fact, all such explanations as science is bound to reject—we find in the phenomena of hypnotism the most wonderful illustrations of the powers which the mind has over the body. We might consider here a number of cases illustrating the cure of paralysis and affections more or less obviously depending on the state of the nervous system; but it will be better to limit our attention at present to the far more striking cases in which a definite change has been produced in the condition of parts of the body which might be supposed altogether beyond the mental influence, that is, so far as their organic structure was concerned. In relation to one remarkable case of the former kind described by Dr. Procter, of York (see the *Zoist* for 1851), in which the patient was averse to the trial and expected no result, whereas the cure was as complete in his case as if he had been full of faith in the magnetic passes, it is necessary to make some remarks. The case is not one which need be described here, but the inference that because of the patient's unbelief we must reject the theory that imagination had aught to do with the matter is one to be carefully considered. Dr. Todd has well pointed out that the essential point in these cases is not the encouragement of the expectation of cure, but the direction of the attention to the part of the body which is affected by disease. The unbelieving patient who at the same time is indifferent to the experiment would doubtless be an unpromising subject for the mental method; but a patient who took suffi-

* It would seem, indeed, probable that the special cerebral condition excited in the hypnotized may be excited at will by some persons; without the assistance of any operator they become subjects of their own mental control thus specifically exercised. Some remarkable cases of mind-reading (amongst others may be mentioned two described by Dickens—see Forster's *Life*—as exhibited by a French conjuror at the time of the Anglo-French alliance) seem explicable in no other way, and in this way explicable without any mysterious or preternatural agencies (which are, of course, *ex necessitate*, excluded from the scientific discussion of such matters).

cient interest in the passes and other outward signs of mesmerism to be opposed to them, would probably be quite as favorable a subject for the method as one who took the same degree of interest in them because he believed in their efficacy.

The most striking illustrations of the effect of imagination excited, as when hypnotism or Braidism is produced, are those in which partial blindness has been cured, actual opacity of the cornea being removed. Where very weak sight has been quickly cured, we may assume that the weakness was in the optic nerve, or otherwise depended on the state of the nerves, but it will presently be seen that in other cases the structure of the eye has undergone a definite organic change.

To the former and less remarkable class of cases belongs the cure of Mrs. Stowe by Braid. She was forty-four years old, and had used spectacles for twenty-two years, not being able without them to distinguish even the capital letters of advertisements in a newspaper, nor the large heading of the paper. After being hypnotized by Braid for eight minutes she was able "to read both the large and small heading, and day, month, and date of the paper. Her sight continued to improve—she could thread her needle, No. 8, without spectacles," and Mr. Braid states that this remarkable increase of visual power has been retained. The case of Miss R. was equally remarkable. She had not only suffered from ophthalmia, but as a result of the partial blindness thus occasioned had met with several accidents, some of which had further injured her eyes, insomuch that in January, 1854, she was totally blind. She was placed under the care of a physician at Dublin during six weeks, and improved to some degree, "for the iris had become somewhat sensitive to light, and she was able to discern large objects, but could neither see to read nor write." She returned home, but her eyesight remained without further improvement, and at length her medical attendant recommended that she should be placed under Mr. Braid's care. He found no apparent physical imperfection to account for her impaired vision, nor at this time did she suffer from any pain about the head or eyes. She could not discern a single letter of the title-page of a book placed close to her, though some of the letters were a quarter of an inch long. Having placed the patient in the condition of artificial somnambulism, Mr. Braid "directed the nervous force to the eyes by wafting over them, and gently touching them occasionally, so as to keep up a sustained act of attention of the patient's mind to her eyes and the function of vision." (Some objection must be taken in passing to the statement that the nervous force was directed to the eyes, because it involves an assumption. The attention was directed to the eyes; what intervened between this act and the observed change in the patient's condition is a matter to be inferred, not stated.) In about ten minutes she was aroused from the hypnotic trance. "I now presented before her the title-page of the same book, when she instantly exclaimed with delight and surprise, 'I see the word commerce!' pointing to it. I told her she would see more than that presently, and in a little while she exclaimed, 'I see commercial, then, 'I see dictionary,' and shortly after, 'I see McCulloch;' but she could see nothing more. I told her that after a little rest I felt assured she would see still smaller print; and after a few minutes she was able to read 'London: Longman, Green, and Longmans.' Such was the result of my first process. After a second hypnotic operation the next day the patient could read, when first aroused, the whole of a title-page of a pamphlet, and in about five minutes after, she read two lines of the text. After another operation the same day she could read the small close print in the Appendix; and was able the same evening to write a letter home reporting progress for the first time for twelve months. She only required two more hypnotic operations, when she was found able to read the smallest-sized print in a newspaper, after which she left me quite cured, and, as I have heard, she continued well ever since."

The explanation in such cases would seem to be unmistakably that indicated by Braid in the expression to which we have taken exception above. By the actions which directed the attention to the act of vision, the nervous force would seem to have been directed along the

channels from which some cause or causes had before unfortunately diverted it—the optic nerve and the various ramifications extended from it. These channels of communication between the brain and the eyes having been thus again opened, remained thenceforth as they had been before they had been obstructed. Be it noticed that the words here used—nervous force, channel of communication, obstructed, opened, and so forth—must not be understood in their literal sense ; they are simply convenient forms of expression for qualities, processes, etc., about which we know in reality very little.

But as we have said, cases like the last two throw far less light on the powers which the mind possesses over the body than those in which actual organic change results from the mental act, continued long enough. The following case, in which blindness (of one eye) was certainly not dependent on defective nerve-force, is in this sense particularly interesting. Mrs. S. had had severe rheumatic fever in 1839, during the course of which the left eye was affected, in such sort that both its internal and its external structure suffered injury. In 1842, when Mrs. S. first consulted Mr. Braid, this eye was free from pain, but was useless. More than half the cornea was covered by an opaque film, any object placed opposite the outer or left half of the eye (the temporal half, doctors prefer to call it), being seen through a dense haze ; and objects placed toward the opposite side were seen very imperfectly, owing to injury which the choroid and retina had sustained in the points on which the images of such objects were reflected. The opacity was not only an obstacle to distinct vision, but was also a source of annoyance from its disfigurement, being obvious even at a considerable distance. "Mrs. S. was a relation," Dr. Todd mentions, "of Mr. Braid, and was in his house three months before he operated upon her, during which time no change took place. Violent pain in the arm and shoulder induced her to submit to the hypnotic treatment, which proved successful ; but what was more surprising, and quite unlooked for by Mr. Braid, her *sight* was so much improved that she was able to see every thing in the room, and to name different flowers, and distinguish their colors, whilst the right eye was shut, which she had not been able to do for more than three and a half years previously. The operation was continued daily, and in a very short time *the cornea became so transparent that it required close inspection to observe any remains of the opacity.* After the first operation there was considerable smarting in the eye, which continued all night, and in a less degree after future operations, which no doubt" (be it remembered, it is not Mr. Braid, but Dr. Todd who expresses this opinion) "roused the absorbents, and effected the removal of the opacity. Stimulating the optic nerve to greater activity, however, must have been the chief cause of the very rapid improvement which enabled her to see objects after the second operation. Mr. Braid adds to the foregoing, that objects were seen from the temporal side of the eye much more distinctly than from the nasal side, owing to the irreparable damage the retina and choroid had sustained."

Instances of the cure of deafness must in the great majority of cases be ascribed to the increase in the flow of nervous force along the aural nerves, and therefore, are not quite so surprising as the case just cited and others of a like nature. Still some of them have been very remarkable. Take, for instance, Mr. Braid's account of the cure of Nodan, a deaf mute, aged 24, who, according to the opinion of Mr. Vaughan, head master of the Deaf and Dumb Institute where Nodan was a pupil, had never had the power of hearing, properly so called. "After the first operation," says Mr. Braid "(inducing hypnotism, then extending the limbs and fanning the ears), I satisfied myself he had no sense of hearing ; but after the second, which I carried still further, he could hear, and was so annoyed by the noise of the carts and carriages when going home that he could not be induced to call on me again for some time. He has been operated on only a few times, and has been so much improved, that although he lives in a back street, he can now hear a band of music coming along the front street, and will go out to meet it. I lately tested him, and found he could hear in his room on the

second floor a gentle knock on the bottom stair. His improvement, therefore, has been decided and permanent, and is entirely attributable to hypnotism, as no other means were adopted in his case." In other words, the cure was entirely attributable to that special form of mental activity which is excited, or, at any rate, becomes available, in the case of hypnotized patients.

We have seen how, through the influence of the mind upon the body, the blind have been made to see, the deaf to hear; we may next consider cases in which the lame have been made to walk —nay, even to dance—by no other influence. Among the experiments by which it was shown that wooden tractors are as effective, *if only they are properly painted,* as iron ones, Dr. Alderson mentions the following: "Robert Wood, aged 67, on June 4 was operated upon with wooden tractors for a rheumatic affection of the hip, which he had had for eight months. During the application of the tractors, which was continued for about seven minutes, no effects were produced, except a profuse perspiration and a general tremor. On ceasing the application of the tractors, to his inexpressible joy and our satisfaction, the good effects of our labor were now produced and acknowledged; for he voluntarily assured me that he could walk with perfect ease, that he had the entire motion of the joint, and that he was free from pain—to use his own words: 'As to the pain I have now, I do not care if I have it all my life; that will matter nothing. You may take your medicines—I'll have no more of them!' And prior to his leaving the infirmary, he remarked how very warm those parts were where the tractors had been applied; and then walked from the infirmary to his own house, assuring his companion that he could very well walk to Beverley." In another case no tractors were used, or any other mysterious form of apparatus employed to excite attention; the attraction used was not magnetic nor electrical, but an attraction of a very different kind, not as yet considered among medical remedies—except, by the way, in one case which occurs to us at the moment, and will be found fully recorded, prescription and all, in the pages of *Hard Cash*, though the remedy is there prescribed to cure an ailment for which it seems in some degree more appropriate. A young lady of sixteen (we are describing a real case, not the case of Julia Dodd) had for many months been suffering from an inversion of the left foot, which was twisted at right angles with the other, and was treated by orthopædic surgeons with an elaborate apparatus of splints. Neither they, nor Mr. Skey (though he recognized the nature of the affection), succeeded in curing it. Psychical agents, however, effected a cure in a few minutes. She willed to use her foot like other people, and she did. "She accompanied her family to a ball," says Mr. Skey, in the *Medical Times and Gazette* for October 13, 1866; "her foot, as she entered the ball-room, being not yet restored to its normal position. She was invited to dance, and, under this novel excitement, she stood up, and to the astonishment of her family she danced the whole evening, having almost suddenly recovered the healthy muscular action of the limb. She came to see me two days afterward. She walked perfectly well into my room, and paced the room backward and forward with great delight. The actions of the limb were thoroughly restored, and all trace of the previous malady had disappeared."

After reading such accounts as these, accounts given by soberly-minded medical men, who would naturally be inclined rather to limit unduly than unduly to exaggerate the power which the mind of the patient may possess over the diseased body, it becomes easy to explain the accounts of seemingly miraculous cures which are published from time to time in various religious (and also in some scarcely religious) journals. Amongst such cases we may cite as particularly credible, when once the influence of the imagination is recognized, the so-called miracles performed by Prince Hohenlohe, for he combined with the princely title* and the imagined efficacy of royal

* Dr. Todd remarks, with sly humor, that Hohenlohe's "name and titles had probably much to do with his influence. They were Alexander Leopold Franz Emmerich, Prince of Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingsfürst, Archbishop and Grand Provost of Grosswardein, Hungary, and Abbot of St. Michael's at Gaborjan." How should such a name fail! Hohen-

blood, the attributes of the priest, and personal qualities admirably suited to influence the minds of the weaker sort of men. In one case certainly in which he cured a man of deafness, his princely position can hardly have helped him much, for the man was also a prince of the blood—Louis, ex-King of Bavaria. Louis's letter describing his own cure, and other wonders, is very curious. It is addressed to Count von Sinsheim. "My dear Count," he says, "there are still miracles. The ten last days of the last month, the people of Würzburg might believe themselves in the times of the Apostles. The deaf heard, the blind saw, the lame freely walked, not by the aid of art, but by a few short prayers. . . . : On the evening of the 28th, the number of persons cured of both sexes, and of every age, amounted to more than twenty. These were of all classes of the people, from the humblest to a prince of the blood; who, without any exterior means, recovered, on the 27th, at noon, the hearing which he had lost from his infancy. This cure was effected by a prayer made for him, during some minutes, by a priest, who is scarcely more than twenty-seven years of age —the Prince Hohenlohe. Although I do not hear so well as the majority of the persons who are about me, there is no comparison between my actual state and that which existed before. Besides, I perceive daily that I hear more clearly. . . . My hearing at present is very sensitive. Last Friday, the music of the troop which defiled in the square in front of the palace struck my tympanum so strongly, that for the first time I was obliged to close the window of my cabinet. The inhabitants of Würzburg have 'testified, by the most lively and sincere acclamations, the pleasure which my cure has given them.'" Many in like manner were cured through their faith in Father Matthew (not in teetotalism, be it understood); and even after his death many who went lame to his tomb left their crutches there. It was not necessary that the patient should be of the worthy father's persuasion in religion. Many staunch Protestants were cured by him, as they supposed; but in reality by processes taking place within their own minds, and initiated by their own lively imaginations. Whether after cure such persons remained as staunchly Protestant as they had been before, we do not know.*

In a similar way may be explanied (or rather, must be explained, when due account is taken of the weight of evidence) many cases in which maledictions seem to have taken effect, as by a miracle. Paralysis, which has been often cured by faith, has been produced, though less often, by terror. In the *Medical Gazette* for May 23, 1868, there is a report of a singular case which occurred at the Limerick Sessions. Two men had been charged with having assaulted a relative. "The prosecutor summoned his own father as a witness. The mother of the prisoners, exasperated at the prospect of her sons being sent to prison on the evidence of her own relative, gave expression to her feeling in a malediction, praying that when the old man left the witness-box he might be paralyzed, and paralyzed he was accordingly, and had to be taken to the hospital. Such miraculous illness not yielding readily to ordinary modes of treatment, the old lady has been requested to remove her curse by spitting on the patient, but this she sternly refuses to do, and the man remains in the hospital." Unfortunately, the end of the story was not given. It would have been pleasing to learn that in the long run the old dame relented,

lohe was born in 1794, in Waldenburg, and educated in several universities. He officiated as priest at Olmütz, Munich, etc. "When twenty-six," Dr. Todd adds, "he met with a peasant who had performed several astonishing cures, and from him caught the enthusiasm which he subsequently manifested in curing the sick. He constantly appealed to their faith in his power."

* We were told a few months ago by a worthy, simple-hearted Irish priest, that he was sent for on one occasion to administer the sacrament of extreme unction to a Protestant lady, who (not knowing that Catholicity was an essential preliminary) hoped to find in the sacrament a cure for an attack of inflammation of the bowels, which the doctors had in vain attempted to assuage. They hourly expected her death. Finding no other course open to her, she "made submission," was received into the Church, and the sacrament of extreme unction was administered. When next the family doctor called the lady was well, save for the state of weakness to which many hours of extreme pain had reduced her.

and by spitting on the invalid restored him to health, for then the evidence of the influence of imagination would be complete.

Many will recall here the story of "Goody Blake and Harry Gill." Although Wordsworth calls this "a true story," yet most persons probably imagine that, as related by the poet, it is in a large degree a work of fiction. That Wordsworth himself regarded the punishment of the hard farmer as wrought by supernatural means is well known, and comes out clearly on a comparison between his poetic version of the event and the terse prosaic narrative by Dr. Erasmus Darwin in his *Zoonomia*. Yet the story was true enough in all essential points as told by Wordsworth. The elder Darwin's account of the case runs simply thus: "A young farmer in Warwickshire, finding his hedges broken and the sticks carried away, during a frosty season, determined to watch for the thief. He lay many cold hours under a haystack, and at length an old woman, like a witch in a play, approached and began to pull up the hedge; he waited till she had tied up her bottle of sticks, and was carrying them off, that he might convict her of the theft, and then springing from his concealment he seized his prey with violent threats. After some altercation, in which her load was left upon the ground, she kneeled upon the bottle" (*sic*, it is the old-fashioned word for a "bundle") "of sticks, and raising her arms to heaven beneath the bright moon, then at the full, spoke to the farmer, already shivering with cold, '*Heaven grant that thou mayest never know again the blessing to be warm.*' He complained of cold all the next day, and wore an upper coat, and in a few days another, and in a fortnight took to his bed, always saying nothing made him warm; he covered himself with very many blankets, and had a sieve over his face as he lay" (the benefit expected from this arrangement is not altogether obvious); "and from this one insane idea he kept his bed above twenty years, for fear of the cold air, till at length he died." It was unfortunate for him, by the way, that Turkish baths had not been introduced into England in his time! For probably if he had tried the radiating room of a Turkish *hammam*, he would have found that even the old woman's curse did not prevent him from knowing what it was to feel warm; and once recognizing this, he would have been able, perhaps, to rise above the superstitious fears to which in reality the sensation of cold was ue. The commonplace curse of an old woman whom even the least censorious can hardly regard as altogether worthy of absolute veneration, and who had probably exchanged some rather coarse abuse with Gill in the preceding "altercation," is rather amusingly changed by Wordsworth into a solemn appeal to heaven by a much injured victim (after all it must be remembered that Gill had not hurt the old woman, and that a farmer has some right to complain when his hedges are broken and his sticks removed):

> "Then Goody, who had nothing said,"

(having, it should seem, very little to say—)

> "Her bundle from her lap let fall;
> And kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
> To God, who is the judge of all,
> She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
> While Harry held her by the arm—
> 'God! that art never out of hearing,
> Oh may he never more be warm!'
> The cold, cold moon above her head,
> Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
> Young Harry heard what she had said,
> And icy cold he turned away."

Probably we may refer the effect of her malediction rather to her appearance—as described by Dr. Darwin, "an old woman like a witch in a play"—than to the solemnity of her prayer. He believed, in his sudden fear, that she was a witch; his imagination attributed to the witch's curse the cold which naturally enough resulted from his long watch on a bitter cold night; and his fears thus seemingly confirmed so influenced his imagination thereafter, that he experienced the constant sensation of cold described by Darwin. That the actual temperature of his body was also affected may well be believed. For it is well known that persons whose minds are affected undergo a loss of temperature. "In *mélancolie avec stupeur*," says Dr. Ertzbischoff, "the temperature is always below the normal amount." But it is certain the actual loss of heat cannot have been even nearly so great as

the apparent, for, if it had, Gill would certainly not have lived twenty years.

We could cite many other illustrations of the influence of the mind, whether stimulated by emotion or by expectation, on the body and its functions. But we have already exceeded the space which we had intended to occupy. Let it suffice now to call attention to the extreme importance, both in a physiological and in a psychological aspect, of the recognition of this influence, and the necessity for more careful and systematic study of its nature and limits than has yet been made. It was said sneeringly by Dr. Elliotson, who was a believer in the mesmeric or præternatural interpretation of effects now demonstrated to be due to imagination only, that if Mr. Braid, Dr. Carpenter, and Dr. Holland could ascribe the actual extirpation of certain bodily matter to dominant ideas, suggestion, and expectant attention, they "ought to petition for the introduction of these into the next 'Pharmacopœia' of the Royal College of Physicians." "We do make this petition; or at least," says Dr. Tuke with excellent judgment, "let these psychical agents be included in the *armamenta medica* of every medical man." But not alone with reference to the cure of disease have these experiences interest and value. Rightly apprehended, even now when they are incomplete, they throw much light on the qualities and functions of the brain; but if the study of such cases were carefully and sedulously pursued, observations and experiments being multiplied, as they well might be, we believe that some of the most dimcult problems of mental physiology would before long be interpreted, and that mental powers as yet unsuspected would before long be revealed.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

MR. HENRY JAMES'S stories have not only afforded very pleasant reading on this side of the Atlantic, but have furnished some of his countrymen on the other with food for meditation of a very instructive kind. Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine—a writer whose name we have not had the pleasure of meeting with before, but hope that we may meet with again before long—has discussed the subject treated of in Mr. James's last volume with great good sense and frankness. It will be remembered that in one of Mr. James's last stories, *Daisy Miller*, the two principal figures are a Europeanized American gentleman, and a young lady fresh from the United States who allows herself in European society all the freedom to which she has been accustomed at home. In another story, the *International Episode*, a young Englishman of high birth, but undecided character, goes to spend his holiday on the other side of the Atlantic, where he meets with that generous hospitality which is never there withheld from any Englishman who is respectably introduced, but which there, as elsewhere, is given most freely of all to the spoiled children of fortune. After the lapse of a year his hostesses—the lady of the American house where he spends most of his time, and her young unmarried sister—come to England; and then the young man, who had been much smitten in America by the girl, and whose ardor is revived by the sight of her in London, finds himself in a difficulty. His mother and sisters do not fancy the match; though they are at last forced to call on the strangers, they are insolent to them, and make them feel that they belong to another social sphere; and when the young man, from a mixture of liking for the girl and defiance of his womankind, at last, after hovering about her for awhile, asks her to marry him, he is refused, and the curtain falls.

This is the text on which Mr. Hazeltine writes a very interesting sermon. It is obvious however that, whatever may be his knowledge of Continental Europe, his acquaintance with English society is not large. But this is a matter of less importance. The interesting thing is to see how the social position of his country-people in Europe presents itself to the mind of a candid and intelligent American. Let us frankly concede at the outset that an English traveller in America is much better treated than an American traveller in England. It is no

use blinking the fact. The experience of everybody who knows the two countries will agree upon this. An Englishman who is personally not unpresentable, and who goes to the United States provided with passable credentials, will be handed on from house to house and received everywhere and at once on a footing of cordial intimacy. How far this is from being the case with American travellers in England it is needless to say. An Englishman who has enjoyed American hospitality can hardly reflect on the matter without feeling a certain compunction. But, sentiment apart, it is worth while asking what are the reasons for English reserve in this respect, and if, or how far, this reserve is justified.

Mr. Hazeltine is of opinion that the snubbing which his country-women in the *International Episode* got from the English ladies of rank was no more than might have been fairly expected. The same snubbing, he implies, would have been administered to English ladies of all but the highest class who aspired to ally themselves with a future Duke. We may remark parenthetically that Mr. Hazeltine seems imperfectly acquainted with the divisions and gradations of English society. It is incorrect to talk, as he does, of wealthy and cultivated people engaged in the learned professions or in commerce as "the lower middle class." Nor is it true that there is in England any hard and fast line which separates such people from the nobility. Nor, further, is it true that the American ladies in question would have got in all likelihood a much franker welcome from English people a few pegs lower down, if one must use the phrase, on the social ladder. All that was known of them was that they were good-looking, well-mannered, and well-dressed, and that the young gentleman who was in love with one of them had passed some time very pleasantly at their house. A mother need not be a duchess to be shy of lavishing invitations on strangers under such circumstances. And if the American young lady had said "Let us go," for "suppose we go," or "a quarter to four," instead of "a quarter before four," Mr. Hazeltine may be quite sure that neither a duchess nor anybody else would have found anything amiss in her speech. We appreciate the candor which can see that there are two sides to an affair of this kind, and we agree with Mr. Hazeltine that in this instance the American ladies had no right to feel themselves aggrieved. But we do not agree with him in the explanation he gives. Had both the ladies, instead of one only, been married, or had the young man himself been married, they would probably have met with a very different welcome. But when a young man, himself a great prize, in the matrimonial market, falls in love with a girl who is not a great prize, who does not belong to his order or his set, and about whose family and early associations and position generally very little is known, it is not to be wondered at that the girl, whether American or not, should get the cold shoulder from his female relations. The chances are that, if it had not been for the imminent peril of matrimony which any advances on the part of the English ladies would have involved, they would have been only too happy to help the visitors to a social success, and Mrs. Westgate and Miss Alden would have had the honor, before the season was over, of dancing with royalty itself.

Still it remains true that Americans in general find it hard to acclimatize themselves in England. They land at Liverpool, spend three days at the Lakes, where it usually rains, stop half a day at Chester, and perhaps a day at Kenilworth, on their way to London, visit the Tower, Westminster Abbey, the Zoological Gardens, and the Houses of Parliament, and then take the train to Paris. It is clear that they do not find the time pass pleasantly in England. They are not in a hurry to leave Paris or Florence when once they arrive there. They linger on after all the sights have been seen, because the life there suits them. They make good resolutions to see England well on their way home, which lasts until they get as far as Paris on the return journey. But there the fascinations of the theatres, the dilatoriness of Worth, the adieux to friends, the thousand excuses which people make for not doing what they do not like, detain them till three days before the steamer sails from Liverpool. This is all natural enough. The climate of England is

far from perfect. The hotel life is mostly detestable. Life in lodgings, unless there is a large party, is intolerably dull. In nineteen cases out of twenty they never see the inside of an English home. There is no outdoor life for them to see, except the Row on the rare occasions when it does not rain, or snow, or hail, or blow a parching east wind. What is there here to tempt them to stay, used as they are to a free social life at home, and fresh perhaps from months of delightful vagabondage in Italy, except the home intercourse of English society, which is precisely what they find so rarely accessible? And this brings us round again to the question why this should be the case. An Englishman, if the question were put to him by an American, would probably answer pretty much as follows—"To begin with," he would say, "it is not universally true that Americans are excluded from English homes. There are quite enough instances of Americans who have been cordially welcomed, and have won a high position both in the fashionable and in the rational classes of English society, to dispel any fancy that you may have that there is a feeling against you on the ground of your nationality. There is none. On the contrary, if you are personally acceptable, and if your credentials are satisfactory, and if you take half the trouble to know us that we take to know one another, you will find that the fact of your being American will tell very much in your favor. You are enough of foreigners to be made welcome, and to be well treated on that score; and at the same time you are allied to us so closely that you can understand us as no other foreigners can. Further, you must remember what our national character is and what our social usages are. Nearly all of us are conscious of a certain reserve toward strangers. We are so constituted and there's an end of it. It keeps us apart from one another, and you must not be surprised if it tends to keep us apart from you. Further, it is one thing to introduce a stranger into an American home and another to introduce him into an English home. We take the inviting of people to our house to mean more and to pledge us to more. We have not—unfortunately, as many of us think—the same ease and simplicity of social life that you have. It gives us a great deal more trouble and expense to entertain you and treat you as we would wish to treat you, and as it is our habit to treat those whom we entertain at all, than is the case on your side of the Atlantic—especially as we generally travel singly in America and you travel commonly in parties in Europe. And again—and this is the chief point—you all of you travel, good, bad, and indifferent. Setting aside the purely commercial traveller, the Englishmen who go to see you are mostly of the better sort. They are gentlemen and men of education. Would you—could you, be as kind to us as you are, if the class of English people who now visit the Continent under the fatherly guidance of Mr. Cook were to come over by thousands and tens of thousands every season to the United States? A great deal which now goes without saying as to the fitness of your English visitors to be received into good American houses would then be accepted only upon evidence. You would have to pick and choose, and you would find that your better people would only care to open their doors to those Englishmen who were thoroughly well accredited. And this state of things would naturally react on the feeling of English travellers. They would no longer feel sure of an instant welcome. They would know that they would have to be scrutinized before being accepted. They would know that the arithmetical chances were against their being acceptable. The better bred, and therefore the least conspicuous, among them would often notice, with a feeling of shame, that their country was supposed to be represented by the louder and more vulgar. A certain reserve, natural under the circumstances and necessary for the self-protection of both, would grow up between English travellers and American hosts. But it would be a reserve which would last only long enough to enable both parties to discriminate, and to decide whether or not intimacy was possible or desirable. Nor is there," he would add, "any other reserve on our part toward you when you come to see us in England than such as may be accounted for in this way."

It is, no doubt, true—human nature

being what it is—that there are more Americans who care for the acquaintance of titled persons, whatever they may be in point of education and character, than who care for the acquaintance of cultivated persons unprovided with a handle to their names. There is no special reproach in this. There are large numbers of persons in England of the same way of thinking. To those of his country-people who pine to be numbered with the aristocratic elect of Great Britain Mr. Hazeltine gives the judicious advice—so exceedingly judicious that it will hardly be acted upon—to make themselves happy where they are. If the desire sprang from a rational expectation of advantages to be gained by being asked to great houses, Mr. Hazeltine's words of wisdom would not be thrown away. But it springs from a region of human nature outside the range of logic, or at least of any other logic than that of direct experience. We would rather therefore encourage them, and those of our own countrymen who are like unto them, to persevere. If they fail, it may then dawn upon their minds that there are other sources of happiness and dignity in human life than this. If they succeed, they can say, better than any one else, whether the prize is worth the pains they have spent upon it. And to those Americans, who are many, whose social ambition takes a better form, we can only say that among Englishmen of their own stamp all the conditions are at present favorable to mutual understanding and friendship.—*Saturday Review.*

IS NEST-BUILDING AN INSTINCT IN BIRDS?

BY BENJAMIN T. LOWNE, F.L.S.

MR. ALFRED R. WALLACE, in his contributions to the theory of natural selection, has an essay on the philosophy of birds' nests, in which he controverts the doctrine, which he admits to be almost universally held, that birds build their nests by instinct; and he believes that both birds and men, in a primitive state, build by imitation. He says, "It will be objected, that birds do not learn to make their nests as man does to build, for all birds will make exactly the same nest as the rest of their species, even if they have never seen one, and it is instinct alone that can enable them to do this. No doubt this would be instinct, if it were true, and I simply ask for proof of the fact; this point, although so important to the question at issue, is always assumed without proof, and even against proof, for what facts there are are opposed to it. Birds brought up from the egg in cages do not make the characteristic nest of their species, even though the proper materials are supplied to them, and often make no nest at all; but rudely heap together a quantity of materials: and the experiment has never been fairly tried of turning out a pair of birds so brought up into an enclosure, covered with netting, and watching the result of their untaught attempts at nest making."

I have lately had the opportunity of making the experiment, which Mr. Wallace states has never been fairly made; and much to my surprise, for a year ago I fully believed Mr. Wallace was right, the results are at complete variance with the opinion which Mr. Wallace has promulgated upon this subject. I will give the details of my experiment in full, reserving all comment until I have done so.

Last spring I received a pair of young ring-doves (*Columba risoria*), in their first plumage, which had been hatched in the breeding-box of an ordinary dove's cage, upon a straw nest built on the floor of the cage. These were a male and a female; but at the time I received them they were so young that I came to the conclusion, from their very quarrelsome habits, that they were of the same sex; in consequence of this opinion, which I afterwards found to be erroneous, I asked the lady who gave me the first pair to give me another young dove. She gave me one brought up in the same manner. I kept these three doves in a wire cage until this spring. The exact size of the cage was three feet by two, and two feet high. They turned out to

be a cock and two hens. At the end of February each hen laid two eggs on a bundle of hay placed in one corner of the cage; but there was not the slightest attempt at nest-building, although they played with the hay, carrying about a piece in their bills by the hour together. The females sat by turns with the male, and in due time three of the eggs hatched. Although some interesting facts were brought to light in the rearing of these young birds, it suffices to observe in the present connection, that only one of the young birds became fully fledged; the others died from heartless neglect on the part of the parents, apparently because they were feeble and two days younger than the chick that was reared.

In the middle of April I turned the three birds out into an aviary in the open air, in which there was a large branch of a tree with numerous twigs and buds to serve as a perch. The highest branchlets of this were about nine feet from the ground.

I provided the birds with a double breeding-box, similar to the one in which they were themselves hatched; in one side of this I placed a handful of hay, together with their newly fledged offspring. I left the other side empty, in the expectation that they might possibly build a nest of hay or straw, and I supplied them with both materials. The young dove learned to fly in a few days, and slept in its box at night; its parents and foster-mother fed it continually in the nest-box, but there was no attempt to make another nest in the box.

About a week after I placed the birds in the new aviary they took possession of the highest twigs of the tree branch, each with a small piece of stick in its bill; as I judged they intended to build in this portion of the tree, I at once supplied them with a number of twigs; these were nearly all straight twigs of varying length and thickness, without any lateral branches; but amongst them were a few pieces, each with a short lateral branch, which were at once collected by the doves, and carried to the place they had selected for their nest; but they evidently had not the slightest idea of the use of the sticks they had selected. They tried in vain to fix them to the wall of the aviary or to its roof, almost always to the latter, and waved them about above their heads until they dropped them. I thought that they might be in the habit, in nature, of laying the foundations of their nest in twigs above their heads, so I fixed some perches below the cleft in the tree which I thought they had selected to build in, and wove two or three small branches in such a manner as to afford them a choice of resting-place, and also to catch the sticks they dropped. I ought to have mentioned, that the birds were excessively tame, having been brought up in the house, and that I was constantly in the habit of taking them from their cage and playing with them, hence they allowed me to stroke them or handle them without fear, so that my interference did not disturb them. As soon as I had finished, the male bird found the new place, and cooed in evident delight, and he was immediately joined by the two hens, each with a stick.

After vainly endeavoring to lodge the sticks above their heads for a couple of hours, sometimes from the old and sometimes from the new resting-place, and dropping them, they gave up work.

I now, however, observed that all the cleft and branched sticks had been gathered from the bottom of the aviary and lodged amongst the branches near the top of the tree. I also observed that the birds every now and then picked up a stick, balanced it for a little time in their bills, and then dropped it again. The thought struck me that straight sticks and twigs would not do, so I collected a number of forked branches and branches with lateral twigs. No sooner were these thrown into the cage than the birds made their usual crowing noise and resumed work. As soon as all the branched sticks were used, they at once ceased work, although there was an abundance of unbranched sticks of suitable size in the cage. The end of all this was, that in three days they had finished a nest exactly like that of a wood pigeon. They lined it neatly with straw, and ornamented it with some tufts of the dried flowers of the sugar-cane (*Saccharum officinale*), which I took out of a vase in the drawing-room, and broke up, as I thought the soft feather-like flowers of the grass would make a good lining to the nest. They did not use it, however, for this purpose, but

let a few pieces hang over the edge of the nest, with a great deal of straw, perhaps for the purpose of concealment. Each dove laid two eggs in the nest, and they are now sitting by turns with the male.

The apparent use of the side branches on the twigs which they use is to peg the nest together, as these hang down and pass through the meshes of the sticks which are already laid.

The important facts to my mind are, first, these birds had never seen a tree, or, at least, sat on one, yet they selected a place nine feet from the ground for their nest. They had never seen twigs, and could have no experience in the use of lateral branches, yet they carefully selected these and no other. Secondly, they had apparently no idea of the use to put the sticks to, when they had selected them, unless they are in the habit, in a state of nature, of starting the nest on branches above their heads. As soon, however, as a few branches had lodged below them, they finished the nest, which accident had commenced for them. Thirdly, they followed the habits of the species to which they belong, although it is probable that these habits had been in abeyance for many generations, and certainly they had been in abeyance for more than one generation. Fourthly, the conditions were present which would have enabled them to breed in the same kind of nest as that in which they were themselves brought up, and in which they had already reared a young bird. Lastly, these birds were very tame, so that if new conditions could have modified their natural habits, this was a case in which we might have expected modification, as all the circumstances were in favor of a perversion of natural habits.

I do not know how to account for the fact that these birds built a natural nest. And I may be hasty in my conclusion, but I am in my own mind convinced that we have here an instance of what is usually called Instinct. This conviction is the more important because it is not a year ago since I gave a lecture in Great Ormond Street, at the Working Men's College, in which I maintained the view that animals act in such cases entirely by reason and experience, and at that time I felt certain from all I knew that Mr. Wallace was right, or nearly right, in his views.

The whole phenomenon had a striking similarity to the slow return of memory, brought about by a series of associations. There can be no doubt as long as the birds remained in a comparatively confined space, without the use of their wings, and without a natural branching tree to build in, they would never have built a characteristic nest. My own belief is, that the tree acted as a stimulus to their instinct, and that the natural surroundings prompted them, as it were, and awakened their dormant inherited powers. Although my impression is, that the final site of the nest was determined by the place where the sticks fell, which they failed to fix above them, I am by no means assured in my own mind that even this was not determined by a subsequent awakening of an instinctive act, and that the sticks were intentionally dropped upon the branch below them. The want of readiness in some things which these birds exhibited at first can hardly be considered surprising, when we remember the number of generations in which it is probable no natural nest had been built. Indeed, it is quite possible, and I think even probable, that their progenitors had laid their eggs on hay or straw on the floor of a dove-cot for fifty years or longer.

The importance of these facts can hardly be over estimated, as they bear upon the theory of innate ideas, or at least of innate genius. From the foregoing experiment the conclusion is very tempting, that the birds are endowed with special faculties and ideas, just as it appears that men are born with a special aptitude for certain acts, both mental and physical, and that mind is endowed with properties of a special nature; at least, they are of great interest because they are facts which ought not to happen, according to the theory which is daily becoming more fully received. They belong to one of those by-paths of Biology, which it is Mr. Wallace's delight to tread, and in which he has done such excellent work.—*Popular Science Review.*

THE TWO CROSSES OF HONOR.

AMONGST the Orders and Crosses bestowed as symbols of merit, the Legion of Honor and the Victoria Cross hold the foremost place, and their true nature is worthy of being popularly known. The Legion is not quite so exclusive an order as the Victoria Cross; for it is not confined to deeds of valour, but is bestowed upon all, soldiers, sailors, and civilians alike, for all kinds of service to the state —military, naval, political, or scientific. It is much respected by the French people, who eagerly and persistently seek for the honors which the wearing of the "red ribbon" confers on its possessor. The Legion of Honor was founded in 1802 by Napoleon Bonaparte when First Consul, for the express purpose of rewarding all civil and military merit; and it superseded all the monarchical Orders, which had been abolished by the Revolution. Napoleon intended at first that the Legion should have a white ribbon as the emblem of purity; but this being the color of the Bourbons, red was chosen instead, although this was already worn by the Knights of St. Louis.

The Order acquired great lustre during the reign of Napoleon I.; for at the period of his captivity and final exile, six thousand Frenchmen had acquired it, and out of this large number five thousand had received the distinction for bravery on the field of battle, the honor being enhanced in many cases by the fact that the great Emperor often conferred the insignia with his own hand on the spot, immediately after the deed was done which had earned the honor; at times even taking the golden cross from his own breast to place it on that of a common soldier. On the restoration of the Bourbons, the old monarchical Orders were revived; but the Legion of Honor had so entirely supplanted them in the affection of the people at large, that it was deemed prudent to continue it as the chief national reward for services rendered to the state. In such esteem was it held at this period that sentries were obliged to present arms to all bearers of the celebrated red ribbon; and this compliment was paid to the members of the Legion up to the year 1824, when the number of "legionaries" having increased to twenty-eight thousand, it was found that the work of saluting was growing very onerous for the sentries—that in fact there was too much 'saluting' going on—and the somewhat absurd system was suddenly discontinued.

Louis Philippe, the "Citizen" king, abolished the old Orders, and retained only the Legion, and this he distributed so indiscriminately as to raise the number of members in a very short time to more than fifty thousand. After his flight from Paris the Order was suppressed by the Republican government; but was revived by Napoleon III., under whose *régime* it became the vehicle for bribery and corruption of the most flagrant kind. Though endowed with a new set of rules, ostensibly to purify it, the Legion was used to decorate men of the most questionable character; and any political service rendered to the Emperor or his ministers was, apart from its nature, almost certain to be rewarded by the bestowal of the famous red ribbon. It was never more fairly bestowed, however, than when it graced the breasts of the bronzed heroes of the Crimean War; and so long as the Order was kept for purely military purposes, its value and character were beyond question. The French greatly esteem it, as shown by the fact that the late President of the Republic, M. Thiers, who, during his term of office, never wore any uniform whatever, always bore in the button-hole of his plain frock-coat the red ribbon of the Legion—the only Order which he chose to wear from among many others in his possession. It is now the highest honor which it is in the power of the President and his ministers to bestow; and its value is enhanced by the fact that every member of the Order is entitled to appear at court ceremonies, and at his death to have military honors paid to his remains. It is eagerly sought after by all Frenchmen, and when obtained, is proudly and ostentatiously worn.

The majority of the members are Chevaliers or Knights; and next above them in rank come the Officers, the

ommanders, then the Grand Officers, d highest of all, the Grand Crosses. ivilians on whom the Order is con- rred have to pay certain fees for the rivilege; but in the case of soldiers or ailors it carries with it a pension, vary- ing between ten pounds for Knights and two hundred pounds for Grand Crossses. The Knight's insignia of the famous Order are a red ribbon at the button- hole when in plain clothes, and a silver- mounted enamelled cross when in uni- form. The Officer has a red rosette when out of, and a gold-mounted enam- elled cross when in, uniform; the rosette being worn also by all the members of the superior grades when in morning- dress. In evening-dress or uniform, the Commanders wear a red collar with a cross pendent; the Officers a star on the left breast in addition to the collar; and the Grand Crosses a larger star, and a broad red ribbon or sash across the breast.

Officers of the army or navy receive the Cross of the Legion of Honor by right after twenty years' good service; but the private soldier or sailor is com- pelled to win it by distinguished con- duct in the field, and often deserves it over and over again before he succeeds in obtaining the much-coveted honor. Civil servants, prefects, procurators, etc., also get the Order after a certain term of service as such; but authors, artists, poets, inventors, engineers, and others have to knock long and loud- ly at the official door before their claim to the decoration is allowed. None but persons of irreproachable character— that is, those who have never stood as criminals at the bar of a court of justice— are admitted to the companionship of the Legion; and it is therefore looked upon everywhere and by everybody in France as a certificate of or testimonial to honesty and merit.

It is stated that the Commissioners of the Paris Exhibition having been en- trusted by the government with the be- stowal, upon persons who had rendered services in connection with the great International Show, of three hundred Crosses of the Legion of Honor, no less than twenty-two thousand applica- tions for the honor were received! Certainly, the Order could not be better bestowed than in rewarding those who have fought in the great battle of the Arts and Sciences, and thus done their utmost to promote peace and good fel- lowship among the nations. But it is somewhat strange that the great Cross which was the guiding star that led Na- poleon's famous troops to so many victo- ries, should have developed into a prize- medal for successful traders or a guer- don for political adventurers. There, certainly, is a decline, which, if not stop- ped, will work its own cure, by render- ing the decoration valueless.

At Austerlitz, Napoleon bestowed the Cross from his own breast on a grena- dier of the Imperial Guard who had saved the Emperor's life when he was fired at by a Russian sergeant of the line. The veteran dashed out of the ranks—in itself an offence against discipline which on ordinary occasions neither Napoleon nor Wellington would forgive—and with his musket struck up that of the Rus- sian, whose shot was thus diverted from its object, only, however, to find another victim in the shape of one of the Emper- or's suite. The old grenadier then des- patched his enemy, and gallantly and successfully defended himself against a horseman and two other infantrymen who sought to avenge their comrade. Napoleon was a witness of the faithful guardsman's act; and riding up to him as the latter rejoined his company, he detached from his own breast the golden Cross which glittered there, and pinned it upon that of the veteran. Shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rang through the air from the ranks of the Old Guard, every member of which accepted the decoration of their comrade as a compli- ment paid to the regiment itself.

So much for the great French Cross. And now we will briefly recount the story of one which is as dear to the hearts of Englishmen—though in a qui- eter way—as the Legion of Honor is to our neighbors across the Channel— namely, the Victoria Cross. This is a purely military and naval distinction, and is only conferred for gallant con- duct in the field or in action at sea. Englishmen as a rule do not care much for Orders and Crosses, and the few which are in the gift of the sovereign as the fountain of all honor—namely, the Garter, the Thistle, the Bath, the St. Michael and St. George, and the Star

of India—are generally reserved for persons of high rank in the social or official scale who have rendered great services to the state in various capacities. Perhaps the nearest approach to the Legion of Honor on this side of the Channel is the Order of the Bath, which is conferred upon all classes as a general distinction, and for long and zealous service in the cause of the state or in any particular profession.

The Victoria Cross was founded in the year 1855, the period of the Crimean War, and was instituted as a special military and naval distinction for distinguished conduct in the field. It consists of a plain unpretentious piece of bronze-metal in the shape of a Maltese Cross, and is manufactured from guns which have been taken from the enemy. On the front of it is the figure of a lion above a scroll, which bears the simple and appropriate motto—"For Valor;" and on the reverse are inscribed the name of the recipient and the date of the deed of bravery for which it has been conferred. On the top of the Cross is a crown and the initial letter V, through which passes the ribbon by which it is suspended. The Cross is conferred on all ranks alike in the army and navy, and when worn is distinguished by a red ribbon for the army, and a blue one for the navy. It also carries with it a pension varying from ten pounds for a private to one hundred pounds for an officer. Apart from this there is no distinction whatever; and its bestowal on a drummer or private as well as on an officer is duly announced in the Gazette, accompanied by a full recital of the brave deed which has won it, and giving its possessor the right, if he chooses to exercise it, of placing the letters V. C. after his name. In the case of officers this last named privilege is taken full advantage of; but the privates or drummers have never, as far as we are aware, attached these honorable initials to their names. Perhaps this is because their superior officers have never encouraged them to do so, and the modest fellows—for the truly brave are ever modest—have never had the moral courage to assert their right in this respect.

The Victoria Cross is very sparingly bestowed, and its value is enhanced by the fact that it can only be obtained by a genuine act of bravery performed in the presence of others and certified by the hero's commanding officer. The recommendation is then forwarded through the general commanding to the Secretary-at-War, who in his turn submits it to the Queen. Though conferred on officers as well as the rank and file, it is essentially a soldier's distinction; and the majority of the members of this most honorable of all military Orders consists of non-commissioned officers, drummers, and privates. It reflects great honor on the drummers of the British army that so many of their comrades have gained the Victoria Cross; the records of the Crimean, Indian Mutiny, and other later wars containing splendid deeds of bravery and devotion performed by the holders of this once despised rank. This is the more to be admired, as the bugler or drummer has very few chances of distinguishing himself; but when an opportunity does occur he is never remiss. It was a drummer who helped to fasten the powder-bags on the gates of Delhi, the destruction of which resulted in the capture of the mutinous city of the Great Moguls in 1857. The act was performed amid a perfect shower of shot and shell, and was rewarded—some months afterwards—with the Victoria Cross. It was also a drummer who, while acting as field-bugler to Lord Napier of Magdala in the Abyssinian War, left the general's side, and dashed first into the stronghold of the tyrant Theodore.

Perhaps the most daring deed that ever won old England's Legion of Honor was that which was successfully performed by Kavanagh during the Indian Mutiny. Lucknow was besieged, and its garrison was starving. Besides the little band of devoted men there were also women and children cooped up in the Residency, at the mercy of some fifty or sixty thousand savage and relentless foes. Daily, nay hourly, the little garrison was growing weaker and weaker, and nearer and nearer were pressing the dusky sepoys, until it became a matter of life and death to the heroic few that Sir Colin Campbell, who was known to be advancing to their relief, should be at once informed of their real state and their utter inability to hold out much

longer. A volunteer was called for, a man who would consent to be disguised as a sepoy, and who would risk his life among the mutineers, in order to make the best of his way to the advancing army. The call was immediately responded to—as it generally is by Britons in the moment of supreme danger—and two or three men expressed their willingness to undertake the task.

From these brave volunteers an Irishman named Kavanagh was chosen, who, to his other various qualifications, added a knowledge of the enemy's customs and a thorough acquaintance with their language. The Commandant shook the brave man by the hand, and frankly informed him of the dangerous nature of the task he had undertaken; how it was more than probable that he might meet his death in the attempt. But the gallant fellow persisted; and his skin was at once colored by means of burnt cork and other materials to the necessary hue. He was then dressed in the regular outfit of a sepoy soldier. When night set in, he started on his lonely and perilous mission, amid the hearty "God-speeds" of the famishing garrison. In his breast he carried despatches for Sir Colin Campbell, with the contents of which he had been made acquainted, in case of their loss.

We have not the space at our command to give all the particulars of his remarkable journey. He succeeded, however, after many narrow escapes and great hardships—during which he often had to pass night after night in the detested enemy's camp, and to march shoulder to shoulder with them in the daytime; and when he left them, to swim across rivers, or to crawl through the tangled thickets where the deadly tiger asserts his sway—in reaching Sir Colin Campbell's camp; where, to finish his stirring adventures he was fired at and nearly shot by the British outposts. Kavanagh's narrative was listened to with rapt attention by Sir Colin, who immediately gave orders for the army to advance as quickly as possible to the aid of the gallant defenders of the Residency. How the latter were rescued is a matter of history. Kavanagh lived long enough to wear his Cross, though he lost his life shortly afterwards in battle with the same enemy; but the noble example he left behind him was not lost on the brave hearts who eventually saved India for England.

In concluding our article, we wish to give expression to the feeling of satisfaction with which we, in common we believe with all Englishmen, have heard that the Queen has bestowed upon certain officers and men England's Cross of Honor; amongst other deserving officers and men, to Lieutenants—now Majors—Chard and Bromhead, of South African fame. Their noble deed—how, with about a hundred men, they covered the retreat of an army, and saved a whole colony from ruin and devastation—is fresh in the public mind, and needs no recapitulation. It will ever live in history as an exploit *unique* in military annals, and will shed a bright light over a period of dread and unparalleled disaster.

Such then is the story of these two famous Crosses; but whole volumes could be filled with the glorious deeds of those whose breasts have borne or are now bearing the honourable insignia. Though somewhat disimilar in the manner in which they are now conferred, yet both carry out the intentions of their founders by keeping alive within the hearts of the people that spirit of chivalry and honor which is the real strength of a nation.—*Chambers's Journal.*

AT SEA.

WORN voyagers, who watch for land
Across the endless wastes of sea,
Who gaze before and on each hand,
Why look ye not to what ye flee?

The stars, by which the sailors steer,
Not always rise before the prow;
Though forward nought but clouds appear,
Behind they may be breaking now.

What though we may not turn again
To shores of childhood that we leave,
Are those old signs we followed, vain?
Can guides so oft found true, deceive?

Oh, sail we to the South or North,
Oh, sail we to the East or West,
The port from which we first put forth
Is our heart's home, is our life's best!

The Spectator.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, one of the most distinguished of American historians, is the son of the late Rev. Dr. Francis Parkman, an eminent Unitarian clergyman, and was born in Boston on the 16th of September, 1823. He entered Harvard College in 1840, and was graduated in 1844. While at college he usually spent his summer vacations in the Canadian forests, or on the lakes and rivers which lie along the border between Canada and the United States. In November, 1843, while still a student, he visited Europe, touching first at Gibraltar and then at Malta, and spending the winter in Sicily and Italy. In the spring he travelled through Switzerland to Paris and London, and returned home in time to graduate with his class in the summer of 1844. During the next two years he devoted himself to the study of the law, but not finding the profession congenial, he abandoned it in 1846 and started to explore the remote regions of the Far West. The literary result of this journey was a charming book of travels entitled "The Oregon Trail" (1849).

Even as a boy, it is said, Mr. Parkman conceived the idea of writing the history of the rise and fall of French Dominion in America, and he never afterward abandoned his design; but before entering upon its execution he turned aside to write a work which, without belonging to the series, yet admirably supplements it—"The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac" (1851). The conspiracy of Pontiac and the resulting war was the last great struggle for empire of the Indians east of the Mississippi, and Mr. Parkman's account of it is one of the most picturesque, romantic, and touching historical narratives ever written.

In 1858–59 Mr. Parkman made a second visit to Europe, chiefly for the purpose of examining the French and English Archives of Colonial History, and ten years later he spent the winter of 1868–69 in Paris in the prosecution of similar researches. The result of his labors was the publication in rapid succession of three volumes of his historical series under the following titles: "Pioneers of France in the New World" (1865); "The Jesuits in North America" (1867); and "The Discovery of the Great West" (1869). These were followed by "The Old Régime in Canada" (1874), and "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV." (1877); and the author is now engaged upon the history of Montcalm and the fall of New France, which he considers the most interesting subject with which he has yet had to deal, and for which he has gathered a large amount of entirely new material.

"Mr. Parkman," says a writer in *Appleton's Journal*, from whose article most of the foregoing facts were gleaned, "has gathered the materials for his works not only by personal observation of the scenes of his history, but by costly and laborious researches in the manuscript archives of France and Canada. The difficulty of the task would have been immense to any one even with perfect health and the use of all his bodily faculties; but during the greater part of the time Mr. Parkman has been an invalid, to whom mental exertion was forbidden by his physicians, and whose eyesight was so seriously im-

paired that for three years the light of day was insupportable, and every attempt at reading or writing completely debarred. He has written his works by the aid of an amanuensis, and by patience and energy of the most admirable order has overcome obstacles far greater than those which impeded the labors of the historian Prescott, whose eyesight, though impaired, was still serviceable to him, and whose bodily health in other respects was better than that of most literary men."

The historical works of Mr. Parkman have all been reprinted and widely read in England, and have also been translated into French and German. They have been violently attacked by the extreme Ultramontane party in Canada, and as warmly defended by the more moderate Catholics. They have also been the subject of one or two hostile pamphlets in France; but no antagonist has successfully impeached the accuracy of Mr. Parkman's facts. His works combine in a remarkable degree qualities which are not often found united, exhibiting the most painstaking thoroughness of research, and at the same time possessing the picturesque fascination of a romance.

It only remains to add that Mr. Parkman was for some years President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and is now one of the seven members of the Corporation of Harvard University.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MADAME BONAPARTE. By Eugene L. Didier. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

The career of Madame Bonaparte was perhaps the strangest that ever fell to the lot of an American woman. Some have called it romantic, but to our mind there was extremely little of romance in either her nature or her experience. If her biographer's portrait of her is accurate—and it is for the most part self-drawn, through the medium of her own letters—Madame Bonaparte was as thoroughly worldly a woman as ever lived. Mr. Didier says of her: "This Baltimore girl, married at eighteen and deserted at twenty, seems to have possessed the *savoir vivre* of Chesterfield, the cold cynicism of Rochefoucauld, and the practical economy of Franklin;" but this is using language far too fine for the occasion. Madame Bonaparte was simply an abominably selfish, shrewd, and practical woman; and no one would have been more contemptuous than herself toward any attempt to throw around her the halo of sentiment.

It is evident that from the very beginning Madame Bonaparte set herself two objects, to which everything else was wholly subordinate: to secure a brilliant social position, and to acquire wealth; and in both she attained an extraordinary degree of success. Though deserted by her husband, and thwarted in her ambition to become a recognized member of the Napoleonic family, then dominant in Europe, she achieved a social career in the Old World as brilliant as that of any woman of her time; and, with little assistance save her own shrewd management, she became, as Dr. Johnson would say, "rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Judged by her own standard, her career was one of almost unqualified success, yet even as depicted by herself there are very few we imagine even of those "mean-spirited" American women for whom she felt such unbounded contempt, who would be willing to live it over again. The cynical selfishness that underlay it is too transparent even for those in whom selfishness of a more elusive type is a predominant motive; and its essential dreariness, hollowness, and flimsiness seem finally to have overcome even her proud and obstinate spirit.

As already intimated, the volume is comprised mainly of Madame Bonaparte's letters, most of which were written to her father during her several visits to Europe. Mr. Didier has confined himself to providing a brief sketch of her life prior to her marriage and desertion, and to linking the letters together upon a slender chain of narrative and explanation. His work is on the whole judiciously done, though many will regret that he did not make ampler use of the biographical material which must have been at command or easily accessible. The letters are vivacious and entertaining, but can hardly be called agreeable reading, since every other paragraph challenges dissent. Their most characteristic quality, we should say, is ill-nature—an ill-nature perfectly indiscriminate when provoked, but usually exercised against her own family, friends, and countrymen. The wit is caustic and bitter and too often degenerates into raillery, and the sentiments are frequently such as La Rochefoucauld himself would have shrunk from avowing. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu used to say that women never respect each other,

and certainly harsher things have seldom been said about the sex than those to which Madame Bonaparte gives reiterated utterance.

The volume is embellished with a portrait of Madame Bonaparte, from the studies of Gilbert Stuart, of which it may be said that it goes much further than the letters toward explaining her brilliant social career.

EDUCATION AS A SCIENCE. By Alexander Bain, LL.D. The International Scientific Series. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Undoubtedly the most neglected part of the work of education is the teaching art itself, the imparting of knowledge by the regular professional instructor. This is the real *raison d'être* for such a book as Prof. Bain's, which is intended to arouse in teachers a sense of the dignity and responsibility of their profession, while furnishing such practical information in regard to the principles and details of their work as none can afford to be without. The book exhibits the results of a wide experience, and a thorough knowledge of all phases of the various topics discussed; a ripeness of judgment which lends the weight of authority to the principles elucidated; and, withal, is written in the vigorous and thorough-going style of one who keenly appreciates prevailing evils and earnestly attempts to bring order and system out of the confusion of present empirical methods.

Education is treated by Professor Bain as a science, and all adventitious matters that usually becloud the subject are eliminated, the attention being concentrated upon that which pertains to it exclusively, namely, "the means of building up the acquired powers of human beings." Physical training, he maintains, does not belong to education proper. Average physical health is assumed as a leading postulate, and physiology enters into the discussion only so far as it applies to the memory, which is strictly speaking only a series of nervous growths, sustained, like any other physical power, by nutrition. The bearing of psychology is of the highest importance, its various branches all being available for the work of the teacher; but especially the psychology of the feelings. In connection with the explanation of the emotions the general subject of discipline naturally attracts the attention of the author, and receives a thorough and adequate treatment at his hands. A valuable chapter is devoted to the discussion of "Education Values," in which the relative worth of the subjects included in the ordinary course of instruction is carefully estimated; science being placed highest in the list, as "the most perfect embodiment of truth, and of the ways of getting at truth." In the work of practical instruction it is necessary to observe such a succession of subjects as will coincide with the normal unfolding of the mental faculties. This is called the "psychological sequence." There is also a "logical sequence" or interdependence among the subjects themselves, a proper understanding of which furnishes valuable aid in the choice of studies and in fixing the time to be devoted to each. This leads up to the main topic of the book, "Methods of Teaching," under which the Object Lesson receives careful attention. Its method is critically analyzed, its real uses and limitations pointed out, as also the dangers to be apprehended from its misapplication. Special chapters are given to "The Mother Tongue," "Moral Education," "Art Education," and "The Renovated Curriculum," the latter being a summary of principles and classification of subjects in accordance with the new and more philosophical method proposed.

But the most interesting if not the most important chapter is devoted to the vexed question of the "Value of the Classics." The arguments for and against the prevailing predominance of classical study are weighed with a judicial fairness, and the result clearly shows that the usual expenditure of energy is out of all proportion to the solid advantages received. "Languages should be learnt only when meant to be used as languages." The mediæval reasons for the use of Latin and Greek are no longer applicable, and all arguments for retaining them, except as special studies, are more or less sophistical or dependent upon prejudice for their force; a tacit admission of which is apparent in the constant attitude of defence which classicists feel obliged to maintain.

A FIRST SKETCH OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Professor Henry Morley. New Edition. London and New York: *Cassell, Petter & Galpin.*

A MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Henry Morley. Revised and Rearranged by Moses Coit Tyler. New York: *Sheldon & Co.*

Professor Morley's "First Sketch," first published in 1873, has since become known, at least to students, as one of the most comprehensive, compact, and scholarly surveys of English literature that has yet been made, and as on the whole the best work of its kind to have at hand for ready reference and consultation. Its title, indeed, is far too modest to be accurately descriptive, for neither in dimensions nor in method of treatment does it conform to the idea of a first sketch, and its standard of critical estimate makes no concession to the commonly received theory that a book for beginners must be constructed on the plan of furnishing "milk for babes." It is a closely printed volume of over nine hundred pages, covering the entire period of English literature

from the formation of the language down to writers contemporary with ourselves ; and besides its survey of English literature proper it includes many side glances at those French, Italian, and Spanish literatures from which English authors at different periods have drawn so much of their inspiration and material. The method pursued is strictly chronological, but it is the books rather than the authors that are taken up in the order of their appearance, so that an author appears and disappears as often as the works of other authors intervene between his own publications. The disadvantages of this method are obvious and have been often complained of ; but it possesses the very great merit of impressing upon the reader, as no other plan would, a vivid conception of the volume, breadth, and varied constituents of the literary stream, and of the too-often-forgotten fact that an author is not the voice of one crying in the wilderness, but is simply one of a multitudinous chorus whose tones are perpetually mingling with his own. As to the execution of Professor Morley's work, it would be difficult to praise too highly its learning, its thoroughness, its copious accumulation of facts, and the soberness and acuteness of its judgments.

The " First Sketch " was apparently intended, in part at least, as a text-book for college students in England, and it has been so used to some extent in this country ; but its defects for such a purpose are so great that Professor Moses Coit Tyler, with the sanction of Professor Morley, has recast it into a " Manual of English Literature," designed especially for use in the class-room. With this view, he has abbreviated Professor Morley's material to the extent of about one-third, expanding here and curtailing there ; has completly recast and rearranged the portion that has been retained ; has divided it into literary periods and groups of authors ; has brought together in consecutive order the matter relating to special topics and different authors which in Professor Morley's book is scattered disconnectedly over many pages ; has corrected many of those inaccuracies which are inseparable from a work involving such an enormous number of details ; and has discriminated, by means of differences of type, between those portions of the text which are essential and those which are merely illustrative and explanatory. In general terms it may be said of the " Manual " that the substance of it is Professor Morley's and the construction Professor Tyler's, though the changes involved in the latter are so great that the " Manual " is substantially a new book. Whether these changes have made it a serviceable and satisfactory text-book can only be decided by the practical tests of the class-room ; but in the quality of its contents it is certainly far superior to the compilations for which it is offered as a substitute.

SPAIN IN PROFILE. By James A. Harrison. Boston : *Houghton, Osgood & Co.*

This is a series of light traveller's sketches, written *currente calamo* in a picturesque, vivid, and rapid style, whose only fault is a too persistent and self-conscious effort at brilliancy and originality. The author insists in his preface that his book is in no sense a guide-book ; and indeed it is evident throughout that he has taken special pains to avoid the sober facts with which guide-books aim to deal. " The realities of landscape, the mode of life and of travel, the aspect of the old Spanish cities, the habits of the people, the vicissitudes of a summer journey set down just as they appeared, form the staple of these pages ;" which are addressed to those " light skimmers of summer books between whom and distant countries lie, not one, but many seas, and whose only hope, in all probability, of seeing them is through the more favored eyes of others." Such stay-at-home travellers will derive much enjoyment from Mr. Harrison's sketches, and may even find some instruction in them—his description of the Alhambra being the best of equal length that we have seen, while his account of the bull-fights is eminently realistic and vivid. The book is hardly one to be read consecutively through, but should be dipped into now and then, as the mood is propitious—the reader bearing in mind that in a well-ordered literary diet its place would be among the lighter order of soufflées.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

ALPHONSE DAUDET is engaged upon a new novel, " Les Rois dans l'Exil."

A COLLECTION of dramas and short stories by Auerbach will shortly be published under the title of " Unterwegs."

THE descendants of W. Grimm have presented the Berlin University with 6000 marks to found a Grimm Fund to be devoted to prizes for the best works in the domain of German literature and modern art history.

THE Delegates of the Clarendon Press have decided to publish Prof. Jowett's translation of Thucydides in four volumes, viz., the preface, two volumes of the translation, and a fourth volume of commentary and notes.

AN exhibition of early printed books and curiosities connected with the history of printing has been arranged at Milan, on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the " Pio Instituto Tipografico."

MAJOR SERPA PINTO'S account of his recent extraordinary journey across Africa is now being rapidly prepared for the press. Arrangements are being made for simultaneous publication in English, Portuguese, French, and German. The work will be ready for publication before Christmas.

IT is a sign of the times that an edition of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," prepared by Dr. Karl Kerbach for Reclan's cheap edition of German classical authors, of which 10,000 copies were printed, has been exhausted within a short time, and a second and larger edition is being prepared.

THE Manchester Free Library has just acquired a curious and interesting collection of newspapers and periodicals published during the Commune and the Siege of Paris. Some of these—*L'Œil de Marat*, for instance, of which only three copies are known to exist—are of a high degree of rarity, and all of them are of interest as historical documents.

MR. QUARITCH is about to issue a catalogue of Spanish books which will include, not only Castilian literature, but also books in Limosin, Catalan, and Portuguese. It comprises a collection of rare editions such as could only be found in a great special library like that of the late Don Pedro Salvá, and many which are not even there; several Cancioneros and Romanceros, including the excessively rare Segunda Parte of the *Romancero General*.

THE New Testament Revision company meeting at Westminster have made such progress in their work that the New Testament is likely to be published by the University Presses early in 1880. It is intended to issue in the first instanee two editions, a large handsome octavo, and a small cheaper volume for more general use. The English and American companies, says the *Athenæum*, are now busy with the final revision of passages in which the same Greek words are found, so as to bring the translation into greater harmony.

WE understand that Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have in preparation for their "Golden Treasury Series" a volume of "Selections from Addison," edited with an Introduction by Mr. John Richard Green. Mr. Green has by no means confined his choice to the well-known *Spectator* Essays, but has gone carefully through every thing that Addison wrote, and picked out those productions which are most attractive either for grace of style or for interest of subject. The different essays will be grouped in subjects, such as "Sir Roger de Coverley," "Humors of the Town," "Humors of the Country," etc.

SIGNOR V. CESATI writes to the *Rassegna Settimanale* that he had often wondered why Longfellow should have employed in the title of *Excelsior* the masculine adjective in preference to the adverbial neuter form. Encouraged by an American friend, he wrote to the poet, and received the following reply:

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I have had the pleasure of receiving your card, with your friendly criticism on the word 'Excelsior.'

"In reply, I would say, by way of explanation, that the device on the banner is not to be interpreted 'ascende superius,' but 'scopus meus excelsior est.'

"This will make evident why I say 'Excelsior,' and not 'Excelsius.'

"With great regard, yours truly,

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

THE number of students matriculating in the University of London continues to increase, and the statistics of the recent July examination have special interest; 919 candidates presented themselves, of whom upward of 500—about 60 per cent—passed; 155 of them in Honors, and 53 of these with marks enough to obtain a prize, the number of prizes, however, being seven only. Forty-nine ladies passed, of whom more than half—28 in all—were in Honors from the third place downward; and the rest were in the first division, none in the second. Of the entire number who passed, 69 are described as gaining their knowledge by "private study" or by "private study and tuition." The rest come from colleges and schools throughout the kingdom.

SCIENCE AND ART.

SUN-SPOTS AND TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.—The theory that there is some relation between terrestrial magnetism and manifestation of sun-spots is strengthened by researches made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Mr. Ellis, one of the assistants in that establishment, after careful examination of the observations made from 1841 to 1877—a period of thirty-six years—including the diurnal range of magnetic declination and horizontal force, finds that "in addition to the ordinary diurnal and annual changes, there appears to exist, in the magnetic diurnal ranges, an inequality of marked character, and of longer period, resembling in its features the well-established eleven-year sun-spot period." And that which is true of the regular movements is true also of the irregular, as very remarkable correspondences are shown between the rapid sun-spot and the sudden magnetic variations; but generally the magnetic epochs are some-

what later than the corresponding sun-spot epochs. And lastly, Mr. Ellis states that "it seems probable that the annual inequalities of magnetic diurnal range are subject also to periodical variation, being increased at the time of a sun-spot maximum, when the mean diurnal range is increased, and diminished at the time of a sun-spot minimum, when the mean diurnal range is diminished." This confirmation, under the authority of Sir George Airy, Astronomer-Royal, of an important theory, will be very interesting to physicists.

EFFECT OF COLOR ON VEGETATION.—That the different colors of the spectrum have an influence on vegetation has long been known. Plants grown under green glass soon die; under red glass they live a long time, but become pale and slender. Mr. Yung, of the University of Geneva, has placed the eggs of frogs and fishes in similar conditions, and found that violet light quickens their development; and blue, yellow, and white also, but in a lesser degree. Tadpoles, on the contrary, die sooner in colored light than in white light. As regards frogs, Mr. Yung has ascertained that their development is not stopped by darkness, as some observers have supposed, but that the process is much slower than in the light.

AN ELECTRIC PLOUGH.—A French inventor residing at Sermaize les Bains (Marne), who has been engaged in perfecting his apparatus for applying electricity to agricultural work, has had a public trial of his electric plough. The electricity which propels the plough is not produced by voltaic batteries, but by a powerful gramme-machine which works under shelter, while copper wires, resembling those of the ordinary telegraph, connect it with the plough. The gramme-machine for generating the electricity, though usually worked by a small steam engine, may be driven, when convenient, by wind or water power.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.—The Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Electric Lighting has been published, and may be regarded as favorable to the new process of illumination; but not favorable to the conferring on gas companies the privilege of laying on the electric light, which, committed to their care, might have a slow development. And the Committee are of opinion that the time has not yet arrived for giving general powers to private electric companies to break up the streets; but the proprietors of large buildings, lecture-halls, theatres, factories, are free to generate electricity for their own use without further delay or legislative sanction. As regards the light itself, attention is drawn to the peculiarity that it produces a transformation of energy in a singularly complete manner. The energy of one-horse power, for example, may be converted into gaslight, yielding a luminosity equal to twelve-candle power; but the same amount of energy transformed into electric light produces sixteen-hundred-candle power. "It is therefore not surprising," as stated in the Report, "that while many practical witnesses see serious difficulties in the speedy adaptation of the electric light to useful purposes of illumination, the scientific witnesses see in this economy of force the means of great industrial development, and believe that in the future it is destined to take a leading part in public and private illumination. On one point all are agreed —namely, that the electric light will produce little of that vitiated air which is largely formed by the products of combustion of ordinary illuminants." And further, the scientific witnesses are of opinion that "in the future the electric current may be extensively used to transmit power as well as light to considerable distances, so that the power applied to mechanical purposes during the day may be made available for light during the night." On the question of cost as compared with gas, the Committee are not of opinion that the economy for equal illumination has been conclusively established.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDIES ON THE SKULLS OF MURDERERS.—One of the most curious collections in the great Anthropological Museum in the Paris Exhibition of last year was a collection of thirty-six skulls of murderers who had been guillotined in France. This collection has been carefully studied by Dr. Bordier, who has published the results of his studies in the last number of Broca's "Revue d'Anthropologie." The most striking result of his observations is the very large cubic capacity of these crania. In fact, the average volume of the thirty-six skulls, measured with shot by Broca's method, is as much as 1547·91 cubic centimeters. Eliminating, however, one of the skulls which is of unusual size (2076 cubic centimeters), and is obviously abnormal, the average is reduced to 1531 cubic centimeters. But even this figure is considerably higher than the average of any ordinary series of modern crania. In order to find skulls of equal capacity it is necessary to go back to prehistoric times; thus the capacity of Solutré skulls is 1615, and that of the type from the cave of L'Homme Mort is 1606·5 cubic centimeters. The development of the murderers' skulls is not in the frontal, but in the parieto-occipital region; and it appears to indicate a low intellectual standard, with a strong tendency to powerful action. Most of the cerebral characteristics presented by the skulls of these criminals are comparable with those of prehistoric races. A murderer may be regarded as an an-

achronism, and his character may be explained on the principle of atavism, or reversion to an early type. If a prehistoric savage could be introduced into modern society he would probably become a notorious criminal; on the other hand, if one of the brutal murderers of modern times had lived in prehistoric ages, he might have been a chief of his tribe, highly respected.

A MIRROR BAROMETER.—M. Leon Tesserenc de Bort has ingeniously modified the common aneroid barometer by substituting for the train of clockwork terminating in a pointer a mirror mounted on a jewelled axis, which is rotated by the rise and fall of the exhausted receiver, and its indications read off by a small telescope by reflection from a graduated scale. The sensibility of the instrument is said to be much increased, and all errors due to a long train of wheelwork are eliminated.

THE SECRETION OF THE GASTRIC GLANDS.—Professor Heidenhain succeeded in separating a considerable portion of the fundus of the stomach in a dog from its connection with the rest of the organ, and forming it into a blind sac communicating with the exterior of the body. This enabled him to collect the secretion of the gastric glands unmixed with that of the pyloric glands, and uncontaminated by the saliva and other liquids which pass down the œsophagus. The secretion is a clear, strongly acid liquid, containing an unexpectedly small amount of mucus, and an average of 0·45 per cent of solid matter, partly organic, partly inorganic, the former consisting mainly of pepsine. The average acidity of the liquid is equivalent to 0·52 per cent of hydrochloric acid, which is far higher than that of the mixed gastric juice, free from saliva, examined by Bidder and Schmidt. Richet, from observations on the juice of a man with a gastric fistula, found that when fresh it contained only hydrochloric acid, while when kept for a time it developed an organic acid, probably sarcolactic. No such acid was observed to be produced in the secretion obtained from the dog. It was found that the introduction of nutritious food into the stomach induced active secretion in from fifteen to thirty minutes, and this continued until the stomach had completely emptied itself. But if indigestible substances were introduced no secretion flowed from the sac for upward of an hour. Water was then given to the animal, and secretion commenced, but only lasted an hour and a half. From these and other experiments, Professor Heidenhain concludes that mechanical stimulation of the stomach excites secretion only at the point of contact; general activity of the glandular apparatus requiring absorption for its production. If the composition of the secreted liquid be examined at regular intervals during the digestive process, its acidity is found to remain pretty uniform, but the proportion of pepsine contained in it undergoes a peculiar and orderly series of variations. During the second hour it sinks rapidly to a minimum; toward the fourth or fifth hour it rises again to a point generally higher than at first, and remains at or near this point for a considerable time. These variations are quite independent of the amount of pepsine actually contained in the glands which is known to sink steadily. The secreting surface can pour out a liquid very rich in pepsine at a time when its poverty in this substance is most strongly marked. No definite conclusion can at present be arrived at as to the cause of this phenomenon.

VARIETIES.

THE DEAD-POINT IN MIND TENSION.—It is a common subject of marvel that criminals in presence of immediate execution are usually self-possessed, and often exhibit singular composure. The doomed creature sleeps through the night before his violent death, and rises composed to pass through the ordeal. The exceptions to this rule are few, and there is no reason to suppose that the individuals who display greater emotion, or who are prostrated by the agonizing prospect of death, feel their position more acutely than those who preserve control of their demeanor. It is a prevalent but groundless error to suppose that the state of mind in which most capital offenders meet their doom is one of scare or paralyzing amazement. They retain every faculty, taste, consideration, and even fancy. They frequently give tokens of especial thoughtfulness, and are punctilious in the observance of rules and the adoption of measures to minimize their own pain, and the trouble and sympathetic suffering of those by whom they are surrounded or who will be left burdened with their memories. Mentally and physically the criminal, during the last few hours of his life, in the immediate presence of a cruel death, is self-possessed and tranquil. His pulse is even less disturbed than those of the officials who are compelled to take part in his execution. Why is this? The answer will be obvious on reflection. The mind has reached what may be designated a "dead-point" in its tension. The excitement is over, the agony of anticipation, the trembling doubt between hope and fear of escape, has exhausted the irritability of the mind, and there is, as it were, a pause, an interval of passive endurance between the end of the struggle for life, and the bitterness of remorse and agony of disappointment which may begin at death. In this interval the mind is released from the tension of its effort for self-preserva-

tion, and almost rebounds with the sense of relief that comes with certainty, even though the assurance be that of impending death. In the pause there is time and opportunity for the recognition of surrounding circumstances which have been, as it were, overlooked in the yearning for life. The clearness of mental vision, the cognizance of detail displayed at such a moment, are remarkable, not only on account of the strange circumstances under which they occur, but in degree. Men and women who have for some time previously exhibited no trace of delicacy or refinement exhibit characteristic traits of thoughtfulness. They are, so to say, lifted out of themselves and placed in new conditions calculated to awaken feelings of courtesy, which seldom fail to respond. The mental state of a criminal during the hours preceding execution presents features of intense interest to the psychologist, and, rightly comprehended, it is to be feared they would throw new light on the supposed preparation these unfortunate persons evince for a fate which, being inevitable, they at the final moment are able to meet with a composure in which hypocrisy or self-deception find the amplest scope.—*The Lancet.*

SPENSER.—Of Spenser, the "poet's poet," our knowledge is so slight that the assured facts of his biography may be recorded in a page or two. He was accounted a divine poet by his contemporaries, he was the friend of great men, like Sidney and Raleigh, the Queen made him her Laureate, and when he died he was buried in Westminster Abbey. Yet we know not who were the parents of this splendid poet, or whether he was an only child; the date even of his birth is not absolutely certain, and the writer who undertakes to tell the story of his life is forced to feel his way, by the help of probabilities and conjectures, and by references to his poetry. Mr. Hales, the editor of the *Globe Spenser*, states, indeed, that the poems are his one great authority for the biography prefixed to that edition. Dean Church, while admitting that our knowledge is imperfect and inaccurate, observes that more is known about the circumstances of Spenser's life than about the lives of many men of letters of that time. This may be so. Biography was not encouraged in the Elizabethan age, but considering what Spenser's fame was in his lifetime, considering the publicity of his career in Ireland, and how, after the comparative silence of two centuries, his poetry raised him to the height which hitherto had been occupied by Chaucer alone, a height which he still retains—our ignorance about this great poet may be accounted extraordinary. We may know a little more of Spenser than of some of his poetical contemporaries, but remembering how honored the man was in his own time, and how, with one grand exception, he towered above them all, our knowledge is strangely limited. "His hearse," writes Dean Stanley, in a passage which Spenser's latest biographer might have quoted with advantage, "was attended by poets, and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb. What a funeral was that at which Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, and in all probability Shakespeare attended! What a grave in which the pen of Shakespeare may be mouldering away!" What a pity, we may add, that instead of throwing elegies into Spenser's tomb, one of these brother poets had not told the world what they knew of the man who ranks third, according to Hallam, some readers may be inclined to say sixth, in the poetical literature of England.

There is probably no English poet save Shakespeare who has exerted a wider sway. Many a noble poet and many a writer of high impulses has acknowledged Spenser as his master. "The Faerie Queene," says Mr. Stopford Brooke, "has never ceased to make poets," and the poets and men of letters who have borne witness to its power among the most honored names in our literature. It was by reading the "Faerie Queene" that Cowley became "irrecoverably a poet." The sage and serious author of this imcomparable poem was the poetical guide of Milton, the delight of the youthful Pope, the dearest friend of Scott and Southey, of Landor and Leigh Hunt. "Spenser," said Scott, "I could have read for ever." Southey read the great allegory through thirty times, and regarded Spenser as incomparably the greatest master of versification in our language. "Do you love Spenser?" writes Landor—"I have him in my heart of hearts;" and it may be safely said that there is no living English poet of eminence who will not acknowledge his indebtedness to this richly-endowed poet.

ALONE.

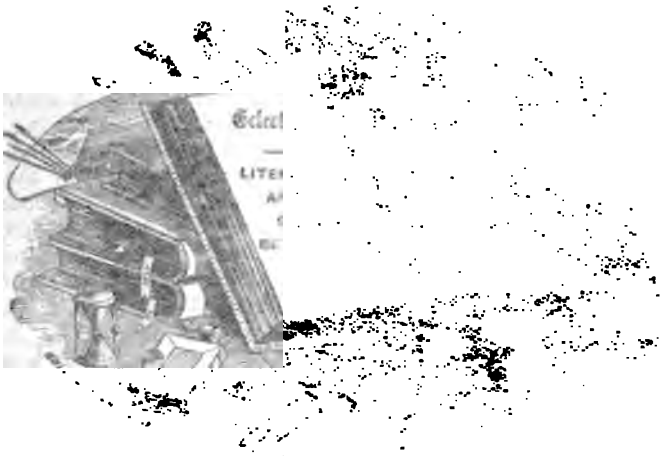
ALONE by the ocean at even to wander,
When soft o'er the waters the moonbeams are cast;
To hear some sweet voice in the billows' deep thunder,
And dream of the fast-fading scenes of the past.

To live o'er again through the days that are numbered,
With all the bright visions too quickly dispelled;
To call back sweet dreams from the grave where they've slumbered,
And fancy the pleasures that Fate has withheld.

Man thus is not lonely—for time cannot sever
The charm that unites us in Memory's chain;
Though Death the sweet voice may have silenced forever,
Remembrance can waken its accents again.

The friends and the loves that by distance are hidden,
The days that were lit with the fulness of bliss,
Will return, by the fond voice of Memory bidden,
And cheer the sad soul in a moment like this.

Then marvel not, ye who in crowds find your pleasure,
That Solitude's silence for pain can atone,
For Life's brightest gems are in Memory's treasure,
And Heaven seems nearest when man is alone!



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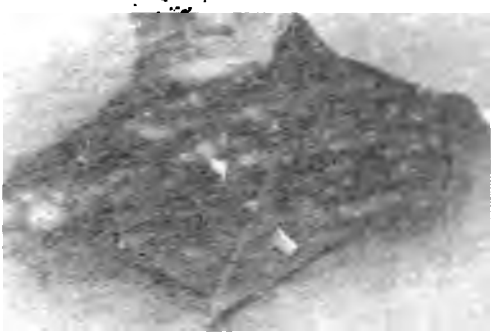

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HISTORY AND POLITICS.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

I.

I HAVE been engaged for ten years in teaching history at one of our great universities. The period has been critical in our academical development. The studies of Cambridge have in this time become more wide and various than ever before, and among other new disciplines that of history has acquired influence and organization. Not only do many students now devote almost their whole time to this study, struggling for historical honors with the ambition which twenty years ago no subjects but mathematics and classics could inspire, but—what interests me still more—there has formed itself among the graduates, and in the teaching class of the University, a group of specialists, small as yet, but full of ardor, and steadily increasing in number, whose lives are devoted to historical study in the most comprehensive sense of the word. They move in no rut, and are cramped by no limitations; they wrestle freely with the question, What is the object of history, and what is its method? How ought it to be studied, and how ought it to be taught?

These papers will present some of the more general views about the study and teaching of history which have been reached by one of these specialists. They will have at once a scientific and an educational bearing. They will be addressed in the first instance neither to the general reader nor to the pure scientific theorist, but rather to those engaged in the higher education—those who inquire practically what place history is to fill in our national culture, and how the teaching of it as already established in schools and universities, and also in literature, may be made more reasonable and more useful.

Two broad movements are now observable in the historical world. One aims at making history accessible and readable, the other aims at giving it the exactness of a science. I can most easily explain my own view by making some observations upon these two movements in turn. Let us look first at the great effort that has been made to popularize history and bring it within the reach of all the world. We have all heard how the romances of Walter Scott brought history home to people who would never have looked into the ponderous volumes of professed historians, and many of us confess to ourselves that there are large historical periods which would be utterly unknown to us but for some story either of the great romancer or one of his innumerable imitators. Writers, as well as readers, of history were awakened by Scott to what seemed to them the new discovery that the great personages of history were after all men and women of flesh and blood like ourselves. Hence in all later historical literature there is visible the effort to make history more personal, more dramatic than it had been before. We can hardly read the interesting Life of Lord Macaulay without perceiving that the most popular historical work of modern times owes its origin in a great measure to the Waverley Novels. Macaulay grew up in a world of novels; his conversation with his sisters was so steeped in reminiscences of the novels they had read together as to be unintelligible to those who wanted the clue. His youth and early manhood witnessed the appearance of the Waverley Novels themselves. Year after year he saw history made the fashion by this fascinating pen, and historical persons, Louis XI. or the Stuart kings, made as *real*—for this is the phrase we commonly use—as only imaginary persons, Achilles or Lear or Don Quixote or Robinson Crusoe, had ever been to the majority of mankind before. Macaulay tells us himself that in his rambles about the streets of London his brain was commonly busy in composing imaginary conversations among historical persons; these conversations, he says, were like those in the Waverley Novels. Thus trained, he became naturally possessed by the idea which is expressed over and over again in his essays, and which at last he realized with such wonderful success, the idea that it was quite possible to make history as interesting as romance. There is perhaps something a little odd, when we think of it, in the notion that what is real may, by proper skill in the handling, be brought home to us as much as if it were imaginary. Novelists had before been praised for the magic skill with which they had made fiction look like truth. In a bookish age there was room for a magician who should reverse this feat, and charm mankind equally by making truth look like fiction.

Macaulay is only the most famous of a large group of writers who have been possessed with the same idea. As Scott founded the historical romance, he may be said to have founded the romantic history. And to this day it is an established popular opinion that this is the true way of writing history, only that few writers have genius enough for it. The characters, it is thought, should start into life at the historian's touch. His descriptions, it is thought, cannot be too vivid, nor his narrative too exciting. As the object of a book is to be read, it is clear, so runs the popular argument, that the best book is that which is most readable. It is inconceivable to the popular mind that a man should write a book which it is difficult to read, when he might have written a delightful and fascinating one. A historical work therefore written in these days, if it is only as interesting as histories used to be before the days of Scott and Macaulay, or if it is at all difficult to read, is popularly regarded as missing its mark. It is taken for granted that the writer meant it to be like a romance, only he wanted imagination; of course he did not mean it to be tough reading, only he was stupid, and had not the talent of explaining things clearly. In like manner I have observed that many teachers of history take it for granted that the problem before them is how to present history in a form which shall be attractive to their pupils, how to appeal to their imaginations. They say that they find some parts of history leave their pupils cold, but others visibly take hold of them, fix their attention, kindle the eye, and

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which historians have accustomed us to. It is much more uniform and ruled by routine ; there is less in it both of virtue and vice, of extraordinary wisdom or insane folly, than is supposed. You are at first disposed to ask yourself what can be the use of mastering a mass of detail at once so intricate and so dull ; you do not recognize there the splendid things, nor yet the interesting things, which historians profess to have discovered. Where they saw an act of heroic virtue, you find only an ordinary piece of official routine ; the crime which they denounced in tragic tones turns out, when you understand the point of view of the accused person, to have been a perfectly natural action. And where some great event has happened, a nation gloriously emancipated, or falling ignominiously, you do not find the proportion you expected between the events themselves, and the actors in them. This man, whom posterity execrates as the author of a nation's ruin, turns out to have been a very respectable and intelligent person ; that admired liberator or worshipped triumphator you find to have been wholly uninteresting. In short you find the maxim that " historical personages were men and women of flesh and blood like ourselves" to be for most practical purposes untrue.

What is perhaps more annoying still, you find that on many of the questions which it would be most interesting to decide, no conclusion whatever is attainable. In the way of making history as interesting as romance, there is not only the obstacle that the persons and events very often turn out on examination to have been actually uninteresting, but also another obstacle. The romancer is never troubled by want of knowledge ; he knows everything, all the family relations, all the intimate thoughts of his personages. Whatever the reader wants to know, he can tell him ; he can suplpy whatever is necessary to create a complete and satisfying impression on the reader's imagination. But the historian knows very little. Of the real facts, of the lives of his personages, only a contemptibly small fragment has been preserved. No doubt, if his imagination be strong, he will piece together the information he has, and instinctively shape for himself some theory which will

combine them all; but if his judgment be as strong as his imagination, he will hold very cheap these conjectural combinations, and will steadfastly bear in mind that, as a historian, he is concerned with facts, and not with possibilities.

I cannot but think that the splendid success of Macaulay and some others in making history interesting has done a mischief which it is now very difficult to repair. It has spoiled the public taste, and in the natural course this corruption has reacted upon the writers of history. It has given currency to a notion that the seriousness of the old historic style is as much out of date as the old stage-coach. In a sense this is true; no one would complain of Macaulay for laughing as he does at "the dignity of history," if he had in view only the solemn diplomatic airs of the old school, and the etiquette which forbade them to use plain words, or speak of plain things. But an impression has been produced that he has laid down a royal road to historical knowledge, and it is therefore necessary to say once again that there are no royal roads to knowledge. We must all of us know well enough of what heavy stuff history is made; acts of parliament, budgets and taxation, currency, labyrinthine details of legislation and administration; topics, in short, which become the most tiresome in the world as soon as they have passed from the order of the day. Nevertheless we imagine that since Macaulay's time it has become possible to deal with all these ponderous matters in a satisfactory manner, and yet never inflict on the reader the most passing sensation of effort or fatigue. He shall be put in possession of all that he can need to know, and yet be troubled with no tiresome statistics or bewildering details. To him, by some magic, parliamentary debates shall be always lively, officials always men of strongly-marked, interesting character. There shall be nothing to remind him of the blue-book or the law-book, nothing common or prosaic; but he shall sit as in a theatre and gaze at splendid scenery and costume. He shall never be called upon to study or to judge, but only to imagine and enjoy. His reflections, as he reads, shall be precisely those of the novel-reader; he shall ask, Is this character well drawn? is it really amusing? is the interest of the story well sustained, and does it rise properly towards the close? The final result is that to the general public no distinction remains between history and fiction. That the history is true and well-authenticated, that the proper authorities have been consulted as a matter of course, they make no doubt. All such matters they leave to the historian, whom they assume to understand his business, and they feel particularly obliged to him for not troubling them with details about them. History in short is deprived of any, even the most distant association with science, and takes up its place definitively as a department of *belles-lettres*.

Now it is very difficult for the historian to resist the corrupting influence of such a public opinion, especially where he is not able to appeal from public opinion to the opinion of the learned. There are cases where he can do this, and others where he cannot. Mr. Grote, for instance, could take his own austere course in tranquillity, for the judgment on his work lay entirely in the hands of the learned. But in other cases such an appeal is scarcely possible. For there are whole periods of history which, in England at least, it is no one's special business to study and understand. On the French Revolution, for instance, there may be individuals who are deeply informed, but there is no class of specialists answering to those who, in Greek and Roman history, are always prepared to pass an authoritative judgment on new works. Here on the whole the learned circles will be as little able to form an opinion as the general public. They will know whether a book amuses them whether they find they can read through, but beyond this nothing. Accordingly, in these periods, uneducated opinion reigns supreme, and dictates how history shall be written. And confiding in Macaulay's principle, that history may be made as interesting as romance, it imperiously demands an interesting plot that shall keep curiosity always awake, characters well marked and skilfully contrasted, an easy flow of narrative, making the knottiest matters of legislation and finance as easy as the A B C, and most of all a reasonable number of amusing anecdotes. It does not trouble itself to consider that the truth of history

may possibly not admit of all this. Macaulay is thought to have settled that question, and to have shown that everything in history is interesting and romantic if you have only the eye to see it. Henceforth every official gentleman must be a hero, and every romantic popular legend is to be regarded, not as an exaggeration, but as either true, or falling short of the truth. The imagination will submit to no more disappointments; everything henceforth shall be vivid, interesting, delightful. Henceforth, if the historian finds it his painful duty to break idols, to sweep away gorgeous illusions, and restore the prosaic truth in all its tiresome dryness and intricacy where poetry had reigned before, he is far enough from being praised for conscientiousness, or pronounced to have done the proper work of a historian, who is a servant of truth. On the contrary, he is thought to be a dull fellow, and to want the magic pen of Macaulay.

This means in plain words that the public want, and insist upon having, falsehood in history rather than truth. For what is this literary magic, when it is analyzed? There are, no doubt, different varieties of it. It may produce tawdry and vulgar pictures, or noble and delicate ones. But it is essentially the gift of the poet or ballad-singer, and when applied to historical facts its natural effect is to transform them into fables. Where the reality was exceptional and glorious it is no doubt natural that such an idealized version of it should come into existence, and we can even imagine that such a rendering may convey the reality to the popular mind better than an exact chronicle would. But this is only so in one case out of a hundred. To require that history in general should be subjected to this literary magic is simply to insist that it shall be adulterated, corrupted, falsified. The magic so used becomes indeed a black art. Made a mere servant of popular wilfulness, it goes to work in a vulgar mechanical manner, and simply practices a certain number of easy literary tricks. The trick of an exciting style is in fact a very easy one. Some one said to Goethe, "Your business, poet, is to touch a feeling heart!" But the poet's answer was unexpected "*Ah, those feeling hearts!*" said Goethe, "*any bungler can touch them!*" And, indeed, however it may be in poetry, to make history interesting and exciting you have only to follow a few simple rules. All that is necessary is systematic exaggeration and occasional falsification. Public affairs naturally proceed, and ought to proceed, in a manner not at all romantic. They are governed, and ought to be governed, by a ponderous routine, by a close adherence to precedent in action, and to conventional phraseology in speech, which is most wearisome to read of. Let the historian then boldly alter all this. Let him dress up state papers and diplomatic notes in poetic diction. Let him exhibit grave statesmen as animated by the wild passions of Othello and Lear. Let him produce them before us, not sitting before papers at a desk, but posing and declaiming with majestic gesture. Men love, we know, to hear of virtue and vice, particularly in extreme degrees. Let all the personages then be recognizably good or bad, and let the good people be covered with incessant panegyric, and the bad ones assailed with continual lofty denunciations. By simple devices like these, familiar to every one who can use a pen, and demanding no genius at all, the reader's attention may be kept constantly awake. It will be necessary at the same time carefully to omit whatever is at all intricate and difficult to follow, however important it may be. Nor must the reader be perplexed with proofs; it is results that are amusing, not processes. Still less can he be left uncertain about anything, and in order that his imagination may be well filled out and satiated, all gaps in the story must be closed with conjecture, or if good evidence is wanting bad evidence must be made to serve the turn. In this way it is not only possible, but most easy to make history exceedingly like romance, and in precisely the same degree unlike history. But then at the expense of truth it is not desirable. Romantic or readable histories may diffuse a certain knowledge of historical names, characters, and scenes, but can any one think that they convey solid instruction? Nay, what is instructive in history is precisely that which it is difficult to read, that which cannot be understood without an effort, and this is what the readable

history omits. Meanwhile, what it counts upon for its charm is of the nature of adulteration. It derives a false brilliancy from those unreal, sentimental, high-flown fancies which, when they are introduced into the politics of our own time, instantly excite suspicion and contempt.

But if it should be granted, as perhaps it must, that we cannot quite dispense with what are called readable histories, it is quite another question whether there is not a kind of history wholly different from this which does not aim, even by the most legitimate methods, at instructing the million. History may originally have been created to satisfy a popular craving, and to give immortality to great deeds. But it does not follow that this is the only, or the principal object of history now. In fact, the old primitive half-poetic sort of history has long ago suffered transformation; it had given place to another kind, dissimilar both in object and style, when Macaulay, taking a step rather backward than forward, re-introduced it among us. This other kind of history is not poetic but scientific, at least in its general aim and tendency. Its aim is not to give pleasure or confer fame, but to throw light on the course of human affairs. It collects and carefully verifies facts in order to draw conclusions from them. These conclusions were for a long time vague enough, and at best rather practical than scientific; they were adapted rather to afford a useful help to the politician than material to the philosophic speculator. But as in other departments of knowledge, as the fund of facts accumulated, and scientific method became more easy to handle, the prospect opened of turning useful knowledge into actual science, and the phrases, philosophy of history, science of history, etc., came more and more into use. We have here the other movement I spoke of, which is directly opposite to that of which I have taken Macaulay as the representative. That tended to make history popular and to diffuse it, but this has a manifest tendency to withdraw it altogether from general literature and shut it up in the schools. If in Macaulay's hands history resembled a romance, and seemed almost to strive to become a ballad, this other view, if it could be entirely realized, would turn history into a technical scientific treatise, repulsive, and perhaps wholly unintelligible, to the public. It so happened that this tendency also found a conspicuous representative among us. Mr. Buckle succeeded in flashing it upon the public mind in such a way that an idea not in itself popular, was at once popularly understood, and his book made a greater hit than had been made by any history since Macaulay's.

It was well that the two tendencies should be brought into sharp contrast, and that it should be understood how radically hostile they are to each other. In our older school this hostility is latent; the historians of the eighteenth century never seem to know clearly whether they are philosophers or poets, whether they want to discover laws, or to excite feelings. Gibbon always speaks of himself as "the philosopher," yet the perpetual bombast of his style shows that his mind was not in a purely scientific frame. He reminds us of those early philosophers who propounded their systems in hexameter verse. But now that the two sorts of history are clearly distinguished, every historian should make up his mind whether he means to write poetry or prose. Does he want to solve problems and throw light on general laws, or does he want to fill the ears of men with a glorious tale? If he elects the former course he must understand that he renounces the large universal audience, and that he has no title to the rich, colored, fascinating style. For it is not generally by fascinating books that the scientific knowledge of the world is augmented. Anxious care in the weighing of evidence, full statement of evidence that the reader may be in a position to judge for himself, conscientious precision and discrimination that nothing may be overstated—how all this to be reconciled with the qualities that make the charm of a popular book? The books accordingly which have advanced science most have had scarcely any readers outside the schools. Newton's "Principia" has never, that I hear, been a favorite with the public. Even the "Wealth of Nations," though it has often and justly been called interesting, would have no charm for a mind

which had not already become interested in economic phenomena. And in history itself we may be sure that those works which are most pervaded with exact investigation, such as Niebuhr, Thirlwall, and Grote, would never have been widely read if our classical system of education had not prepared an audience for them.

I need hardly say that it is as a department of science rather than as a branch of poetry that we study history at Cambridge. It is indeed only in this shape that history can be included among the studies of a university. The modern historian works at the same task as Aristotle in his Politics, as Hobbes, Locke, and Montesquieu. But what the old speculators attempted with very small material, having before them only a scanty collection of historical facts, and these sadly unsifted and lost in a mass of legend and exaggeration, is undertaken in this age with better hope, because we have the benefit of the critical labors of many generations of scholars, and of the general improvement of scientific methods. And the ultimate goal towards which we press stands very visibly before us. We believe that the multitude of loose opinions about matters social and political which have been already formed, mainly by reasonings of a historical character, loose notions about liberty, about the province of government, about legislation and finance, about the stages of national and universal development, the relation of politics to religion, civilization, and culture, and many similar subjects, may be made by further historical study greatly more precise and authoritative. On many of these questions we perceive already a good degree of agreement among thoughtful men. We believe that this *consensus* may be made much more complete, so that in time we may possess a body of doctrine similar to that which has been already formed in political economy. This body of doctrine at last, reduced to formal propositions, may be introduced into education, at least to the extent that political economy has been. And thus on a large number of questions of the greatest importance, definite principles generally acknowledged, may take the place of rhetorical commonplaces recklessly flung about by party orators; and these definite principles may be held so firmly by all educated men that the denial or ignorance of them may be accounted a mark of incompetence.

I have named Mr. Buckle as the writer who first succeeded in bringing home this view of history to the public mind, and have professed myself to concur with him in regarding history as concerned with general laws. But so much agreement is consistent with a great deal of disagreement. And I can define my own position very conveniently by stating—not so much my opinion about history, as how the field of work I mark off for myself in history differs from that covered by Mr. Buckle's book. That book had indeed somewhat more success with the public than with students. It was much talked of, and opened a new view to the public, but it had perhaps no great effect on the course of speculation. It is not now very often referred to. But besides this it had the peculiarity that it scarcely dealt at all with political matter. History has always been for the most part concerned with *states*, their rise, development and organization, and it might be expected therefore that the science of history would be principally concerned with states. This accordingly was the character of the old Greek attempts to form a science of history. They consisted partly of investigations into the abstract idea and definition of the state, partly of classifications of the states then open to observation. Similar in the main was the course of modern speculation in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; Hobbes, Harington, Locke, Montesquieu, Rousseau, all alike investigated the nature of the civic tie. The science which they more or less dimly saw lying at the bottom of history was a political science, concerned with states, governments, and laws. Now Mr. Buckle took a different view. When he surveyed the whole collection of phenomena furnished by history, he was not chiefly struck by those which were political. It appeared to him that historians had been misled in attaching so much importance to states and governments. He professed to introduce a reform into history by turning its attention to a different class of facts. He

ridiculed the diligence with which the proceedings of kings, ministers, and governments had been chronicled, and affirmed that the really important and decisive agencies in human affairs were of a different kind. Man's lot, according to him, is mainly determined by his relation to the physical world around him, and by the conception he is led to form of the order of nature, by food, by climate, by superstition, and science. Accordingly the main business of history should be with these relations and conceptions, and not with those governments which, professing to control everything, have in reality little influence, and that for the most part mischievous.

Now historians had always acknowledged the necessity of looking occasionally beyond the state. It had been their practice to make occasional pauses in their political narrative, in order, when a convenient opportunity occurred, to collect, in a kind of miscellany, a number of phenomena of a different kind. After every seven or eight chapters of politics they offered a single chapter on manners and customs, laws, religion, education, and literature. The reform proposed by Mr. Buckle would have had the effect of altering this proportion. These occasional chapters would have become more numerous, they would have been more methodically arranged, and more carefully prepared, and by the side of them the political chapters would have dwindled in importance and interest.

The principal importance of this suggestion lay, I think, in its displaying the mixed nature of the material of which history had hitherto been composed. We might agree or disagree with Mr. Buckle in holding that the political part of history was less important than another part which had hitherto been neglected, but it was true at any rate that history did consist of two dissimilar parts very slightly connected with each other. It was true that historians did find themselves obliged at intervals to pause in an awkward manner in order not to leave behind a mass of facts with which they felt themselves to be somehow concerned, though they scarcely knew what to do with them. In most countries the most imposing single object is the government, so that it might easily be supposed that a chronicle of affairs affecting the government, a biography, as it were, of the government, was equivalent to a history of the country. But after all it is not so. A nation is not merely a state. It is not only a governed community. It is also an industrial community, a church, a tribe or enlarged clan—to mention only some of the many aspects in which it may be considered. Accordingly when the affairs of its government have been described, it still remains to describe the nation in these other aspects, and after the properly political phenomena come phenomena of several other kinds, economical, ecclesiastical, educational, and so forth. And whether or no these are more important than the political phenomena, there can be no doubt that they are of great importance, and fully deserve the most thorough treatment they can receive.

But then, so do the political phenomena. No rational man can seriously deny the great part which has been played in human affairs by the institution of government. Mr. Buckle wavers between two views, sometimes declaring it insignificant, at other times pernicious. If it were really insignificant, that would be a reason for paying little regard to it, but its being pernicious is no ground for leaving it unstudied, provided it is important. And so the conclusion we are led to is that the political phenomena should not be studied less, but the social phenomena more. And this involves an alteration in the method of historical writing. "Manners and customs," so-called, instead of having a larger number of chapters in our histories, should have histories to themselves. The child is grown up; should it then have a larger share in the house? No, but it should have a house of its own.

And that means that it should have no place at all in the original house. In other words, the political historian should cease to insert those general surveys of literature, science, and everything else imaginable, of which we have read so many. He should do so because these subjects deserve to be seriously treated, and it is impossible for him, with the political history on his hands, to treat them seriously. Nothing, in fact, can be more miserably, often more

ludicrously, unsatisfactory than these occasional chapters, which historians have not yet ceased to think it their duty to insert. One wonders what purpose they can be intended to serve, or to what class of readers they can be addressed. On political history the writer speaks with authority, but this authority he has acquired by close and concentrated study, which has of itself disqualified him from speaking on the thousand and one subjects which are lightly dismissed in these occasional chapters. Philosophy, theology, literature, art, science, are only a few of these subjects, and on each of them no one can without years of study speak an authoritative word. I listen to the historian of the Elizabethan age, when he speaks of the trial of Mary, the diplomacy of Elizabeth, or the fortunes of the Spanish Armada; but I do not want his opinion on Spenser's versification, or Bacon's claim to the title of a philosophic discoverer. He may review Shakespeare's historical plays; they deal with political matter; it lies within his province to consider how that age regarded the past; but I am not anxious to know whether he prefers *Lear* as a tragedy to the *Agamemnon*, or the English drama to the French; whether he is a classicist or a romanticist. Let writers deal with what they understand. Historical writing is infested more than any department of serious literature with superficial and unnecessary dogmatism on subjects which lie outside the historian's studies.

Now the student of human affairs can select whichever field he prefers. He may, if he will, neglect political history, and take up some of those subjects which Mr. Buckle would substitute for it, and which have since received so much extension. He may become an anthropologist or sociologist. On the other hand he may take the very opposite course, and attach himself to political history more consciously and more exclusively than historians used formerly to do. He must certainly, I think, if he would throw any new light upon the subject, renounce the old fashion of treating all kinds of heterogeneous subjects at once. But he may still place in the front those political phenomena to which the old school of historians gave precedence. Among the various phenomena of human life he may select the single phenomenon of government for his investigations. He may analyze the phenomenon itself; he may also classify the varieties of it presented by history. Considering universal history as a vast collection of specimens of the governed community or state, he may make it a principal task to arrange these specimens under genera and species. This will be his descriptive politics. By the side of this he will place a sort of political physiology, and beyond both will come a science of the mutual relations of states.

The fewness of attainable specimens of states and the difficulty of procuring precise information about them, will always give such a political science a different superficial appearance to most other sciences. It will always be compelled to deal much in long narratives, and the task of authenticating the facts will always be disproportionately heavy. A student who has this plan in his mind will produce works superficially not unlike the histories of the old school. He will write narratives of public or governmental affairs. But a definite scientific object will be apparent in them. They will not deviate into ornate description, or be tricked out with literary eloquence; on the other hand they will not avoid difficult and technical discussions. Rather, since the state itself is their subject, and not great men or stirring deeds, nor even the life of the people, they will give peculiar prominence to everything relating to organization. Individuals will fall somewhat into the background, and the state itself will become the hero. The first question will always be, How is the state constituted, to what class of states does it belong, at what stage of its development does it stand, and how do the events of the time affect its organization? History, thus regarded, may be defined as the biography of states.

Now I think this is the way of handling history which it is practically most desirable to adopt in universities, and, as far as possible, in schools, and for this reason, that to study history so is to study politics at the same time. Nothing seems to me more prodigious or more ominous than that a nation which, like this, claims the most unlimited right of self-government, should entirely

neglect to educate itself in politics. It is very magnanimous, no doubt, that every individual among us should claim his share, as a free man, in determining the policy of the nation; but it is senseless that men should put forward such a pretension and yet never think it necessary to prepare themselves for the exercise of the powers they claim. The study of politics answers to liberty as the duty to the right. Now to study politics is neither more nor less than to study history in the manner I have indicated. If by history we understand, not as in past times a particular sort of eloquent writing, but a serious scientific investigation, and then again consider it not as mere anthropology or sociology, but as a science of states, then the study of history is absolutely the study of politics. And then this study, existing already in schools and universities, may be so handled as to become in time that national education in politics which is among the leading wants of the time.

Such is my vision of the future of historical study in England. I see it made on the one hand scientific by the careful definition of its subject-matter, and on the other hand in the highest degree practical by being brought into the closest connection with politics. Hitherto the study has been neither properly scientific nor properly practical. How few among our politicians have seriously based their politics upon a reasoned historical philosophy; how few among our historians have made their way through the jungle of learned research to definite scientific conclusions!

But my experience as a teacher has made me aware of certain obstacles which the student has to surmount before he can in this way bring his politics and his history together and fuse them into one practical philosophy. The nature of these obstacles, and the way to remove them, I shall consider in some future papers.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

To be continued.

A DIALOGUE ON HUMAN HAPPINESS.

It was a morning of magical beauty towards the close of February. A breeze breathed inland from the sparkling ripples of the Mediterranean as buoyant and fresh as they were; and Nice seemed to glance and float in the luminous haze that bathed it, like an unreal vision in the depths of an enchanted mirror. Its gay and motley world, however, was as unenchanted as possible; a long line of carriages, for Monte Carlo, was extending, for its benefit, the entire length of the railway station; and many were the startling toilets to be seen studding the platform, and many the complexions of what seemed a preternatural fairness. Among this strange crowd moved the popular Mrs. Fitzpatrick, still the confidante of men, although past fifty, and still caressed by every woman whose affection is a comfort, or whose acquaintance is a distinction. Her day's prospect was something far less vulgar than the gaming-tables—it was a breakfast with Lady Di at the Villa Godwin, close to whose lovely gardens is a small station, a mile or two on this side of Monaco. A few other guests from Nice were, she knew, going also; and she was scanning the crowd, in hopes of detecting some of the favored ones. Her sensitive taste was very quickly startled by a dress of purple velvet, embroidered with golden sunflowers; and she was indulging gently in the reflection so common with all of us, "What people there are in the world!" when the lady of the sunflowers rapidly came up to her, and proved to be no less a person than Mrs. Crane, the beauty. Last June, at a fancy fair in London, Mrs. Crane had sold cigars at ten guineas apiece, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick thought that, though not in her own set, "she was all very well at Nice." Mrs. Crane, too, who by no means despised the appearance of respectability, or the company, in public places, of unimpeachable people, would by no means let Mrs. Fitzpatrick pass; and a greeting took place of the most comfortable cordiality. What, however, was the latter lady's surprise, on asking if her companion was going to Monaco, to learn that, like herself, she was bound for the Villa Godwin! "So come with me, my dear," Mrs. Crane added. "We have monopolized a

saloon - carriage; and there are our party standing in front of it, with your cousin, Phil Marsham, taking charge of us."

"Ah, there the boy is!" said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, with a smile of meaning, and a familiar nod to him. "And so, my dear, Phil is another of your friends, as well as poor Di!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Crane, gayly. "Mr. Phil and I are sworn friends, of a good three weeks' standing: and we have hardly a thought that we don't share by this time. But as for Di, as you call her, I never set eyes on her till yesterday, at Monte Carlo, when Mr. Phil and Lady Otho introduced us; and, as we can never let a day pass without a turn at the tables, we have been asked to take the Villa Godwin by the way. We go on, in the afternoon; dine at Monte Carlo; stay for the concert; then row back in a boat by moonlight with Countess Marie, whose singing is the divinest thing I ever heard in my life, and of whom your cousin could tell you a great deal more than I can; and then we wind up our proceedings with the Nice Fancy Ball, which, unless my foresight fails me, will be of the *most* curious description. But now," Mrs. Crane went on, "be a good woman, and tell me all about Lady Di; she has long been a name to me, but nothing more than a name, and I hate going to people's houses without knowing something about them—I mean about their relations; for else one never knows where one is, and is sure to commit oneself in one way or another."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "that Phil Marsham knows too much about too many ladies. I can answer for it, at any rate, that he knows something about poor Di, so you had best ask him. I *must* go and speak for a moment to dear Lady Otho."

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was always close to the right people. She could not help it. It was not that her heart was bad, but that her instinctive tact was exquisite. And now, her hand in another moment —her gentle, truthful, caressing hand— was, almost before she knew it, upon Lady Otho's muff, and a low coo of confidences had begun instantly.

Once in the saloon - carriage, Mrs. Crane had her way with Marsham. "Who is she?" and "What is she?" she was saying. "You must tell me all about her. And is she a great friend of yours? I can tell you this much, at any rate; she looks more like Venus than Diana."

"Her name is not Diana," said Marsham, "but Diotima."

"Dio—what?" said Mrs. Crane.

"Diotima," repeated Marsham, slowly. "She is a strange person, with a strange name. You have of course heard of her father, old Lord Wastwater?"

"Heard of him! I knew him too, for my sins. I met him at Sandown the day before he died. He made eyes at me for half an hour incessantly; he thanked heaven that though he was past seventy he was still susceptible to the charms of a pretty woman; and he promised to send me next week a copy of verses made in my special honor."

"Ah!" said Marsham, gently; "his career was the saddest thing I ever knew in my life. He began in a very different way from the way he ended in. He was full of ambition and high aims once as a student and a poet. He translated Greek poetry, and he studied Greek philosophy; and with his clear eager eyes, that I have often heard about, he impressed every one as a youth of the greatest promise. But at thirty his change came. He put his dreams away from him, and exchanged them for what he called realities. He came out of his seclusion; he gave up his Plato in favor of play; and just as his first master had taught him to despise his riches, so his second helped him to get rid of half of them. Still his early tastes in a great measure clung to him; and though he built the place we are now going to on purpose that he might be near the gaming-tables, yet his library and his statues will show you that he was a student and a man of taste to the end. And there, for her mother died early, he taught this child of his. He taught her, or had her taught, Greek and Latin, and some smattering of theology, for the Godwins are staunch Papists; and he completed her education by dragging her with him into half of the fast society in Europe. She is the

strange child of a strange parent; and much of her fate and character seems written in the name he gave her."

"And who," said Mrs. Crane, "may Diotima have been, if you please?"

"She was a mysterious woman of whom we read in Plato—to me the most fascinating of all classical characters. Who she was is wrapt in mystery; but I picture her to myself as a sort of George Sand of antiquity. It was she who taught Socrates of the nature of love, of which she is supposed to have been a professor in more ways than one. Besides that, she is supposed to have been a priestess; and the gods loved her so well, that, at her prayer, they would stay a pestilence. Fancy her, half saint and half sinner—the wise woman at once of prayer and pleasure, whom the wisest of the ancients found more wise than himself!"

"As far as I can understand," said Mrs. Crane, "you are not giving your friend a very brilliant character."

"As far as what *we* mean by character goes," said Marsham, "I believe her to be without reproach; and that, considering the way she has been brought up, is wonderful. I would stake my life on her honor. But think of the way she has lived, and the strange influences out of which her thoughts and her tastes have been woven. Think of the set of men and women, from whom to a certain extent at least her tone must have been taken—the extravagant debtors, the gilded paupers, the reckless love-makers! Her faith and her conscience, it is true, have kept her taintless; but in her natural and unregenerate heart, she is, I think, half pagan and half Bohemian; and though she does not hate good, yet naturally she does not fear evil."

Mrs. Crane, who was herself a gilded pauper, was for this reason, and perhaps for certain others, not much pleased by these remarks. "Of course," she said, "I cannot tell who Lady Diotima may have been; but she has certainly lost her looks, even if she ever had any."

"Ah!" said Marsham, "very likely you think so. But Lady Di is essentially a man's beauty. And even men don't think her a beauty at first. But she has the ambushed charm that does all the more execution, because at first you do not perceive it; and still, though her cheeks are faded, and her eyes have a few faint lines round them, it is 'terrible as an army with banners,' lying in wait for you among autumnal brushwood."

"Men like you, Mr. Marsham," said Mrs. Crane, with a tone of pique in her voice, "are very transparent creatures. You are devoted to Lady Di, or at least you have been. Indeed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick told me as much, when I was talking to her just now on the platform."

"My cousin," said Marsham, laughing, "is a born match-maker; so you must not pay a moment's attention to what she says. No, my praise of Lady Di is quite disinterested. It is true I have known her *very* well. But then is not that as much as to say that I am not in love with her?"

Marsham said this with such frankly genuine carelessness, that Mrs. Crane's good temper at once returned to her. "Well, I admit," she said, graciously, "that Lady Di does dress to perfection. She has the prettiest boots I ever saw—(I must ask her where she gets them), and the prettiest hands too; only she never takes her gloves off. And whether she can conquer or no, her dress could show any woman that she at least wishes to do so."

The party were now alighting at the station; and as they were walking down a short reach of road to the villa gates, Mrs. Fitzpatrick again joined Mrs. Crane and Marsham.

"I think, Philip," she said, with a sort of reproval in her voice, "I heard you tell Mrs. Crane that Lady Di was in heart half a pagan. I must set your companion right there. Di is as good a Christian as any of us. Her great charm to me is that she is a Catholic without bigotry. She believes, I've no doubt, firmly in her own faith. In fact, there is much of it that is so beautiful that a mind like hers must cling to it if possible. But she knows that to be good and genuine is of more importance than creeds: she does not care two straws for the Pope; and she likes a book all the better if it has not been written by a Papist. But," she added, making the others pause and look behind them a moment, "do you see, high up the hill, among the gray olives,

just over the zigzag mule-track, and beyond the gleaming cottages, where a little chapel stands, among its black cypresses? Well, there Lady Di climbs daily, and says her prayers in solitude, in a dim musty twilight, among faint smells of incense; and then meditates on the rusty crosses in the graveyard, and looks out over the endless levels of the sea. How can you," she said to Marsham in a low tender tone, "speak as you did of the only woman who has ever really loved you?"

Marsham's only reply was a soft genial laugh, which showed his cousin at once that her words had no meaning for him. "Men are very stupid," she said to herself, softly. "Poor Di! and stupid—stupid Philip!"

Meanwhile, under the shadow of mimosas, palms, and cypresses, along winding carriage-drive had brought them to the villa, and there Lady Di received them in a large marble hall. A man, who had been told that her face had a charm lurking in it, might have detected the charm at once; and her general aspect, even if he had not been told, might have warned him unconsciously to expect it. Her long plain dress of tight-fitting gray velvet not only showed all the curves of her perfect figure, but her own knowledge of their perfection also; and there was a sense about her as she moved and spoke—not indeed of coquetry, she was too serene and too confident for that—but of the subtle *abandon*, perceived like a faint perfume, of a woman accustomed, if not to love, at any rate to have love made to her. Nor did at breakfast this impression wear off. Not a word did she utter about philosophy or Greek poetry; and her only allusion to religion was to say that her Italian *concierge* hoped to cure his rheumatism by applying a painted woodcut of St. Joseph to it. She talked much to Marsham, with animation, but, as Mrs. Fitzpatrick observed, without a sign of tenderness. She spoke with gayety and interest of the gossip of Nice and Monte Carlo; she touched on several doubtful histories with a mixture of familiarity and delicacy; and she won golden opinions of Mrs. Crane, first as to her wisdom, by saying that marriage was a mistake, and then as to her taste, by describing how she had once been to a fancy ball as Rosalind. The entertainment seemed altogether to be a complete success. Conversation was quick and sparkling all round the table; and long before a break-up was needful, regrets were to be heard that there need be any break-up at all.

"He was a wise man, Lady Di," exclaimed Lord Surbiton, a poet, a diplomat, and a dandy of the last generation, laying a jewelled hand on his heart, and repressing a hollow cough, "he was a wise man who said that the climax of civilization was the getting together a certain number of knees under one piece of mahogany."

"Or two pairs of lips," said Marsham, "on a single ottoman."

"Or fifty pairs of hands," said Mrs. Crane, "round a single *trente-et-quarante* table."

"Any savage can love," said Lord Surbiton, "and any savage can gamble; but it is only civilized man that can really talk. And, therefore, a charming and accomplished hostess, who alone can make conversation possible, is, properly speaking, the high-priestess of civilization."

"Now, come, Lord Surbiton," said Lady Di, "and let us consider that for a moment. We have all of us here today been, no doubt, most charming. But has one of us uttered a serious thought, or said a single thing worth remembering? Our talk would seem very pointless, I'm afraid, if it were written down."

"Precisely, my dear lady," said Lord Surbiton, "and for this reason. In fine conversation the mere words are but a small part of it. The magic of these depends on that viewless world of association that is born and dies with each special day and company. They are like a spell, an incantation; they evoke, they do not describe; like other spells, they are effectual only in a charmed circle; and, like other spells, to outsiders they are apt to sound mere gibberish. And this is the reason why fine dialogue in books can never be what is called *natural;* for art has to concentrate into one mode of expression what in real life is conveyed to us by a thousand. And, even then, how often the result is a failure! What poet's art," he went on, preparing a sigh that made

his satin necktie creak, "what poet's art can supply the want of a woman's living eyes, or the personal memory of one's own relations with her?"

"Surely," said Lady Di, "if, as you say, any savage can make love, any savage can make eyes also. And you, Lord Surbiton, ought to be above such savagery."

"You mistake me," said Lord Surbiton, who had meanwhile been fixing his own hollow eyes upon Mrs. Crane. "I said that any savage could love; not that every savage could make love. The latter is a rare social accomplishment. The former is a universal private misfortune."

"Yes," said Lady Otho, pensively, with a charming expression of sadness, "I suppose love on the whole does cause more sorrow than happiness. If girls never fell in love they would never run away from their husbands, and then half the misery one hears of every year would be spared one."

"And yet, my dear," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "life would be a very shallow thing without its sorrows."

"All sorrow is experience," said Lord Surbiton, "and goes to make us into men and women of the world. Passion," he coughed out slowly amid a general silence, "is a great educator; but its work only begins when it itself has left us. I have observed, and I think with truth, in one of my own romances, that a woman of the world should always have been, but should never be, in love. She should always have had a grief, but she should never have a grievance. She should always be the mistress of a sorrow, but never its servant. The happiness of society, as I have observed in another place, is based on the pains of private or domestic experience. But our hours," he added, "of such perfect happiness, are, alas! as fleeting as they are exquisite; and as we are most of us on our way to Monte Carlo, your musical clock, Lady Di, warns us that we must soon be moving."

"I said just now," said Lady Di, "that we had none of us uttered anything worth remembering. You, Lord Surbiton, have at any rate freed us from that reproach."

"If I have," said Lord Surbiton, "I am sincerely sorry. The best conversation is never worth remembering. It is a delicate rose that will not survive for an instant the stalk it grows on. It is a fine champagne, that sparkles and rejoices us for the moment, but whose excellence we are never so sure of as when we find it has left no trace of itself next morning."

"And if true conversation," said Marsham, as the company were rising, "is like good champagne, true love is like bad. False and true taste equally well at the moment, and we only detect the true when we find that it has made our heads ache afterwards."

"Very well put," said Lord Surbiton, with a low chuckle, as Marsham was helping him into a huge overcoat lined with splendid sables. "You are coming with us, Mr. Marsham, are you not?"

"Are you?" murmured Lady Di, who was standing close beside him. "I had hoped you would have stayed with me for an hour or two, for I want your help so very much in the library."

Marsham looked doubtful and disappointed; but Lady Di was invincible in such small social manœuvres; and in a few words with Lady Otho the whole thing had been settled.

"And what," said Mrs. Crane, confidentially, "will Countess Marie think of you, Mr. Philip, when she promised to sing your boat-song to-night as we came home on the water?"

"Never fear about that," said Marsham. "You are to pick me up here at the landing-stage at the bottom of the garden; and meanwhile give my friend my best remembrances, and tell her I've stayed behind here to discuss theology."

"I thought," Mrs. Crane whispered, "it was flirtation you stayed behind for, and not theology!"

"I never knew," he answered, "that the two had much in common. However, I suppose, on second thoughts, all false and useless things have a certain family likeness."

"Well, upon my word," said Mrs. Crane to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, as they were strolling slowly towards the station, "though I have seen many male flirts in my day, I never saw so busy a one as Mr. Philip, your cousin."

"I'm sorry to hear it, my dear," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, with real feeling.

ɔee, Mr. Marsham," said Lady Di,
ɛ brought him into the long quiet
y; "I still keep my old tastes,
still spend half my morning here.
know this room, don't you? It
ere I first had the pleasure of meet-
ɔu. That was six years ago; and
ember to this day how I first saw
as you came from your father's
, appear between those two tall
sses. You were surprised, were
ot, to find a student and a would-
etess in what, at first sight, as you
ssed afterwards, you took for a
ɛ Parisian adventuress? However,
ss more quietly now. Is not that
opinion?" She had put on since
fast a gray velvet hat that matched
ress, and that made her look five
younger; and she leant back
st a bookcase, conscious of an at-
on which she felt she exercised.
!" she went on in a few moments,
se were happy days. We were
er and sister for a whole cloudless
ght. You were the very thing that
ɪt time I wanted—a companion of
ɯn age and taste. Do you see that
in white vellum? That is the very
ylus over which you smiled to find
oring. And now," she said, as
ɪotioned him to a chair, "sit down
ɾ writing-table, and wait patiently
I read you something."

ɔood heavens!" cried Marsham, as
atched her take from a drawer a
d manuscript-book, "how well I
ect that dull blue binding! You
ome scraps of mine inside it once,
eve—bits of translation I did from
ays we read together."

ɛ held up her delicate hand to en-
ilence. "Listen," she said ten-
"this is how the sea-nymphs sang
ɛ bound Prometheus in his solitude,
ey floated up to him, not from a
on the blue sea's surface, but from
coral caves far down under it:

ufferer, fear not; love hath sent us:
Yearning with compassion, we.
ave stilled our father's tongue, fain to prevent us,
ave left our clear homes in the blue deep sea.
We have travelled far
In our wingèd car
For thee, for thee!
"For through our still, wave-dripping grottoes rang
A hideous, brazen clang,
Breaking our noon-day dreamings in our peaceful sea.
With unsandaled feet,
Breathless and fleet,
To our wingèd car we sprang,
For thee, for thee!*

"Do you remember that?" she said, with a quiet look at Marsham. "Listen again, then. You must surely be flattered at hearing your own verses. You sent me this from Genoa. It is out of the *Agamemnon;* and it is, strangely enough, the last passage we ever read together:

"Woe to the proud house!-woe
To the proud house, and the mighty men thereof!
Desolate are the palaces; for lo,
From them the presence is gone forth of love.
And he is left astonied at his lot,
And silent—our lone lord;
Dishonored, yet he speaks no swelling word,
Stricken, he revileth not.
Only it seems we have a ghost to king,
Our king is changed in such wise—yea, so grown
More sad than any living, fleshly thing:
For even like a ghost's to look upon
(So deeply, deeply, he
Sickeneth by reason of his desire extreme
For her beyond the sea,)
His goings, to and fro, and gazings seem.
Nor can his home of marble any more
Please him, nor all its wealth of wrought device
That found such favor in his eyes of yore;
Nor precious toil of cunning statuaries
Seem any longer fair,
To those strange, changed, unhappy, hungry eyes,
Because of that one great love-famine there.
Also through all the dismal wastes of night
In feverish sleep he sees
Many dream-Helens—phantom semblances,
Sad with a vain delight—
Yea, verily, vain, vain!
Lo, the man thinketh she hath come again
In truth, and feels the healing of her face.
When, in a moment, lo, it hath taken flight,
Far in the dark, down slumber's secret ways."†

She read the verses beautifully, and as if her voice loved to linger on them. Marsham listened with a friendly tenderness, half sad, half genial; but his companion was apparently looking for signs of some deeper feeling. A look of disappointment flitted across her face; and, with a slight change of manner,

* *Prometheus Vinctus*, 127–137.
† Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, 400–415.

she took him out into the garden. "Let us come," she said, "to our old seat—our old seat under the citrons and the oranges—

The oranges like gold, in leafy gloom."

Under the orange trees they sat down together in silence. "Do you find me much changed, Mr. Marsham?" she at last said abruptly.

In her face he did find her changed; and that was all he was thinking of. But he could not say this to her; and so he answered "No."

"Perhaps," she said, with a faint smile, "that is because you have not cared to observe me closely. But I have observed you; and you are changed, at any rate. No, not in your face, for as far as that goes you look fresher than ever, and far less thoughtful—or perhaps it would sound better if I said thought-worn. Tell me," she added presently, "do you ever write any poetry now?"

"I have written," he said, "a few jingling rhymes for music; but except that, nothing for five years. But wait, let me beg you wait for a single moment, while I watch the delicious orange-leaves, as they move and murmur over me, against the clear delicious sky. Let us have a moment's golden silence—as golden as those 'happy hanging orange-orbs.'"

He leaned back with his face turned upwards, and watched with a dreamy intensity the sky, the fruit, and the foliage. "Yes," he exclaimed suddenly, again turning to his companion, who had been watching *him* as he had been watching the orange-trees; "you are right. I am changed. I have forfeited by this time all claims on the friendship I once had from you. You liked me once because I was young and impetuous, and because I would quote poetry by the hour to you. Now, I have no eagerness, no enthusiasm left in me; and without that there is no poetry possible."

"And yet," she said, "you looked happy enough this morning; and whenever I hear of you, I hear of you as enjoying yourself."

"Ah!" he answered, "but I did not tell you I was miserable. I should be a far more interesting person if I were, both to myself and others. But I have not even energy enough to be embitter or disappointed. Life, I find, is the thing I thought it was; but I no anger at it, because it has deceiv me. I merely smile at myself for h ing been the victim of the dece Where is my anger, where is my ha gone? Some of my old spirit would r turn if I could only recover these. C you advise me, Lady Di, how to recove my anger?"

"Would it not be more to the pur pose," she said hurriedly, "if you aske how to recover your love? If you ha ever been really in love, you would not—"

"Have occasion, you would say, t lament that my disappointment was no bitter enough to me."

"Do not laugh," she said gently "for I am speaking to you with a earnestness. If you had ever reall loved, life would never seem a blank t you. It might, indeed, be bitter; bu even in the bitterness there would b something holy; and you would neve never sink to the shallow *ennui* that yo now say oppresses you."

"It is not so," said Marsham, ge ting more animated; "for I know wh love is, and that too has failed me. has failed me like the rest of life, an for the same reason. It is but the fra ment of a far greater loss. When y knew me I was full of romance. Y little guessed," he added with so feeling, "how full." Lady Di flush crimson, and her breath came quick "But you knew me," he went on, "n as we both of us thought, in the sun of my maturer manhood; but in w really was the sunset of my youth, a of the faith that my youth had lived on.

Lady Di fixed her eyes on him with look of soft compassion. "My poo friend," she said, "you are very young still, and all this dejection means merely that you have not found the right person. You have lost your faith in God, have you? It is a great misfortune, doubtless. But many true-hearted men and women have suffered the same; and have loved each other none the less, perhaps even the better for it. And your case, if you please, can of course be the same as theirs. If you will only learn of me, I may, I think, be able to help you. I have heard of the life you lead, of the idle selfishness and the

y of it; of your perpetual restless after its shallowest pleasures. I eard of the people you associate of the women like Mrs. Crane, the men like Lord Surbiton. I atched to-day your manner among and the picture I had formed of , I see, a true one. Yourself, ffections, and your interests are as s a butterfly's wings, but as weak inconstant also. You are mov- ough the world without one ear- hought to guide, or without one t work to anchor you. Is it in ay, do you think, that faith is to overed? If you would ever be- n the supernatural, you must first our affections some stake in the l. Or," she continued, looking is eyes inquiringly, "if your hour t yet come, if you have not yet ered the woman that will wake up ur sleeping manhood, you can at o what is the other half of your you can work for all those depend- you; you can help to promote appiness."

am a rich man now," said Mar- "and, as you say, I have many ling on me. But how do you I behave towards them? To you n only an idler and a pleasure- . You know nothing of the dull ary hours that I give to business; ll and weary weeks that I spend at n place in the country; the petty ed details with which I occupy , that I may do what is called uty' by all to whom I can be of lp."

this indeed so?" she said. do you mean to say that you find asure in the—in the thought that e making others happy?"

I did not do what I could," he I should be certainly miserable. do all I can, does but save me hat, and preserve me on the dull level of painlessness. I am not iastic even about my own life. hould I be enthusiastic about the of others?"

ou are right," she said, "you are If you can see nothing in this orth winning for yourself, and g in this life that it would make niserable to miss, your labors hers will be but the dull round of a treadmill. Our own inner lives and loves must be the light of our world for each of us; and if the light, my friend, that is in us be darkness, oh how great is that darkness! But I do not yet despair of you. Some day or other you will learn to love, and then the whole aspect of things will change for you. The old sense of life's worth and solemnity will come back again; you will again be eager, again an enthusiast, and again, perhaps, a poet."

"I have told you," said Marsham, "that I have known love already, but it had for me none of that magic power that you gave it credit for."

"Tell me," said Lady Di, tremulously, "when was that? Was it before you knew me, or was it afterwards? You said you were more full of romance when I knew you first, than perhaps I suspected."

"I was indeed," said Marsham, "for the very time I was here, I knew the very feeling that you say would save me, but which in reality has done so very little. I was in love—in love as deeply, as madly, as ever you could recommend me to be."

She looked at him with a bewildered expression. "But why," she said, after a pause, "did you tell me nothing of this? Did I not deserve your confidence? Were you afraid to be quite open with me? Oh, my friend, do not be afraid of me."

"Surely," said Marsham, "I told you all I could. All the subjects that had any common interest for us, I discussed freely with you, as brother would with sister. But brothers are shy of telling sisters their love-affairs; and so I was shy with you."

For some moments she was mute. Suddenly the fashion of her countenance changed, as his meaning dawned on her. "And so," she began, "you were in love with some other woman—with the lady, I mean" (she corrected herself angrily), "who had the honor to lose your affections as soon as she had completed to you the full gift of her confidence! Indeed, Mr. Marsham, if your affections are of that kind, I do not wonder they have failed to reveal the earnestness and value of life to you. And so you flatter yourself you were in love, at that time—really in love, do

you? My poor friend, you make me smile to see how you deceive yourself. I should have thought that a school-boy would have known life better. That poor phase of feeling you were then passing through, I had known and done with three years before. Time was when I left my heart behind me at every country-house I stayed at: but it was sure to come after me in a day or two, like a sponge-bag or a washing-bill; and foolish girl though I was, I never really thought that trifling to be love. Myself, I have never loved. But I know that I know what the passion is, because I am so sure I have never felt it: and so sure also that you have not. Why, at the very time you speak of, were not you loitering here with me, finding pleasure in my society, and hanging over every word I uttered?"

"And why should I not?" said Marsham. "You were a woman of taste and intellect. You had thought, and read and discriminated, and I could discuss things freely with you that I could with no one else. What, according to your view of the matter, are the contents of a true lover's vows? When he says to a woman 'I love you,' does that mean also, 'You understand all my thoughts'? or does it else mean 'I will never harbor or utter a thought that you are incapable of understanding'? Why, it takes two or three people to understand even the meanest personality. And because one woman had my genial sympathy, can this show you that another had not my love?"

"Heavens!" she said, impetuously, "do you know so little as to think that were a man in love really he could endure to be absent, without necessity, a day from the woman he was in love with? No: he is never happy when away from her. All amusements, unless she shares them, are vapid; and to give to another one of the inner thoughts of his heart would, he feels, be sacrilege. They are all sacred to her; they are all precious for her sake. They are flowers in the garden of his soul which he plucks lovingly, one by one, for her and for her only, and which he labors to keep sweet and taintless, that she may lay them in her own bosom."

"If that is love," said Marsham, "I have not only never known it, but I hope I never may know it. The woman I loved could not read Greek plays: you could. And will you say I was not in love, because I was not prepared to renounce forever all sympathy in so refined and so harmless a taste as the Athenian drama?"

"This is not a matter," she exclaimed, "for reason and logic. The kingdom of love does not come with observation. Your heart, not your head, must reveal it to you. But if you have no heart, as you are doing your best to convince me, then God help you! Why, love in the inner world is what the sun is in the outer; and if your inner world is a sunless one, I could no more show you that life was a precious thing, than I could show you that the sea was blue at midnight."

"Reason," said Marsham, "cannot kindle love; but reason assuredly can quench it."

"Nonsense!" she cried contemptuously.

> "What man can hold a fire in his hand
> By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?"

"You cannot by reason," he said, "cure love as a caprice; but the love which is a caprice only, is not the love you speak of. And love as an absorbing and life-long devotion, which takes into itself a man's whole ambitions and emotions — love like this, reason assuredly can quench—for those at least who have no faith to sustain them. Such love, you say, is the sun of the inner world. You are mistaken. It *is* not the sun, it is the moon. The moon is human affection, but the sun is divine faith. You, who are a Catholic, forget all this; for you know nothing of the loss from which others are suffering. But to offer love to those who have lost religion, is to tell the poor to eat jam-tarts, when they cry to you that they have got no bread."

"I forget nothing," she said angrily. "I am a Catholic, it is true, and I trust I value my religion properly. But religion has nothing to do with the present question. You are beginning the matter at the wrong end. If you want to be a religious man, you must first be a man; and you are not a man if you do not know how to love. How will you love God whom you have not seen,

u do not love your brother whom have seen?"

That does but mean," he replied, it if the tree is healthy it will bear ; not that we can have fruit with- having a tree to bear it. You are ounding two things. Love is r a sacrament or a self-indulgence. be the former, the very essence of that it points to something beyond ; and its power, in that case, must our belief in that something ceases. be the latter, it is a feeling only—"

A feeling only!" she exclaimed ; , indeed, it is a feeling only, but a ig so rapturous and so sacred that eds nothing beyond itself, except hanks to the God who gave it— the giver, who at such times will- stands aside, that his children may r together this precious and most ct gift."

Surely," said Marsham, "this is a ge view for you, a Catholic. You ss a faith which teaches you that ne thing really worth our living for love, not of woman, but of God ; though human love is indeed rec- ed, and blest by it, yet for those would be perfect, it points out a excellent way."

We cannot all be saints," she said ; was not meant we should be. But the same intense and fervent nature is common both to the lover and aint: nor was there ever a great , who, had he but just fallen short nctity, would not have been a great instead."

I think St. Paul," said Marsham, uld smile if you told him that ; so would St. Augustine ; and they, of them, I believe, are high author- with you."

They are," she said ; "but they in different times from ours, and ever can judge them by our own lards. Catholic though I am, I ve as firmly as any freethinker that creasing purpose runs through the and that with the process of the the thoughts of men widen. Love know it—as it has pleased God ould know it—was not known in lays either of St. Paul or of St. istine. It has been a growing rev- on made to the modern world ; and e, who believe in God, it seems a strange instance of His providence, that just at these present days, when men are denying the supernatural, He should have made it up to them by disclosing to them how divine is the natural."

"You might as well say," he replied, "that He made up to them by the moon for the complete extinction of the sun."

"Not the extinction," she said, "but the withdrawal merely. Surely the moon shines for us, whether we believe the sun exists or no."

"Yes," he said, "but the inner universe is not like the outer. Over the outer we have no power, but over the inner universe we have. This last is for each one of us, in part our own creation ; and just as it was the Spirit of God that brooded over the chaos of matter, and fashioned out of it this fair order, so is it in each one of us the spirit of faith in God, that broods over the chaos of the affections and fashions out of them the feelings which you call so holy. When a man loves a woman as you think he ought to love her, does he love her body only, or her soul also? Does he not look on her as a being who, though she is bound to him, yet is bound also to something above himself? Does he not feel that the woman's soul, as Goethe says, leads him upwards and onwards?"

"He does," she interrupted ; "and can you understand all this so well, and yet not see what a pearl of price is in this life offered you?"

"But what will happen," he said, "suppose we believe there is no Soul, that there is no Above, and that there is no Beyond? This it is that the modern world is believing. And the sensation in this case, that we are moving upwards, is of no more meaning or value than the feeling in a dream, that we are falling miles downwards, when in reality we are all the while in uneasy rest upon our pillows. Again, I tell you, you are confusing two things: you are confusing love the sacrament with love the self-indulgence. The latter will last its day without any religious faith, it is true ; just as the bread and wine of the Eucharist have taste and being for believers and unbelievers equally ; but it depends on your belief, and not on your natural senses, whether you think it worth while

to make your heart clean to receive them."

"Say no more," she exclaimed impetuously, her voice at one moment almost breaking with some ambiguous feeling; "you are talking about what you know nothing of, and you are trying to hide your want of all natural affection under the pretence of a desire for an affection above the natural. You have never known love. You are too mean and shallow-hearted to be capable of it."

"Just now," he replied, "I believe that I belied myself, or rather, I did not care entirely to confess myself. Lady Di, I have known the feeling you speak of in all its glad and in all its sad intensity. For days I have gone almost fasting, and for nights almost sleepless, for the love of one woman. Her being seemed to have entered into mine—her thoughts into my thoughts. She was a viewless presence for me in the flowers, in the windy mountains, and in the moonlight as it lay floating on the midnight ripples. When the very veins in my temples throbbed, and I felt their pulses, it seemed to be her blood that was beating in them."

"And yet," exclaimed Lady Di bitterly, "all the time you felt this for another woman, you could loiter here with me—to all appearance quite absorbed in my company, and hanging almost like a lover on every word I uttered. It is lucky, Mr. Marsham, that my affections were never set upon you. God save me from the insult of devotion such as yours, which is distracted from its professed object by even attractions so poor as mine, and which is equally false and contemptible in either case."

"Surely, Lady Di," said Marsham, looking into her eyes softly, "you should not be hard on me for the collapse of any affection, when it was caused in a great measure by your own charms, and by your own large sympathies. It was you who helped to shatter my poor ideal by showing how much there was in womanhood that my ideal did not comprehend; and as I gradually grew to see this more clearly, I seemed like a man waking from a fevered dream. I seemed to be finding myself, and my sane judgment again, which I had so long lost."

He stopped. She took her eyes from his; her head drooped, and she remained for a long while thoughtful. It is strange by what simple magic the world of a woman's heart is not seldom governed—how a word will turn the whole sea of her thoughts from sweet to bitter, and from bitter again to sweet! When Lady Di spoke once more, her manner was wholly changed. She laid her hand upon Marsham's arm, and said sweetly and regretfully, "Forgive me; I have been very hard on you. Your hour is not yet come, my friend; and that is all. But it will come soon, I feel a strange assurance; and it may come too, perhaps, when you are least expecting it."

She rose, as she said this, with a slight shudder. "It is turning chilly," she said. "Suppose we go indoors. At sunset it is so much colder than at night."

Indoors Marsham was half annoyed and half relieved to discover that an old maiden lady, in spectacles, once Lady Di's governess, and now her companion, had meanwhile made her appearance from the upper regions, and was to give dulness and propriety to what else would have been a *tête-à-tête* dinner. She at any rate prevented a renewal of the delicate and embarrassing discussions that had occupied the afternoon; and for this both of those who had taken part in them were not ungrateful. Lady Di's indignation and anger seemed quite laid at rest; and she conversed with a brightness and an eagerness which, when she appealed to Marsham, seemed to carry a subtle caress with it. After dinner the moon had risen. The night was mild and splendid. "I will come out with you," said Lady Di, "and we will watch for your friends from Monaco. Before long we may expect their boat at the landing-stage."

They stood together, leaning on a pale balustrade, with the glittering sea below, and the fronds of a tall palm feathering dark above them. Lady Di, as Marsham felt sure she would, returned almost instantly to the old topic.

"My brother," she said, "if I may still call you by the old name, my old interest in you has never waned; and it was because that interest was so genuine that I just now spoke so harshly. Do not be angry with me because I was shocked at the state you had sunk to. I

was shocked only at it, because it was so unworthy of yourself—you who are by nature so faithful and so generous, and (though you yourself may not know it) so passionately and so nobly affectionate." Unperceived by his companion, Marsham smiled slightly. She went on in hurried, earnest accents. "Some day, it may be soon, the power of loving that seems so lost to you will return, I know it will: and then the life that you now despise will become transfigured to you. Scales will fall from your eyes, and you will see it in all its solemn value. You will but 'cross a step or two of dubious twilight;' then a new glory will break on you, 'which never was on sea or land;' and you will stand amazed and in reverent rapture at the changed landscape—at

> The novel
> Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of.

Bear with me a moment longer. You say you have lost faith. My friend, I can sympathize with you there: I too at times have well-nigh lost mine. But as my hope in another life grew fainter, my belief in this one grew only the more passionate. I am now speaking to you not as a Catholic. Forget that I am one. My religion has nothing to do with the truth that I am trying to teach you. I am speaking to you but as a woman simply, with a woman's natural affections, and a woman's natural insight. I am showing you how you can know what life *is*; and how you only despise it now from rejecting the one thing in it that is of value."

"And can all love in this way?" said Marsham.

"All," said Lady Di. "God be thanked, even the meanest of his creatures."

"But do you think," said Marsham, "that they would so love even if they could? My sister, if I may give you the counterpart of the kind name you give me, I am one—and I say this in all seriousness—who would not so love even if he could. And it is you—your own charming self—who have taught me to feel this and have neutralized your own gospel. The fascination that your company had for me those years ago was its calm and its coolness—the utter absence from it of that very feeling, which you would have me again suffer from. Love to me was a hot atmosphere; it made my life like a fevered dream; it distorted everything out of its true proportions. It lured me to think a woman perfect who my judgment told me was not perfect. It was a physical, an intellectual, and an emotional tether to me."

"Mr. Marsham!" she exclaimed, in a voice almost inaudible. She pressed her hand to her forehead, and felt the few lines which she knew were written on it, deepened by a sudden pain. She moved a pace or two away, and murmured to herself in a broken whisper,

> "He loves not hollow cheek and faded eye!
> Yet, oh, my friend, and would you have me die?"

Marsham could hear nothing of this; but he was utterly taken aback by the intensity of her feeling, though the exact nature of it never crossed his mind.

"I could never have dreamt," he said, "that you took life thus seriously. To me you always seemed the embodiment of a light delicate cynicism, half contemptuous and half regretful. You seemed to look at things with a mixture of irony and tenderness which to me was peculiarly piquant and attractive, but which I could never have believed compatible with such earnestness as you show now. How could I think that a woman who would countenance Mrs. Crane, who could lightly discuss a scandal either with or about Lord Surbiton, who could move among the most doubtful topics with the delicate ease that only comes of familiarity — how could I think that such a woman was in reality the solemn believer in the most severe and intense form of all human affection?"

"Are you so poor an observer of human nature as that?" she answered. "I am not of the world, but I still am *in* it; and I know it too well to be surprised at its ways. But I estimate its men and women at their true worth; and for this reason, I can hardly restrain my tears at the thought that you are rapidly becoming one of them."

"And so you think that from them," said Marsham, "the true value of life is hidden?"

"Hidden!" she echoed, with her head averted. "They do not even dream of its existence! Lord Surbiton is a man of genius, and he once, doubt-

less, had the eye to see. But he consecrated what might have been his affections to his own dissolute self-indulgence, and what still is his genius, to his own contemptible vanity. Did you hear him mouthing out at breakfast that 'every savage can love;' as if, when a man did truly love, he were not at once, in the deepest sense, civilized, no matter how lowly his lot, or how seemingly poor his education."

"And yet," said Marsham, "there *are* savages, and there *are* men and women of the world also. And now, my friend, let me ask you one thing. When you tell me that man's life *is* solemn and *is* precious, what meaning do you attach to the words? Is there any more meaning in them than in saying, as a general statement, that men are worth a million of money? Some men are millionaires, it is true; but most men are not. In the same way some men may find in life the solemn value you speak of, but many men do not, as you yourself declare to me. What, then, of those who do not? I am speaking to you, remember, not as a Catholic, but as a woman with no religious faith at all. How will you make me believe in the spiritual riches of life in any more comforting and universal way than you can make me believe in its material riches? Lord Surbiton and Mrs. Crane are both of them human lives. If human lives can be so valueless, how can you say as a fact that human life is of value?"

"It *might* be—" she began.

"Yes," he answered; "every French private *might be* a field-marshal. Take any soldier as he marches into battle, and you can truly say that each one *may be* saved. But what, for a creedless woman, does *may be* or *might be* mean? A man cannot live his own life in two ways. He is what he is; and he is nothing but what he is. And if life is only holy and solemn because a man, as a fact, attains the fruition in it of perfect happiness, and happiness of a certain sort, what worthless dogs must the vast majority of our kind be! Lady Di, consider this too. Suppose that every human being had it in him or her to love as you say they should love, what will you say of the cases where the love is not returned?"

"I say," she replied, "that despite the intense, the life-long anguish that rejection brings, it is better to have longed for that highest happiness, even though it may forever be denied one."

"If the value of life," said Marsham, "is gained by a fruitless longing for what makes it valuable, is not a beggar rich only because he longs for riches? Is not a starving street-boy filled only because he stares into a cook-shop window?"

"Stop," she cried. "Mr. Marsham, I beseech you stop! The world is full of mysteries. Why turn the probe round in the painful wound? Do not think of what others cannot do, but of what you can do. You are not excused from choosing the right, because it is not open to all, as it is to you, to choose it. You are not your own," she went on. "Should another ask your heart of you, you owe it to yourself and her to give it, not to keep the treasure of it laid up in a napkin. You know not the crime that you might commit by doing so. I have a friend who has loved a man long, but she has met with no return from him. My poor friend—— I know her and her sorrows well; and know that love unrequited, or withdrawn if half given, makes a woman spiteful and embittered. All the milk and honey of her nature turn to gall; and, besides having the man she ought to love, she ends by despising herself, whom she ought to reverence. But you," she said, something of the old bitterness for a moment coming back to her, "you will make no sacrifice for another. Your love is given utterly to this idle, aimless life—this life, not of love, but of love-making, not even of pleasure, but of pleasure-seeking. See—there is the boat coming for you. You must go now. Go—go. The night is getting chilly. You cannot stay longer, and I am too tired to again face the party. Alas, my friend! I can wish you nothing worse than that you may continue a life like this. But go. I shall see you soon again—shall I not? And think over meanwhile what I have said to you."

"I fear you will not see me again for some time," he said. "You say I give up nothing I delight in. I do delight, I confess it, in this idle life here; and yet to-morrow I am going to give this

life up. My place is already taken by the mid-day train to-morrow, and the morning after I shall be in the fogs and frosts of England. Business, and business not of my own, but of others—of others whom I still try to help, but for whom I feel no affection — calls me away; and I choose to obey the call. Do not fear for my sake. I am not unhappy, though I am not happy, and I try to do my duties, though I make no solemn face while I am doing them. In England, in June, perhaps we may meet again; and if meanwhile happiness should come to me in the form of love, it will be so much the better for me, for we all welcome happiness; and I will ask you to congratulate me on the unhoped-for treasure. But if it does not, I shall remember with gratitude your interest in me all the same; and will only ask you not to waste your compassion on one who knows how to give a frolic welcome both to thunder and to sunshine, and whose worst crime it is, that he cools, with light amusements, brows that might otherwise be often aching."

He said good-by to her, but she hardly answered him. In another instant he was gone, and the voices of his friends soon mounted up to her as he was entering the boat. Lady Di remained motionless as a statue, leaning on the balustrade. "Going!" she moaned to herself. "Far off—gone—to-morrow!"

She was remaining lost in thought, when she was startled by a few chords struck suddenly on a guitar, the sound of which floated up to her, clear from the surface of the water. "There was some woman," she exclaimed—"I remember they said so now—that was going to sing one of his songs as they rowed home! and has he the heart to ask it of her? Can he see nothing? Can he understand nothing?"

She did not move. She stood there as if petrified, with her lips half parted.

Saxea ut effigies bacchantis constitit Evoe.

She was fearful and yet expectant of the woman's voice—the voice of the Countess Marie — of which she had often heard, but with which she had never dreamed of having such association. Soon it came; and there came mixed with it a splash of oars, and a tinkling of the faint guitar-strings. The voice seemed to rise from the bosom of the moonlight, and so light and liquid, so aërial and so plaintive, were the sound and melody, that they might have come from some soulless mermaid or Siren; and seemed expressive half of exultant buoyancy, half of extreme sadness.

"Hollow and vast starred skies are o er us,
Bare to their blue profoundest height.
Waves and moonlight melt before us,
Into the heart of the lonely night.

"Row, young oarsman, row, young oarsman;
See how the diamonds drip from the oar!
What of the shore and friends? Young oarsman,
Never row us again to shore.

"See how shadow and silver mingle
Here on the wonderful wide bare sea;
And shall we sigh for the blinking ingle—
Sigh for the old known chamber—we?

"Are we fain of the old smiles tender?
The happy passion, the pure repose?
True, we sigh; but would we surrender
Sighs like ours for smiles like those?

"Row, young oarsman, far out yonder,
Into the crypt by the night we float;
Fair faint moon-flames wash and wander,
Wash and wander, about our boat!

"Not a fetter is here to bind us,
Love and memory loose their spell;
Friends of the home we have left behind us,
Prisoners of content, farewell!

"Row, young oarsman, far out yonder,
Over the moonlight's breathing breast;
Rest not. Give us no pause to ponder:
All things we can endure, but rest!

"Row, young oarsman, row, young oarsman!
See how the diamonds drip from the oar;
What of the shore and friends? Young oarsman,
Never row us again to shore!"

Lady Diotima could not distinguish the words; but she stood listening for the last faint sounds till long after they had become inaudible. Then she turned and walked slowly back towards the villa. Tears fell slowly from her eyes. She started to find herself shaken with a convulsive sob. "Life indeed," she cried bitterly, "has a perfect happiness for all of us, if we only long for it, no matter whether or no we win it!" Then once more she turned towards the sea, and to the silver track on which she knew the boat was floating, and exclaimed, half aloud, in the still flower-scented night air, as she looked:

" And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall
prompt you—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray."

The Nineteenth Century.

MY JOURNAL IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY MRS. BRASSEY.

THE following notes describe a journey which I made in Syria a few years ago. Notwithstanding the invitation of friends, I place them before the public with diffidence. If the story of my Eastern journeyings should be found to possess any interest for the general reader, it will mainly be because it was written—often hurriedly enough—amid the scenes and incidents described, and that the impressions recorded may therefore be assumed to bear the stamp of freshness and genuineness. With this brief explanation, which will, I hope, serve as an excuse for many shortcomings, I proceed with my narrative.

About the middle of autumn we embarked in an auxiliary screw schooner-rigged vessel of 190 tons, the " Meteor," at Cowes, with the intention of proceeding to Syria by way of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean. From the first moment we encountered a series of mishaps and hindrances, and when at last we got under way a heavy gale commenced. As the wind continued to freshen we hove to; all the boats of the yacht were taken on board, three reefs of the mainsail taken in, and various other reductions tried in her canvas to make her sail more easily. It certainly was a frightful sea. Neither Mr. Brassey nor any of our party ever remembered a worse one than it became just off the Race of Ushant, and as the gale increased we dipped head into it every moment.

As for the yacht, she rose right out of the water and then came down with a thud which made her strain and creak all over. At every plunge all the doors of the wardrobes and cupboards flew open, and the clothes and books came tumbling out in every direction. No fastening seemed capable of holding; so that by morning the little berths, which were so tidy when we started, were hardly recognizable. All our worldly goods lay heaped on the floor, rolling from side to side as the vessel tossed and pitched, nor were they improved by sundry seas we had shipped during the night.

After beating against the storm many weary hours we were compelled to put into Brest, and here our yachting voyage ended, for, after a detention of ten days, finding that there was not the smallest prospect of an improvement in the weather, I decided to proceed overland to Gibraltar with my cousin and the courier we had engaged for our Syrian expedition. Mr. Brassey would not desert the yacht, in which he hoped to reach Gibraltar with the children very nearly as soon as we did.

I must not dwell on this portion of our journey, and therefore content myself with saying that in due course we *did* all meet at Gibraltar (where we were joined by my brother-in-law), though the yacht did not appear. After a brief but pleasant visit we found ourselves—a party of four—on board the P. and O. Company's steamer bound for Alexandria, at which port we re-embarked for Beyrout, where my journal commences.

November 2.—On awaking at six this morning the anchor was just being let go off Beyrout, where we anchored, and soon after landed, going straight to the Hôtel de l'Orient—a queer old Asiatic house in the middle of the town, with numberless courtyards, and the filthiest of rooms opening into them. I had been feeling unwell for a couple of days past, so perhaps I was more susceptible to the influence of uncomfortable surroundings. Whether it was the force of my bad example I know not, but all the party suddenly became quite depressed. Broken windows, tattered curtains, doors without fastenings, chairs and tables without legs, dirty beds, and nests of vermin in every corner, added to the most overpowering bad smells, are not enlivening. However, the landlord

us a fairly-cooked breakfast and excellent Lebanon wine, after our two gentlemen set out to find ost-office and the banker's. On way they fortunately stumbled on rly new hotel on the sea-shore, in the European style and kept by ek. It had been quite full in the ng, and the proprietor had not ore sent, as usual, on board the er to tout, but some of the lodgers moving out later in the day. The nt Tom found this out he took the t rooms, and came back to bring us ag and baggage, to our great delight. the afternoon we took a pretty along the banks of the Beyrout and went to see some beautiful e gardens full of trees laden with nd flowers. The road home lay gh some of the many orchards of rries, which are grown here as ex- ely as vines in the wine-growing ts of France. The place is also s for the numerous establishments winding the silk from the cocoons, or preparing the raw silk for the ean manufacturers. The country , for miles up the slope of Leba- has become one vast mulberry- rd ; scarcely any other plant seems cultivated. Beyrout appears to large and prosperous town, well ed at the foot of the Lebanon, the bay which bears its name ling out before it. The view is us from this hotel, and the outlook he distant mountains and the ex- of brilliant blue water is indescrib- ovely.

vember 3.—An early ride through zaars showed us nothing extraor- r. They are chiefly full of Man- r prints, which are much worn by omen here. The cloth bazaar is a one, and so is that for Lebanon of which there were some fine nens. It is a sort of gold stuff d with gay-colored silks, and would ery well on furniture or for hang- As at Cairo, the things are sold er old courts, but these are built te a different style of architecture. a twelve-o'clock breakfast we were d and ready for a start, which we, er, decided to put off, as the prep- ns in the commissariat department by no means complete. But as the horses were standing saddled at the door, we thought we might as well try them, and gave them a good gallop to the pine-wood. The ground was loose and sandy, and we found all the horses pretty good except one animal, which is decidedly lame, and must be changed.

On returning to the hotel, Karam took us to see his preparations, and it was no longer possible to wonder at the delay in departure. He seems determined that the journey shall be made in the greatest comfort ; and yet it is against his own interest, for we pay him so much a day, and certainly did not expect a quarter of the luxuries he appears to be providing.

A stormy evening ; all the ships in the bay rolling and pitching tremendously.

November 4.—We were roused at six A.M., and found the wind still high and the weather threatening, but we were determined to make a start, our time being limited. I still feel far from well, but perhaps the travelling and mountain air will set me all right, though I fancy my discomfort is caused by the sudden change from great heat to this really cool weather.

Our baggage train of ten mules and one donkey started soon after eight, and by 9.30 we were on horseback with Karam and an attendant muleteer. The horses are not much to look at, but easy to ride and sure-footed, climbing up and down the stone staircases which represent roads in these parts. At first the road lay through the town, but we soon got out into pleasant shady lanes bordered by bamboos, acacias, and aloes. Then we came out on the open seashore, and rode along the sand of St. George's Bay, so called from being the supposed scene of the conflict between St. George and the Dragon. I wonder if the waves were as high on that occasion as they are to-day !

We next climbed up and down two tremendous rock staircases, crossed the Dog River, otherwise known at the Lycus or Nahr-el-Kelb, and arrived at the luncheon place. This was a curious little inn, built almost at the mouth of the river over a rapid stream, rushing from the rock and running through the middle of the inn. Two tables were placed bodily *in* the stream, so that if you liked you might sit with your feet and legs in

the water. But we were satisfied to eat the luncheon we had brought with us in the veranda under drier conditions, and enjoy the lovely view on either side. The rocks here are very fine, rising into abrupt cliffs 1000 feet high; the river rushes into the dark blue sea beneath them, and the mingled waters rise and beat themselves into foam against their steep sides. A few women in bright-colored draperies washing clothes on a little patch of sand, and the mules and donkeys tied up a little farther on, made all together a beautiful picture. A little higher up the river are the rock sculptures of Nahr-el-Kelb, curious flat tablets of Roman origin, supposed to have been put up by different kings to commemorate various expeditions and conquests in this part of Syria; but the figures and writings are much defaced and difficult to decipher.

All the afternoon the rocky bridle-path led us up the steep sides of Lebanon, through vineyards and mulberry-orchards, past small villages, where we caught an occasional glimpse, through the open doors, of busy handlooms, weaving the beautiful gold-threaded "Lebanon work." The air is much cooler at this height; in fact, after sunset it became very cold, and in spite of the lovely scenery, none of us were sorry to come suddenly upon our tents pitched on a green space just beyond the village of Ajiltun. There was some anxiety also for the first sight of our movable home for the next month. First, in the centre, was the dining tent, in which Tom and Albert sleep, but except for the beds, which are arranged so as to form most comfortable sofas in the day, you would never guess its "double duty." It is round in shape, and some eighteen feet in diameter, lined with gay-colored stuff and well carpeted. The second tent is similar, and makes a comfortable and pretty sleeping place for Evie and me; besides which there is a kitchen tent and all its belongings. I don't think any of us slept much that first night; the horses and mules, which were picketed all round the tents for safety, made such odd noises. Occasionally one broke loose and came sniffing round the tent, only to entangle itself in the ropes and cause a good deal of confusion.

November 5.—Breakfast was over by half-past seven, and by nine o'clock everything had been packed up and our long train began to move slowly off. We thought we had only six hours before us, and therefore took it easily the first part of the way. The views on all sides were exquisite, but particularly towards Beyrout over the sea, where the eye can follow the graceful curves of the coast. On the other hand rose the fantastic limestone rocks, standing out, here like a convent, there like the battlements of a fortress. Beautiful flowers grew in profusion on the hillsides, cyclamens and crocuses of half-a-dozen different kinds, and every tiny rivulet ran through a soft green fringe of maidenhair fern. Nearly all the hill peaks are crowned by a convent, and some of these dwellings are very large. This is the principal country of the Maronites, most of whom have been educated at Rome.

We were journeying along very comfortably, when unfortunately we took it into our heads to turn aside and see a remarkable natural bridge called "Isnel Hain," which has been much spoken of by travellers, and our guide never thought of telling us that it lay three and a half hours' journey out of our way. The first part of the track was truly frightful; down a slippery rock staircase, some of whose steps were so steep that the horses almost sat on the top, dropping both their fore legs down at once, and then jerked their hind legs after them, with a sort of jump, which was most jarring, especially as the landing had to be made on a smooth sloping stone. It looked too endless to attempt to walk down it, so the only way was to give the horses their heads completely, and sit as firm as one could. Two men walked by the side of Evie and me, to hold us on at the worst places, and catch us should we show any signs of falling off. However, we reached the bottom in safety, having only suffered from a severe shaking, and after winding along the steep banks of the river Nahr Sahib, we crossed it by a stone bridge and climbed up the opposite side of the mountain by an equally precipitous staircase. I do not think any description can give an idea of the tracks used for travelling in this country; the wo

; path might be a high road by com-
on. Perhaps they most resemble—
they are a hundred times worse—
;tony side of "Monte Moro," in
:erland, where I remember we had
ump from stone to stone. The
:ry was fine, but bleak, bare, and
ate, except in a few sheltered nooks
.e hillsides, which were filled with
odendrons, sometimes in full blos-

last the bridge we had come to see
reached, and certainly it is most
lerful. Imagine a span of 160 feet,
over the river, and formed by the
:al limestone rock. The illusion is
ct, for there are the abutments,
, and buttresses exactly as if they
been built from a design. It was
two o'clock, and we had far to go.
· a hasty lunch, therefore, and a
ı needed half-hour's rest, we start-
;ain; but before half an hour was
Karam and our guide began to
:el as to which was the right road.
worst of it was that neither seemed
in, and when we decided to follow
m up a dreadful goat-track, it was
because he was our responsible
r. This path brought us, after a
tful scramble, into a sort of *cul-de-*
.mong the limestone rocks—a spot
)ut a blade of grass or vestige of
:ation; it might easily have been the
nal of any of Doré's illustrated pages
ante's "Inferno." Here all traces
ıy path ended, and after trying one
down, which was too steep for even
cat-like horses, we began to feel
we were destined to pass the night
ıe mountains. It was now past five
ck, and so dark that we could
ly see our way by the fast fading
ght. A little lower down was a
ered hollow, with some brushwood
ıake a fire. Here we hit upon a
, and so pursued our way again
great difficulty down to a lower
:, whence we saw the lights of a vil-
Karam declared them to be those
fka, but this was not very cheering
.igence, for they were on the other
of the gorge, and we were on the
of a tremendous precipice and had
ı lost the path.
· this time I was so tired that I
ı hardly sit on my horse. We ac-
.ngly determined to stop, while the
guides went on to try and find the track again. Tom and Albert laid me down in a sheltered corner, and attempted to make a fire out of our newspapers and brushwood, in the hope of attracting the attention of the villagers. Two snakes gliding away, when disturbed, from their bushy retreat, soon, however, made them desist from their efforts. Fortunately a little brandy and wine was discovered, besides some fruit, a few biscuits, and a solitary egg! There were also some mackintoshes and a couple of Turkey rugs, which had been used as saddle-cloths. As for poor Karam, he was utterly broken-hearted at the idea of our passing the night out, and cried like a child. Of course he felt it was his fault for having mistaken the path.

After some time the guides returned, declaring they had found the road, and we reluctantly mounted our poor tired horses again. We had not gone far before my horse nearly went over a steep bank. It was pitch dark and Karam had been leading him. Fortunately Albert walked next me, and was just in time to pull me off on the wrong side before the poor weary brute floundered over. The odd thing was, that the horse did not appear at all the worse for his fall, so after an ineffectual attempt to walk over the huge stones, I was obliged to mount once more. For nearly three weary hours we wandered about, losing and finding the path alternately, until we were all completely exhausted. We then dismounted and laid ourselves down on the stony ground, sending the guides on to some distant lights, with orders to bring a native with torches to guide us to Afka.

After a few minutes' rest, Tom and Albert tethered the horses, and we spread one of the rugs under a large walnut-tree and lay down together, as close as possible, to keep ourselves warm. The two gentlemen took up outer positions with their revolvers in their hands ready for use: we put another rug over us and tried to go to sleep. But my dozes were haunted by recollections of bits of Murray's Handbook, such as, "This mountain is infested with jackals, panthers," etc. A vision also rose up before me of a certain Syrian shop in Cairo, full of splendid leopard and panther skins, which

the owner told me had been killed in the valley of Afka. All day, too, we had been hearing stories of the evil deeds and bad character of the inhabitants of the whole district. So our slumbers were neither deep nor balmy, and it was a joyful moment when our guides returned with a couple of paper lanterns and the assurance that we were not far from the track, which would bring us in a quarter of an hour to our tents. We therefore, with some difficulty, remounted our weary steeds, and winding along the edge of several precipices, arrived at the encampment at half-past three. We were all far too tired to care for anything but our beds, and the servants had entirely given us up. Karam was in such a rage at finding no tents pitched, no one up, and no food prepared, that he flew at the head-cook and beat him vehemently, besides distributing a good many cuffs and kicks among the rest of the establishment. This sharp practice, though rather trying to the spectators, resulted in the production of an excellent dinner of four courses in a very short time; and great was Karam's disappointment at our being too tired to eat much of it.

Saturday, November 6.—Every one is so knocked up by yesterday's fatigues that we must take things quietly to-day. It has therefore been determined to give up going to the highest point of Lebanon by the cedars, and to take the mountain road lower down, which forms, as it were, the base of the triangle. Our original idea included the two sides.

We started about ten o'clock down the valley to the beautiful fountain in the glen of Afka, the source of the ancient river Adonis. It issues from a limestone cave said to extend for miles into the mountain. When there is a storm on Lebanon the water becomes brightly tinged with the red minium earth, which has for centuries been called Adonis's blood. Close by are the ruins of an ancient Roman temple, sacred to the worship of Venus and Adonis. The scenery is magnificent: the river watering the glen is overhung with fine trees; the arid rocks and abrupt limestone cliffs tower thousands of feet above; while before you, seeming to shut in the quiet valley, rises range after range of mountains. To-day the road has been rather better; and we climbed slowly up the rugged path, every step showing us new scenic beauties. We had a good view of a grove of cedars on the opposite side of the ravine; but the first sight is disappointing, for few of the old trees are left, and the younger growth has not such laterally spreading branches as one sees elsewhere, nor are these degenerate trees to be compared at the present date with the splendid forest of Teniet-el-Had in Algeria, which has not suffered from such constant and varied devastation. All these hills were once clothed with luxuriant cedar and pine forests, but they have been hewn down for ages past, not only for the Temple and other great buildings, but for houses at Tyre Sidon, and all parts of Syria and Palestine, and none have been planted to replace them, nor have even the young ones been protected. They seed themselves in great profusion, but the cattle eat them almost all as soon as ever they appear above ground. A small chapel has been built at the cedar grove which crowns the highest point of Lebanon, and the attendant monks take as much care as they can of the trees. I am afraid, however, they do this for their own sakes, as their principal income is derived from the travellers who come from all parts of the world to visit the wide-spreading branches. We had not time to go up so high as this grove, but I heard from some friends we met shortly afterwards at Baalbek, who had just returned from seeing them, that two or three of the trees, supposed to have been saplings in the time of Solomon, are about eighty feet high and forty feet round the trunk.

We arrived at Akurah, a mountain village, in about three hours, and after lunching on the banks of a lovely stream, found our tents pitched on a knoll just beyond the village, beneath three beautiful Turkey oaks, with a fine panorama of mountains and rocks stretching before us down to the sea. I was only too glad to lie down, and we were all quiet the rest of the day. The night was cold, with violent thunder-storms, accompanied by the first rain we have seen since leaving Brest. The effect of the thunder echoing among the mountains was very grand, but the wind which followed was not so pleasant; our tents shook and

l, until we thought they must come

lay, November 7.—The morning terly cold, and it was a luxury to had not to make an early start, had none of us recovered from gue of Friday. I spent most of y lying on my bed and reading, lon't think any of the others did more. Tom read prayers in the g, and in the afternoon he and went for a stroll, while Evie found our way to a neighboring and washed out a few things. l been led to expect the probabil- a daily wash-out, and had there- me but slenderly provided. As could be found to wash for us, ed best to take this opportunity ıg it for ourselves, in spite of its Sunday. Our proceedings excit- greatest interest, and we soon ɔurselves the centre of an admir- wd.

rah is a flourishing Arab village, n a par with its neighbors as to Nobody and nothing seems ever ɔ sleep. All night long the dogs he children cry, the cocks crow, ıd women shout and wrangle, and t of the animals make queer non- t noises. But they are quite ss, and squatted in a watchful eply interested circle, about fifty ɔff, all this bright Sunday after- In our turn we gazed at them, lly at some picturesque creatures ɔng guns, and an imposing-look- louin, who rested idly on a lance ourteen feet long and pointed at ıd. Presently one of the crowd permission to show us a curious Of course we signified our will- ısent, through Karam, whereupon n proceeded with all a conjurer's to place two common wine-bot- led with water, on the ground, a ches apart. On the top of these ınced nicely two tumblers, also ɔ the brim with water. Then he ıhort, stout oak stick across, with just resting on each tumbler, and g his sword, cut the stick in two places with two strokes, and with- lling a single drop of the water. very cleverly done, and a real skill, not a mere trick with a ıted stick.

One of the numerous native dogs, who always infest the camp directly it is pitched, attached himself to me to-day, and insisted on sleeping in our tent.

Monday, November 8.—Yesterday's thorough rest has completely refreshed all the camp, but the cold is intense. The sunrise was lovely, though at half-past eight, when we started, the sun had not risen sufficiently over the mountains to warm us. Our way led through a narrow gorge, and then by bleak bare hills; an incessant climb for two hours. By this time it had become intensely hot, yet with a sharp east wind blowing; exactly like an English March day. The halt which Karam called, on the flat plateau at the top, gave us time to admire the magnificent view of the chain of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, with the wide plain, some seven or eight miles across, stretching between. The highest peaks of the range were covered with snow.

Almost immediately we began to descend a steep path, then crossed the lowest mountain spurs, and so made our way down to the plain itself. Here the travelling was more rapid, and we had crossed the river Orontes and reached Baalbek, after passing some Roman ruins, just as the moon was rising. The village is built on a green oasis in the midst of the long sandy plain, but we quickly left its narrow paths behind, and struck into a long subterranean passage, so pitch-dark that we could only make our way by the help of some cigar-lights which Albert fortunately had in his pocket. This tunnel led us out into the very centre of the court of the great Temple, and nothing I can write can convey any idea of the solemn beauty of the long colonnade of the Temple of the Sun or the six-columned frieze of the Temple of Baal, as we first saw them in the clear cold moonlight.

Our tents were pitched, and we found in another corner those of some friends, with whom we spent a pleasant evening, comparing notes of Syrian travel and adventure.

Tuesday, November 9.—The ruins look even more beautiful by day than in the moonlight. The delicate details of the decorations are better seen, the fine sharpness of the acanthus leaves, and the beauty of the bas-reliefs and wreaths

on the soffit or roof, between the colonnade and main building of the Temple of Jupiter. The mouldings in each square or octagon are perfectly exquisite. These temples stand on a platform still more ancient than themselves, comprising three enormous stones 64 feet long by 13 high. From these colossal blocks they originally derived their name of *trilithon*, or "the three-stoned."

The date of the temples is somewhere about 150 A.D. The great Temple was a Pantheon, dedicated to all the deities of Heliopolis. The second Temple was dedicated to the Sun; but Venus was worshipped there. Theodosius destroyed them in 379, only two hundred years after they had been built; but the carvings on their ruins are still as perfect as on the day they were finished. The great portico is especially magnificent; wreaths of foliage hang in graceful festoons on each side of the doorway, interspersed with Cupids and processions of dancing figures on the frieze. On the soffit of the door is a fine figure of an eagle, exactly like that in the Temple of Palmyra. It is an emblem of the Sun, to which the temple was dedicated. An earthquake has shaken the buildings to such an extent that this keystone has dropped down at least two feet, and the huge block, weighing many tons, looks as if the slightest jar would bring it down at a moment's notice. Indeed the whole gateway appears equally toppling and dangerous, and yet it has remained precisely in the same perilous condition for an immense time.

The interior of the great Temple of the Sun is as beautiful, each of its ruined details as conscientiously finished, as the outside is grand in its noble proportions. The remains of a magnificent arch still exist, also the friezes, on which are carved endless processions of dancing figures, full of life and movement, in every attitude. It must have been a larger building than the Necropolis at Athens, and is of a higher architectural value than the temples at Thebes, though it is smaller in size. It is the temple which has best escaped destruction; for, of the Temple of Baal, only six columns, supporting an exquisite and elaborate frieze, remain. This fragment stands on a large platform, which serves as a guide to the eye and imagination as to its original area. The circular Temple of Venus is almost entirely ruined, but the very little left is a perfect gem of beauty.

An Arab temple close by has been built with columns and capitals taken from the various temples around, and looks like a melancholy parody. The large capitals have been placed on columns far too short and too small, and everything seems carefully mismatched.

After a while we went outside to look once more at the enormous stones of the platform on which the temple stands. Then we strolled on to the stone-quarry, where a huge block remains waiting, as it has waited for many hundred years for the finishing touch of its workmen. It is larger than any of the others used in the platforms, being 68 feet long, and has been cut into its destined shape, but levelled at only one end. What a satire on human vanity and man's desire to perpetuate his name, that there is not the faintest clue to the name of the builder of these colossal temples! Even that of the reigning king was only conjectured from an accidental remark of a writer in the seventh century, though it is known that the edifices themselves existed as far back as the second century.

The start for the day's journey was made after leaving the quarries, and just before turning round the shoulder of the hill we paused to have one more look at the ruins, half-hidden by the clustering trees. Beautiful and suggestive as are the Roman ruins, these far exceed them, and are indeed finer than anything I have ever seen.

Our road to Shurgaya lay over the same bare dreary hills. We lunched on a rocky spot, and then went on for four hours and a half more. This brought us to our destination, and we encamped just outside the village. It turned out to be a very noisy and sleepless night, for the jackals came down in troops from the mountains and surrounded the tents, and indeed the village, making most hideous noises.

Wednesday, November 10.—After an early breakfast we made a capital start by eight o'clock, and enjoyed the two hours' ride as far as Zebdany. The village itself stands most picturesquely, amid luxuriant orchards and gardens, just where the Abana rises, in a gorge

mountains. After breakfast we
d the course of the river along a
ringed by trees and winding
ı orchards for some miles, and
ged upon a marshy plain between
ls. We picked out a dry and
ipot close by the riverside for the
r luncheon, and then rode on
ı marvellous limestone gorges and
te formations, to Suk Wady Bu-
ıe site of the ancient city of Abi-
remains of which are yet to be
ımid numerous rock tombs and
with inscriptions, high up the
the mountains. We followed the
of the Burâda (the Arabic name
ıarphar) down the valley until
hen turned round the shoulder of
untain, and arrived, by a fright-
of road, at El Fijeh, our camping
ɔr the night. It is a most roman-
t, and looked especially so with
ɔonlight shining on the rushing
The tents were pitched on the
ɔf the rocky stream, not five feet
he edge, and there was barely
ɔr them between the river and the
tous rocks behind. We had a
ight, which was a great treat, and
ıe jackal found us out.

rsday, November 11.—El Fijeh is
the largest fountains in Syria.
ıt its source it is a river, a dozen
ep, and clear as crystal. It rises
limestone rock, over which stand
ns of a Roman temple, and flows
a rocky stream, exactly like the
treams in Wales or Scotland, ex-
at it is overhung with large wal-
l fig trees. The place was so de-
l that we could not make up our
to leave it, and lingered until ten
:. The contrast seemed all the
r when we found ourselves jog-
long for three hours over the Sa-
ɔr Arabian desert. This stage
at Dammar, a village about an
rom Damascus, on the only car-
ɔad in the whole of Syria—a road
by the French between Beyrout
amascus. We did not follow it,
ɛr, but kept to the old mule track
ıe mountains, in order to get the
ıted view of Damascus from the
ŧ of the hills that surround the
There is a ruined Arab temple
top of the pass, and we lunched
n order to enjoy the scene at our
leisure. We certainly thought ourselves well repaid for choosing the steep bridle-path when we caught the first glimpse of the city. Its domed mosques and peaceful minarets rise from amid masses of variegated foliage; it stands among trees of every description, which grow luxuriantly on either side of the river. The Abana waters the plain here, and so converts the dreary desert land into a rich and fertile country, covered with fruit-trees—some of which grow to the size of English forest-trees—and luxuriant crops of many kinds.

With the same lovely view ever before our eyes, we descended the hill and soon reached Damascus, the most ancient city in the world, and one which has continued to flourish, in spite of all disadvantages, under its numerous rulers from the time of Abraham until now. Like all Eastern cities, the interior is disappointing. The streets are dusty and narrow, and the effect of the shabby houses and dilapidated walls is rather that of a collection of villages huddled together than of a large and important city. Our first call was made at an excellent hotel kept by a Greek. Its courtyards, with fountains playing, and with large orange trees shadowing the whole place, looked so enticing, its myrtles and jessamines and marble floors so cool, and its bedrooms so clean and comfortable, that we felt quite sorry it had not been arranged that we should stay there, instead of pitching our tents in one of the far-famed gardens of Damascus.

From the hotel we made a progress through the picturesque bazaars. Here they are covered-in buildings, swarming with people in every variety of Oriental costume. Turks, Syrians, Maronites and Druses of the town jostle each other. Now a Bedouin of the desert rides by on a beautiful Arab mare, with his long, pointed lance at rest, followed by other Bedouins on foot and in rags; unsuccessful robbers, possibly.

We wandered about for some time, greatly amused by looking at a crowd assembled to await the Prince of Prussia's arrival. At last we sauntered on to our tents, but a great disappointment awaited us in the appearance of the garden in which they had been pitched. Its roses were over, the grass looked

parched and dusty, and the Abana flowed low and sluggishly in its bed. But it was too late to alter now, so there was nothing for it except to dress and go and dine at the hotel. We made a droll cavalcade, on horseback, the gentlemen with loaded pistols, and the attendants, who carried lanterns, bristling with weapons. The *table-d'hôte* was rather bare of guests to-night, for the diligence which plies between here and Beyrout, and brings the travellers in time for dinner, did not arrive at all, having been required for the use of the Prince of Prussia, as it is the only carriage in all Syria! We returned to the tents in the same melodramatic procession, and had, besides, four soldiers to guard the tents during the night.

Friday, November 12.—Another cold and lovely day. Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath, and they make it market-day as well, so that the Bedouins of the desert, who come from long distances, may combine their temporal and spiritual duties comfortably, and do their marketing and go to the mosque on the same day. The streets were even more crowded than last night, with varied and wonderful costumes, and so closely packed that it was difficult to make one's way through them. In one corner stood a Bedouin Anazeh, of the tribes from near Palmyra, bargaining for 'a cane to make a spear, his goat's-hair cloak, with its broad black and white stripes, hanging from his stalwart shoulders. Another of the tribe, hard by, seemed to be doing his best to sell a horse, while others again rode by with an abstracted air, the graceful mares they bestrode often closely followed by whinnying foals. Groups of Turkish, Jewish, or Christian women make their purchases with quite as much earnestness and gesticulation as housewives nearer home, while their lords and masters lounged near, probably keeping an eye on the domestic expenditure, but apparently only intent on buying sweetmeats from some of the many venders. There were no Franks except ourselves.

It required great interest to get an order from the Turkish Governor of Damascus to see the great mosque, and the firman was only at last obtained through the good offices of Captain Burton, the celebrated traveller, now Consul here. The hour arranged for the visit was early, 9.30 A.M., and of course the first thing to be done when we reached the mosque, followed by a dense crowd, was to take off our boots. It is an enormous building, of great antiquity, but of no architectural beauty, used successively, in various ages, as a heathen temple, a Christian church, and an Arab mosque, and now falling into decay. We went through into the outer court, and so up the steep steps of the minaret, whence there was a fine bird's eye view of the city. After we had seen all worth seeing about the mosque, we went on to look at some Turkish and Jewish houses. They were all built on precisely the same plan as the hotel, with outer and inner courts, fountains, orange-trees, flat roofs and divans, and were all more or less richly decorated and furnished according to the wealth and taste of the respective owners.

After a twelve-o'clock breakfast, we sallied forth to visit the gold- and silversmiths' bazaars. They are something like the crypt of an old church, with smoke-blackened pointed arches, arches dividing running from column to column, looking like old-fashioned square pews. Every division contains three or four men, each with his little pan of fire and pair of bellows. In these dimdens most exquisite workmanship can be produced. What I found the most interesting were the ornaments worn by the Bedouin women, often heavily set with jewels, and the anklets and bracelets hung with bells, delighted in by Jewesses. There were also some golden "tantours," or horns, from which, on great occasions, drops the veil of a well-dressed Jewish woman. Though the things looked curious, I did not feel tempted to buy much, and we soon left the bazaar and went on to see the walls and their curious projecting windows, from one of which St. Paul was let down in a basket. After this we passed to the gates at the end of the "street called Straight," and so on to the house of Naaman the Syrian, which is now an hospital for lepers, the original Roman stones having received many additions to enlarge the building. There was also to be seen *the* great sycamore which grows in one of the bazaars, and is of goodly proportions, thirty-eight feet round the trunk, and of unknown age.

Damascus, as well as at Beyrout
airo, sugar-canes are sold at the
of every street, and the children
be perpetually sucking pieces of
We tried some, and found the
ery good, and if you only buy a
cane long enough you may do the same as we saw many passers-by doing, suck one end, and occasionally beat your donkey with the other.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

(To be continued.)

TWO MEN OF LETTERS.

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

HIN the last few weeks two pieces
rary biography * have appeared,
present a somewhat remarkable
st, and which at the same time
ment one another. The one is
Life of Charles Lever," the other
ile Bergerat's volume of reminis-
of Théophile Gautier. Between
rary merits of Lever and of Gau-
re can of course be little compar-
but between their positions as rep-
tives of French and English (if
English) men of letters of the nine-
century there is a not inconsider-
nilarity. They were almost exactly
porary, being born within a very
ars, and dying within a very few
s of one another. Both depended
y upon their pens for subsistence,
th, though in very different ways,
hat is vaguely called men of pleas-
The rewards which they received
ndeed different enough in amount.
annot help thinking how Gautier
have envied a man of letters who
make and spend, as Dr. Fitzpat-
lls us Lever for some years made
ent, three thousand pounds a
Seventy-five thousand francs rep-
the income of a man whom the
, in their modest arithmetic,
call "deux fois millionnaire,"
may be quite sure that Gautier
"touched" half the amount in
e of his forty years of hard liter-
rneywork—of such journeywork
aps no other man of letters ever
Less fortunate in his actual wages,
r was also far less fortunate than
in his extra-literary gains. M. Bergerat has pointed out that, though Gautier was reproached with his Bonapartism, singularly few drops of the golden shower rewarded his adherence to the Empire. He did his work, which was perfectly honest work, and received his pay, which was perfectly clean money. But no senatorship, no lucrative sinecure, fell to his lot; while Lever, in the later years of his life, was at any rate provided for without the necessity of working. "Je redeviens un manœuvre," said the author of "Emaux et Camées," to M. Edmond de Goncourt, after the disasters of 1870. For my part, considering what this *manœuvre* has left us, I do not know whether, for the benefit of literature and the credit of the literary calling, one can wish that it had been otherwise. Mérimée's luck might have brought with it Mérimée's fate, and have substituted a zero of idleness and sterility for the splendid work which Gautier so manfully did.

It is not at first easy to account for the uncomfortable impression which Dr. Fitzpatrick's interesting book somehow leaves upon the reader. No biography of the author of "Charles O'Malley" could be dull, and the reader who is in quest of amusement merely will find plenty in these volumes. But that Lever, with all his rollicking, was a decidedly unhappy person, whether it be a true impression or no, is certainly the impression here given. He appears to have been one of those extremely unfortunate men who take no genuine delight in the calling which nevertheless they pursue. He was indeed intensely sensitive as to public opinion on his novels. But he seems to have felt this sensitiveness, not because unfavorable criticism made him doubt the goodness of his work, but because it hurt his vanity.

ophile Gautier: Entretiens, &c. Par Bergerat, avec une Préface de Edmond court. Paris: Charpentier.
of Charles Lever. By W. J. Fitzpat-L.D. London: Chapman and Hall.

His reckless expenditure, in the same way, seems to have arisen as much from an uneasy desire to live *en prince*, as from simple enjoyment of the good things which his money could bring him. With regard to the famous accusation of "lordolatry" which Thackeray is said to have brought against him, I think that the passage in the "Book of Snobs" has been somewhat misinterpreted. But nobody can read either his novels or his life without seeing that from the last infirmity of British minds he was not free. He gained plenty of money, but he got rid of it in all sorts of ways, to which it is difficult to apply any milder description than that which was applied to the extravagance of his greater countryman Goldsmith. If he did not exactly fling it away and hide it in holes and corners, like Lamb's eccentric friend, he did what amounted to nearly the same thing. He was an inveterate gambler. He kept absurd numbers of horses, and gave unreasonable prices for them. To his lavish hospitality one feels less inclined to object, were it not that "wax candles and some of the best wine in Europe" are not wholly indispensable to literary fellowship. Like many other men of letters in our country, he could not be satisfied without meddling with politics, and endeavoring, though with no great success, to mingle in political society. His wild oats were not of a very atrocious wildness, but he never ceased sowing them. The consequence was that his literary work was not only an indispensable *gagne-pain* to him, but was also never anything else than a *gagne-pain*. It was always written in hot haste, and with hardly any attention to style, to arrangement, or even to such ordinary matters as the avoidance of repetitions, anchronisms, and such-like slovenlinesses. It has often been noticed that in "Charles O'Malley" itself it will not do to pay the least heed to the sequence or arrangement of the story. The chronology is utterly impossible, the same things recur again and again as incidents, and the whole book as a connected and coherent story is utterly formless and void. The more one hears of the life of the author and his manner of composition, the less surprising is this. The earlier books, at any rate, appear to have been mere transcripts of actual experience, and reminiscences of things heard and seen in Ireland, huddled together anyhow. The works of the second period rested in the same way upon actual observation of Anglo-Continental life, and those of the last, if they had a more original character, were scarcely improved by the change. Lever, in short, was not in the proper sense a man of letters at all. The pen was with him a mere instrument for putting into marketable form the stories which he told so well by word of mouth, and the queer facts, sights, and incidents which he heard, saw, or read of. Of literary form he had little or nothing. Long practice gave him, as it gives most men of talent, a passable style; but this style had little distinction and no special merit. He had neither the industry which tries a hundred phrases till it hits on the right one, nor the genius which hits on the right phrase at once. If his books are acceptable, it is always for the matter in them only.

So "allegorical an autobiographist —to use a queer phrase of his own— was Lever, that much of his biographer's work is occupied in tracing the original facts and experiences which he incorporated in his stories. The ballad-singer in the streets of Dublin, the upheaval of the pavement in order to liberate an escaped prisoner, the various escapades and pranks of the egregious Frank Webber, in "O'Malley," are known already to everybody. If some of Dr. Fitzpatrick's informants are to be believed, some still more singular experiences have been utilized in "Con Cregan" and "Arthur O'Leary." Early in life Lever went to America, and, it seems, did not like the inhabitants of the States. Thereupon he flung himself into the ranks of the red men, and the following singular episode occurred:

"For a time, Lever said, this was pleasurable; but only for a time. He grew weary of barbarism, and sighed for civilization. He endeavored to hide his emotions, and he succeeded with the men; but one of the squaws, looking at him fixedly, read his thoughts. 'Your heart, stranger,' said she, 'is not with us now. You wish for your own people. But you will never see them again. Our chief will kill you if you leave us. It is the law of our tribe that none joining us can go away. No! no! You will never see the pale faces again, nor go back to your country. How could *you* find the forest tracks for yourself if you fled?

rould be instantly followed and found; vhen found, you would be slain. O

He feigned to be convinced by her ents; but all his thoughts were fixed on e object—flight. How could he effect

very day and every hour he studied to pportunity; but it was all in vain. He the customs of the tribe to be as the described. There was to be no separa- om them, or death the penalty. The quaw noticed the change in his spirits, e long in his health; and her woman's ras touched with compassion. She even d the means of his getting away.

red Indian, named Tahata, came to the nce a year, bringing tobacco and brandy ome British settlement, and exchanging or the peltry the hunters had collected is previous visit. The squaw told Lever e would sound this man ('The Post' he alled), and see whether for a sum of he would appoint some place of rendez- or him in the forest, and be his guide h its mazes until some outpost or town be reached. Lever had no money, but Post' was to be remunerated by his ymen on his reaching them. The offer cepted. Lever, at the squaw's sugges- signed sickness, and was left behind in gwams with the women, while the tribe ut hunting. In the men's absence he is escape. Tahata was faithful."

the termination of this remarkable ture he "walked through the s of Quebec in moccasins and rs." It would be satisfactory if eathers and moccasins, at least, be produced in proof of the verac- the story.

he interval between Lever's return America and his student days in any, not much seems to have oc- l; indeed, the extraordinary vague- f this part of the biography may e indicated by mentioning that Dr. ttrick is not quite sure whether the an studies did not occur before the ican trip and the Indian episode. following notice of Dr. Barrett, s in "O'Malley" for his "May vil admire me," occurs, however, s part of the book, and is worth g: "A gentleman at Clontarf vished to become tenant of some e lands, invited him, when bursar, ther Fellows to dinner. He had een so far from college since his ood. It was then that, passing by Charlemont's beautiful demesne eing the sheep grazing, he asked extraordinary animals they were, vhen told, expressed the greatest delight at seeing for the first time live mutton. As he passed along the shore, the sea attracted his particular admiration. He described it as 'a broad flat superficies, like Euclid's definition of a line expanding itself into a surface, and blue, like Xenophon's plain covered with wormwood.'"

The following is said to have been a hospital experience:

"One night a fever patient died; the student took up his candle and proceeded to the dissecting-room. To an uninitiated stranger it would have appeared a horrible and ghastly sight; yet so much are we the slaves of habit, that the young student sat down to his revolting task as indifferently as opening a chess-board. The room was lofty and badly lighted, his flickering taper scarcely revealing the ancient writings that he was about to peruse. On the table before him lay the subject wrapped in a long sheet, his case of instruments resting on it. He read on for some time unheeding the storm which raged without, and threatened to blow in the casements, against which the rain beat in large drops; 'and this,' said he, looking on the body and pursuing the train of his thoughts, 'this mass of lifelessness, coldness, and inaction, is all we know of that alteration of our being, that mysterious modification of our existence, by which our vital intelligence is launched into the world beyond—a breath and we are here—a breath and we are gone.' He raised his knife and opened a vein in the foot. A faint shriek, and a start which overset the table and extinguished the light were the effects of his timidity.

"Turning to relight his taper he heard through the darkness a long-drawn sigh, and in weak accents, 'Oh, doctor, I am better now!' He covered up the man thus wonderfully reawakened from almost a fatal trance, carried him back, and laid him in his bed. In a week after the patient was discharged from the hospital cured."

Here, also, one would like a little corroboration. But while these stories, regarded as matters of fact, naturally excite some scepticism, there can be no doubt about one thing. Lever's varied life, his propensity to take hold of every laughable or surprising incident that presented itself, and his faculty of furnishing these incidents (when their own garb was not quite sufficient) with cocked hats and swords, were of immense use to him in his after-life as a novelist. There are two opinions about the value of actual facts to novel-writers. On the one hand, there is no doubt that, if only for a time, they add a considerable attraction and "bite" to a story; on the other hand, it is doubt

ful whether, in the best novels, any but very occasional use has been made of them. Lever's practice, however, was at one time to rely almost wholly upon the scraps of his experience. More than once he got into considerable trouble by his inveterate habit of introducing real names and real persons into his story. Major Monsoon, indeed, who is perhaps his best single figure, literally sat for the portrait at Brussels, and regarded the proceeding in the light of a regular commercial transaction; but a Galway priest was less accommodating, and never forgave his insertion in one of the novels. "Harry Lorrequer" is said to have been very largely made up of the local stories current at Kilrush, whither Lever was sent in the cholera time of 1832. His subsequent employment in Ulster, near the Giant's Causeway, was not less fruitful of stories, and gave him in addition a considerable amount of scenery and character, which he drew upon especially in "The Knight of Gwynne." It is said, too, that in Coleraine Lever himself performed the feat of jumping over a cart and horse, which he afterwards introduced in the most popular of his books. In the same way, his visits to prebendary Maxwell (an exceedingly unclerical representative of the Church of Ireland) supplied him with most of his knowledge of Galway and Mayo. So it continued to be throughout his life. At Brussels, during his reign as editor of he University Magazine at Dublin, in his subsequent wanderings about the Continent, and in his residence at Florence and Spezzia, his observation of men and things was the constant source whence he drew his inspiration. Of Trieste the great complaint seems to have been that there was no society, or next to none. In fact, Lever appears to have had a horror of being alone; though, perhaps, it may be admitted that few people have made such tendency to gregariousness as they might possess conducive to the amusement of so large a number of their fellows.

When he began to write for the Press, it was naturally enough in short stories and sketches that he preferred to record the results of his experience. He is said to have actually refused to write a long novel, and for a considerable period nothing like regular planning of his work seems to have entered his head. His biographer says that the prominence of Mickey Free in "O'Malley" was quite contrary to such original design as Lever had formed. The novelist found Mickey a very convenient mouthpiece "for enunciating the good things he had picked up." This fully accounts for Mickey's inferiority to Sam Weller, to whom he has been so often compared. Amusing as he is, any critical reader must feel that he is only a mouthpiece. This could never be said of Sam, even by those who deny to the latter any possible existence out of Topsy-Turvy Land. Perhaps the strongest evidence of Lever's real talent is to be found in the way in which he has succeeded in melting down these innumerable tags and scraps into books which, whatever may be their literary defects, can at any rate be read, and are not mere collections of jests. But the literary merit of the early novels is in reality almost as scanty as Edgar Poe, in a well-known review, asserted it to be. Towards the end of his life, long practice and some alteration in his manner of composing, improved Lever in this respect. But his early books are in many parts not merely not good as pieces of literary work, but positively and disgracefully bad. He used to say, we are told, that by the time he had got the details of his stories written down, he was so disgusted with them that he could hardly bring himself even to correct the proofs. It is, therefore, not very surprising that as his natural gift for writing was certainly not great, his work should have had a slovenly aspect. Such an aspect it most assuredly has, when compared not merely with great masters of style in French and English, but with practitioners in his own kind, such as Crofton Croker and Carleton. The very abundance, perhaps, of his material made him less careful in using it, and in showing it off to the best advantage. But it would rather seem that he did not possess the requisite faculty for turning nature into art. There were many of his contemporaries —Thackeray is a notable instance—who were by no means averse to the use of actual facts and actual persons as materials and models. But Thackeray invariably worked up his raw material into the peculiar form, at once individual

and typical, which literature requires. This is what Lever rarely or never does. His pictures are not portraits, they are merely photographs embellished with the stock appliances and garb of caricature. It is needless to say that anything that is unfavorable in this criticism applies merely to the artist and not to the man. Personally, Lever was doubtless a charming companion, and for mere companionship his books are charming enough still. Only they must not be regarded as books, but simply as reports of the conversation of a lively *raconteur*.

A very different picture is given us by the charming volume in which M. Bergerat has placed on record his remembrances of the last days of Théophile Gautier. The acquaintanceship of the author with his subject was late; it did not, indeed, begin until after the disasters of 1870 had given Gautier his death-blow. But what it wanted in time, it gained in intimacy. M. Bergerat was Gautier's son-in-law, and for the last two years of the poet's life the intercourse of father and son, of master and pupil, was constant. The old age of Gautier seems to have been as kindly as it could be, and not in the least frosty. The very prevalent notion that epicurean principles and tendencies insure for their possessor an old age of misery and disgust, finds its appropriate refutation in this record of the last days of the greatest of nineteenth-century humanists. Certainly Gautier was not without his trials. The preface of M. Edmond de Goncourt, an older friend, shows those trials pretty fully. The Siege, the Commune, and the Republic were all heavy blows to Gautier. The siege disturbed the placid life which he had led at Neuilly with his sisters, his daughters, and his cats, afflicted his ardent imagination with its sombre ugliness, and wounded the perfectly sincere patriotism, which was none the less fervent in him because it was less vocal than in some of his contemporaries. The outrages and horrors of the Commune jarred upon his kindly nature. Last of all, he had to adjust himself to a new order of things in which, rightly or wrongly, he felt himself a stranger and a foreigner. His meeting, after long years of separation, with M. Victor Hugo, is strikingly told in these pages. He had parted with his master when that master was still captain of the crew which De Banville has described in one of his matchless parodies.

> "Dans les salons de Philoxène
> Nous étions quatre-vingt rimeurs."

He met him again, as he told M. Bergerat, surrounded by "toute la rédaction du *Rappel*." To these moral shocks may be added the pressure of failing health, and the necessity of continuing to work for his daily bread, at an age when most men have retired to a state of more or less easy rest. Yet the unfailing sweetness of his temper, and the fulness of his trust in his art, carried him through these trials. If he was melancholy at times, as M. de Goncourt relates, it was with a melancholy which had not much bitterness in it. His brilliant days were, indeed, over; the days when, in half-sincere, half-humorous gasconade, he would cry out, "Moi, je suis fort; j'amène 520 sur une tête de Turc, et je fais des métaphores qui se suivent." The preface contains not a few of these extravagances. There is an appalling description of Louis XIV. which is too Swiftian for quotation. There is a speech to M. Taine, in which that critic's ideas of poetry are treated in a manner which does one's heart good.

"Tenez! Taine, vous me semblez donner dans l'idiotisme bourgeois. Demander à la poésie du sentimentalisme! . . . Ce n'est pas ça. Des mots rayonnants . . . des mots de lumière, avec un rhythme et une musique, voilà ce que c'est que la poésie. Ça ne prouve rien. . . . Ça ne raconte rien."

I cannot, as I read this, help wishing that somebody had suggested to Gautier that poetry was "a criticism of life," as we in England—some of us greatly wondering—have been taught in these latter days by a fine master of criticism.

One very curious statement of M. de Goncourt's is that, to the end of his life, Gautier retained the fine horror of the bourgeois which had characterized his earliest days. The ironical felicitations which he addressed to some unfortunate person recall the preface of Mademoiselle de Maupin. "Toi, tu es heureux, tu aimes le progrès, les ingénieurs qui abiment le paysage avec leurs

chemins de fer, les utilitaires, tout ce qui met dans un pays une saine édilité." After which he would indulge in the most terrible pictures of bourgeois morals: an effect which must have been full of comedy. For in truth Gautier's bourgeois was a highly figurative person; and in one sense of the term nothing could have been more bourgeois than his own placid existence at Neuilly in the midst of his family.

Besides M. de Goncourt's preface the book has no less than seven different divisions into which M. Bergerat has thrown what he has to say. The section on "Théophile Gautier, peintre," though an interesting one in itself, need not concern us here. It is amusing enough to know that the great writer regarded himself to the last (and was dutifully regarded by his faithful sisters) as one who ought to have been a great painter. "Derniers Moments" contains a sad, though in no way repulsive account of the painful malady or complication of maladies which proved fatal to Gautier, and need not be much dwelt on. Then there is a section headed "Œuvres posthume set projets," which contains, among other things, a full account of a ballet in the style of *Giselle*, and others which figure among the poet's published works. This ballet is on the subject of the pied piper of Hamelin, and is very gracefully treated. It is said to have been rejected by M. Halanzier (or rather to have been denied representation) for a delightfully absurd reason. M. Halanzier, it seems, called to his assistance that responsible and dignified official, the ballet-master of the opera. The ballet-master was dead against the piper and his rats. The rat, he said, was an "animal immonde," and the subscribers would be wholly unable to bear the sight of him. "Encore, monsieur," said he, "si c'était une abeille!" But unluckily it was not possible to turn the rats into bees, and so the *Preneur de Rats* remains still in M. Halanzier's portfolios. A section entitled "Souvenirs" is chiefly occupied with defending Gautier from the charge of being a Bonapartist. He was at most, says M. Bergerat, a Mathildien, but he admits frankly that the poet had as great a horror of the red spectre as any of his enemies the bourgeois, and that his political ideas were limited to a very hearty respect for authority, a respect which did not trouble itself greatly about the authority's source, its manner of exercise, or anything else connected with it. He tells us, too, what any reader of Gautier will find little difficulty in believing, that political discussion was peculiarly disagreeable to the poet, and that he would leave any table or society where it was started.

More important than these are the sections of the book devoted to a short sketch of Gautier's life, to a selection (all, unfortunately, that can be published) from his charming letters, and to the Entretiens, which, indeed, form the bulk of the volume. The biography contains some interesting statements. Even the sternest contemner of trifling literary anecdotes must be pleased to hear that Gautier's father and mother spent their honeymoon in no less a place than the Château d'Artagnan. His earliest years were spent at Tarbes, as is sufficiently well known. But what is not sufficiently well known is the following delightful "story of a desk," which M. Bergerat has preserved:

"'While I was at Tarbes,' said he, 'I heard from my fellow-townsmen that my school desk was religiously preserved at the town school, and that it was the admiration of tourists. Very much flattered at finding that such honor was paid to me in my life-time, I resolved to make acquaintance with the curious desk which was attributed to me, and at the same time with the school which boasted of having owned me as a pupil. I therefore presented myself *incognito*, to the Principal, and, announcing myself as an enthusiastic admirer of my own writings, I begged him to take me to see the beloved desk which had been the witness of my childish precocity.

"'The Principal insisted upon the honor of being himself my guide. The desk which he showed me, and even allowed me to touch, was certainly a desk of some sort, but at the sight of it an irresistible emotion took possession of me. It was assuredly the first time that I and it had ever been face to face with each other, but still, if it was not my desk it might easily have been. It might have awakened in me a crowd of memories! I sat down on the bench which belonged to it, and which, if fate had so willed it, would have been *my* bench, and having placed myself in the attitude of a studious scholar, I tried to imagine myself as once again in my own proper position. The Principal, seeing me thus absorbed, could not restrain a smile softened by emotion; he showed me on the desk sundry scratches and cuts made by Théophile Gautier in class, procuring for him, no doubt, many an imposition. I asked if I might carry off a little fragment of

the wood as a relic. He gave me permission. Then he led me away, telling me, meantime, a score of authentic anecdotes which appeared even to me conclusive, and from which it resulted that I must have been a marvellous scholar and the glory of his school. A Philistine would have taken a foolish pleasure in robbing the good man of his illusions. I had the less desire to do so, because I shared them with him. I quitted him without revealing who I really was, and I told no one of my visit. In fact, the Principal was right—added my master—as a question of morality; falsehood is much more amusing than truth, and has sometimes a greater probability. I had had a vision like Musset's, and had made acquaintance with the young man dressed in black, who was as like me as a brother.'"

Gautier's school friendship with Gerard de Nerval, his initiation in the *Petit cénacle*, his presence in the red waistcoat at the first representation of *Hernani*, and all the rest of it, are well known from his own account. But as he has sometimes been accused of remaining silent when he should have praised the god of his former and constant idolatry under the Empire, it is fair to give the following story, to which it need only be added that M. Victor Hugo's own words sufficiently refute the slander. "Votre main n'a pas quitté ma main," he writes to Gautier:

"On the 21st of June, 1867, the Comédie Française reproduced *Hernani*. Théophile Gautier was the principal attraction in this reproduction. He was seen in his box smiling, grown young again, without his red waistcoat, but still with his long lion's mane of hair, giving the signal, and as it were the tradition of the applause. But it was asked how the critic of the *Moniteur*, in his position of official writer, would manage to speak of the author of the *Châtiments* in the journal of the Imperial Government. The next day Théophile Gautier himself brought his article to the *Moniteur*. They begged him to moderate the eulogy, and to soften its enthusiastic tone. Without making the slightest objection, he took up a sheet of blank paper, and wrote on it his resignation. Then having made them take him to the Minister of the Interior, he laid before M. de Lavalette his article and resignation. 'Choose,' said he. The minister ordered the article to be inserted without altering a word of it."

The next thing that I shall extract ought to amuse the most ferocious decriers of his tabooed book:

"It would be a mistake to believe that the romantic outpourings of Théophile and the boldness of his pen displeased his family. Pierre Gautier was, as I have already said, a great admirer of the literary and artistic ideas of his son. As for the mother, it is needless to say that she lived in a continual state of dumb ecstasy, in the contemplation of this handsome young man with waving hair, who was gaining in the world every imaginable success. Never was child more spoilt, more petted, more admired by his family. Paternal authority never interfered except to remind the idle writer of the page begun and the end to be attained. Théophile Gautier wrote *Mademoiselle de Maupin* in the room which he occupied in his parent's house in the Place Royale. This work, full of spirit and animation, and which appears to have been written as it were at one breath, so that many people regard it as his masterpiece, wearied him extremely in the composing. The poet, who lived as a lion, and a man of fashion, much preferred writing love-sonnets, and displaying his gorgeous waistcoats and marvellous pantaloons on the boulevards, to shutting himself up before a lamp and blackening fair sheets of paper. Besides, in his character of romanticist he detested prose, and regarded it as in the last degree Philistine. When he came in, therefore, his father used to turn the key on him while he set him his task. 'You will not come out,' cried he through the closed door, 'until you have written ten pages of *Maupin*.' Sometimes Théophile resigned himself, sometimes he got through the window. At other times it was his mother who let him out by stealth, always anxious and fearing lest her son should be fatigued by so much work."

Here again is a curiously characteristic reminiscence of the connection which existed between Gautier and Balzac:

"When Curmer was thinking of his publication: *Les Français peints par euxmêmes*, he applied to Balzac for a contribution. The great novelist agreed to give his assistance on one condition, namely, that the work should contain a study on himself, and that this study should be written by Théophile. Was not this condition included in the spirit of the title, *Les Français peints par euxmêmes?* Curmer agreed. Balzac instantly hurried to the Rue de Navarin, where Gautier lived, and informed him of the order. It came like a lark from the sky ready roasted. 'I will pay you five hundred francs,' said Balzac, 'for this study on myself.' Théophile had soon furnished it and carried it to the publisher, but with his usual timidity did not dare to ask for the monev due to him. A week, then a fortnight passed, still no news of Balzac. At last one morning he appeared. 'I do not know how to thank you,' he said to his friend: 'your study is a masterpiece. As I think you may be in want of money I have brought you the sum agreed upon,' and he laid down two hundred and fifty francs.

"'But,' Gautier ventured to say, 'I thought you told me five hundred. I must have misunderstood you.'

"'Not the least in the world; I did tell you five hundred. But consider a moment. If I had not existed, you could never have said all the good of me which you have said; that is clear. Then, had there been no article of yours, there would have been no money. I take the half of the sum as the subject treated, and

I give you the rest as the author treating. Is not that just?'

"'As Solomon himself,' replied Gautier, who, many years after, in telling me the story, declared that Balzac was perfectly right."

Besides innumerable personal anecdotes of this kind, the book contains many illustrations, even more interesting, of literary idiosyncrasy. One of M. Bergerat's notes is that Gautier, who scarcely ever altered a phrase in his manuscript, never would insert any punctuation in it. He held stops and accents as a detail of the printer's business. Unfortunately, printers—may I add editors?—cannot be induced to take this admirably reasonable point of view. Another interesting detail is Gautier's idea of a style-school, which seems to have been quite serious, and not to have resembled Baudelaire's possibly borrowed theory of "poetry in twenty lessons." Gautier had a perfectly just idea of the services he had rendered to French, and the following passages, allowance being made for his lively and picturesque language, do not exaggerate these services one whit:

"My own part in this literary revolution was very plainly marked out. I was to be the painter of the company. I threw myself vigorously into the quest for adjectives; I dug up charming and even admirable ones, which it would be impossible to do without any longer. I foraged in the sixteenth century, to the great scandal of the subscribers of the Théâtre-Français, the academicians, and the close-shaven bourgeois, as Petrus calls them. I came back with my basket laden. I laid on the palette all the tints of dawn and the shades of sunset; I gave back to you red, dishonored by politicians; I composed poems in white major, and when I saw that the result was good, that the best writers followed my lead, and that the professors basked in their chairs, I delivered my famous axiom, 'He whom any thought, however complex, any vision, even were it the most apocalyptic, surprises, without words to express it, is not a writer.' And the goats have been separated from the sheep, the supporters of Scribe from the disciples of Hugo, in whom dwells all genius. Such is my part in the quest."

* * * * *

"'I know not,' said my master, one day, to me, 'what posterity will think of me, but I fancy that I shall at least have been useful to the language of my own country. It would be positive ingratitude to refuse to me, after death, the modest merit of a philologist. Ah! my dear child,' he added, smiling, 'if we only had as many piastres or roubles as the words I have rescued from Malherbe! You young people will thank me some day, when you see what an instrument I have left in your hands, and you will defend my memory against those literary diplomatists who, having no ideas to express, and no wit to make the most of, wish to reduce us to the hundred words of the language of Racine. Attend to this, that you may remember it at a future day: the day that I am acknowledged as a classic, thought will be very near attaining its full freedom in France!'"

In another place I find a curious account of Gautier's belief in his powers of writing the *roman-feuilleton*, the one lucrative branch of the literary profession in France. In a single instance, as students of his works know, he put his theory into practice, and the result was "La Belle Jenny"—a remarkable book for which I am glad to see that M. Bergerat, with all his hero-worship, has little more affection than I have myself. The criticism of M. Emile de Girardin, for whom it was written, is charming. He had allowed Gautier to write it as a *tour de force*, and the author, if not the editor, was fully satisfied with the result. In the pride of his heart Gautier wanted to go on *ad infinitum*, after the fashion of the kind of author who's work he was imitating. "Est-ce que l'abonné ne trouve pas qu'il en ait pour son argent?" he asked of the editor of the *Presse*. "Mon ami," replied the experienced person, "c'est ça, et ce n'est pas ça. L'abonné ne s'amuse pas franchement: *il est gêné parle style.*"

M. Bergerat has inserted in his volume not a few poetical waifs and strays, which have not as yet found their way into collections of Gautier's works. The best of these is not suitable for quotation here, though some day or other it will doubtless take its place among the other jewels of the "Emaux et Camées."

There are, however, two pieces which must be quoted. They seem to have been in their origin merely occasional verse:

"Je suis le mot de la charade
Qu'on vient de jouer devant vous,
Et si je parais sur l'estrade
C'est pour que vous deviniez tous.

"Mon nom longtemps troubla le monde:
Il n'en est pas de plus connu;
Chacun le répète à la ronde,
L'enfant même l'a retenu.

"Cherchez bien—je suis cette reine
Qui buvait des perles dans l'or,
Et dont la beauté souveraine
Fait rêver le poëte encor.

" Lasse de tant de nuits dormies
Sous l'ombrage des grands palmiers,
Quittant le pays des momies
Je vins au pays des mômiers.

" Sans regret j'ai fui le Nil jaune
Pour le Léman aux flots d'azur,
Et cependant j'avais un trône !
Un fauteuil en Suisse est plus sûr !

" Je fais la rime d'idolâtre
Et je mourus par un aspic ;
Mais ce n'était pas au théâtre :
Nul ne sifflait dans mon public !"

" Sur un coin d'infini traînant son voile d'ombre
La terre obscure allume à l'éternel cadran,
Sirius, Orion, Persée, Aldébaran,
Et fait le ciel splendide en le rendant plus sombre.

" On voit briller parmi les étoiles sans nombre
L'énorme Jupiter dont un mois vaut notre an,
Et Vénus toute d'or, et Mars peint de safran,
Et Saturne alourdi par, l'anneau qui l'encombre.

" A ces astres divers se rattache un destin :
Jupiter est heureux, Mars hargneux et mutin,
Vénus voluptueuse et Saturne morose.

" Moi, mon étoile est bleue et luit même en plein jour
Près d'une oreille sourde à mes soupirs d'amour
Sur le ciel d'une joue adorablement rose !"

I cannot help remembering, as I read over this splendid sonnet, with its majestic alexandrines, so full of color, of varied harmony, of stately grace, of fervent passion, that we have just been told that French has no adequate form for high poetry. A dissertation on this thesis is, perhaps fortunately, not called for here. Nor would it be in place even to examine the characteristics of Gautier himself as a poet. I could wish for nothing better than an opportunity of so doing. But I shall be perfectly content to rest upon the fourteen lines of this sonnet, a mere waif be it repeated, casually written and casually preserved, the capacities of the alexandrine for high poetry. In a formal defence of that magnificent metre (none the less magnificent because it has accidentally failed to be much cultivated in English), scores and thousands of examples might be produced far more convincing. In a formal discussion of Gautier's own poetry, the " Comédie de la Mort" and " Le Thermodon," the lines on Corneille, and many of the " Emaux et Camées," the " Elegy on Clémence," and many another early lyric must rank above and before it. But as it is to my hand here, I am content with it as a vindication of Gautier and of the alexandrine.

If the comparison of the lives of two men of such different talents as Lever and Gautier has any lesson for us, it seems to be this, that devotion to art has its rewards. There is the secret of a whole life's consolations in Gautier's boast—a boast perfectly justified—" I defy you to write the *feuilleton* I shall write to-morrow in the language of Racine and Boileau." He knew that he had added to the accomplishments of his own language, and what is more, that he had added to its capabilities. Perhaps it would be impossible to name any one in this century who has done this to such an extent as Gautier. From very early days his works have always been the special delight of men of letters in his own country. He has, in a different sense, occupied the position of " poet's poet," which has been assigned in our own language to Spenser, and thus his influence has been multiplied and strengthened almost indefinitely. To those who read the preface of " Mademoiselle de Maupin" now, forgetting its date, admiration of it may not be mixed with a feeling of surprise at the extraordinary novelty and originality of the style. But to capable readers in 1836, it must have been simply a revelation. It was as entirely new as the manner with which a few years before Macaulay had surprised Jeffrey, and it had few or none of the drawbacks from which Macaulay's brilliant *argot* suffered. But if we skip thirty years and turn to the " Captaine Fracasse," we shall find a style of equal or greater brilliancy, which yet is not in the least mannered or copied from the writer's earlier work. Throughout his life Gautier was literally what he has been called, a " parfait magicien ès lettres françaises." Yet the magic was, after all, like most of such magic, the result of continual work. Unlike many other men of letters, Gautier was constantly reading. M. Bergerat tells us that when he was not talking, eating, or writing, he was always reading, and that nothing came amiss to him down to mere scraps and

waifs of printed waste paper. The progress of his fatal illness was marked by nothing so much as by the cessation of this inveterate habit. These miscellaneous readings were undoubtedly part of the great "adjective-hunt," as he was wont to phrase it. His *copia verborum* was thus constantly fed and increased, while at the same time his unceasing practice in writing made the store one of constantly circulating capital, and not a mere useless accumulation. There never seems to have been a time when even the most minute question of literary practice, a rhyme-hunt or the like, had not a vivid interest for him. Thus his occupation, however he might occasionally groan at and complain of it, was in practice an unfailing source of pleasure, of relief from ennui, of alternatives from self-regarding cares. It was a strong tower which successfully kept out the enemy, until sheer physical collapse ceased to make it any longer defensible. On the other hand it would be difficult to find in Lever any trace of love for or interest in his art as an art. It seems to have been always a means to an end, or rather to half a hundred different ends, pursued with less or more zest for the time, but rarely falling in with any possible or coherent plan of life. Though he was a man of letters, his interests were nothing so little as literary. The wildest absurdities of the "Jeunes-France" and the "Bousingots" were somehow or other connected with literary questions. Lever's youthful escapades and later dissipation had nothing to do with literature at all, and might have been and were shared in by persons of no taste or interest in literature whatever. There is a famous sentence of Thackeray's which has sometimes excited a good deal of surprise. "No class of men talk of books, or as a rule read books, so little as literary men." It is not true of England now perhaps, but it certainly was true of England then. It has never since France possessed a literature been true of France, and the difference is strikingly illustrated in comparing these two volumes. M. Bergerat's book is almost composed of literary conversations, souvenirs, jests. Here the hero is defending a thesis against M. Taine or M. Renan, there expounding another for the benefit of M. Bergerat, everywhere talking of books, the way to write books, and the merits of books when written. In Dr. Fitzpatrick's volumes, on the other hand, there is hardly a single literary opinion cited of Lever's, and except the obligatory notice of his own books, scarcely anything that can be said to possess literary interest. It might as well be the life of a politician or a man of business, for any interest that its subject seems to have taken in things literary. It is quite possible that there may be something to be said in favor of this. The concentration of men of letters and art in literary and artistic sets and cliques has obvious disadvantages, of which the talking of "shop" is not the worst. It tends, no doubt, to promote a severance between the different lines of thought and intellectual occupation in the nation. The eternal hatred sworn to the bourgeois is not a necessary or a beneficial phenomenon either to the bourgeois himself or the man of letters. Although the tendency of French politics since the Revolution to open political positions to literary men of distinction may have made some compensation, it is still probable that the divorce between the Philistine and the anti-Philistine there is wider than with us. This divorce is at any rate not good for the Philistine himself, while it may tend to force his opponent into Bohemian ways and habits which he might very well avoid. But that it has done good to literature there can be no doubt. With very few exceptions, the service of the English literary man is rendered more or less half-heartedly. He is a journalist, a politician, a man of the world, a historian, a dramatist first, and a man of letters afterwards. He wants to influence public opinion, to get into good society, to establish his family comfortably, to do everything, in short, rather than live in companionship with the Muses, and with a few of the elect of their worshippers. Sometimes, no doubt, he achieves all these ends more or less completely; sometimes he fails very completely indeed. In the latter case the art which he has cultivated only with a half devotion naturally does not do much for him at the last. There is a story of a French man of letters who expired, and had apparently deliberately

purposed to expire, while correcting a proof. The person concerned was something of a coxcomb, and his taste in selecting that particular branch of literary employment was certainly peculiar. But there was something not altogether inappropriate in the assertion of devotion to the employment to which he had given himself up.

The spirit of Congreve's famous speech to Voltaire has never, at least since Voltaire's time, commended itself to men of letters across the Channel. With us literature has, until very recently, hardly been even a profession, still less an art having a recognized guild and brotherhood of cultivators. It would be considered an affectation, and a hardly pardonable affection in any one who had not produced capital works in some popular department of literature, to take the name of a man of letters at all. There may, I have said, be a good many reasons against, as well as for, the definite constitution and herding together of a body of *gens de lettres*. But it certainly has one result which cannot be denied. It leads to the display of much greater merit of the purely literary kind in the discharge of merely miscellaneous literary work. The French journalist, novelist, dramatist, may be and often is a man of far less education and information than his English compeer, but at least he does not often produce such slovenly and formless work. Also it has another good result which has been sufficiently indicated already in this review of the memorials of a great man of letters. It gives the *littérateur* all the essentials of a religion, the fellow-feeling, the cardinal doctrines, the prescribed hatreds which go to make up a regular cult. It is an excellent thing to have a religion of any kind, and particularly excellent when the relish of miscellaneous good things is fading, and pleasure, if it has to be found at all, must be sought in quiet occupations and in the performance of daily tasks. The game of the hunter of adjectives never becomes scarce, and his interest and energy in the quest never desert him.—*Fortnightly Review.*

DULCE EST DESIPERE.

A LATIN STUDENT'S SONG OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

(*Translated from the "Carmina Burana,"* p. 137.)

BY J. A. SYMONDS.

CAST aside dull books and thought!
Sweet is folly, sweet is play:
Take the pleasure spring hath brought
In youth's opening holiday!
Right it is that age should ponder
On grave matters fraught with care;
Tender youth is free to wander,
Free to frolic light as air.

Like a dream our prime is flown,
Prisoned in a study;
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

Lo, the spring of life slips by,
Frozen winter comes apace;
Strength is minished silently,
Care writes wrinkles on our face;
Blood dries up and courage fails us,
Pleasure dwindles, joys decrease,
Till old age at last assails us
With his troop of illnesses.

Like a dream our prime is flown,
Prisoned in a study;
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

Live we like the gods above!
This is wisdom, this is truth:
Chase the joys of gentle love
In the leisure of our youth!
Keep the vows we swore together,
Lads, obey that ordinance;
Seek the fields in sunny weather,
Where the laughing maidens dance.

Like a dream our prime is flown,
Prisoned in a study;
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

There the lad who lists may see
Which among the girls is kind;
There young limbs deliciously
Flashing through the dances wind:
While the girls their arms are raising,
Moving, winding o'er the lea,
Still I stand and gaze, and gazing
They have stolen the soul of me!

Like a dream our prime is flown,
Prisoned in a study;
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

Cornhill Magazine.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLOTS AND COUNTER-PLOTS.

Now the Laird has a habit—laudable or not—of lingering over an additional half-cup at breakfast, as an excuse for desultory talk; and thus it is, on this particular morning, the young people having gone on deck to see the yacht get under way, that Denny-mains has a chance of revealing to us certain secret schemes of his over which he has apparently been brooding. How could we have imagined that all this plotting and planning had been going on beneath the sedate exterior of the Commissioner for the Burgh of Strathgovan?

"She's just a wonderful bit lass!" he says, confidently, to his hostess; "as happy and contented as the day is long; and when she's not singing to herself, her way of speech has a sort of—a sort of music in it that is quite new to me. Yes, I must admit that; I did not know that the southern English tongue was so accurate and pleasant to the ear. Ay, but what will become of her?"

What, indeed! The lady whom he was addressing had often spoken to him of Mary Avon's isolated position in the world.

"It fairly distresses me," continues the good-hearted Laird, "when I think of her condeetion—not at present, when she has, if I may be allowed to say so, *several* friends near her who would be glad to do what they could for her; but by and by, when she is becoming older—"

The Laird hesitated. Was it possi-

er all, that he was about to hint
:hance of Mary Avon becoming
:tress of the mansion and estate
ıny-mains? Then he made a

young woman in her position
have a husband to protect her,
what I am sure of. Have ye
hought of it, ma'am?"
:hould like very well to see Mary
l," says the other, demurely.
I know she would make an ex-
wife."
ı excellent wife!" exclaims the
and then he adds, with a tone
ching to severity, "I tell ye he
a fortunate man that gets her.
y; I have watched her. I can
ıy eyes open when there is need.
ou hear her asking the captain
his wife and children? I tell you
human nature in that lass."
re was no need for the Laird to
ugnacious; we were not contesting
int. However, he resumed—
have been thinking," said he, with
e more shyness, "about my
v. He's a good lad. Well, ye
ma'am, that I do not approve of
men being brought up in idle-
vhatever their prospects must be;
have no doubt whatever that my
v Howard is working hard enough
t with the reading of law-books,
tending the courts, and all that—
ı as yet he has not had much busi-
But then there is no necessity.
ot think he is a lad of any great
tion, like your friend Mr. Suther-
vho has to fight his way in the
in any case. But Howard—I
een thinking now that if he was to
rried and settled, he might give
law business altogether; and, if
ere content to live in Scotland, he
look after Denny-mains. It will
in any case, ye know; he would
he interest of a man looking after
n property. Now, I will tell ye
, ma'am, what I have been think-
ɔut this day or two back; if How-
ıuld marry your young lady friend,
ɔuld be agreeable to me."
calm manner in which the Laird
ıced his scheme showed that it
en well matured. It was a nat-
imple, feasible arrangement, by
two persons in whom he took a
warm interest would be benefited at
once.

"But then, sir," says his hostess, with a smile which she cannot wholly repress, "you know people never do marry to please a third person—at least, very seldom."

"Oh, there can be no forcing," said the Laird with decision. "But I have done a great deal for Howard; may I not expect that he will do something for me?"

"Oh, doubtless, doubtless," says this amiable lady, who has had some experience in match-making herself; "but I have generally found that marriages that would be in every way suitable and pleasing to friends, and obviously desirable, are precisely the marriages that never come off. Young people, when they are flung at each other's heads, to use the common phrase, never will be sensible and please their relatives. Now if you were to bring your nephew here, do you think Mary would fall in love with him because she ought? More likely you would find that, out of pure contrariety, she would fall in love with Angus Sutherland, who cannot afford to marry, and whose head is filled with other things."

"I am not sure, I am not sure," said the Laird, musingly. "Howard is a good-looking young fellow, and a capital lad, too. I am not so sure."

"And then, you know," said the other shyly, for she will not plainly say any thing to Mary's disparagement; "young men have different tastes in their choice of a wife. He might not have the high opinion of her that you have."

At this the Laird gave a look of surprise, even of resentment.

"Then I'll tell ye what it is, ma'am," said he, almost angrily; "if my nephew had the chance of marrying such a girl, and did not do so, I should consider him—I should consider him *a fool*, and say so."

And then he added, sharply—

"And do ye think I would let Denny-mains pass into the hands of *a fool?*"

Now this kind lady had had no intention of rousing the wrath of the Laird in this manner; and she instantly set about pacifying him. And the Laird

was easily pacified. In a minute or two he was laughing good-naturedly at himself for getting into a passion; he said it would not do for one at his time of life to try to play the part of the stern father as they played that in theatre pieces—there was to be no forcing.

"But he's a good lad, ma'am, a good lad," said he, rising as his hostess rose; and he added, significantly, "he is no fool, I assure ye, ma'am; he has plenty of common-sense."

When we get up on deck again, we find that the White Dove is gently gliding out of the lonely Loch Scresorst, with its solitary house among the trees, and its crofters' huts at the base of the sombre hills. And as the light cool breeze—gratefully cool after the blazing heat of the last day or two—carries us away northward, we see more and more of the awful solitudes of Haleval and Haskeval, that are still thunderous and dark under the hazy sky. Above the great shoulders, and under the purple peaks, we see the far-reaching corries opening up, with here and there a white waterfall just visible in the hollows. There is a sense of escape as we draw away from that overshadowing gloom.

Then we discover that we have a new skipper to-day, *vice* John of Skye, deposed. The fresh hand is Mary Avon, who is at the tiller, and looking exceedingly business-like. She has been promoted to this post by Dr. Sutherland, who stands by; she receives explanations about the procedure of Hector of Moidart, who is up aloft, lacing the smaller topsail to the mast; she watches the operations of John of Skye and Sandy, who are at the sheets below; and, like a wise and considerate captain, she pretends not to notice Master Fred, who is having a quiet smoke by the windlass. And so, past those lonely shores sails the brave vessel—the yawl White Dove, Captain Mary Avon, bound for anywhere.

But you must not imagine that the new skipper is allowed to stand by the tiller. Captain though she may be, she has to submit civilly to dictation, in so far as her foot is concerned. Our young Doctor has compelled her to be seated, and he has passed a rope round the tiller that so she can steer from her chair, and from time to time he gives suggestions, which she receives as orders.

"I wish I had been with you when you first sprained your foot," he says.

"Yes?" she answers, with humble inquiry in her eyes.

"I would have put it in plaster of Paris," he says, in a matter-of-fact way, "and locked you up in the house for a fortnight; at the end of that time you would not know which ankle was the sprained one."

There was neither "with your leave" nor "by your leave" in this young man's manner when he spoke of that accident. He would have taken possession of her. He would have discarded your bandages and hartshorn, and what not; when it was Mary Avon's foot that was concerned—it was intimated to us—he would have had his own way in spite of all comers.

"I wish I had known," she says, timidly, meaning that it was the treatment she wished she had known.

"There is a more heroic remedy," said he, with a smile; "and that is walking the sprain off. I believe that can be done, but most people would shrink from the pain. Of course, if it were done at all, it would be done by a woman; women can bear pain infinitely better than men."

"Oh, do you think so!" she says, in mild protest. "Oh, I am sure not. Men are so much braver than women, so much stronger—"

But this gentle quarrel is suddenly stopped, for some one calls attention to a deer that is calmly browsing on one of the high slopes above that rocky shore, and instantly all glasses are in request. It is a hind, with a beautifully shaped head and slender legs; she takes no notice of the passing craft, but continues her feeding, walking a few steps onward from time to time. In this way she reaches the edge of a gully in the rugged cliffs where there is some brushwood, and probably a stream; into this she sedately descends, and we see her no more.

Then there is another cry; what is this cloud ahead, or waterspout resting on the calm bosom of the sea? Glasses again in request, amid many exclamations, reveal to us that this is a dense cloud of birds; a flock so vast that towards the water it seems black; can it be the dead body of a whale that has

collected this world of wings from all the Northern seas? Hurry on, White Dove; for the floating cloud with the black base is moving and seething—in fantastic white fumes, as it were—in the loveliness of this summer day. And now, as we draw nearer, we can descry that there is no dead body of a whale causing that blackness; but only the density of the mass of seafowl. And nearer and nearer as we draw, behold! the great gannets swooping down in such numbers that the sea is covered with a mist of waterspouts; and the air is filled with innumerable cries; and we do not know what to make of this bewildering, fluttering, swimming, screaming mass of terns, guillemots, skarts, kittiwakes, razorbills, puffins, and gulls. But they draw away again. The herring-shoal is moving northward. The murmur of cries becomes more remote, and the seething cloud of the sea-birds is slowly dispersing. When the White Dove sails up to the spot at which this phenomenon was first seen, there is nothing visible but a scattered assemblage of guillemots—*kurroo! kurroo!* answered by *pe-yoo-it! pe-yoo-it!*—and great gannets—"as big as a sheep," says John of Skye—apparently so gorged that they lie on the water within stone's-throw of the yacht, before spreading out their long, snow-white, black-tipped wings to bear them away over the sea.

And now, as we are altering our course to the west—far away to our right stand the vast Coolins of Skye—we sail along the northern shores of Rum. There is no trace of any habitation visible; nothing but the precipitous cliffs, and the sandy bays, and the outstanding rocks dotted with rows of shining black skarts. When Mary Avon asks why those sandy bays should be so red, and why a certain ruddy warmth of color should shine through even the patches of grass, our F.R.S. begins to speak of powdered basalt rubbed down from the rocks above. He would have her begin another sketch, but she is too proud of her newly acquired knowledge to forsake the tiller.

The wind is now almost dead aft, and we have a good deal of gybing. Other people might think that all this gybing was an evidence of bad steering on the part of our new skipper; but Angus Sutherland—and we cannot contradict an F.R.S.—assures Miss Avon that she is doing remarkably well; and, as he stands by to lay hold of the main sheet when the boom swings over, we are not in much danger of carrying away either port or starboard davits.

"Do you know," says he lightly, "I sometimes think I ought to apply for the post of surgeon on board a man-of-war? That would just suit me—"

"Oh, I hope you will not," she blurts out, quite inadvertently; and thereafter there is a deep blush on her face.

"I should enjoy it immensely, I know," says he, wholly ignorant of her embarrassment, because he is keeping an eye on the sails. "I believe I should have more pleasure in life that way than any other—"

"But you do not live for your own pleasure," says she hastily, perhaps to cover her confusion.

"I have no one else to live for, anyway," says he, with a laugh; and then he corrected himself. "Oh, yes, I have. My father is a sad heretic. He has fallen away from the standards of his faith; he has set up idols—the diplomas and medals I have got from time to time. He has them all arranged in his study, and I have heard that he positively sits down before them and worships them. When I sent him the medal from Vienna—it was only bronze—he returned to me his Greek Testament, that he had interleaved and annotated when he was a student; I believe it was his greatest possession."

"And you would give up all that he expects from you to go away and be a doctor on board a ship!" says Mary Avon, with some proud emphasis. "That would not be my ambition if I were a man, and—and—if I had—if—"

Well, she could not quite say to Brose's face what she thought of his powers and prospects; so she suddenly broke away and said—

"Yes; you would go and do that for your own amusement? And what would the amusement be? Do you think they would let the doctor interfere with the sailing of the ship?"

"Well," said he, laughing, "that is a practical objection. I don't suppose the captain of a man-of-war or even of a merchant vessel would be as accom-

modating as your John of Skye. Captain John has his compensation when he is relieved; he can go forward, and light his pipe."

"Well, I think for *your father's sake*," says Miss Avon, with decision, "you had better put that idea out of your head, once and for all."

Now blow, breezes, blow! What is the great headland that appears, striking out into the wide Atlantic?

Ahead she goes! the land she knows!
Behold! the snowy shores of Canna!
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together,
Ho, ro, clansmen!

"Tom Galbraith," the Laird is saying solemnly, to his hostess, "has assured me that Rum is the most picturesque island on the whole of the western coast of Scotland. That is his deleeberate opinion. And indeed I would not go so far as to say he was wrong. Arran! They talk about Arran! Just look at those splendid mountains coming sheer down to the sea; and the light of the sun on them! Eh, me, what a sunset there will be this night!"

"Canna?" says Dr. Sutherland, to his interlocutor, who seems very anxious to be instructed. "Oh, I don't know. *Canna* in Gaelic is simply a can; but then *Cana* is a whale; and the island in the distance looks long and flat on the water. Or it may be from *canach*—that is the moss-cotton; or from *cannach*—that is the sweet-gale. You see, Miss Avon, ignorant people have an ample choice."

Blow! breezes blow! as the yellow light of the afternoon shines over the broad Atlantic. Here are the eastern shores of Canna, high and rugged, and dark with caves; and there the western shores of Rum, the mighty mountains aglow in the evening light. And this remote and solitary little bay, with its green headlands, and its awkward rocks at the mouth, and the one house * presiding over it amongst that shining wilderness of shrubs and flowers? Here is fair shelter for the night.

After dinner, in the lambent twilight, we set out with the gig; and there was much preparation of elaborate contrivances for the entrapping of fish. But the Laird's occult and intricate tackle—the spinning minnows, and spoons, and india-rubber sand-eels—proved no competitor for the couple of big white fli- that Angus Sutherland had buske- And of course Mary Avon had that ro- and when some huge lithe dragged t- end of the rod fairly under water, a- when she cried aloud, "Oh, oh! can't hold it; he'll break the rod then arose Brose's word of command "Haul him in! Shove out the bu- No scientific playing with a lit- Well done!—well done!—a five-pou- er I'll bet ten farthings!"

It was not scientific fishing; but we got big fish—which is of more importance in the eyes of Master Fred. And then, as the night fell, we set out again for the yacht; and the Doctor pulled stroke; and he sang some more verses of the *biorlinn* song as the blades dashed fire into the rushing sea:

Proudly o'er the waves we'll bound her,
As the staghound bounds the heather!
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together,
Ho, ro, clansmen!
Through the eddying tide we'll guide her,
Round each isle and breezy headland,
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together,
Ho, ro, clansmen!

The yellow lamp at the bow of the yacht grew larger and larger; the hull of the boat looked black between us and the starlit heavens; as we clambered on board there was a golden glow from the saloon skylight. And then, during the long and happy evening, amid all the whist-playing and other amusements going forward, what about certain timid courtesies and an occasional shy glance between those two young people? Some of us began to think that if the Laird's scheme was to come to any thing, it was high time that Mr. Howard Smith put in an appearance.

CHAPTER IX.

A WILD STUDIO.

THERE is a fine bustle of preparation next morning—for the gig is waiting by the side of the yacht; and Dr. Sutherland is carefully getting our artist's materials into the stern; and the Laird is busy with shawls and waterproofs;

* Sir, our gratitude to you! Better milk, and more welcome, never came from any dairy.

laster Fred brings along the
on-basket. Our Admiral-in-chief
to stay on board ; she has letters
e ; there are enough of us to go
tossed on the Atlantic swell off
at caves of Canna.

as the men strike their oars in
ter and we wave a last adieu, the
catches a glimpse of our larder at
rn of the yacht. Alas ! there is
e remaining piece of fresh meat
g there, under the white canvas.

reminds me," says he, beginning
h already, " of a good one that
Galbraith told me—a real good
at was. Tom had a little bit
hat his man and himself sailed
he was painting, ye know ; and
y they got into a bay where Dun-
hat was the man's name—had
riends ashore. Tom left him in
of the yacht ; and—and—ha ! ha !
here was a leg of mutton hanging
stern. Well, Tom was rowed
; and painted all day ; and came
to the yacht in the afternoon.
was no leg of mutton! ' Dun-
ays he, ' where is the leg of mut-

Duncan pretended to be vastly
ed. ' Iss it away ? ' says he.
? ' says Tom. ' Don't you see
vay ? I want to know who took
Duncan looked all round him—at
. and the sky—and then says he—
ays he, ' Maybe it wass a dog ! '—
! hee ! hee ! hee !—' maybe it
dog,' says he ; and they were
mile from the shore ! I never
canvas at the stern of a yacht
t thinking o' Tom Galbraith and
of mutton ;" and here the Laird
l long and loud again.

have heard you speak once or
bout Tom Galbraith," remarked
ung Doctor, without meaning the
arcasm ; " he is an artist, I sup-

Laird stopped laughing. There
look of indignant wonder—ap-
ing to horror—on his face. But
he proceeded, with some dignity
en resentment, to explain to this
it person the immense importance
school that Tom Galbraith had
iefly instrumental in forming; and
h qualities of that artist's personal
and how the members of the
Academy shook in their shoes

at the mere mention of Tom Galbraith's name, he became more pacified ; for Angus Sutherland listened with great respect, and even promised to look out for Mr. Galbraith's work if he passed through Edinburgh on his way to the south.

The long, swinging stroke of the men soon took us round the successive headlands until we were once more in the open, with the mountains of Skye in the north, and, far away at the horizon, a pale line which we knew to be North Uist. And now the green shores of Canna were becoming more precipitous ; and there was a roaring of the sea along the spurs of black rock ; and the long Atlantic swell, breaking on the bows of the gig, was sending a little more spray over us than was at all desirable. Certainly no one who could have seen the Doctor at this moment — with his fresh-colored face dripping with the salt water and shining in the sunlight — would have taken him for a hard-worked and anxious student. His hard work was pulling stroke-oar, and he certainly put his shoulders into it, as the Laird had remarked ; and his sole anxiety was about Mary Avon's art-materials. That young lady shook the water from the two blank canvases, and declared it did not matter a bit.

These lonely cliffs !—becoming more grim and awful every moment, as this mite of a boat still wrestles with the great waves, and makes its way along the coast. And yet there are tender greens where the pasturage appears on the high plateaus ; and there is a soft ruddy hue where the basalt shines. The gloom of the picture appears below—in the caves washed out of the conglomerate by the heavy seas ; in the spurs and fantastic pillars and arches of the black rock ; and in this leaden-hued Atlantic springing high over every obstacle to go roaring and booming into the caverns. And these innumerable white specks on the sparse green plateaus and on this high promontory : can they be mushrooms in millions ? Suddenly one of the men lifts his oar from the rowlock, and rattles it on the rail of the gig. At this sound a cloud rises from the black rocks ; it spreads ; the next moment the air is darkened over our heads ; and almost before we know what has happened, this

vast multitude of puffins has wheeled by us, and wheeled again further out to sea—a smoke of birds! And as we watch them, behold! stragglers come back—in thousands upon thousands—the air is filled with them—some of them swooping so near us that we can see the red parrot-like beak and the orange-hued web-feet, and then again the green shelves of grass and the pinnacles of rock become dotted with those white specks. The myriads of birds; the black caverns; the arches and spurs of rock; the leaden-hued Atlantic bounding and springing in white foam: what says Mary Avon to that? Has she the courage?

"If you can put me ashore?" says she.

"Oh, we will get you ashore, somehow," Dr. Sutherland answers.

But, indeed, the nearer we approach that ugly coast the less we like the look of it. Again and again we make for what should be a sheltered bit; but long before we can get to land we can see through the plunging sea great masses of yellow, which we know to be the barnacled rock; and then ahead we find a shore that, in this heavy surf, would make matchwood of the gig in three seconds. Brose, however, will not give in. If he cannot get the gig on to any beach or into any creek, he will land our artist somehow. And at last—and in spite of the remonstrances of John of Skye—he insists on having the boat backed in to a projecting mass of conglomerate, all yellowed over with small shell-fish, against which the sea is beating heavily. It is an ugly landing-place; we can see the yellow rock go sheer down in the clear green sea; and the surf is spouting up the side in white jets. But if she can watch a high wave, and put her foot there—and there—will she not find herself directly on a plateau of rock at least twelve feet square?

"Back her, John!—back her!—" and therewith the Doctor, watching his chance, scrambles out and up to demonstrate the feasibility of the thing. And the easel is handed out to him; and the palette and canvases; and finally Mary Avon herself. Nay, even the Laird will adventure, sending on before him the luncheon-basket.

It is a strange studio—this projecting shell-crusted rock, surrounded on three sides by the sea, and on the fourth by an impassable cliff. And the sounds beneath our feet—there must be some subterranean passage or cave into which the sea roars and booms. But Angus Sutherland rigs up the easel rapidly; and arranges the artist's camp-stool; and sets her fairly agoing; then he proposes to leave the Laird in charge of her. He and the humble chronicler of the adventures of these people mean to have some further exploration of this wild coast.

But we had hardly gone a quarter of a mile or so—it was hard work pulling in this heavy sea—when the experienced eye of Sandy from Islay saw that something was wrong.

"What's that?" he said, staring.

We turned instantly, and strove to look through the mists of spray. Where we had left the Laird and Mary Avon there were now visible only two mites, apparently not bigger than puffins. But is not one of the puffins gesticulating wildly?

"Round with her, John!" the Doctor calls out. "They want us—I'm sure."

And away the gig goes again—plunging into the great troughs and then swinging up to the giddy crests. And as we get nearer and nearer, what is the meaning of the Laird's frantic gestures? We cannot understand him; and it is impossible to hear, for the booming of the sea into the caves drowns his voice.

"He has lost his hat," says Angus Sutherland; and then, the next second, "Where's the easel?"

Then we understand those wild gestures. Pull away, merry men! for has not a squall swept the studio of its movables? And there, sure enough, tossing high and low on the waves, we descry a variety of things—an easel, two canvases, a hat, a veil, and what not. Up with the boat-hook to the bow; and gently with those plunges, most accurate Hector of Moidart!

"I am so sorry," she says (or rather shrieks), when her dripping property is restored to her.

"It was my fault," our Doctor yells; "but I will undertake to fasten your easel properly this time"—and therewith he fetches a lump of rock that might have moored a man-of-war.

: stay and have luncheon in this
' and thunderous studio—though
' Avon will scarcely turn from her
as. And there is no painting of pink
iums about this young woman's
. We see already that she has got
rough grip of this cold, hard coast
sun is obscured now, and the vari-
ues are more sombre than ever);
though she has not had time as yet
r to catch the motion of the rolling
she has got the color of it—a lead-
ay, with glints of blue and white,
vith here and there a sudden splash
ep, rich, glassy, bottle green, where
wave for a moment catches, just as
s to the shore, a reflection from the
plateaus above. Very good, Miss
; very good—but we pretend that
:e not looking.
ien away we go again, to leave the
to her work; and we go as near as
ble—the high sea will not allow us
.ter—the vast black caverns; and
'atch through the clear water for
masses of yellow rock. And then
multitudes of white-breasted, red-
l birds perched up there—close to
small burrows in the scant grass;
jerk their heads about in a watchful
just like the prairie-dogs at the
h of their sandy habitations on the
'ado plains. And then again a hun-
or two of them come swooping
from the rocky pinnacles and sail
our heads—twinkling bits of color
:en the gray-green sea and the blue-
vhite of the sky. They resent the
nce of strangers in this far-home of
ea-birds.
is a terrible business getting that
g lady and her paraphernalia back
the gig again; for the sea is still
, and, of course, additional care
ow to be taken of the precious can-
But at last she, and the Laird, and
ncheon-basket, and every thing else
been got on board; and away we
r the yacht again, in the now clear-
:ternoon. As we draw further away
the roar of the caves, it is more
ble to talk; and naturally we are all
complimentary about Mary Avon's
h in oils.
Ay," says the Laird, "and it wants
ne thing; and I am sure I could
Tom Galbraith to put that in for
A bit of a yacht, ye know, or
other sailing vessel, put below the cliffs, would give people a notion of the height of the cliffs, do ye see? I am sure I could get Tom Galbraith to put that in for ye."

"I hope Miss Avon won't let Tom Galbraith or anybody else meddle with the picture," says Angus Sutherland, with some emphasis. "Why, a yacht! Do you think anybody would let a yacht come close to rocks like these? As soon as you introduce any making-up like that, the picture is a sham. It is the real thing now, as it stands. Twenty years hence you could take up that piece of canvas, and there before you would be the very day that you spent here—it would be like finding your old life of twenty years before opened up to you with a lightning-flash. The picture is—why I should say it is invaluable, as it stands."

At this somewhat fierce praise, Mary Avon colors a little. And then she says with a gentle hypocrisy—

"Oh, do you really think there is—there is—some likeness to the place?"

"It is the place itself!" says he, warmly.

"Because," she says, timidly, and yet with a smile, "one likes to have one's work appreciated, however stupid it may be. And—and—if you think that—would you like to have it? Because I should be so proud if you would take it—only I am ashamed to offer my sketches to anybody—"

"That!" said he, staring at the canvas as if the mines of Golconda were suddenly opened to him. But then he drew back. "Oh, no," he said; "you are very kind—but—but, you know, I cannot. You would think I had been asking for it."

"Well," says Miss Avon, still looking down, "I never was treated like this before. You won't take it? You don't think it is worth putting in your portmanteau."

At this the young Doctor's face grew very red; but he said boldly—

"Very well, now, if you have been playing fast and loose, you shall be punished. I *will* take the picture, whether you grudge it me or not. And I don't mean to give it up now."

"Oh," said she, very gently, "if it reminds you of the place, I shall be very

pleased—and—and it may remind you too that I am not likely to forget your kindness to poor Mrs. Thompson."

And so this little matter was amicably settled—though the Laird looked with a covetous eye on that rough sketch of the rocks of Canna, and regretted that he was not to be allowed to ask Tom Galbraith to put in a touch or two. And so back to the yacht, and to dinner in the silver clear evening; and how beautiful looked this calm bay of Canna, with its glittering waters and green shores, after the grim rocks and the heavy Atlantic waves!

That evening we pursued the innocent lithe again — our larder was becoming terribly empty — and there was a fine take. But of more interest to some of us than the big fish was the extraordinary wonder of color in sea and sky when the sun had gone down; and there was a wail on the part of the Laird that Mary Avon had not her colors with her to put down some jotting for further use. Or if on paper: might not she write down something of what she saw; and experiment thereafter? Well, if any artist can make head or tail of words in such a case as this, here they are for him—as near as our combined forces of observation could go.

The vast plain of water around us a blaze of salmon-red — with the waves (catching the reflection of the zenith) marked in horizontal lines of blue. The great headland of Canna, between us and the western sky, a mass of dark, intense olive-green. The sky over that a pale, clear lemon-yellow. But the great feature of this evening scene was a mass of cloud that stretched all across the heavens—a mass of flaming, thunderous, orange-red cloud that began in the far pale mists in the east, and came across the blue zenith overhead, burning with a splendid glory there, and then stretched over to the west, where it narrowed down and was lost in the calm, clear gold of the horizon. The splendor of this great cloud was bewildering to the eyes; one turned gratefully to the reflection of it in the sultry red of the sea below, broken by the blue lines of waves. Our attention was not wholly given to the fishing or the boat on this lambent evening: perhaps that was the reason we ran on a rock, and with difficulty got off again.

Then back to the yacht again about eleven o'clock. What is this terrible news from Master Fred, who was sent off with instructions to hunt up any stray crofter he might find, and use such persuasions in the shape of Gaelic friendliness and English money as would enable us to replenish our larder? What! that he had walked two miles and seen nothing eatable or purchasable but an old hen? Canna is a beautiful place; but we begin to think it is time to be off.

On this still night, with the stars coming out, we cannot go below. We sit on deck and listen to the musical whisper along the shore, and watch one golden-yellow planet rising over the dusky peaks of Rum, far in the east. And our young Doctor is talking of the pathetic notices that are common in the Scotch papers—in the advertisements of deaths. "*New Zealand papers, please copy.*" "*Canadian papers, please copy.*" When you see this prayer appended to the announcement of the death of some old woman of seventy or seventy-five, do you not know that it is a message to loved ones in distant climes, wanderers who may forget but who have not been forgotten? They are messages that tell of a scattered race—of a race that once filled the glens of these now almost deserted islands. And surely, when some birth-day or other time of recollection comes round, those far away

Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe

must surely bethink themselves of the old people left behind—living in Glasgow or Greenock now, perhaps—and must bethink themselves too of the land where last they saw the bonny red heather, and where last they heard the pipes playing the sad *Farewell, MacCruimin* as the ship stood out to sea. They cannot quite forget the scenes of their youth —the rough seas and the red heather and the islands; the wild dancing at the weddings; the secret meetings in the glen, with Ailasa, or Morag, or Mairi, come down from the sheiling, all alone, a shawl round her head to shelter her from the rain, her heart fluttering like the heart of a timid fawn. They cannot forget.

re, too, we are going away ; and
e that we shall never see this
l bay or the island there again.
of us carries away with him a
for the sudden revival of old
s. And twenty years hence—
his own phrase—what will An-
ıerland—perhaps a very great
person by that time—what will
when he turns to a certain pic-
d recalls the long summer day
rowed with Mary Avon round
shores of Canna ?

Chapter X.

VEGAN !—OH ! DUNVEGAN !"

ıNDER MARY AVON sends her or-
›w : every thing to be made snug
ıbins, for there is a heavy sea
outside, and the White Dove is
under way. Farewell, then,
ıtiful blue bay—all rippled into
›w with the breeze—and green
and picturesque cliffs ! We
ave lingered here another day or
haps, but for the report about
: old hen. We cannot ration
rs and crew on one old hen.
here, as we draw away from
s the vast panorama of the sea-
ound us once more—the mighty
ı range of Skye shining faintly
northern skies ; Haleval and
l still of a gloomy purple in the
d away beyond these leagues of
Atlantic the pale blue line of
Jist. Whither are we bound,
u small captain with the pale
the big, soft, tender black eyes ?
:ear a shower of spray that you
apped that tightly-fitting ulster
e graceful small figure ? And
uite sure that you know whether
l is on the port or starboard

k ! look ! look !" she calls,
F.R.S., who has been busy over
:s, jumps to his feet.
t the bow of the vessel we see
shining black thing disappear.
there had been a collision ?
cannot call *that* a porpoise, any-
ys she. "Why, it must have
ıty feet long !"
yacht measurement," says he.
had a back fin, which is sus-
and it did not blow. Now," he
adds—for we have been looking all round for the reappearance of the huge stranger —"if you want to see real whales at work, just look over there, close under Rum. I should say there was a whole shoal of them in the Sound."

And there, sure enough, we see from time to time the white spoutings—rising high into the air in the form of the letter V, and slowly falling again. They are too far away for us to hear the sound of their blowing, nor can we catch any glimpse, through the best of our glasses, of their appearance at the surface. Moreover, the solitary stranger that nearly ran against our bows makes no reappearance ; he has had enough of the wonders of the upper world for a time.

It is a fine sailing morning, and we pay but little attention to the fact that the wind, as usual, soon gets to be dead ahead. So long as the breeze blows, and the sun shines, and the white spray flies from the bows of the White Dove, what care we which harbor is to shelter us for the night ? And if we cannot get into any harbor, what then ? We carry our own kingdom with us ; and we are far from being dependent on the one old hen.

But in the midst of much laughing at one of the Laird's good ones—the inexhaustible Homesh was again to the fore —a head appears at the top of the companion-way ; and there is a respectful silence. Unseemly mirth dies away before the awful dignity of this person.

"Angus," she says, with a serious remonstrance on her face, "do you believe what scientific people tell you ?"

Angus Sutherland starts, and looks up ; he has been deep in a chart of Loch Bracadaile.

"Don't they say that water finds its own level ? Now do you call this water finding its own level ?"—and as she propounds this conundrum, she clings on tightly to the sight of the companion, for, in truth, the White Dove is curveting a good deal among those great masses of waves.

"Another tumbler broken !" she exclaims. "Now who left that tumbler on the table ?"

"I know," says Mary Avon.

"Who was it then ?" says the occupant of the companion-way ; and we begin to tremble for the culprit.

"Why, you yourself!"

"Mary Avon, how can you tell such a story!" says the other, with a stern face.

"Oh, but that is so," calls out our Doctor, "for I myself saw you bring the tumbler out of the ladies' cabin with water for the flowers."

The universal shout of laughter that overwhelms Madame Dignity is too much for her. A certain conscious, lurking smile begins to break through the sternness of her face.

"I don't believe a word of it," she declares, firing a shot as she retreats. "Not a word of it. You are two conspirators. To tell such a story about a tumbler—!"

But at this moment a further assault is made on the majesty of this imperious small personage. There is a thunder at the bows; a rattling as of pistol-shots on the decks forward; and at the same moment the fag-ends of the spray come flying over the after part of the yacht. What becomes of one's dignity when one gets a shower of salt water over one's head and neck? Go down below, madam!—retreat, retreat, discomfited!—go, dry your face and your bonny brown hair—and bother us no more with your broken tumbler!

And despite those plunging seas and the occasional showers of spray, Mary Avon still clings bravely to the rope that is round the tiller; and as we are bearing over for Skye on one long tack, she has no need to change her position. And if from time to time her face gets wet with the salt water, is it not quickly dried again in the warm sun and the breeze? Sun and salt water and sea-air will soon chase away the pallor from that gentle face: cannot one observe already—after only a few days' sailing—a touch of sun-brown on her cheeks?

And now we are drawing nearer and nearer to Skye, and before us lies the lonely Loch Breatal, just under the splendid Coolins. See how the vast slopes of the mountains appear to come sheer down to the lake; and there is a soft, sunny green on them—a beautiful, tender, warm color that befits a summer day. But far above and beyond those sunny slopes a different sight appears. All the clouds of this fair day have gathered round the upper portions of the mountains; and that solitary range of black and jagged peaks is dark in shadow, dark as if with the expectation of thunder. The Coolins are not beloved of mariners. Those beautiful sunlit ravines are the secret haunts of hurricanes that suddenly come out to strike the unwary yachtsman as with the blow of a hammer. *Stand by, forward, then, lads! About ship! Down with the helm, Captain Avon!*—and behold! we are sailing away from the black Coolins, and ahead of us there is only the open sea, and the sunlight shining on the far cliffs of Canna.

"When your course is due north," remarks Angus Sutherland, who has relieved Mary Avon at the helm, "and when the wind is due north, you get a good deal of sailing for your money."

The profound truth of this remark becomes more and more apparent as the day passes in a series of long tacks which do not seem to be bringing those far headlands of Skye much nearer to us. And if we are beating in this heavy sea all day and night, is there not a chance of one or other of our womenfolk collapsing? They are excellent sailors, to be sure—but—but—

Dr. Sutherland is consulted. Dr. Sutherland's advice is prompt and emphatic. His sole and only precaution against sea-sickness is simple: resolute eating and drinking. Cure for sea-sickness, after it has set in, he declares there is none: to prevent it, eat and drink, and let the drink be *brut* champagne. So our two prisoners are ordered below to undergo that punishment.

And, perhaps, it is the *brut* champagne, or perhaps it is merely the snugness of our little luncheon-party that prompts Miss Avon to remark on the exceeding selfishness of yachting and to suggest a proposal that fairly takes away our breath by its audacity.

"Now," she says, cheerfully, "I could tell you how you could occupy an idle day on board a yacht so that you would give a great deal of happiness—quite a shock of delight—to a large number of people."

Well, we are all attention.

"At what cost?" says the financier of our party.

"At no cost."

This is still more promising. Why

should not we instantly set about making all those people happy?

"All that you have got to do is to get a copy of the *Field* or of the *Times* or some such paper."

Yes; and how are we to get any such thing? Rum has no post-office. No mail calls at Canna. Newspapers do not grow on the rocks of Loch Bracadaile.

"However, let us suppose that we have the paper."

"Very well. All you have to do is to sit down and take the advertisements, and write to the people, accepting all their offers on their own terms. The man who wants 500*l.* for his shooting in the autumn; the man who will sell his steam-yacht for 7000*l.*; the curate who will take in another youth to board at 200*l.* a year; the lady who wants to let her country-house during the London season; all the people who are anxious to sell things. You offer to take them all. If a man has a yacht to let on hire, you will pay for new jerseys for the men. If a man has a house to be let, you will take all the fixtures at his own valuation. All you have to do is to write two or three hundred letters—as an anonymous person, of course—and you make two or three hundred people quite delighted for perhaps a whole week!"

The Laird stared at this young lady as if she had gone mad; but there was only a look of complacent friendliness on Mary Avon's face.

"You mean that you write sham letters?" says her hostess. "You gull those unfortunate people into believing that all their wishes are realized?"

"But you make them happy!" says Mary Avon, confidently.

"Yes—and the disappointment afterwards!" retorts her friend, almost with indignation. "Imagine their disappointment when they find they have been duped! Of course they would write letters and discover that the anonymous person had no existence."

"Oh, no!" says Mary Avon, eagerly. "There could be no such great disappointment. The happiness would be definite and real for the time. The disappointment would only be a slow and gradual thing when they found no answer coming to their letter. You would make them happy for a whole week or so by accepting their offer; whereas by not answering their letter or letters you would only puzzle them, and the matter would drop away into forgetfulness. Do you not think it would be an excellent scheme?"

Come on deck, you people; this girl has got demented. And behold! as we emerge once more into the sunlight and whirling spray and wind, we find that we are nearing Skye again on the port tack, and now it is the mouth of Loch Bracadaile that we are approaching. And these pillars of rock, outstanding from the cliffs, and worn by the northern seas?

"Why, these must be Macleod's Maidens!" says Angus Sutherland, unrolling one of the charts

And then he discourses to us of the curious fancies of sailors—passing the lonely coasts from year to year—and recognizing as old friends, not any living thing, but the strange conformations of the rocks—and giving to these the names of persons and of animals. And he thinks there is something more weird and striking about these solitary and sea-worn rocks fronting the great Atlantic than about any comparatively modern Sphinx or Pyramid; until we regard the sunlit pillars, and their fretted surface and their sharp shadows, with a sort of morbid imagination; and we discover how the sailors have fancied them to be stone women; and we see in the largest of them—her head and shoulder tilted over a bit—some resemblance to the position of the Venus discovered at Milo. All this is very fine; but suddenly the sea gets darkened over there; a squall comes roaring out of Loch Bracadaile; John of Skye orders the boat about; and presently we are running free before this puff from the north-east. Alas! alas! we have no sooner got out of the reach of the squall than the wind backs to the familiar north, and our laborious beating has to be continued as before.

But we are not discontented. Is it not enough, as the golden and glowing afternoon wears on, to listen to the innocent prattle of Denny-mains, whose mind has been fired by the sight of those pillars of rock. He tells us a great many remarkable things—about the similarity between Gaelic and Irish, and between

Welsh and Armorican; and he discusses the use of the Druidical stones, as to whether the priests followed serpent-worship or devoted those circles to human sacrifice. He tells us about the Picts and Scots; about Fingal and Ossian; about the doings of Arthur in his kingdom of Strathclyde. It is a most innocent sort of prattle.

"Yes, sir," says Brose—quite gravely—though we are not quite sure that he is not making fun of our simple-hearted Laird, "there can be no doubt that the Aryan race that first swept over Europe spoke a Celtic language, more or less akin to Gaelic, and that they were pushed out, by successive waves of population, into Brittany, and Wales, and Ireland, and the Highlands. And I often wonder whether it was they themselves that modestly called themselves the foreigners or strangers, and affixed that name to the land they laid hold of, from Galicia and Gaul to Galloway and Galway? The Gaelic word *gall*, a stranger, you find everywhere. Fingal himself is only *Fionn-gall*—the Fair Stranger; *Dubhgall*—that is, the familiar Dugald—or the Black Stranger—is what the Islay people call a Lowlander. *Ru-na-Gaul*, that we passed the other day—that is the Foreigner's Point. I think there can be no doubt that the tribes that first brought Aryan civilization through the west of Europe spoke Gaelic or something like Gaelic."

"Ay," said the Laird, doubtfully. He was not sure of this young man. He had heard something about Gaelic being spoken in the Garden of Eden, and suspected there might be a joke lying about somewhere.

However, there was no joking about our F.R.S. when he began to tell Mary Avon how, if he had time and sufficient interest in such things, he would set to work to study the Basque people and their language—that strange remnant of the old race who inhabited the west of Europe long before Scot, or Briton, or Roman, or Teuton had made his appearance on the scene. Might they not have traditions, or customs, or verbal survivals to tell us of their pre-historic forefathers? The Laird seemed quite shocked to hear that his favorite Picts and Scots—and Fingal and Arthur and all the rest of them—were mere modern interlopers. What of the mysterious race that occupied these islands before the great Aryan tide swept over from the East?

Well, this was bad enough; but when the Doctor proceeded to declare his conviction that no one had the least foundation for the various conjectures about the purposes of those so-called Druidical stones—that it was all a matter of guess-work whether as regarded council-halls, grave-stones, altars, or serpent-worship—and that it was quite possible these stones were erected by the non-Aryan race who inhabited Europe before either Gaul or Roman or Teuton came west, the Laird interrupted him, triumphantly—

"But," says he, "the very names of those stones show they are of Celtic origin—will ye dispute that? What is the meaning of *Carnac*, that is in Brittany—eh? Ye know Gaelic?"

"Well, I know that much," said Angus, laughing. "Carnac means simply the place of piled stones. But the Celts may have found the stones there, and given them that name."

"I think," says Miss Avon, profoundly, "that when you go into a question of names, you can prove any thing. And I suppose Gaelic is as accommodating as any other language."

Angus Sutherland did not answer for a moment; but at last he said, rather shyly—

"Gaelic is a very complimentary language, at all events. *Bean* is 'a woman;' and *beannachd* is 'a blessing.' *An ti a bheannaich thu*—that is, 'the one who blessed you.'"

Very pretty; only we did not know how wildly the young man might not be falsifying Gaelic grammar in order to say something nice to Mary Avon.

Patience works wonders. Dinner-time finds us so far across the Minch that we can make out the lighthouse of South Uist. And all these outer Hebrides are now lying in a flood of golden-red light; and on the cliffs of Canna, far away in the south-east, and now dwarfed so that they lie like a low wall on the sea, there is a paler red, caught from the glare of the sunset. And here is the silver tinkle of Master Fred's bell.

On deck after dinner; and the night air is cooler now; and there are cigars

about; and our young F.R.S. is at the tiller; and Mary Avon is singing, apparently to herself, something about a Berkshire farmer's daughter. The darkness deepens, and the stars come out; and there is one star—larger than the rest, and low down, and burning a steady red—that we know to be Ushinish lighthouse. And then from time to time the silence is broken by, "*Stand by, forrard! 'Bout ship!*" and there is a rattling of blocks and cordage and then the head-sails fill and away she goes again on the other tack. We have got up to the long headlands of Skye at last.

Clear as the night is, the wind still comes in squalls, and we have the topsail down. Into which indentation of that long, low line of dark land shall we creep in the darkness?

But John of Skye keeps away from the land. It is past midnight. There is nothing visible but the black sea and the clear sky, and the red star of the lighthouse; nothing audible but Mary Avon's humming to herself and her friend—the two women sit arm-in-arm under half a dozen of rugs—some old-world ballad to the monotonous accompaniment of the passing seas.

One o'clock: Ushinish light is smaller now, a minute point of red fire, and the black line of land on our right looms larger in the dusk. Look at the splendor of the phosphorous-stars on the rushing waves.

And at last John of Skye says in an undertone to Angus—

"Will the leddies be going below now?"

"Going below!" he says in reply. "They are waiting till we get to anchor. We must be just off Dunvegan Loch now."

Then John of Skye makes his confession.

"Oh, yes; I been into Dunvegan Loch more as two or three times; but I not like the dark to be with us in going in; and if we lie off till the daylight comes, the leddies they can go below to their peds. And if Dr. Sutherland himself would like to see the channel in going in, will I send below when the daylight comes?"

"No, no, John; thank you," is the answer. "When I turn in, I turn in for good. I will leave you to find out the channel for yourself."

And so there is a clearance of the deck, and rugs and camp-stools handed down the companion. *Deoch-an-doruis* in the candle-lit saloon? To bed—to bed!

It is about five o'clock in the morning that the swinging out of the anchor-chain causes the yacht to tremble from stem to stern; and the sleepers start in their sleep, but are vaguely aware that they are at a safe anchorage at last. And do you know where the brave White Dove is lying now? Surely if the new dawn brings any stirring of wind—and if there is a sound coming over to us from this far land of legend and romance—it is the wild, sad wail of Dunvegan! The mists are clearing from the hills; the day breaks wan and fair; the great gray castle, touched by the early sunlight, looks down on the murmuring sea. And is it the sea, or is it the cold wind of the morning, that sings and sings to us in our dreams—

Dunvegan—oh! Dunvegan!

Cornhill Magazine.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.—READERS.

We fancy that if great discoverers and inventors had projected their imaginations into the future, and vaguely realized the responsibilities they were incurring, their labors might have been paralyzed by scruples and misgivings. Their sensibilities must have taken the alarm, and even immortality might have seemed to be bought too dear, if the legacy of blessings they left behind were to be largely leavened by evil. Happily perhaps for the cause of progress, the persevering student absorbed in his researches merges comprehensiveness of thought in intense concentration. The brightening possibilities of splendid results cast a circle of cheering light on the experiments of the study and laboratory; and the acute and brilliant intellect, when searching out the secrets of science, thinks less of the welfare of its species than of vanquishing the obstacles that baffle it. Gunpowder and the wonderful art of printing must have been

discovered much about the same time. The chemist who combined the ingredients of the explosive might have congratulated himself on the triumphs of peaceful engineering—on blasting communications through mountain-ranges, facilitating communication between communities who had hitherto held each other at arm's length—on stormy roadsteads changed into safe anchorages—on submarine reefs cleared out of the ocean highways—and on an enormous economy of life and property. But if he had had a prescience of the destructive development of projectiles, we suspect he would have found slight consolation in the suggestion, that the introduction of his explosive into war might really make warfare less bloody. Rather would he have been haunted all the same by the lurid panorama of battle-fields strewed with the dead and dying; of hospitals crowded with the maimed and wounded; of mines and bursting shells spreading sorrow and suffering broadcast. Unless he had been sublimely indifferent to the miseries of mankind, he must surely have turned the key on his crucibles and retorts, and determined that his terrible secrets should die with him.

Even had they been diviners as well as illustrious discoverers, we do not say that the trio of worthy burghers, who stand immortalized in bronze on the Rossmarkt at Frankfort, in their flat bonnets and flowing raiment, need have been similarly influenced by sinister forebodings. With Gutenberg, Fust, and Schœffer, the weighing the consequences of their revolutionary invention might have been in great measure a matter of temperament; for there can be no doubt as to the preponderance of benefits that the printer has bestowed on the world. But even there, notwithstanding the diffusion of light and knowledge, there are decidedly two sides to the question; and a man of a morbid mind, disposed to ingenious self-torment, might well have shrunk back in hesitation from the visions of his prophetic soul. He might have seen insidious and destructive agencies at work in the abuse of his types and the prostitution of his presses. Though at least one of the partners in the Strasburg firm appears to have been somewhat sharp in his business transactions, we have reason to believe that all three in the main were pious, discreet, and well-disposed citizens. They must have been scandalized and shocked, had they foreseen themselves indirectly the authors of baleful treatises by atheists or casuists, intended to shake the faith of Christendom, and throw open the floodgates of scepticism and immorality; of subversive and revolutionary pamphlets, sapping the foundations of society, and endangering the moral balance of the world. Of cheap catchpenny publications meant to pander to the passions of the million, and glorify the crimes that are prompted by idleness or vulgar craving after evil notoriety. Of libels that pillory their victims on charges of which they may be innocent; or of innuendoes, that are only to be disposed of by reopening the wounds they may have caused. Or even, perhaps, of the innumerable volumes of the very lightest reading, which at the worst can only be characterized as frivolous, though they are austerely tabooed in the stricter households as most pernicious nourishment for the immature mind.

But, setting aside the positive mischief that may be attributed to them directly or indirectly, the fathers of the printing trade accepted a grave responsibility in exciting a world that was intellectually tranquil. To us, looking back upon them out of the light, those so-called "dark ages" seem sufficiently dreary. In the intervals of those active occupations which are scarcely suited to our quieter modern tastes—feuds, fighting, fire-raising, rapine, rapes, etc.—it appears to us that time must have dragged along very heavily. In reality, to the mass of those who knew no better, those times of universal ignorance and torpidity must have been at least negatively agreeable. With the rare exception of some solitary student, of some scheming churchman, or some statesman in advance of his age, we may take it for granted that nobody thought very deeply. There was no wear-and-tear of the mental fibres, and, consequently, there were none of those painful brain and nerve diseases that fill our asylums, and are transmitted by descent. So the stomach had a similar immunity from strain, and the unimpaired digestion was never troubled by abstruse thought or

far-fetched anxieties — which, by the way, was a most beneficent provision of providence, when we remember the character of the medieval *cuisine*, and the habits of feasting among the rich and idle. What passed for thought with society generally was the mechanical action of a languid brain working in the narrowest circles of its immediate interests and cares. Concern with a future state was the special care of the clergy; the Church had settled the dogmas which the devout had only to receive. Gurth, the swineherd, for example, in his lively philological chat with Wamba the jester, in the Yorkshire forests of Cedric the Saxon, is among the most fanciful and unlikely creations of the rich genius of Scott. We may be sure that he knew or cared about nothing beyond the pigs that were his particular charge, or the bodily sensations of the moment. Even the thrall's hot-headed master, or the neighboring Baron of Torquilstone, had no more the habit of consecutive thought than the monkey who, in a mood of apparent preoccupation, makes a clutch at a companion's tail, or turns away energetically in an insect chase. It is next to impossible nowadays to realize the condition of the nobleman or county squire, unable to read or to write, who groped his way from the cradle to the grave in the profoundest mental darkness. He never troubled his head about foreign politics, unless he were personally summoned to serve beyond seas; or when some strolling wayfarer like Wilfrid of Ivanhoe brought news of the wars in France or Palestine. Nor did he concern himself much more about domestic broils, unless they seemed likely to cost him his head, or bring him some addition to his domains. Such conversation as there was over the heavy banqueting, beyond remarks on the cooking of the joints and the quality of the heady liquors, turned generally on matters manorial or parochial. The guests grew excited over the encroachment of some neighbor on the rights of free-forestry, the latest deed of audacity of the nearest band of outlaws, a raid on the droves of swine, or a murrain in the herds of cattle. Men were forced to drink hard and long after supper, since there was nothing else to be done, and so the heavy brains became slowly sodden, and still more insensible to intellectual stimulants.

To us the life seems dull, we repeat; and we can hardly realize getting through wet days and long winter evenings in a country-house, with neither tobacco, billiards, newspapers, nor the resources of a fairly stocked library. But it had the great advantage of making the men who were born to it, accept existence with the acquiescence of a sluggish philosophy. It made them welcome as excitements they might almost be grateful for, what we are in the habit of regarding as the "horrors" of the times; and it braced them for the worst they had to bear, if the tide of circumstances went against them. They might stand a siege with complacency, so long as it was enlivened by assaults, and till they came to be seriously straitened for provisions; while raids across the Borders or civil strife brought them changes of scene and chances of booty. Even if they were caught and held to ransom, and lowered, laden with chains, into one of those horrible dungeons which may still be inspected at Warkworth and elsewhere, their habits of mental vacuity must have brought them ineffable consolation. In the words of Artemus Ward, the captive "lacked the reksit fancy and imagination" to excite himself over possibilities of protracted suffering. Wealthy and well-born as he might be, and habituated to active pursuits in the open air, he was in much the same blessedly benighted condition which makes a being like the shepherd of the plague-stricken Campagna support the dismal vicissitudes of a miserable lot with the stoical serenity and resignation of ignorance.

While the many were happy in their own simple way, and in a blissful innocence of the very existence of intellectual pleasures, the few to whom circumstances offered some occasions of cultivation, enjoyed the sense of a relative superiority without eating to excess of the tree of knowledge. We do not speak of such phenomenal potentates as Alfred the Great or Edward the Confessor, who actually devoted the royal leisure to study, and drew with generous profusion on their scanty treasuries for the patronage of letters and the purchase of manuscripts. Nor of such miracles

of learning as the Venerable Bede, who were prodigies indeed, considering their opportunities. But in the more richly endowed convents there were "gentlemen and scholars," who, without by any means overtaxing their mental powers, abandoned themselves to a life of faintly-lettered ease. Even in those cloistered shades where the lamp of learning gave a glimmering light, the literary atmosphere was relaxing. No one dreamed of systematic study with a purpose, except occasionally one of those ambitious priests who aspired to political power or the greatest places in the hierarchy. The prelates and higher dignitaries who had risen by family influence were easy-going men of the world, who mixed in the best society, and were satisfied with their attainments if they could spell out their breviaries. They showed their sense of the responsibilities of their office by a display of gems and sumptuous garments, and were more curious in the refectory arrangements and the replenishing of their cellars than as to the precious contents of the conventual libraries. Their humbler brethren imitated them in their degree, living less for study than for devotion or sensuality, according to their tastes and temperaments. But their cloth, with such attainments as they possessed, had given them a certain consideration. They took their walks abroad among a lawless population, who, nevertheless, respected the cowl, unless in very exceptional circumstances; and they came back from their walks with sharpened appetites to ample repasts and placid slumbers. Or they might abstract themselves, if they inclined to that, in pious meditations or in dozing over the familiar characters in the Church services. But whether they gave themselves over to self-indulgence or to rapt contemplation—whether we look on them from the point of view of an Epicurus or a St. Thomas à Kempis—theirs was a tranquil lot, if it was not positively pleasurable.

And all that easy-going tranquillity the discovery of printing recklessly disturbed. Of course, the diffusion of knowledge was very gradual; and for long the spirit of inquiry and research stirred almost imperceptibly on the surface of society. Yet from the first, men's minds were being agitated here and there by the disquieting ideas they forced upon their neighbors. As yet the monks and the secular clergy had pretty much a monopoly of thought; and even with them the practice of thought was slavishly regulated by tradition. The Church had prescribed the convictions which were in turn imposed upon the laity. But now came the beginnings of the change of which modern readers are become the victims. It is true that in England the premonitory signs had been visible in the vagaries of such original thinkers as Wycliffe. But those pestilent heresies had been half smothered from their birth, in the absence of any means of circulating them; while the propagators might be fined, incarcerated, or even burned, as an impressive warning to their immediate neighbors. With printing and the promiscuous circulation of books the mischief that had broken out in Germany was spread everywhere by insidious contagion, like the Black Death of the fourteenth century. But unlike that subtle and deadly plague, it has gone on running its course ever since, and diffusing itself gradually through all classes of the community. The ferment of thought, the restless craving for intellectual excitement of some kind, have been stimulated; till now, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, we are being driven along at high-pressure pace; and it is impossible for any one who is recalcitrant to stop himself. If you do not read for yourself, you are constrained to listen; and there is no getting beyond the reach of the press, unless you should be cast away, like Crusoe, upon some desert island. The penny papers of yesterday are to be found in the parlor of each back-of-the-world alehouse; and there is generally some intelligent rustic, more advanced than the rest, who volunteers to spell them out and comment on them for the benefit of the circle of gaping smokers. Localities, interests, and trades have their special organs; and the broadsheets of the *Police News* with kindred publications circulate freely among the criminals and roughs of our cities. The printing-press has always come in the wake of the pioneers who run up their temporary townships of wooden shanties among the prairies and mining locations of the

great American continent. European colonists carry their journals along with them; the natives they have settled among imitate their example; till it seems probable that shortly the only societies that will not support their "organs of public opinion" are those where they murder the stranger and possibly eat him afterwards. Where the trader seldom penetrates the missionary has set down his foot; and even if you have betaken yourself to the savage life in the wilderness, the well-meaning countryman who offers you his hospitality will press news upon you, whether you like it or no. Some chance *rencontre* may undo the effects of a protracted period of total abstention, and a piece of intelligence as exciting as unwelcome may revive these artificial cravings from which you have been striving to wean yourself. The experiment of secluding one's self from the society of one's kind, and submitting to a rigorous moral quarantine, has signally failed under the most favorable conditions. Few people have given it a fairer trial than that strong-minded female, Lady Hester Stanhope. She had lived in the full fever of English politics and society, and had sickened of it; disgust had grown out of satiety; her hopes had been blighted and her ambitions baffled. Believing in these supernatural existences with whom she held secret communion, she seemed to have fairly left this trivial world behind her, and to be anticipating the interests of a future state. Her mental isolation in her shattered Syrian fortress was scarcely likely to be troubled by her Albanian mercenaries or her Italian doctor. But in a moment of weakness she is left to herself, and tempted to an interview with the author of "Eothen;" and the enchanter transports her by his charmed conversation from the solitudes of the Lebanon to the *salons* of Mayfair.

These medieval revolutionists undoubtedly originated a great variety of industries which employ a vast number of brains and hands. Authors, publishers, and critics; machine-makers, printers, compositors, "readers," newspaper boys, etc., etc., are indebted to them for their daily bread. But we cannot withhold a tribute of regret to one occupation which they cut up root and branch. We refer to those pious and painstaking artists who made a labor of love of the transcription and illumination of the sacred manuscripts and missals; who carried the freshness of the fields, the bloom of the wild flowers, the plumage of the birds, and the tints of the insects, into the grim seclusion of their cloistered cells. One of the fraternity was the Dominican De Voragine, the original compiler of the "Golden Legend," one of the stories in which has been so gracefully modernized by Longfellow. Our readers will remember how the humble peasant maiden offers her life for the redemption of that of Henry of Hoheneck. And none of the truthful pictures in the legend are more fascinating than that of the venerable Father Pacificus. We see him, like the saintly Fra Angelico, preparing himself prayerfully for his task, and reverently transcribing the words of the evangelist in simple awe of the terrible curse on the man who should take aught from the book of the prophecy by dropping out a line or a letter. We picture the worthy monk over his blazonry, distracted between his pride in the tail of his peacock, and his penitence for his worldly self-satisfaction. The compositor who has succeeded him has no leisure to be so careful or conscientious; and we fear he has seldom such legible manuscript to copy from. The transition from the father in his cell in the Black Forest convent, to that of the busy printing offices in a modern capital, marks the progress of the great social revolution since Prince Henry of Hoheneck made his pilgrimage to Rome. Look in at the publishing office of a great daily paper as the time is drawing on after midnight through the small hours. The solid walls and floors are sensibly vibrating to the ceaseless revolutions of the steam-engines. The sound of the machinery comes in as a subdued bass to the murmur of voices and the pattering of feet. The heavy atmosphere is thickened by the flare of the smoky gas, where the energy of modern enterprise has not replaced gas by the electric light. Nimble fingers are moving by instinct about the compartments of the type-boxes, mechanically translating thought into metal. There is a hum of "reading" from a dozen different places; and every now and then, from some chamber apart,

comes spasmodically the steady click of the telegraph. You are never secure from some fresh irruption of news, that may compel a modification of the arrangements that must always be provisional. A revolution may have broken out in Japan, or death may have surprised some distinguished personage; and competitors are to be outstripped by commenting on the facts, and elaborating details autobiographical or otherwise. Conceive the feelings of the respectable Herr Fust, could he have dropped in upon the quick-witted and facile scribes who have replaced Pacificus and his slow-going compeers. There are laborious individuals still busy with the scissors and the paste, when the eyes of their families and friends have been closed for hours in peaceful slumber. There are a couple of gentlemen at least dashing off the leaders, pronouncing judicially and literally with the rapidity of thought on the debate that is drawing to a close in the House, or the event that may be the starting-point of a new cycle of policy. It is an accomplishment that readers scarcely appreciate at its value—that of writing calmly, consecutively, and reflectively under an excess of high pressure; with the *arrière pensée* that you are hopelessly lost, should you hesitate or your inspiration fail you. When the thread of your ideas is being perpetually interrupted by the presentation for quick but close revision of the earlier slips of your comprehensive article; and when you know that your brain-work will be scanned and criticised by the capable experts whose ideas you are controverting. Then there are "the able editor" and his faithful *aides*, who must always have all their wits about them, night after night and month after month. It is for them to direct and control the whole; to procure at least a creditable semblance of consistency on the widest range of conceivable subjects, political, religious, financial, and social. A decision to be dashed at on the spur of the moment may commit them to a policy there is no reconsidering, and do irretrievable injury to their reputation for perspicuity; while the matter for a damaging action for libel may lie lurking in the lines of the most insignificant paragraph. Happily the inexorable hour is approaching which dismisses them to an interval of comparative repose. Time and the early expresses will wait for no one, and the items of belated news must stand aside for the later editions. Then the bustle is promptly stilled as by enchantment; the troops of dishevelled workmen disperse; the jaded editor and his staff go home to supper and bed; a practised hand or two and some half-dozen of boys may be trusted with the completion of the mere mechanical operations. The endless web gliding through the grasp of the cylinders is turned into piles of copies of the *Times* or the *Standard;* and an hour or two later they are being scattered broadcast over the country, to be thrown aside the next day for their ephemeral successors.

It is a waste of work that is continually repairing itself, like the tissues and fibres of the human body. There was a time when the tiny *London News Letter* was very patiently expected in the provinces, reaching its destination in days or weeks, according to circumstances. The delay of a few days up or down went for nothing; and it was just as well, when coaches or stage-wagons were continually coming to grief, and a rainfall or a snow-storm might make the roads impassable. When the sheet arrived at last, it was leisurely spelled through, and deliberately passed on, since copies were few and far between, and the subscription to it an extravagance of rank and position. Now each of the quick morning-trains drops its bundles of damp letter-press at every station; and forthwith the folding is done, which there was no time for in the scramble at headquarters. In each village there is a small shopkeeper who acts as news-agent, distributing the papers, sooner or later, over the length and breadth of his district. Travel where you will on the iron network, you can never lag many hours behind the times. You start from Scotland for town in considerable anxiety, worrying yourself over the fate of some shaky investment; there have been whispers as to the bank you have pinned your faith on; or you are disconcerted by your "Egyptians" being freely sold. You think it as well to have an interview with your London broker, as the set of affairs seems to be

towards a panic. If you have succeeded in snatching some hours of sleep, you waken up somewhere in Yorkshire or Lancashire, to have the journals from Leeds or Manchester thrust in at the carriage-window; and you learn all that has transpired at the Stock Exchange the day before, since the latest issues of the *Globe* or *Pall Mall*. Your mind being full of a certain subject, you are anxious for fuller information or iteration, and you have it in the fullest extent at Peterborough or Rugby, where the London papers are awaiting your arrival. When you call upon your broker in Threadneedle or Throgmorton Streets, you are as thoroughly posted up as he can be in the current rumors of the night before. Nothing, perhaps, is more significant of the thirst for sensation, and of the indifference to the trifling cost at which it may be gratified, than a glance into the carriages of one of the suburban trains that has run into a city terminus before morning business-hours. Floors and cushions are covered with the penny papers that have been roughly torn open and hurriedly skimmed; acquaintances have exchanged the *Standard* for the *Telegraph;* there have been extensive orders for the *Daily News*, if Cape letters are looked for from Mr. Archibald Forbes; and there is a liberal sprinkling of the *Sportsman* and *Sporting News* left by gentlemen who, as a matter of business, are interested in the latest odds. The railway servants gather so rich a harvest that they can afford to become generous benefactors in their turn, of the cabmen on the rank and the patients in the hospitals.

As suggestive as the change from the cell of Pacificus to the modern printing-office, is that from the days of the old black-letter volumes to those of the railway bookstalls. When the hand-presses had been steadily at work for some time, the printed volumes of the world could still be almost counted on the fingers. Those cherished masterpieces of painstaking typography changed hands for something more than their weight in silver, in times when silver was scarce and dear; and when the perusal of the Scriptures had been permitted to the people, the Bibles chained in the chancels of the churches became the objects of Protestant pilgrimages to the inquiring. For long, the rare books in circulation were such as had only an interest for the learned and the cultivated. There were reprints of the Fathers and the Classics, with an occasional treatise by some eminent contemporary controversialist; while such ponderous tomes were varied now and then by some lighter volume of travel or of poetry. Even down to the middle of the last century, the price of books was still almost prohibitory for the people, though the range of their subjects had been rapidly widening. Publishers were cautious, as they had good reason to be, and guarded against burning their fingers seriously by clubbing together for their ventures. Even writers who had already made a reputation, and travellers who had tales to tell of untravelled countries, felt it prudent to feel their way, and preferred to publish by subscription. Then friends and patrons rallied round them, and canvassed for them, or specialists put down their names; and when the work found favor with judges and the critics, it had a certain success and circulation. But as a rule, the bookseller's was the very last place where the wealthy squire or the lavish man of fashion dreamed of frittering away his money. For long afterwards the shelves of the ordinary country gentleman were scarcely better supplied than those of the fox-hunting and hard-drinking Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone. His fathers had made some provision against a wet day with books of heraldry, venery, or farriery; and he had added a standard authority or two to help him in the rough-and-ready justice he distributed. To suit the tastes of the chaplain or the ladies of the family, there were some volumes besides of sermons, theology, and stage-plays. These worthy people had not the capacity for being amused by the lighter fancies of finer brains. The "Castle of Otranto," "Rasselas," or "The Vicar of Wakefield," were read and talked about in circles in the town, but they were seldom to be seen in the hall or the rectory-house; and though the valuation the bookseller had set on them seems low, in reality it was liberal, all things considered. The increasing popularity of novels and travels in the beginning of the century came simulta-

neously with the diffusion of wealth and the development of commercial enterprise; and when successive editions of the Waverley Novels were being snapped up as fast as they appeared, Glasgow and Liverpool were stretching along the Clyde and the Mersey, and eclipsing the old-established prosperity of Bristol. The fashion of light reading gained ground so fast, that for a time the supply fell short of the demand. It is impossible not to admire the shrewdness and audacity of some of the gentlemen who, anticipating the great modern discovery that anybody can write salable fiction, volunteered to purvey the rubbish in demand. They had their reward in prices that make mouths water nowadays; for there were no circulating-library proprietors to act as middle-men — making wholesale purchases at a ruinous discount. But novel-reading, on the other hand, remained the luxury of the rich; and when you had bought your flimsy volumes at half a guinea apiece, you felt bound to read them studiously, and make the most of the bargain. Taking it deliberately by so many pages a day, "Almack's" or "The Adventures of a Lady of Fashion" might be made to last through half the evenings of a winter; and in the times of the stage-coaches and rattling post-chaises there could be no demand for travelling literature.

Now, at the railway book-stalls in England you have only to pick and choose; for though light and cheap literature predominates, there are copies of standard works in the background—the third edition of the "Prince Consort's Life," or the latest volume by Mr. Kinglake or George Eliot. The book-stall appeals to the weaknesses of mankind, as well as to their praiseworthy love of information; and it has the same attraction for grown men and women as the pastry-cook's window for lounging schoolboys. *Ennui* is weighing on the souls of the passengers who are waiting to "establish connections" with some train on a cross-line. Naturally, they gather towards the gay display of the book-stall, like flies flocking to honey, or bees to a bed of thyme. Those of them who are insensible to the sweets or the fragrance of volumes that have been written for every taste, are caught by the open sheets of the illustrated and comic journals. Others stare with some vague intention of buying, and generally buy in the end. The stall-keeper, in nine cases out of ten, is a voluble man of the world and a shrewd observer of physiognomies. He encourages the diffident, he imposes on the timid; and most of all, he knows how to make capital of the sprightly or self-sufficient traveller who engages him patronizingly in literary small-talk. For the English book-stall is an institution by itself, and the tables in foreign waiting-rooms or on the platforms are generally laid out for the English and Americans. With the frugal Germans, though it was the birthplace of the art, and in spite of the trade energy of Leipsic, books of all kinds are still so dear that nobody indulges in the luxury of buying them. A German professor or politician will supply himself with the volumes that are professionally necessary for his home consumption; but through a long day's journey he will entertain himself with his thoughts or a solitary copy of the *Kölnische Zeitung*. The French publish their newest fiction cheaply enough in all conscience, and the paper-bound volumes at three francs and a half are scattered about the *salons* all over their country. But when travelling, they are content to chat, or sleep, or smoke; and except for the priests, who bury themselves in their breviaries, you see nothing but three-sous papers in circulation. On different occasions we made one of a party of both Germans and Frenchmen during their recent war. In either case there was a very agreeable mixed company of soldiers, surgeons, and gentlemen of the ambulance corps. We travelled by crawling trains on lines encumbered with troops and military stores. We covered the ground at something less than a league per hour, and it had been well known to all of us beforehand that the pace would be as problematical as the date of our delivery. Especially among the Germans, the great majority of our companions were exceptionally intelligent and well-educated men; and yet there was not even a pocket-volume in the party. We venture to say that we might have safely trusted ourselves to Providence with a saloon-carriageful of Englishmen in similar circumstances. For, as a rule, an Englishman who is going any distance seems

to think it as much a matter of course to lay in reading of some sort as to take a wrapper in winter or a ticket at all times. And the book-stall, like poverty or a third-class carriage, introduces a man to a strange medley of companions. You recognize your old and half-forgotten friends in new and economical if not attractive disguise. The three-volume romances of Fenimore Cooper, the raw-head and bloody-bone early tales of Mr. Ainsworth—who is now become, as we believe, the *doyen* of the corps of novel-writers—are compressed into flexible shilling editions. The type is small and faint, and may bother you if your vision begins to grow dim and if your bodily strength is abating. But what of that! For the life of you, you cannot help getting interested, as you used to be in the fortunes of Jack Sheppard or the Red Rover. For the once familiar characters begin to come out clearly again, as if you were exposing invisible ink to the sunshine; and it is far less the sensations of the plots that you enjoy, than the lively recollections you delight in reviving.

Then the exhibition on the book-stall is a very fair gauge of the style and the standing of our most popular novelists. Those who are already ranking as classics, whether shortly after their decease or while still in the flesh, rarely sink below the staid respectability of a solid cloth-binding. We have Thackeray and Dickens, Lord Lytton and George Eliot, taking out a reasonable lease of immortality in the meantime, in substantial boards of green or crimson. For ourselves, we are proud to avow that we wear out the strongest copy of "Adam Bede" or the "Pickwick Papers" in no time, thanks to knocking it about in portmanteaus and taking it up at odd moments in our dressing-room. But when they are treated with more distant respect in the hands of less familiar admirers, those three-and-six-penny and five-shilling editions must prove a decided saving in the long-run. Next comes a somewhat inferior type of writer, who sees himself indifferently published in the one class or the other—in cloth or on paper; and probably, if he be not above taking a hint, he may draw some practical lessons from the form of his reproduction. The lighter sensational authors who have their *clientèle* among the frivolous, must be content to live in the passing season, and the floridly extravagant illustrations on their covers are sufficient evidence of the tastes they appeal to. There is another school which we may call the intellectually sensational, who seem to play *le grand jeu*, and aspire to a rank to which they are scarcely entitled. They are bound so as to match the Dickens or George Eliot series; and were it not that the publishers must be shrewd men of business, we should fancy that their self-sufficiency provoked discomfiture, and that they were doomed to come to the ground between two stools. Finally, and not condescending to the unplaced in "the ruck," we have the fantastically-colored volumes of the American humorists, whose fountains of fun would seem to be running dry. At least we have had nothing of late years which has at all taken the wind out of the sails of the "Heathen Chinee," or the "Innocents at Home," not to speak of the Biglow papers or the Breitmann Ballads.

Should you be idly disposed yourself, and inclined rather to observe than to read, it is amusing to note the studies of your fellow-travellers. There are certain stations of dignity that carry their social penalties; and a man who lives in the eyes of the world must take special care how he compromises himself. We should imagine, for example, that it is very much for the benefit of the bishops and deans that the graver publications are displayed at the book-stalls. Just as a gay young officer when in full regimentals is bound to be on his best behavior, so a gentleman in an apron or a shovel-hat can only unbend in the privacy of the closet. There might be no positive harm in his relaxing with a sensational story in a yellow cover; and if the case were submitted to the judgment of Convocation, he might pass through the ordeal of the trial without "a stain on his character." But there is always the chance of some serious inhabitant of the diocese, or a juvenile candidate for a coming confirmation, dropping into the opposite corner of the carriage, and he must shun the very semblance of a scandal. A curate on his promotion may be more indiffer-

ent to appearances, and, besides, he is likely to travel second-class; yet even he may be awkwardly caught out on occasion, and it is decidedly safer to show the wisdom of the serpent, even if you make no pretensions to the simplicity of the dove. The Law, in these respects, has the advantage of the Church. The Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief-Justice of England are supposed, before all, to be men of the world. In passing judgment on an infinite variety of hard cases, they are supposed to know something of almost every thing on earth, if they are to sum up satisfactorily or carry conviction to the minds of the litigants. So, in going through a promiscuous course of light literature, they may be supposed to be relaxing the strain of the bow, if they are not positively getting up facts for their profession. The judges have hard times of it, and their lot is less enviable than is popularly supposed. But it is something to be permitted to change the wig for the wideawake, and the ermine for the shooting-coat, and refresh the mind with some imaginary scandal of the divorce courts, when you are on your way to seek change at the sea, or pay a round of visits in the country.

As it is with the judge, so it is with the medical man. He may do much as he pleases in his rare play-hours; and it is very well for his patients that it should be so. We remember going on a journey with a famous consulting physician—a physician who is pretty universally known in town; and so far, an obscure individual had the advantage of him. As it happened, we were aware of the purpose of his journey, which was to pronounce on the fate of a young wife, in whom her husband was entirely bound up. We happened to know, too, that the doctor was a singularly kind-hearted man, and that he always broke those terrible sentences of his with extreme tact and tenderness. He was a personal friend, besides, of the family who had called him in; and for his travelling literature he had taken the comic journals and the "Pickwick Papers." He was on the broad grin the best part of the way; and now and then he fairly burst out laughing, like a schoolboy going home for the holidays. In fact he was thoroughly enjoying the trip, and we did not at all blame him. The decision he went to give, as it turned out, was unfavorable; he had to extinguish hope and leave despair behind him; and yet, had we had a more direct interest in the matter, we should have said that he acted both kindly and wisely. For as there is much that is necessarily painful in life, and especially in the routine of a profession like his, the best way to brace the nerves for emergencies is to cultivate the art of seasonable relaxation. If you were always suffering vicariously for your friends, you would fail them at the pinch when they needed your services; and human nature being what it is, it is the extreme of absurdity to play the solemn hypocrite. It is an unspeakable benefit of the habit of reading, that unless you are actually staggering under the shock of calamity, you can generally divert the current of the thought; and the power of shaking yourself free from the troubles that oppress you is the secret of prolonged vigor and usefulness.

As for the range of readers, of course it is so wide as to defy classification; and it is only possible to glance hastily at a few of the types. The indefatigable students and bookworms who rank the highest in it would elude the casual observer in a railway-carriage. Like the German professor we spoke of, though for a different reason, they are apt to fold their arms and subside into their thoughts. With them system is every thing; their favorite subject haunts them like a nightmare; they labor along the path that leads towards their goal; and although they must always be striking aside into side tracks, an aimless digression has no attraction for them. We have had the honor of the acquaintance of more than one gentleman, who, like the worthy father of Pisistratus Caxton, devoted substance and energies to some *magnum opus*. His original incentive might have been the hope of immortality, but he speedily seemed to sink his ambitions in the pleasure of his work. So much the better for him, perhaps, though it might be the worse for the contemporaries he had hoped to enlighten. For the incline from earnestness to mania is easy—that is to say, if you have the means for a life of lettered leisure, and have no

necessity to work for your bread. One friend whom we have immediately in our eye is a large acred proprietor in England and Scotland. He has moors in the north and pheasant-shooting in the south, with a residence, say, in Park Lane into the bargain. By nature he was of an extraordinarily active disposition; and some twenty years ago, on the twelfth of August, he would be up with the grouse-cock, or rather before him. His keepers adored him, though he looked sharply after them. Now he is the most unimpeachably respectable of men, and is respected accordingly by all who know him. But whatever he may have in store for society, he has ceased to be an ornament or an acquisition to it in the meantime. His charming wife has learned to go her own way; and were it not for her careful maternal surveillance, his sons and daughters might be shooting up anyhow. He makes an admirable host so far, that he leaves all his guests to do exactly as they please; but he is a recluse in his own comfortable house, and an incubus at the head of his well-served dinner-table. If he is sure that you have no tastes in common with him, you cannot do better than accept his hospitality; but if you should have any reputation for letters, you will do well to avoid him like the plague. He has his "Political History of Europe" on the brain, and when he fancies he has fallen into appreciative company, he never neglects an opportunity of ventilating his views, on the chance of picking up some useful suggestion. The floor and tables of his library are heaped with the books which it is well for his family that he has the means to purchase; and each volume is interleaved with manuscripts in cryptograph, to which nobody but himself has the key. When he takes his walks abroad, with bended head and his hands behind him, he sees nothing of the bloom in his beautiful flower-gardens; and when he comes up to town for some weeks in the season, to pass his days in the British Museum, he travels with some iron-clamped chests which he regards as the apple of his eye. A full dozen of years of incessant labor have scarcely lifted him over the threshold of his task; and when you retaliate on him with home questions, in the agonies of boredom, he is compelled to avow, with sighs and blushes, that not a chapter as yet is ready for the press.

In his own way, no doubt, he may be happy. But life is short and labor is long; and in the moments when he slips out of the vise that holds him—we do not mean a *double entendre*—he must be troubled with regrets and worried with presentiments. He has ceased to care for his moors or his farms; even his wife and family count for very little with him; and he may go down to his grave in the fulness of respectability, leaving little but loose materials behind him for the monument he fondly hoped to have finished. A far more enviable mortal, in our opinion, is what we may call the practical reader and historian. He must take things quietly if he is to do himself justice; but he cannot afford to loiter and luxuriate over the philosophical speculations that lead to nothing in particular. He has the invaluable spur of the necessity for an income, nor does he care to wait indefinitely for the fame he hopes to attain. We are not speaking, of course, of the flimsy bookmaker, who crams for his task as a counsel for a case; but of the man who, following the bent of his genius, gradually imbues his mind with his subjects, enlarging the information and erudition that are perpetually opening fresh sources of interest, and indicating new and curious researches. Though he does his work carefully, he cultivates the knack of getting through it expeditiously; and experience has taught him where to seek for what he wants without unnecessary waste of time. Reading with the definite intentions which are always present to him, keeps his faculties continually on the stretch; and when he is not solving problems to his satisfaction, he is following out the speculations that may support his presumptions. In his own province he is as likely to make important and exciting discoveries, as the explorer who strikes into the wilds of a continent, or steers northward to the pole through floes and icebergs. Nor are these discoveries without an agreeable sense of danger, since he stakes his credit upon conclusions which may possibly be refuted. He can carry his engrossing pursuits into his holiday-time; and arrange his tours abroad with a view

to adding to his knowledge. He may appreciate, like other people, the grandeur of the Alps, admire the mosaics of St. Mark's, or luxuriate in the galleries of the Louvre. But, when time would otherwise be hanging on his hands, he withdraws from the heat of the day into the cool recesses of some vaulted library, and forgets the hour of the *table d'hôte* while eagerly ransacking its treasures. Imagine the feelings of those fortunate enthusiasts who first explored the manuscripts of Simancas, or the sixteenth-century dispatches of the ambassadors of the Venetian Republic, in the promise of the breaking light they were to be privileged to throw upon history. To such men the labor that is so often actually a pleasure must always bring its own reward ; but they have the satisfaction besides of garnering their fame in their lifetime, and knowing that they are being really useful in their generation. By a happy provision of nature, the distinctive cast of their minds is likely to give tone and character to their self-complacency. The gentleman who prides himself on being exact and philosophical, is comparatively indifferent to the charge of being dull ; and as long as he is respected as a safe authority, can afford to be contemptuous as to tricks of style. While the dashing writer revels in his popularity, despising the punctilious and pettifogging accuracy which gives the dryness of *précis* work to what is meant for the many, and checks the easy flow of eloquent narrative. Of all readers of the kind, perhaps those are most to be envied, who, selecting characters and epochs that impress themselves on the fancy, write romance in history and history in romance. As Washington Irving, for example, when he settled with his books in the Alhambra, among the trees and the nightingales, and the murmuring rivulets, under the very shadow of the Vermilion Towers. He could compare the old chroniclers and ballad-makers with the sites they had immortalized in the valley of the Darro, and the passes of the Alpujarras ; and each legend and tradition, as his fancy retouched it, gave him a pretext for some delightful pilgrimage to its scene. He brought himself to live again in the world he reproduced in his tales and history, as he peopled the *huerta* and the hill-country with the Moorish and Christian cavaliers, of whom many a battle-field and fortress reminded him.

Somewhat in the same style must be the reading of the professional and miscellaneous critic, though it is necessarily more superficial and perfunctory. Not unfrequently he has to discharge an important duty at notice which appears to be absurdly short ; and the author whom he sentences in a couple of columns or so, may complain plausibly of the gross unfairness of his treatment. And it does seem hard at the first blush, that the work of years should be judged in an hour or two, and an expert weighed in the balance by a smatterer. In the first place, it cannot be helped ; and in the next, the injustice is more apparent than real. The criticisms are probably quite good enough for those who, knowing little or nothing of the subject, may desire to have some general idea of the book ; while the very few who may be better informed, take them pretty nearly for what they are worth. If the critic be conscientious, he will try to be fair, and if he understands his business, he will seldom commit himself, and never blunder egregiously. It is not to be expected that he should be an encyclopædia of knowledge, or that he should be deeply read upon all subjects. But he should have made himself master of the practice of " getting up," and ought to know where to lay his hands on the authorities that keep him straight. As for rapid reading, that comes with habit ; and it is astonishing what proficiency may be attained in the art. In reviewing a history, for instance, you know that there are certain epochs as to which the main facts are undisputed, while there are others which have little interest for anybody. There are characters and complications of policy, on the other hand, that have influenced the course of events, and changed the destinies of nations. Each fresh estimate of them must always excite attention, and may be a crucial test besides of the industry and sagacity of the writer. So the critic learns to read to points ; and the points on which he expresses an opinion have really had relatively mature consideration. The same principles guide him in the most bulky biography ;

with poetry and fiction his task is still easier. Nothing is more easily sampled than poetry, good, bad, or indifferent; and we take it to be an axiom that a really clever novel should engage the attention of the most hardened professional. It does not follow that he need read it page by page—that is an affair between himself and his conscience. But by attending to a few very simple rules he may make himself master of its faults and its beauties on a comparatively cursory perusal. We should say that he will study the first chapter or two as if he were to be called to pass a *viva voce* examination in them. Having grounded himself in some of the characters, in the opening scenes and incidents of the plot, he will soon find out how far he need persevere. If the novel be a distinctly good one, the chances are, as we said, that he will read on for his own sake, merely skipping when he comes upon what is unmistakably a side episode, or when moralizing or sentimentality is being gratuitously overdone. If he does drop the leading thread for a moment, he knows by intuition when he may hope to pick it up again, and makes a scientific cast forward like the huntsman whose hounds are at fault on a cold scent. But he learns, for his own sake, not to be too impetuous, since nothing is more irritating, when one is reading against time, than to have to try back for the elucidation of some circumstance that puzzles you. And if the critic be something of a literary *gourmand*, there is a great deal of enjoyment in his manner of reading. He is like a man who has the run of a well-furnished cellar with a variety of vintages in innumerable bins—save that there is no headache to follow, and that the palate is refined by generous indulgence. He has his free swing among books on every conceivable subject, and his mental faculties are stimulated and freshened by changing the themes on which he goes to work. He should necessarily have a fair share of self-confidence; but at the same time his readers must sometimes feel that an affectation of modesty would sit not unbecomingly on him. We have observed, for example, that the finest speakers among our leading statesmen, especially on platforms and at public dinners, express themselves with a studied diffidence which is sure to be flattering to their hearers. Yet no one doubts on that account that they know as much of their subjects as the traders, professional men, or artisans who listen to them. While it may well be that the gigantic and omniscient intellect in the most dogmatically infallible of our weekly contemporaries, fails to convince us in a few cursory remarks that he has the qualifications for pronouncing authoritatively on the patient labors of years.

We repeat, that the impulsion of inexorable necessity, or of a purpose to be accomplished in some stated time, are what really give a savor to reading. And we are sure that, as a rule, the men who spend most money on books are those who derive the least enjoyment from them. The man of ample fortune who lays himself out to fill a library, has most likely many other calls upon his time. When he gives *carte blanche* to his bookseller, and has consignment after consignment delivered to him, he has seldom leisure to do more than see them satisfactorily arranged upon his shelves. He aims at completeness before anything—makes a point of laying in the standard authors, "without which no gentleman's library is complete;" but it is not to be supposed that he can be omnivorous in his tastes. As for the collectors who go in for rare editions and haunt extraordinary book-sales with their check-books in their pockets, for the most part they are bibliomaniacs and nothing more. The exceptions to the rule are the hard-working men who now and then may carry book-buying to extravagance. One of them we know, who is perhaps the safest living authority on matters connected with a taste he has always indulged with discriminating liberality. No trifler he, though he may have a passion for curious editions which is altogether beyond the sympathy of the prosaic and the uninitiated. The most industrious and reliable of historians, he can throw off by way of relaxation and interlude the liveliest of little books; and has shown himself as much at home in the grand scenery of the Grampians as in those libraries in Great Britain and on the Continent, whither his steps tend irresistibly in his holiday time. We have had the privilege of dropping in upon him in what

we might call his lair, if the word did not sound disrespectful. It was in a venerable, half-castellated, ivy-grown manor-house, among avenues of ancient trees, where the light had first to struggle through the foliage before it fell on the narrow windows, in walls that were many feet in thickness. And seldom, surely, has so rich a collection been stowed away in so strange a suite of rooms. Rooms, indeed, are hardly the word. The central point where the proprietor wrote and studied was a vaulted chamber, and all around was a labyrinth of passages to which you mounted or descended by a step or two; of odd nooks and sombre little corridors, and tiny apartments squeezed aside into corners, and lighted either from the corridor or by a lancet-window or a loop-hole. The floors were of polished oak or deal; the ceilings of stone or white-washed; and as to the walls, you could see nothing of them for the panelling of shelves and the backs of the volumes. It was books — books — books — everywhere; the brilliant modern binding of recent works relieving the dull and far more appropriate tints of work-worn leather and time-stained vellum. To the visitor it seemed confusion worse confounded; though wherever his glance happened to fall, he had assurance of the treasures heaped at random around him. But his host carried the clue to the labyrinth in his brain, and could lay his hand on the spur of the moment on the book he happened to want. And with the wonders he had to offer for your admiration, you forgot the flight of time, till you woke up from your abstraction in the enchanted library, to inquire about the manuscript that was in course of publication. So Southey, in the last generation, though he had always to struggle for an income, crammed his little house from cellar to garret with a really noble collection; yet we may be certain that there were very few of his books which he had not either read or repeatedly consulted. But Southey was a phenomenon of indefatigable industry: perhaps he undertook a greater variety of work than any writer before or since; and he seldom stirred from his Keswick hermitage, and lived before the days of the lending libraries. These lending and circulating libraries have gone far towards altering everything. Nowadays a man who can afford a moderate subscription has such opportunities as the richer of our grandfathers never hoped for; and even students in the humblest ranks of society are generally within reach of some literary institute. Nobody living in London and in a similar position can enjoy again the opportunities of Charles Lamb. With the healthiest and most ravenous of appetites he was always on short allowance; but then, on the rare occasions when he treated himself to a feast, he enjoyed it with a gusto we can hardly figure to ourselves. We see him taking his evening strolls toward the second-hand bookseller's or the bookstall—not the brilliant display of the modern railway station, but such a business-like exhibition of half-worn volumes as is still to be found in the purlieus of Bloomsbury, on the *quais* of the Seine, or the *carrefours* of the Latin Quarter. His affections are in suspense between rival attractions, till apprehension of being anticipated forces him to a selection. In any case, he cannot go far wrong, since he well knows what he has deliberately set his heart upon. And then the cherished book was taken home to be devoured, and it tasted the sweeter for being the fruit of an extravagance. The *blasé* book-buyer who can spend as he pleases, and has the run of libraries that are pretty nearly exhaustive, knows nothing of the hearty enjoyment that must be taken by fits and starts—as when the intelligent mechanic, who has set his mind on getting on, picks up some second-hand manual cheap, that is full to him of the fairy-tales of science. The matter and the marvels it contains are everything to him, while the style goes for very little; and indeed the more matter-of-fact the contents are, the more are they likely to impress him. For one can never read with such excited attention as when each new fact and marvellous revelation that dawns upon you is a part of education and a stepping-stone to success.

Yet even the sated voluptuary may have his times of enjoyment, should he submit himself for a time to salutary restraint, or try a wholesome regimen of total abstinence. Accident places most men occasionally in circumstances when they cannot afford to be particular, and

are grateful for what they can get. Speaking for ourselves, though we are seldom safe from sea-sickness, we do not know that we have ever read with more pleasure than on a long and tedious sea-voyage, when we had rashly trusted to the resources of a ship. The library, contained in a couple of tiny shelves on either side of the rudder-case, though "small" enough in all conscience, could hardly be said to be "well-selected." The purser might have laid it in with the rest of the sea-stores, and it had been supplemented afterwards by waifs and derelicts. A first inspection was eminently disheartening; but when we had found our sea-legs after a sharp bout of illness, we turned to it again with altered feelings. To this hour we have a most affectionate memory of the volumes we read under every variety of circumstances—on the steps of the paddle-boxes, under the lee of the companion-hatch, bending over the swaying table in the cabin by the light of a swinging-lamp. A queerly-assorted miscellany they were—three-volume novels, by third-rate writers of the superannuated school of antiquated fashion—magazines that must have blushed unseen through a brief existence, since we never heard of them before or since—biographies of worthy but dry-minded Dissenting divines, whose fame must have been circumscribed in their peculiar communions. We can never hope to have an opportunity of renewing acquaintance with them; and perhaps it is just as well, since we might exchange pleasant recollections for grievous disillusioning. But nothing can rob us of the agreeable recollection of charmed hours spent in their company, when we were only recalled to what was going on around us by some passing ship, or a staggering passenger coming to grief among the crockery. We have made ourself happy of a wet day in the High Alps with some tattered volumes of the Tauchnitz, scarcely caring to regret the missing pages that piqued our curiosity while they gave scope to the imagination. We have soothed the leisure of recovery from sudden illness in a French inn with the loose sheets of a *Times* and an old copy or two of the *Charivari*, which had served for lining to the drawers of a commode; and though naturally we may have grumbled at the straits to which we were reduced, yet in the retrospect we can only feel remorse for our ingratitude. For we take the normal object of nineteen readers in twenty to be pleasure, improvement being indifferent to them, or but a secondary consideration; and pleasure is most surely begotten of the short commons that make you comparatively indifferent to the *menu* of your repasts.

The fact is, that with the blunted susceptibilities of later life, short commons are the best substitute for the freshness of intelligent boyhood. What would any veteran of us give to be back again in the days when the whole world of wonders lay before us unexplored; before the senses had become jaded, and while the fancy was still unfagged? Though even then you had strong and decided predilections, and were as fastidious, perhaps, as you have since grown with satiety. The books that were presented for your edification by well-meaning friends were often thrown aside after a glance at the title-page; and you would rather twirl your thumbs through the weariness of a winter evening than settle to what smacked of the school-room in disguise. But when you did come across a volume you liked, it almost reconciled you to inaction on a summer afternoon; and when you found a favorite you stuck to it, with a constant love surpassing that of women. We remember how we read again and again "Evenings at Home," Howitt's "Boy's Country Book," Harris's "Wild Sports of Southern Africa," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Tom Cringle," and the "Cruise of the Midge." Even in those days we picked and chose on vaguely critical principles. Of course we did not appreciate the voyage to Laputa; nor did we care so greatly for Robinson when he had left his island and taken to travelling as a gentleman of independent property; though we warmed to something of the old interest when he fell among the wolves in the passes of the Pyrenees. We hardly needed the pictures to help out our imagination, though they may have assisted us, no doubt, to more vivid impressions. Yet how well we recollect each line and touch in them; Robinson contemplating the pile of goods he had

rafted ashore, with the cat sitting in meditative mind on the top of it; his starting back at the sight of the foot-print in the sands, with one of his hands thrown up towards heaven in horror, and each hair in his rough skin cap seeming to bristle. Harris galloping behind the giraffes, or topping the ridge of the valley of elephants; Gulliver with the ladder resting against his thigh, and the Lilliputians climbing over him in companies to take an inventory of the contents of his pockets. Had the memory retained its early tenacity—or rather, if we could command and regulate that intensity of absorption—how different would be the condition of one's mind at this moment, and how infinitely more satisfactory would be the labors of our maturity!

As you may take observations of casual readers in the railway carriages, so you have great opportunities of passing professionals and distinguished amateurs under review in the libraries of the great literary clubs. Whether they have committed themselves to toil for a name and a living—whether they merely ride some hobby hard, or take a comprehensive interest in the literature of the day—all of them are more or less *blasé* in books. The sight of the shelves in the suites of rooms, densely packed from the floor to the ceiling, might send an earnest novice into raptures or despair, according as his introduction to it happened to strike him. But habit is everything, and the bulk of the *habitués* having had the run of similar collections from their youth, live among those treasures as if they did not exist—like the guests sitting down in a grand dining-hall that has been panelled with carvings of fruit and flowers. They have an agreeable impression that the walls are appropriately adorned, and that is all. Should you happen to want a volume, you apply to the librarian, or go straight to its place, guided by the catalogue. Very possibly it is not once in the year that you take a turn round the cases and the galleries, and then your stroll makes you somewhat melancholy. It is not in human nature not to feel regretful, when you are reminded of the treasures lying always within your reach, and think of the hours you are perpetually wasting. We do not allude merely to those solid works that are associated with effort at all times, and especially as you grow older. Most busy men, even when they are fond of books, like the lightest literature by way of relaxation. But here, in one corner, you come on a collection of the poets, which you feel you have been foolishly in the habit of neglecting. In another are the essays of those graceful writers who delighted you long ago with their wit and wisdom. There are the masterpieces of polished irony, and the speeches of the orators of former generations on subjects that are again become the questions of the day. You are reminded, in short, of the existence of an inexhaustible world of literature, with beauties and interests to please every fancy, which should never grow antiquated or out of fashion, though they may be thrust aside and forgotten. The eager authors of the day may murmur at merits undervalued; but, in fact, when we look down from the gallery in a collection of the past, on the tables that are strewed with their latest productions, we stand amazed at their extraordinary good fortune. Take the most meritorious or the vainest of them at their own estimation, and if they were challenged to a fair start and favor, they might be anywhere or nowhere in the race for attraction with some scores of rivals in their own line and style, unless, indeed, they have something new to say or to report—and that every day becomes more improbable. A man, on lounging into the *library*, walks instinctively to the tables where the newest books are laid out. A title or a binding strikes his fancy; he throws himself into the nearest chair, and perseveres as often as not, from sheer listlessness or laziness. He cannot be troubled getting up to change, or striking into a new current of thought; and then he can break off for a gossip at any moment, without showing or feeling annoyance at the interruption; for these are gentlemen who seldom seem to read at all, though they can never make themselves comfortable without a book in their hand. One eye may be glancing carelessly at the page, while the other is always ready to sweep the horizon. They prick their ears at the opening of a door or the faintest sound of a footfall. With diabolical strategy, they take

care to place themselves where they can command one or two entrances—or still better, where they can cut the communications with the magazine tables; and we need not say that they are horribly dangerous. For there is no possibility of reading within reach of them; they show a sublime indifference to your most ostentatious airs of abstraction, addressing you *apropos* to nothing on the subjects most foreign to your thoughts. As frequenters of the library and professional smatterers, they are bound to know something about the latest books, but any information they have they gather from reviews. There are other men who appear to read almost as negligently, and who are almost as indifferent to being disturbed, though not positively aggressive. But these have really the latest literature at their fingers' ends, and it is not very often you find them tripping in their facts. The secret is, that they are most accomplished skimmers, and can pause and pounce almost intuitively on what is the gist of the book or the story. We fancy that their memories, as a rule, are rather quick and flashy than retentive; and yet they accumulate a store of loose information that quickens their intelligence for fresh acquisitions. Then there is the heavy reader, who puzzles out a scent like a sleuth-hound. It matters not what may be the subject of his studies: it may be the profoundest philosophy or the most trivial fiction. He spells out every line in every page, and seems to ponder each phrase as if it were the key to an enigma. Whether his capacity has grasp in proportion to its slowness, is a mystery that is hardly worth solving, even for curiosity; for he thinks and speaks as deliberately as he reads; he has a mania for communicating what he has acquired so laboriously, and it would be the wantonness of foolhardiness to expose yourself to be button-holed by him. Then there is the selfish reader, who is a standing nuisance to his neighbors. He lunches light and early, and hurries up-stairs to secure the most comfortable chair in the snuggest corner. He jerks up his feet on the fender in winter; subsides slowly among the cushions, till a view from behind shows you nothing but a bald crown over the chair-back, and loses all consciousness of external matters till he rouses himself tardily to think about dinner. There is the excited reader, who tears his way through the books, that appear to put him through the whole gamut of the passions. You see him clutching nervously at the pages as if he would precipitate himself forward and anticipate conclusions; he rolls his eyes, and clenches his fists, and snarls in the concentrated energy of indignation. Or, if he happens to be tickled, he reads with rippling smiles, varied by occasional spasms of approving laughter. And more obnoxious than any, there is the somniferous and stertorous reader, who drops off into sleep at a moment's notice, and presents you with a study of indigestion and suppressed nightmare, till it pleases him to waken with a snort or a chuckle.

Objectionable, though in a very different way, is the critical student who seems to be collating for the purpose of editing some edition. He rather pecks at his authorities than settles to them; he is always making raids all over the place, which are sometimes richly repaid with heavy armfuls of literature, though not unfrequently he comes back empty-handed. He is a man who evidently trusts little to his memory, but loves to note everything in black and white. He sits in a litter of loose sheets, and manages to surround himself in the course of the afternoon with mountainous piles of promiscuous volumes. If his brain can evolve any system from that chaos, his powers of analysis and organization must be infinitely superior to his memory. Finally, there are the readers whom you cannot help reverencing, were it only for the distinguished reputation they have made for themselves, and the benefits they are bestowing on their contemporaries and posterity. These are the men who, to say nothing of their acknowledged work, are writing or revising the best part of the articles in the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Not a few of them are the greatest living authorities in their own especial departments of literature; and it is sad to think what the loss must be of any one of these precious lives, with its rich and varied accumulations. Most of those men of great intellect are model readers. There is no mistaking

the expression of close and critical attention, or the power of quick and shrewd concentration. They know what to study and what to reject; but when they read, they read to purpose. Nor can you do better than take example from them as to their methods of application, if you cannot hope to rise to the range of their studies. — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE PROBLEM OF SANITY.

THE protracted inquiry in "Nowell *v.* Williams," suspended for a time by the Long Vacation, is interesting in many ways, and not least so because it shows how long and arduous an investigation with respect to the sanity of a person must be, if it is to be thorough. The opinions of two doctors, formed on what they saw or heard at a short interview, and what is told them by some relative—all that the law now requires—are but uncertain guides. If you desire to be sure, the whole life and habits of the person whose sanity is in question must be studied, the opinions of many different persons must be taken; and this is the mode—tedious, no doubt—which is being pursued in the action brought by Dr. Nowell against Mr. Williams, his brother-in-law, for unlawfully detaining him in a lunatic asylum. The fact is, that the ordinary, practical tests of insanity are much too rough and coarse. Sufficient as a means of detecting cases of violent madness, they are quite worthless when we have to do with the subtler forms of mental disease. One of the earliest words in every language is some equivalent for "mad." It conveys the most primitive of ideas. And yet, as every day's experience teaches, the extreme difficulty of defining the term, and the urgent necessity of having a clear definition of madness, grow more manifest. "Mad doctors" differ; no two use the same tests of sanity; and both the legal and the medical criterions of insanity are found in practice to fail. The usual explanation of the growing difficulties connected with this question is, that the subject is studied much more intelligently than it was; and that our doctors now recognize the existence of problems which did not occur to their predecessors, whose notion of insanity was either furious mania or idiocy. But this does not exactly indicate the *crux* of the matter. It is still questionable whether the commonplace about insanity being almost unknown in barbarous communities is quite correct, or whether it is not due to what Mr. Mill called a fallacy of observation. Barbarism may have its own conceptions of madness, its tests of which may be sound, though they might not recommend themselves to the European mind; and it would probably be very difficult for Dr. Maudsley or Dr. Winslow to discriminate indications of mania, delusion, or eccentricity among Kaffirs, which were clear enough to Kaffirs. What to the eye of a Zulu is clear evidence of insanity may be entirely misunderstood or unperceived by the Englishman. The savage in the Andaman Islands who, by wearing a white hat, and nothing else, and calling himself "Lord Palmerston," recommended himself to the English traveller as a zealous votary of civilization, was possibly regarded as a hopeless maniac by his own friends and relatives.

Dr. Maudsley, in his work on "The Psychology and Pathology of Mind," shows that the struggle for existence which goes on in the heart of an old civilization, the worry, the friction, the conflict of desires, produce, as an inevitable result, a large amount of insanity. But civilization has its compensations. We have no *crétins* or *cagots*—the products of poor nourishment, bad water, and miserable houses. The stunted intellects of the descendants of people who for generations have lived upon inadequate fare are not the outcome of civilization. But what cannot be denied is that civilization has multiplied the *forms* of insanity. It has called into existence varieties hitherto unknown; and this is the chief cause of the growing difficulty in determining the existence of insanity. What is equally clear, is that civilization has increased the number of complex forms of insanity—cases in which disease is found in conjunction with great strength in some organs; cases in which

y and insanity are curiously en-
:d. The old notion, for instance,
a man is insane when, and only
ı, he has no control over his thoughts
actions, or when he takes imagina-
for realities, is found no longer to
:e. Civilization has bred species of
ıity which refuse to be classed un-
the old categories. Almost the
forms of madness which were nur-
l in a poor, backward state of soci-
were those due to insufficient food
ıd water, melancholia, or excess of
: of the great primitive passions;
n the complex relations of an old
zation, how many opportunities
here for a man to betray peculiar-
and eccentricity. Every man, we
suppose, has some trait, latent or
ıled, in which he differs from his
ws. There is some one point in
h, if his nature had its way, and the
sion arose, he would differ from
ı; and when society is complex,
ı the code of duty and etiquette has
ıded to every possible action of life,
ı there is a proper way of doing
ything, from birth to death, from
ıng in the morning to the inverse
nony of night, the natural humor
ıe man is and must be occasionally
ed or irritated into abnormal activ-

The latent madness, that is to say,
ɔint at which other people will have
hat he unreasonably differs from
ı, has every chance of being brought
ight, when every faculty is called
exercise, and when society makes
d its phylacteries and multiplies its
mandments. In short, it is more
ɔnable, so to speak, to go mad than
ıs. Take, as an illustration, the
ɔwing instance, mentioned by an
:rican writer on insanity: Colonel
— was a lawyer by profession, and
ict attorney in one of the Western
es. He was a man of remarkable
ty, and a consummate advocate.
he had one or two marked peculiar-
, which, in another state of civiliza-
, might never have come to light, or
:h would have been regarded as a
:er of no consequence to anybody.
feel," he said, with respect to one
ıis oddities, "that I am cousin to
Duke of Wellington and to Napo-
. It seems ridiculous. I can't
e out any kind of proof. I even
laugh at it. It concerns nobody. It
has in it no dangerous element. Why,
then, should I be interfered with for
harboring a delusion, if you choose to
call it so, no more absurd than a thou-
sand religious sects feel themselves hap-
py in resting upon?" Another peculiar-
ity was a strange belief that if his nose
were cut off it would grow again, just
as his hair did; and under the influence
of this view—of no consequence to any-
body but himself—he actually cut off
his nose. His last peculiarity was great
quarrelsomeness at the bars of hotels,
which he liked to frequent—a failing
which would have been very innocent,
if transferred to Arkansas or Texas.
His sanity was repeatedly called in ques-
tion, but his skill as an advocate was
such, that he never failed to convince
the courts that, according to any of the
accepted tests of insanity, he was a ra-
tional man. And yet people instinc-
tively felt that he ought not to be at lib-
erty. His quarrelsomeness made him a
dangerous member of society, and, in
fact, mental disease showed itself un-
mistakably before he died. And yet
this man might, if he had lived a cen-
tury ago, and been devoid of education,
have never been suspected of insanity.
He would not, in all probability, have
confused his understanding by making
physiological theories. His vanity would
not have been so excited by reading
about the Napoleonic wars, as to make
himself suppose that he was a kinsman
of great conquerors; and even if it had,
it would not have mattered so much in
an uneducated society, where the pre-
posterousness of his claims would not
have shocked any one. He could con-
trol his actions; if he harbored delu-
sions, they did not influence his conduct
towards other people; and he was pos-
sessed of far more intelligence than the
mass of sane persons.

This case illustrates another peculiar-
ity. Modern society is not content with
a man's actions being reasonable; his
opinions must also conform to a cer-
tain standard. It will not allow a per-
son to believe that he is related to the
Royal Family, or that he is followed
every night by a man in a white hat, or
that if he came by his own, the Kohinoor
would be his. And yet who is injured
by these delusions, so long as the be-

liever in them does not insist upon mixing himself up in state affairs, or upon taking possession of what he thinks is his own? He may in other respects be a sensible person, and his little vagaries may even give zest to his life.

What is the inference we draw from all this? Why, that it becomes more and more clear that to settle the question whether a man is so insane that he ought to be confined, a minute inquiry into his whole habits and life, and feelings towards those about him, is necessary. The simple question is not whether his mind is perfectly rational. How many would pass safely through such an investigation? The question is whether he ought to be his own master; and every detail of conduct, the smallest acts and circumstances—in short, comprehensive evidence, such as has been adduced in "Nowell *v.* Williams"—must be examined, before an opinion can be safely formed. The actual process is very different. Two doctors have a short talk with the supposed lunatic; they go to the interview with their minds prepossessed by what has been told them by his friends; they judge of his sanity by the inspection of a small segment of the circle of his life. The law fails even to secure that the informants on whom the doctors must rely know his habits. The "order" need not be signed by any one who is intimate with the alleged lunatic. In one instance in which a person was confined, it came out that the "connection" of which the law speaks was based almost entirely on the fact that the person who asked for the detention had once knocked the lunatic down. Legislation in regard to this subject has gone far astray. Before depriving an alleged lunatic of his liberty, the old law usually insisted, even at a time when the chief forms of insanity were simple and obvious, upon an examination as thorough as if the truth of a criminal charge had been in question. Modern legislation has allowed the question to be virtually determined by the certificate of two doctors, based on a cursory examination and hearsay evidence. The old law generally allowed the matter to be determined by a jury who were disposed to look to the broad question whether it was safe to leave the lunatic at large. Recent legislation practically leaves the matter in every instance in the hands of two doctors, who are inclined to look only at the narrow issue—whether there is any element of insanity present; and to ignore the only question worthy of consideration—whether society has reason to dread the alleged lunatic being at liberty.—*The Spectator*.

ANCIENT EGYPT.

BY REGINALD STUART POOLE.

V.

THE last period of ancient Egyptian history extends through about seven hundred years, from the decline of the Empire, about B.C. 1200, to the Persian conquest by Cambyses, B.C. 527.* It begins with the loss of the foreign provinces. The Egyptian monarchy thus shrinks from the dimensions of an empire to those of a kingdom. Next the kingdom breaks up, resolving itself into an aggregate of principalities. Thus internally powerless, its independence is threatened by the great Ethiopian monarchy on the south, and by the Assyrian Empire on the north-east. At length the battle-ground of the Asiatic and African powers is shifted by the strength of Assyria from Syria to Egypt itself, and there the Ethiopians in vain strive to beat back the overwhelming force of the Assyrians. With the decline of Assyria and Ethiopia there comes a breathing-time for Egypt, once more independent. But Babylonia inherits the policy and the success of Assyria, and Persia with the conquest of Babylon takes up the scheme and finally accomplishes it, when Egypt is reduced by Cambyses to a province of the great Eastern Empire. Here the history of the Pharaohs closes.

* It now seems certain on Egyptian evidence that the conquest of Egypt by Cambyses must be carried up from B.C. 525, long the received date, to B.C. 527.

nanly efforts of the Egyptians to
er their independence, in spite of
orary success, have no place in the
r events of the world's history.
were little more than provincial
ts, and ended in that complete ex-
ion which is proved by the wel-
with which Alexander was re-
d.
e history of the time is less per-
than political. Its interest does
entre in the achievements of great
uerors, but in the development of
cal events. We watch an oriental
ce of power, which, when it is
y disturbed, results in a fierce con-
of races, in which nation after na-
almost disappears. This more in-
ting aspect of history is due to the
dance of our materials, the stories
ie hostile nations, the Ethiopian,
tian, Assyrian, and Babylonian
, and the writings of spectators of
trife, the Hebrew historians and
iets, and the Greek historian-trav-
Herodotus.
ie events recorded or illustrated by
ample sources can only be treat-
n outline. This is, however, all
is necessary for our purpose.
e is little matter of controversy as
tails, and the documents are acces-
to all. What is needed is a con-
d historical outline. No sketch of
tian history could be complete
ut an attempt to give the student a
through the complicated series of
ts which are crowded into the age
cline.
ie fall of the Empire seems to have
wholly due to internal causes.
exhausting wars of Ramses III.
d him to concede to the Libyan
s the right to settle in Egypt, that
ight recruit his armies from their
iors. Hence there grew up strong
es of mercenaries useful to ambitious
ary leaders. The progress of social
y was marked by a great conspiracy
ist the king, in which high function-
plotted with the women of his
ehold. His wealth was lavished in
le-gifts and endowments, and con-
ted to increase the power of the
thood and to aggravate the discon-
of the people. So long as the great
ueror lived the Empire was strong,
with his death it was left to be
snatched at by several sons, whose short reigns and broken succession are proofs of their weakness and turbulence. Side by side with the kingly power had grown up a rival pretension. The high-priests of Amen at Thebes played the part of Mayors of the Palace to these fainéant Ramessides; they advanced by sure degrees, until at last one of them, Her-hor, assumed the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, and founded a new Dynasty, the Twenty-first. In his time we see the last traces of Egyptian rule of the Eastern provinces: they were doubtless lost by the progress of the First Assyrian Empire (B.C. 1130–1090) followed by the Israelite Empire of David and Solomon. Hence perhaps the removal of the capital from Thebes to Tanis on the eastern border, and the alliance of the priest-king with Solomon. The change of capital may however have been due to a political compromise with the Ramessides, who lingered on, and disappeared not long before the Tanite priestly house was expelled by a new intrusive line.

A family of Shemite chiefs settled in the Delta rose to high power as commanders of the mercenaries, and at length one of them, Sheshonk I., the Shishak of the Bible, about B.C. 970, overthrew the Tanites, securing the throne by the marriage of his second son and ultimate heir to a princess of that house, and invested his heirs in succession with the high priesthood of Amen. The family of the priest-kings fled to Ethiopia, and there founded an independent kingdom, destined to play a great part in later history.

The annals of the Twenty-second Dynasty record one great event, the successful war of Shishak in Palestine. The notice in Hebrew history has its commentary in the famous wall-sculpture of the great temple of Amen-Ra at Thebes, where Shishak enumerates the long list of his conquests. This record will not bear comparison with the older lists of the Empire. For nations and tribes we have a series of towns, but the contribution to Biblical history is most interesting, and we perceive the policy of Jeroboam in the occurrence of Levitical cities of Israel as well as towns of Judah. Jeroboam desired not merely to crush the house of David in its own

territory, but also to destroy its orthodox influence in his kingdom. The most interesting name in the list is that of Judah, strangely written Judah-melek, where we should have expected the word Judah in the second place if "melek" be kingdom.

Thus for a moment the Eastern power of Egypt revived, but Ethiopia was irrevocably lost, and the successors of Shishak wanted power and energy to maintain his policy. Their history for the next two centuries is a blank. We know little more than their names, and that ultimately their line broke up into three royal or princely houses.

An event recorded only in the Chronicles may be the key to the sudden decline of the house of Shishak. We there read how under Rehoboam's second successor, Asa, Zerah the Ethiopian invaded Palestine, and was defeated by the king of Judah. This war is nowhere else recorded. The succession of the priest-kings is incomplete, and we know nothing of their history for a century and a half or more later. Was Zerah one of them? Did he conquer the family of Shishak, and on his reverse retreat to Ethiopia, leaving them to survive in peaceful but impotent possession of Egypt? Some such events must be read between the lines of what we know of the history of this age, and it is precisely what occurred again and again in later times. The remote basis of operations of the Ethiopian kings who conquered Egypt made their tenure of the country insecure, and each expedition left it rather paralyzed than dependent.

An Ethiopian conquest is the first event that breaks the dull monotony of the history of Shishak's successors. The story is well told by the conqueror himself, in a stele which is by far the most interesting state document in the whole range of hieroglyphic texts. It was found at Napata, the Ethiopian capital. Before speaking of its contents we must endeavor to form a clear idea of Ethiopia, known to the Egyptians as Kesh, the Cush of Scripture.

Ethiopia, the land of the Upper Nile, about as far as the junction of the White and Blue rivers, is hard to define. Its limits varied in antiquity, for they depended more upon political than geographical divisions. Roughly it consisted of two widely different regions. The northern portion is the narrow Nile-valley, obstructed by several cataracts and shut in by barren rocky deserts; the southern is the broader valley, bounded by deserts subject to tropical rains which gradually change to prairies. The division may be placed not far from Napata, near which the Nile takes a great bend, flowing south-west for a long distance in its upper course before that site is reached. We cannot therefore divide the two tracts from east to west, as the more fertile country is at first on the upper but more northern course of the stream. Thus each region contains about half the course of the Nile between the First Cataract, the boundary of Egypt, and the junction of the White and Blue Niles. Lower Ethiopia is the poorest portion of the Nile-valley. Upper Ethiopia is in part a splendid country, of old richly peopled, and containing great cities. The two regions may be best conceived of as corresponding to the plain of the Delta, and to the valley of Upper Egypt, inverted. Here the narrow valley is the natural bulwark of the spreading country beyond. No invader could advance from Egypt upon the Nile, for it is no longer a water-highway. Nor could he move up the long tedious course of the narrow valley without risk of being stopped at every few miles by a much smaller force. The only practicable approach was through the waterless desert, which foiled the enterprise of Cambyses. The oldest royal capital was Napata, as the nearest point to Egypt, the sovereignty of which was claimed by the kings who ruled there. When this pretension was finally overthrown, Meroë, probably recommended by its central position, succeeded to Napata.

The great table-mountain now called Gebel-Barkal, and in the inscriptions the "Sacred Mountain," was held in reverence as early as the time of Ramses II. Beneath it he raised a temple to Amen-Ra, the god of the neighboring city of Napt, the classical Napata, and Noph of the Bible. To this southern seat of Theban worship the fugitive high-priest line of the Twenty-first Dynasty betook itself, and refounded there its kingdom. Exactly when this took place we do not know, but it was prob-

ably on the accession of Shishak. They do not appear in history until the reign of Piankhee Mee-Amen, the king of the famous stele of Napata, about B.C. 750. Everything shows, however, that at this date the Ethiopian monarchy was firmly established, and had maintained by policy if not by war a hereditary claim to the rule of Egypt, while the Thebaïd was actually its most northern province.

Ethiopian civilization as we see it at this age is Egyptian, with some curious variations, to receive in later times a fuller development. The priest-king is more distinctly sacerdotal in his kingly character than his Theban ancestors. He is first priest, then king, whereas the Pharaoh was priest because he was king. Hence a growth of superstition and a sacerdotal exclusiveness. Hence war made in the name of Amen-Ra to conquer Egypt, his territory. In the importance the stele gives to the royal hareem there is a first indication of the place ultimately taken by the queen in Ethiopia, where we find heiresses ruling as queens regnant, not as queens consort, unlike the Egyptian usage. Here at least the influence of the subject race is apparent.

At this very time Cush first undoubtedly appears in Scripture as a great independent power. In earlier ages we read only of Cushite populations. In the tenth chapter of Genesis their settlements are given, and we see that the race extended from Chaldæa along the eastern and southern coasts of Arabia into Africa above Egypt. In later books the name Cush seems restricted to that branch of the Cushites which inhabited Ethiopia, the other Cushite settlements appearing under the names of the races or territories specified in the table of Genesis 10 as descendants of Cush. As a nation the Cushites appear in the armies of Shishak and Zerah. If Zerah were a king of Ethiopia, the Ethiopian state is mentioned during its earliest period, but the first certain notice is that of Isaiah.

The Burden of Egypt, that striking picture of the age we had reached, is preceded by a prophecy as to Ethiopia. The subjects are like, each nation is portrayed, its coming judgment is predicted, and its future turning to the true religion. But the view is strikingly different. The lofty lines in which the Ethiopians are depicted show respect for a nation beautiful and warlike, whose piety would readily draw them on Zion, as the suppliant Ethiopia of the lxviiith Psalm, and of the later Isaiah (45 : 14). Ezekiel adds another touch in describing the Ethiopians as free from care. In the two prophecies first noticed in the Psalm and in the later Isaiah, Egypt takes a lower place as an inferior people. Indeed, the Burden of Egypt speaks with contempt of the weakness, vacillation, and base superstition of the Egyptians.

Compare this with Homer. The Ethiopians stand in the extreme limits of the poet's view to the eastward, in a border-land of truth and fable beyond his knowledge of geography. They are divided two-fold. Memnon, their leader, son of the Dawn, was the most beautiful of all who came to the War of Troy. So pious are they that the gods are their constant guests, when hecatombs are sacrificed. Such are the gentle Ethiopians (*ἀμύμονας Αἰθιοπῆας*) with the general traits of beauty, courage in war, and piety.

To return to the state of Napata. Egypt under Shishak was an empire. Under his successors it wears the semblance of an undivided kingdom. The descendants of Shishak appear as beautifiers of the temple of Amen-Ra at Thebes, and as the heads of the state at the burial of each successive sacred bull Apis at Memphis. But the Ethiopian king's narrative shows how all this became a mere titular supremacy which at his time had fallen to pieces. It may have come about in this wise. The division of Egypt into forty-two provinces or nomes had its origin in local worship. So intensely local was that worship that it even led to little religious wars like those which Juvenal ridicules. Consequently each nome had a marked individuality of its own, and the aggregate of the nomes could only be held together by a strong-handed central government. Thus, whenever ancient Egypt fell under foreign rule, either the natural instinct of the people or the policy of the stranger, or both, tended to resolve the monarchy first into the two kingdoms of the Upper and Lower country, then into the nome principalities. Egypt was thus

reduced to petty kingdoms at the close of the Shepherd-rule, and to the nomes both at the troubled end of the Nineteenth Dynasty and in the latter days of Shishak's foreign line.

When the Ethiopian king, Piankhee Mee-Amen, resolved on his Egyptian war, the Lower country and Middle Egypt were broken up into a number of small principalities, while the Thebaïd was a province of the Ethiopian monarchy. Of the petty rulers, four, of whom three bear names of the family of Shishak, are allowed the Egyptian royal ring, and were thus kings; the rest were independent governors. The whole number of these little principalities appears to have been twenty-one, or little less than that of the nomes of Lower and Middle Egypt. How this condition had been brought about has been already suggested. It must have been sudden, for neither the monuments of Thebes nor of Memphis show any trace of a breaking up of the state. Probably in the later days of the house of Shishak the priest-kings reconquered the Thebaïd, and the policy of the defeated dynasty, which had set up princes in various cities of Egypt at the head of mercenary troops, led to its natural result, the independence of every prince and governor strong enough to maintain himself. It is noticeable that five chief princes who are selected with the four kings for portrayal on the stele as doing homage to Piankhee are each called "great chief of the Mashuasha," and other princes mentioned in the inscription are similarly qualified. This shows at once the prevalence of the system of military chieftains with mercenary garrisons, and the importance of the Libyan settlers of the tribe called Mashuasha, the fatal bequest of the wars of Ramses III. Dr. Brugsch, indeed, believes an Assyrian supremacy to be the true explanation of the problem, but this is not proved, and the Ethiopian invasion falls either during the temporary decline of the Assyrian Empire, when the kingdoms of Syria and Israel presented effectual barriers to its westward extension, or in the next period occupied in overthrowing those barriers.

The immediate cause of the Ethiopian king's expedition against Egypt was the news that Tafnekht, now Prince of Saïs, had conquered Lower and Middle Egypt. This chief, the founder of the house of the Psammetichi, which for the last time restored the Egyptian kingdom, was a national leader. All his rivals were drawn into his party by force or policy. That common action of which they had been incapable was at once theirs when Tafnekht directed their movements. The King of Ethiopia, seeing the Thebaïd in danger, dispatched an expedition which achieved a partial success; following in person he reconquered the whole of Middle and Lower Egypt, Tafnekht, when all hope of resistance failed, sending his submission from Saïs.

The long document which narrates these events is full of picturesque detail. The priestly character of Piankhee is shown in his exclusiveness and his attachment to the worship of Amen, for he admits King Nimrod alone, whom he by no means favored, into his palace, as he was clean and eat no fish, and it is as sent by Amen that he dispatches his soldiers, enjoining them to lay aside their arms and worship at Thebes. There is a touch of savagery in the king's story of the slaughter of war, as in the siege of Hermopolis Magna, yet it is relieved by his care for non-combatants and children. But the reader's sympathies are with brave Tafnekht, whose touching appeal to the conqueror tells how he had fled to the islands of the sea and been forced by an enemy to return and hide himself in sanctuary at Saïs. Sick and in rags, he satisfies his hunger and thirst with bread and water alone, he goes not to the feasting-house, and the harp is no longer played before him. All hope of his project of an independent Egypt had vanished, the last effort had been made in some voyage to secure such aid as that of the Ionians and Carians who supported Psammetichus, his successor, in the next century, and the patriotic leader swears fealty to the half-foreign Theban. He disappears from the scene, but the inheritance of his project was left to the succession of brave and politic Saïte princes, who finally achieved it, after many years of the greatest calamities Egypt ever endured.

The Ethiopian conquest was not wholly repugnant to the Egyptians.

Piankhee was a Theban and a priest, and already the ruler of the Thebaïd. He was only heartily opposed by the patriotic Saïtes, and perhaps by those princes who thought that an Assyrian protectorate would be the best guarantee of the continued existence of their petty power. Through a space of some sixty years the Ethiopians continued to hold the Thebaïd, and from time to time to subdue the princes of the Delta. Their succession is doubtful, and it is probable that the greatest of their line, Tirhakah, under whom their power over Egypt virtually ended, was, in his earlier years, contemporary with one or more Ethiopian kings of Egypt, the Empire of Piankhee having for a time broken up. By the date of Tirhakah, the long wars had estranged the two nations, and the Ethiopian records the conquest of Egypt in the inscriptions of temples at Napata, and even at Thebes.

This was the age when Assyria and Ethiopia came into conflict, and the petty wars against small princes were changed for a mighty struggle of two races, which ended only with the political extinction of the Ethiopians, soon followed by that of the Assyrians, worn out by the ceaseless activity of their military rulers.

At this time Isaiah foretold the downfall of the Ethiopians, and, in more precise terms, the calamities coming upon Egypt. Already divided into cities and kingdoms, the Egyptians would engage in civil wars. The princes of Zoan, Tanis, the leading royal house of Shishak's line, and the princes of Noph, Napata, the Ethiopian over-kings, would equally be deceived, and the country would fall into the hands of a cruel lord, a fierce king.

In the constant growth of the Assyrian power, which had overthrown kingdom after kingdom, the sovereigns of Syria and Palestine turned a longing eye to the ambitious Ethiopians. The fall of Hoshea, the last king of Israel, in B.C. 721, was the result of an alliance with Ethiopia, but it was some years before the two rival armies met. In B.C. 714, at Raphia, on the Egyptian frontier, the Assyrian Sargon defeated Shebek, the Ethiopian, who fled away across the desert, guided by a Philistine shepherd.

It was an unequal contest. The Assyrians were close to their basis of operations. Palestine was not many days' march from the Euphrates, and scarcely ever were they without the aid of subject-princes, terrified into this policy by the frightful punishments of those who dared to assert their independence. The Ethiopians, if defeated, had to regain Upper Egypt through the territory of the princes of Lower Egypt, desirous of freedom, and not always disposed to risk the enmity of Assyria by supporting their southern over-king. Once in the Thebaïd the Ethiopians were safe for the time, but their resources lay beyond the barren tract of Lower Ethiopia, to which their Egyptian province was a mere outpost. It is a marvel that they had the courage over and over again to renew the contest, which always ended in their failure.

When Sargon had defeated Shebek the princes of the Delta at once threw off his yoke and put themselves under the protection of Assyria. The tremendous calamity which overtook Sennacherib at the moment when Tirhakah was advancing too late to aid a vanquished confederacy, closes for a time the Assyrian expeditions to the west. Tirhakah firmly established himself in Egypt, and remained undisturbed until the reign of Esarhaddon, by whom the whole country was subdued, and the city of Thebes sacked. Twenty small tributary princes were then established, and garrisons placed in the chief fortresses (B.C. 672). Tirhakah twice reconquered Egypt; and the Assyrians, under Assur-banhabal, as often recovered the country Thebes being twice taken. On the last occasion Tirhakah, wearied by the calamities of his long reign, had retired to Ethiopia, and his successor had to meet the attack. The punishment of Thebes was final. The whole population was led away into slavery, the temples pillaged, obelisks carried as trophies to Nineveh. It is to this last and most cruel sack of Thebes, No-Amon, that the prophet Nahum probably refers when he warns Nineveh of her approaching fall, by the example of her ancient rival. Thebes fell in B.C. 666 or 665, Nineveh in B.C. 625. "Art thou better than No-Amon, who was enthroned among the Nile-streams, the waters round about

her, whose rampart [was] the river, her wall of the river? Cush and Mizraim [were] her strength, and [it was] infinite; Put and Lubim were thy helpers. Yet [was] she carried away; she went into captivity" (Nahum 3 : 8–10). No-Amon lay on either side of the Nile, here separated by two islands. With the prophet, as with the Arabs, the sea is the great river. Ethiopia, Egypt, Libyans (Mashuasha), and other mercenaries, supplied the armies of the Ethiopian king of Thebes. The final destruction of the imperial city, which never afterwards attained more than provincial power, was as complete as that which afterwards overtook her conqueror and rival. Throughout the earlier period of these wars, while Egypt was not yet invaded, and Ethiopia had only once received a check, the prophet Isaiah ceaselessly warns Judah against the Egyptian alliance. It was rather Egypt than Ethiopia to which Judah looked, desiring to form a confederacy, weak in itself, and which could not stand against the great king of the East without calling in the unwelcome support of Ethiopia.

The yoke of Assyria, now declining in power, was soon thrown off, and it is not certain that the Ethiopians ever after gained a momentary influence in the affairs of Egypt. The Saïte house, true to its leadership, overthrew the other lines, and on the ruins of what Herodotus terms the Dodecarchy arise the last great Egyptian kingdom. The activity of the Saïtes marvellously restored the prosperity of Egypt, but they were in advance of their times. The long reign of Psammetichus, the true founder of the Twenty-sixth Dynasty, witnessed a great disaster. His success was due to his Greek mercenaries, and the favor he showed these strangers caused the desertion of a great part of the native army, who established themselves in furthest Ethiopia, where they were heartily welcomed by the king of the country.

Necho, the active successor of Psammetichus, for a moment restored the ancient Empire. Nineveh had fallen, and it did not appear that Babylon would fill her place in the world. The king of Egypt overran Palestine and Syria, and posted a strong force at Carchemish. Here they were disastrously routed by Nebuchadnezzar, and the dream of empire vanished. Many years passed, during which the Saïtes prospered, and strengthened their kingdom by sea and land. In the east they were not strong enough to do more than effect small diversions and ceaselessly intrigue, as the king of Babylon was repeating with even more thoroughness the conquests of Assyria. Jeremiah, like Isaiah, denounces the Egyptian alliance, which, however sincere on the part of the two states, Egypt and Judah, was sure to leave the more eastern exposed to the vengeance of Babylon. The defeat of Carchemish is but the prelude to the conquest of Egypt. Years pass, and Jeremiah is carried by the exiles into Egypt, where he still predicts the long-delayed invasion of Nebuchadnezzar. Ezekiel, in his distant captivity on the banks of the Chebar, sees the calamity of Egypt and Ethiopia near at hand. Pharaoh, the great crocodile lying in the midst of his rivers, is to be drawn forth to perish in the desert. As Nahum warned Nineveh by the catastrophe of Thebes, so Ezekiel warns Pharaoh by the downfall of the Assyrian king, the tallest and widest spreading of the cedars of Lebanon. Nation after nation falls before the sword of the Babylonian, and Pharaoh and his host at last sleep in the pit among the multitude of the uncovenanted slain.

In these predictions the geography of the African monarchies is clearly indicated. Pathros, Upper Egypt, is markedly distinguished from Mazor or Mizraim, properly Lower Egypt. Cush and the mercenaries are spoken of, and the three capitals prominently mentioned, Zoan, No (Thebes), and Noph (Napata). Two successors of Necho, vanquished at Carchemish, had reigned, and nearly forty years had passed before the blow fell on Egypt. The slight statement of this event in ancient history is at length verified by a fragmentary cuneiform record of Nebuchadnezzar's invasions of Egypt. It is to be hoped that fuller accounts may be found to clear up this difficult portion of history. It is probable that the fall of Apries, second successor of Necho, the Pharaoh Hophra of Scripture, and the rise of Amasis, were due to the king of Babylon; for this story, as told by Herodotus, is very

improbable without the circumstance of a foreign invasion ; but a second expedition seems to have been necessary to secure the submission of Amasis. (T. G. Pinches, *Proceedings Soc. Bibl. Arch.* 3 Dec. 1878.)

A century passed between the Assyrian conquest and the Babylonian, and in less than half a century later the Persian Cambyses made Egypt a satrapy of his Empire. With that event our survey closes.

A word must be added as to the state of Egypt under the Saïte monarchs. It is astonishing to see the new vitality which bloomed in the century of peace. The temples were restored, the arts revived ; and as if to wipe out the memory of decline, the Egyptians returned to the manners and style of the old monarchy. There was much that was artificial in this ; the visitor to the tombs of this age, while he admires the delicacy and finish of their sculptures, observes that they lack the life of the more ancient works. Yet in spite of an innate weakness the Saïte monuments far excel those of the age which preceded them from the fall of the Empire. The decay of religion is noteworthy. It is a time when the last remains of belief are scarcely traced under the growth of superstition. Everything portends that ruin which, though arrested by the healthy vigor of the struggle with Persia, during two centuries of misery broken by occasional glimpses of freedom, yet came with the second Persian conquest, when Egypt had so lost all life that she soon welcomed the Greek conqueror of her enemy, without the slightest effort to regain her freedom.

Here, for the present, the subject may be laid aside. It may be taken up with the story of the Persian age, when the Greek historians are corrected from the Egyptian texts, the Macedonian dynasty and its administration of Egypt, the influence of the Greek learning of Alexandria in producing a new development of Egyptian religious thought, the contact of the Greek and the Hebrew in that centre of learned activity, and the Alexandrian school of Judaism, the policy of Cleopatra and its influence on the Roman Empire. The origin of monasticism, and the Egyptian and Alexandrian parties in the Church, the history of the separation of the Copts from the Greeks, and the overthrow of both nation and rulers by the Muslim invasion, end this second period of the history of Egypt, during which Greek influence is always the central force. There yet remains the story of how from Byzantine art of Constantinople, tempered by the influence of the Persian and the Copt, and regulated by the wants of the Arab mind, there grew up on the ruins of old Egypt that fair art, rich in fancy but not lacking imagination, which, after passing through the same order and phases as Gothic, is yet maintaining a lingering existence under the coarse discouragement of Turkish rule. For the rest, before and after those six centuries in which, under Fatimees Eiyyoobees and Memlooks, Egypt once more held imperial sway, and the splendors of Cairo recalled the ancient glories of Thebes, the history of the country is but that of the Arab world. Since the Turkish conquest, indeed, all history ceased until the rise of the ruling house, which, in spite of many crimes and its vulgar contempt for the beauties of Arab life and Arab art, has brought Egypt once more into the rank of nations, and, if well advised, may yet revive her ancient strength. These are the subjects of the Greek and the Muslim periods, with which, at some future time, the thread of our story of Egypt may be taken up again.—*Contemporary Review.*

VENETIAN SONNETS.

BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

VENICE.

CITY of palaces, Venice, once enthroned
Secure, a queen mid fence of flashing waters,
Whom East and West with rival homage owned
A wealthy mother with fair trooping daughters,

What art thou now? Thy walls are gray and old,
In thy lone halls the spider weaves his woof,
A leprous crust creeps o'er thy house of gold,*
And the cold rain drips through thy pictured roof
The frequent ringing of thy churchly bells
Proclaims a faith but half-believed by few;
Thy palaces are trimmed into hotels,
And travelling strangers, a vague-wondering crew,
Noting thy stones, with guide-book in their hand,
Leave half the wealth that lingers in the land.

LORD BYRON AND THE ARMENIAN CONVENT.†

AND lived he here? And could this sweet green isle
Volcanic stuff to his hot heart afford,
That he might nurse his wrath, and vent his bile
On gods and men, this proud, mistempered lord?
Alas! poor lord, to this soft leafy nest,
Where only pure and heavenly thoughts should dwell,
He brought, and bore and cherished in his breast,
A home-bred devil, and a native hell.
Unhappy lord! If this be genius, then
Grant me, O God, a Muse with sober sweep,
That I may eat and drink with common men,
Joy with their joys, and with their weeping weep:
Better to chirp mild loves in lowly bower,
Than soar through stormy skies with hatred for my dower.

SILVIO PELLICO AND THE PIOMBI.‡

O GOD! how oft from those hot leads arose
The dolorous cry, How long, O Lord, how long
Shall patient right endure triumphant wrong,
And jealous bars in pestilent coop inclose
Earth's elect sons, who would not quench the light
Of Thy law in their soul, and warmly cherished
Each kindliest human love, and sooner perished
Than strangle Truth to serve usurping Might?
Thy ways, O Lord, are dark, but not to me
Hopeless for this, or bound with dark despair;
All hangs together, and each part must bear
The burden with the bounty sent from Thee,
As faithful Pellico through that steaming den
Beheld Thy face, and preached Thy grace to men.

Macmillan's Magazine.

* The *Casa d'Oro*, a well-known palace on the right side of the Grand Canal, as you sail up.

† Among the scores of little green islands that dot the Venetian lagoons, one stands prominent before the view of the stranger who has free prospect from any of the hotels that line the long range of the *Riva degli Schiavoni*. On this a pious Armenian, some time in the last century, founded a monastery and educational college for natives of his own country who might either be resident in Venice for purposes of trade, or might look to this central spot as a house of refuge for learning and piety amid the turmoil of the great world. Poets require solitude: and Lord Byron's domicile here, when composing *Childe Harold*, has made it a familiar gondola trip for all English strangers in the sea-built city. His lordship's portrait and that of Napoleon III. look down from the walls, most incongruous patron saints of so peaceful a retreat.

‡ The *Piombi* are chambers covered with lead, in the topmost tier of the State prison behind the Ducal Palace in Venice, where Silvio Pellico was confined for some time before his final exportation to the Spielberg in Moravia. The account of his sufferings in that sweltering den during the summer months is the most pathetic thing that I know in human story. Nowhere else was Christian faith more severely tried or more signally triumphant.

MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC.

CHAPTER XX.

ON THE ROAD TO LA TRAPPE.

WE all know now that the war of 1870 was undertaken in opposition to the wishes of a vast majority of the French people. That fact, whatever it may be worth, has been conclusively established by the reports of the different Prefects since made public, and no one any longer dreams of disputing it. Whether any conceivable war, just or unjust, necessary or unnecessary, would not, in these days, be unwelcome to the larger portion of any civilized community, and whether, in the case of the Franco-German war, the discontent of the population was founded upon selfish or upon patriotic and moral considerations, are questions which admit of discussion; but it may safely be asserted that a stranger who should have happened to find himself in France during the days immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities, and who should have endeavored to gauge the temper of the people by the evidence of his own senses, would have been a man of no ordinary penetration if he had discovered that the coming conflict was in any special sense an unpopular one.

If, here and there, a bureaucrat, like M. de Trémonville, shook his head, or a shopkeeper or two sighed, or a merchant looked grave, it was not that their minds were harassed by doubts as to whether an attack upon Prussia were justifiable or no; and such isolated persons were hardly distinguishable among the crowds that thronged the cafés, night and day, haranguing, cheering and toasting the success of the army, or paraded the streets in gangs, while they bawled out patriotic songs with more of unanimity than of unison. Indeed, what with those whose enthusiasm was aroused by the gentle stimulus of official promptings, what with the idlers who are ever attracted by the sight of regiments on the march towards the frontier, and what with a certain number of honest folks who, to use the words of Uncle Toby, believed that this war was "but the getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds," there was no lack of citizens ready to do the requisite amount of shouting.

Even in Algiers, where republicanism was tolerably strong, and where the plébiscite of May had revealed the existence of a growing dislike to the established form of government, there were no public demonstrations save such as were of a warlike kind. Farewell dinners and eloquent speeches were not wanting; the newspapers forgot their political differences while publishing denunciations of the infamous Bismarck, relating startling anecdotes bearing upon his private life and that of his royal master, and predicting the speedy discomfiture of the barbarian host; and every day an assemblage composed of all classes of the inhabitants collected upon the quays to see the last of the homeward-bound regiments, and to raise a parting cheer as the huge transports glided slowly out to sea, with flags flying and bands playing. It is true that a great many of these worthy people afterwards averred that they had deprecated from the outset a war dictated solely by aims of selfish ambition; but they disguised their feelings very successfully at the time.

In the midst of all this bustle and excitement the Algerian world almost forgot Mademoiselle de Mersac's approaching marriage. Congratulatory visits ceased; the tongues of the gossips busied themselves with other topics; even in the bride-elect's own household the coming event was less spoken of than Marshal Lebœuf's plan and the unexpected defection of the South-German states. To Jeanne this was an immense relief; and a still greater was a slackening in the attentions of M. de Saint-Luc, who at this time was much occupied in bidding adieu to old friends and comrades, and in watching, a little wistfully, their departure to take part in the great game of which he could now only be a spectator, and who was seldom able to leave the town before nightfall. Even when he did come, he could talk of nothing but the war, the prospect of a rising among the more turbulent of the

Arab tribes, and the appearance of the troops who were being hurried out of the colony. And so long as he confined himself to such subjects as these, he was as pleasant a companion as any one else, and a more intelligent one than the generality.

At length the last of the transports cleared out of the harbor; the streets were no longer blocked by out-going regiments and long trains of baggage-wagons; Zouaves, Turcos, Linesmen, Chasseurs d'Afrique, and Spahis, all were gone; and the town resumed its normal aspect, and more than its normal quiet. Then came a week of suspense, which developed into a vague uneasiness, as day succeeded to day, and no news arrived from the seat of war, except some uncertain rumors as to the disposition of the forces. M. de Fontvieille began to grumble. "This Emperor inspires me with no confidence," he said. "Why does he stay in Paris instead of joining his army? His uncle would have been across the Rhine before now."

In due time, however, came tidings of the affair of Saarbrück, magnified, in the course of transmission, into a decisive victory; and then the croakers were put to silence, and the timid reassured.

It was Léon who, radiant with joy, brought the newspaper containing this good news to El Biar, and read it out in the stable-yard, while Jeanne, who had been holding a conference with Pierre Cauvin, peeped over his shoulder, and the Arab grooms and helpers suspended their work to listen. "*Louis a reçu son baptême de feu.*" It was the Emperor's dispatch that he read—that dispatch which has been chuckled over by every fool in Christendom, and which has been quoted over and over again—for no very apparent reason—as an example of empty bombast. I don't know that anybody thought it specially ridiculous at the time. Certainly Léon's small audience did not.

"We begin well," said the young man complacently, folding up the paper and replacing it in his pocket. "M. de Fontvieille will believe now that the Emperor knows what he is about."

"A man may be a bad ruler and a good soldier, I suppose," remarked Jeanne. "Let us hope that it is so in his case, and that he may finish this war as soon as possible. It is horrible to think that no victory can be won without thousands of homes being made miserable."

"Thousands of people die every day in their beds," said Léon. "There will always be plenty of misery so long as the world lasts; and what happier end could a man wish for than to be killed in battle? I am not sure that war is an unmixed evil."

"The good God would not have permitted war to exist if there were not some necessity for it," put in Pierre Cauvin, piously. "It is sad to think of the poor folks whose crops are destroyed by the armies; but if they lose, others gain—particularly those who have horses to sell. There is no beast in M. le Marquis' stable that I could not dispose of for the *remonte*, to-morrow, at the price of 800 francs."

"Apropos," said Léon, "I had a letter this morning from Mr. Barrington, to whom I had written, forwarding him the price of the horse which he had left here to be sold. Unfortunately I took the first good offer I had for him. If I had only foreseen that we should have war, I should not have parted with him so readily. However, Mr. Barrington seems satisfied. He writes in a very friendly way, and sends his congratulations to you and Saint-Luc. And now I think of it, there was an enclosure for you, which I must have put somewhere," continued this exasperating young man, searching vainly in all his pockets—"unless I have torn it up by mistake, or dropped it. Oh, here it is."

Jeanne took her letter with an unmoved countenance, and presently carried it, still unopened, indoors with her.

I hope nobody will think the worse of Jeanne because it must be recorded of her that, as soon as she had put four solid stone walls between her and the outer world, she took Barrington's letter out of its envelope and kissed it before reading it. No doubt she forgot her self-respect and her duty to her affianced husband in so doing; but it must be remembered that she was quite alone at the time—which, as every one will allow, makes a difference. If a prying *diable boiteux* could look in upon us, and ex-

hibit us to our friends at such times as we deemed ourselves most secure from observation, should we not be fortunate indeed to escape conviction of any worse sin than that of raising a sheet of note-paper to our lips? Moreover, Jeanne did not consider her love for Barrington a sin at all, but at the most a humiliation —a weakness to be concealed from the world at large, not by any means to be cast out from her heart, supposing that to be possible. How she arranged matters with the Curé of El Biar, to whom she confessed her peccadilloes with devout regularity and without conscious reservation, I don't know. Possibly she may not have thought it incumbent upon her to inform that holy man of matters which, to her mind, did not come within the category of offences against God or man.

So she kissed the unconscious sheet, and sighed over it, and then read it.

The letter was as little worthy of so much honor as its writer was of the heart he had won; but who or what gets rigid justice in this chaotic world? Barrington wrote much as he spoke—easily, fluently, without much consideration, and thinking, all the time, rather of himself than of the person whom he addressed. His composition—a somewhat diffuse one—was well worded, and not devoid of a certain sentimental grace of diction; but it breathed of self in every line. While penning it, he had been smarting under a genuine and heartfelt sense of injury. In so far as it was given to him to love any one, he had loved, and did love Jeanne. He had felt tolerably certain, too, that his love was returned; and as soon as he had rallied from the first shock produced upon his mind by Léon's intelligence, he had had little difficulty in persuading himself that he had been jilted. To a man of his temperament such a conviction was almost more painful than the bereavement which it implied. "Now that I have said all that good manners require in the way of congratulations," he wrote, "I may perhaps be allowed to cast aside conventionality for a few minutes, and to confess candidly that the announcement of your engagement to M. de Saint-Luc seems to me too terrible to have any foundation in reality. It is so few weeks since my own eyes and ears convinced me of your positive dislike to this man that I can hardly bring myself to believe in your having, of your own free will, chosen him to be your husband. The whole business strikes me as so preposterous that, as I sit writing here in my club in London, I keep asking myself whether the gloomy stillness of this big room, the rattle of the cabs outside, the peculiar, all-pervading London smell of smoke and stables and the glint of sallow sunlight which falls upon my paper, and upon your brother's letter lying open before me, are not part and parcel of some horrid dream, and whether I shall not presently awake to see the glorious African sun streaming through my *persiennes*, and hear the shrill 'Arri!—ar-r-r-i!' of my old friends the donkey-drivers, and those plaintive, drawling street-cries of the Arabs, which used to rouse me every morning in dear old Algiers. Or is London the reality, and Algiers the dream? I begin to suspect that my life there was nothing else. Of the happy illusions, the groundless fancies, the foolish hopes which I built up for myself in that delicious dreamland, I had, perhaps, better not speak. They are all fading away fast now, dispersed by the pitiless, palpable presence of that letter, dated 'Campagne de Mersac, Algiers,' which stares me in the face, and will not be ignored. I suppose I ought not to complain. No man has a right to expect more than a certain meed of happiness, and perhaps I have had my share. And memory at least remains to me, and can never be taken from me. Memory, which restores to us all that is sweet and beautiful in the past, without its anxieties and petty cares—the roses without the thorns; the sunshine without the rain. Memory, which, in this world of constant change and decay, is a more real and permanent friend than happiness. Memory, which"—et cetera, et cetera. There was a good deal more of this kind of thing. The writer, losing himself gradually in the mists of a complacent sentimentalism, wandered farther and farther from his point, and entirely forgot his original intention of piercing Jeanne's faithless breast by thrusts of polished sarcasm. He wound up, quite contentedly, at length with a poetical, but rather obscure paragraph,

the import of which appeared to be that, miserable though he was above all other men, yet his sensibility and culture were such that he could draw from affliction's self sources of delight undreamt of by less refined natures.

To Jeanne, who understood but very imperfectly the character of the man whom she loved, all this poor stuff was the most pathetic eloquence. Her own character was drawn in clear, firm, decided lines, and had none of the shifting shades and gradations which enabled Barrington to look at a subject from fifty different points of view, and to change his mode of action with reference to it a dozen times in as many hours. Black was black to her, and white, white. If Barrington's letter did not mean that he loved her, and that he saw she did not love Saint-Luc, what did it mean? At that moment it was as clear as daylight to her that she had made a terrible mistake; and she could not help asking herself whether, even now, it were an irreparable one. Her first duty, she conceived, was to save Léon; but if she could accomplish this end as well by marrying Barrington as by marrying Saint-Luc, she would throw over the latter unhesitatingly. The difficulty was that, Barrington not having avowed his love in so many words, and it being impossible for her to let him understand that he might venture to do so, she could not free herself from her present entanglement without risk of bringing about her brother's ruin. She sat chafing under the weight of the chains which she had forged for herself, and seeking vainly for some means of breaking them, till she could bear the confinement of the house no longer; and putting on her hat and gloves, went back to the stable-yard, thinking that perchance some practical solution might suggest itself to her in the free open air.

The sight of her pony-chaise standing before the coach-house put it into her head to take a drive out into the country, and she at once summoned a groom, and told him to put Caïd and Sheikh to. These were the same ponies which Saint-Luc had sold to Léon, upon such favorable terms for the purchaser, a few months before, and which she had for a long time refused to drive. Latterly she had taken to making use of them pretty frequently, it being no longer a matter of any importance whether or no they ought to be regarded in the light of a gift from their former owner. They were a good serviceable pair, not very taking to the eye, but willing and enduring, like all Arabs, and faster trotters than the generality of their race. Jeanne had put a good half-mile of road between herself and home before she was well settled in her seat.

Westward she drove, along the hilly road which leads to Koléah, regardless of the sultry heat and blinding glare, urged on by the goad of her feverish regrets, and caring little whither she went, so that she were able to move swiftly. There was an oppressive hush and stillness in the atmosphere. Over the Atlas mountains, towards the south, brooded a sullen, coppery haze, veiling the snow; northward the sea heaved with a slow, glassy swell; the dusty olive trees that bordered the road, the creepers that hung among the cactus hedges—even the tough, sharp-pointed aloes themselves—seemed to droop and sicken under the fierce rays of the sun. Jeanne looked neither to right nor left; but whirled on through the choking dust and the hot simmering air, past parched fields and silent farmhouses, and many a dry ravine and stony watercourse; till, rattling through the little village of Chéragas, where the white houses were all closely shuttered, and neither man nor beast was stirring, she emerged, at length, upon the upland of Staouéli, and the fertile acres surrounding the monastery of La Trappe.

This plain, once a sterile waste, has been rendered productive, after years of labor, by the monks, assisted by some government subventions and private donations. All around their lonely dwelling the air is heavy with the perfume of the sweet geranium fields, which form one of their chief sources of revenue. From the sale of a scent distilled from these plants, from that of a liqueur manufactured on the premises, and from the produce of its own fields, orange groves, and orchards, the silent brotherhood is now able to support itself, and to dispense a fairly large annual amount in charity. It is a community highly respected in the neighborhood, living as hard and bitter a life as the most deter-

mined self-tormentor could wish for—but not a useless one.

The sight of the monastery—a long, low, whitewashed building, standing close to the road, and faced by a clump of stunted palms—reminded Jeanne that she had accomplished a distance of twelve kilometres without slackening speed—a fact to which the heaving flanks and streaming coats of her ponies added their mute testimony. She drew up in the shadow of a wall, and, dropping her reins, allowed the tired beasts to rest for a while.

Presently a lay brother waddled out, shading his eyes from the glare with his hand, and took a leisurely survey of the new-comer. He recognized Mademoiselle de Mersac, with whom he had had dealings from time to time on behalf of his Superiors, and welcomed her with all the warmth of a naturally garrulous soul, whose lot had been cast by ironical destiny among the living dead. While the good man chattered about the crops and the prospects of a sirocco, and the news from the seat of war, and what not, sponging the horses' noses as he talked, and feeding them with slices of black bread, Jeanne let her eyes roam over the melancholy white façade of the building, wondering vaguely what manner of existence was led by the ghastly, mysterious figures whom it concealed, and almost finding it in her heart to envy them their immunity from all earthly cares and perplexities. In her present mood, she was inclined to underrate physical suffering as compared with mental. There are people out in the world who undergo a daily penance as severe as that of La Trappe, and get no credit for it; a penance not of silence but of speech—of forced smiles, of feigned sympathies, of perpetual righteous dissimulation. The monks at least have the consolation of working towards a definite end, and of seeing their reward draw nearer every day, she thought, remembering an inscription which she had noticed once before upon the wall of this same monastery, "*S'il est triste de vivre à la Trappe, qu'il est doux d'y mourir!*"

The words hung in her memory and haunted her, long after she had bidden farewell to her friend of the brown robe, and had set her face homewards again. To one so bewildered and unhappy as herself, death, indeed, appeared sweeter than life; and it was in all sincerity that she sighed out, "Oh, if I could only get a sun-stroke or a fever, and shake off all my troubles in that simple way, how glad and thankful I should be!"

It may perhaps be true that,

> Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
> No life that breathes with human breath,
> Has ever truly longed for death.

But Jeanne, at all events, thought she did so; and that, when you come to consider of it, is pretty nearly the same thing.

It is, however, one thing to desire dissolution in the abstract, and another to face the painful, sickening wrench with which body and soul are separated; and it so fell out that, very shortly after breathing the aspiration recorded above, our heroine had occasion to appreciate this distinction. For while, lost in her own sad thoughts, she hurried her steeds upon their homeward way, there met her suddenly, upon the brow of a hill, a long string of laden camels, moving slowly to the westward, their wild Arab drivers pacing beside them, and their black, misshapen shadows thrown far beyond the road by the sinking sun. To the human eye nothing can be more pleasing than the quaint, unexpected pictures of desert life which thus start up, every now and again, in the midst of the European civilization of Algiers; to the equine, nothing is more odious. I suppose that there are very few living horses, Arab or other, who can look with perfect equanimity upon a camel, which, in truth, when viewed in an impartial light, and divested of all traditional associations, is as hideous a brute, and as like the creation of a nightmare, as can well be conceived. Caïd, Jeanne's near pony, was a most worthy, well-meaning little beast free from any kind of vice, and, albeit of a somewhat nervous temperament, too conscious of the responsibilities which rested upon him when in harness to indulge in anything beyond a sober shy at the sight of donkeys, wheelbarrows, veiled Mauresques, and other spectacles of an alarming nature; but he drew the line at camels. In the presence of these ungainly monsters he lost all courage and self-respect, and became

as one possessed ; and now, perceiving the approach of his old enemies, he gave a snort, a plunge, and a swerve, which shook his driver roughly out of dreamland, and very nearly out of her seat into the bargain. She, resenting this abrupt show of insubordination, and acting upon the impulse of the moment, foolishly cut him sharply over the shoulder with her whip. That was final. Caïd flung up his heels, threw himself into his collar, and made a clean bolt for it. As for Sheikh, he, finding himself tearing along the road, willy-nilly, at the rate of an express train, naturally concluded that something very dreadful was the matter, and became as panic-stricken as his companion. And so, in the course of a few seconds, Jeanne came to a clear sense of the fact that she had lost all control over her horses. She twisted the reins round and round her hands, and pulled with all the force of a tolerably strong pair of arms ; but she might as well have tugged at a stone wall. There was nothing for it but to sit still, and let the ponies run until they should be exhausted, or until something should stop them.

Jeanne did not like it. She knew that she was in imminent danger of being dashed, head first, against a road as hard as granite, and the prospect had nothing inviting for her. To be killed outright might be a blessing—though even that did not seem quite so clear as it had done five minutes before ; but to be mangled, stunned, battered, to break an arm or a leg, to spend the rest of the long, hot summer in bed, and probably not die of it at all, these were possibilities before which Jeanne, courageous as she was, felt her heart fail, and a cold chill creep through her veins. Meanwhile, her light carriage was swaying, lurching, and bumping onwards at a pace too good to last. Before her was a stretch of flat, straight road ; but at the end of it was an awkward sharp corner that she knew of, and beyond that was a bridge with stone parapets. It was true that, if by any miracle she should happen to pass safely through these perils, she would shortly reach a stiff piece of rising ground, upon which it was likely enough that she might succeed in pulling up the runaways ; but she plainly perceived that her chance of ever seeing that hill was but a poor one, and, in the mean time, she was drawing nearer and nearer to the dreaded corner. Suddenly the tall figure of a horseman shot up between her and the sky, and stood motionless directly in her path. Recognizing Saint-Luc and the new danger that threatened her simultaneously, she stood up, steadying herself by grasping the dashboard, and shouted to him, with all her force, to get out of the way. But it was too late. Either he did not hear or did not understand ; for, instead of drawing to one side, he spurred his horse towards her, and threw up his arms.

The catastrophe was over in a moment. Caïd swerved violently, crossed his legs, and came down with a crash like the fall of a house, dragging the other pony after him ; and Jeanne, thrown forwards by the shock, found herself upon her hands and knees on the wayside grass, dazed and shaken, but not in the least hurt.

When she had in some degree recovered command of her senses, she was standing up, mechanically brushing the dust off the front of her dress. Saint-Luc was bending over her anxiously, with a face as white as his linen jacket ; the ponies, trembling and subdued, were upon their legs again, and the blood was slowly falling, drop by drop, from an ugly scrape upon Caïd's shoulder.

"How unfortunate !" she ejaculated, pointing to this wound ; "he is marked for life."

"Who ? That wretched little beast ? As if it signified !" cried Saint-Luc ; "but you—are you sure you are not hurt ?"

"Yes, there is nothing the matter with me—nothing at all."

"God be praised !" he exclaimed piously, taking off his hat.

Jeanne looked at him with a vague surprise, but said nothing. Her ideas were still a little confused, and she did not yet realize that Saint-Luc had just saved her life, and might possibly expect some words of thanks.

"What a mercy it was that I chanced to meet you just in the nick of time !" he went on. "I am sorry I had to give you such a terrible shaking ; but it was the only thing to be done, and the ponies will not be much the worse, I think."

"I should have stopped them when I got to the hill," answered Jeanne, not very graciously. "What could have made you place yourself just in our path? I shall never be able to understand how it was that we were not both killed."

"A horse will never run into another horse, or a man, or indeed anything, unless he cannot possibly stop himself," said Saint-Luc, with some modest satisfaction in the success of his rather hazardous exploit. "I knew that your runaways would see me from a sufficient distance to make an attempt at getting out of my way, and I thought it very likely that they would do what, in fact, they did do—swerve, and slip up. There was the chance of your being thrown out and hurt, no doubt; but I think you would have had a worse accident if I had not stopped you. It makes me shudder to think of what might have happened if your carriage had been dashed, as it almost certainly would have been, against the parapet of that bridge."

"Yes, I had been dreading the bridge," confessed Jeanne. "I daresay you were quite right to do as you did. The only misfortune is that Caïd should be so terribly marked; for I know Léon will be very much annoyed when he sees him. However, it can't be helped. The best thing we can do now is to get him home as quickly as possible, poor little fellow, and have him attended to."

So saying, she got into the pony-carriage again, and resumed the reins, while Saint-Luc admiringly complimented her upon her courage.

"Most ladies," he said, "would have insisted upon walking home."

"Not if they were as tired as I am," answered Jeanne, with a faint smile, as she drew her whip gently across Sheikh's back.

The remainder of the homeward journey — an interminable distance, as it seemed to her — was performed, of necessity, at a foot's pace, her lover riding beside her with an air of watchful solicitude, which, considering that one of her ponies was dead lame and that both were thoroughly exhausted and subdued, was perhaps slightly absurd. At ordinary times, such a display of care and implied proprietorship would have irritated her beyond bearing, but now she was too dispirited to mind it. In her adventure and its commonplace ending, she fancied she could trace an answer to those questioning hopes and fears as to her future with which she had set out some hours before. Apparently there were but two alternatives before her—death, or Saint-Luc; and since the former destiny was evidently not to be hers, where was the use of quarrelling with the latter?

She bore his respectful homage and adoring glances with a composure half forced, half apathetic; and remembering, as her nerves gradually recovered themselves, what was due to her rescuer, thanked him for risking his safety, in a little, cold, set speech, which he jumped at as a hungry dog snatches at a dry bone.

"You have nothing to thank me for," he cried eagerly. "My life is yours to do what you like with, and I am ready to lay it down for you whenever and wherever you please."

"You are very kind to say so," she replied gravely; "but that is not necessary, nor likely to be. Will you not come in?" she added, for they were now at the entrance of the Campagne de Mersac.

"No, thank you," he answered hesitatingly. "You are tired, and do not want me."

She did not contradict him. "Till to-morrow, then," she said, bowing to him, as she turned in through the gates with a look of relief upon her face which she was as powerless to conceal as he was to ignore.

And if Jeanne went to bed with a heavy heart that night, it is probable that Saint-Luc's was not much lighter.

Chapter XXI.

An Unromantic Parting.

The very first thing that Jeanne did, on waking, the next morning, was to read Barrington's letter over again from beginning to end; for mere courtesy required of her that she should return some answer to it; and though her half-formed hopes of yesterday were all faded and dead now, she had not yet quite made up her mind as to the shape which that answer should take.

A reperusal of the letter did not help

her much. Who does not know what it is to pore and puzzle over a carelessly-written page, and to turn the words this way and that, with an intense longing to get at the writer's real thought and meaning? And who has not learnt the futility of such efforts? How much do those nearest and dearest to us know of what is passing in our minds, or we of what is passing in theirs, even when we sit side by side? We can but suspect and guess, and, as often as not, guess wrongly; and if voice, face, and gesture cannot answer our unspoken questions, what but mere bewilderment and vexation can be expected from a prolonged scrutiny of paper and ink? Jeanne worried herself for an hour over Barrington's rhapsodical effusion, and was a good deal further from understanding it at the end of that time than she had been at the beginning—though, to be sure, its meaning would not have presented much difficulty to a more indifferent reader. In the end it seemed to her at once wisest and most dignified to leave the hints it contained without response, and to reply only to its congratulations. She sat down, therefore, and penned a short, formal note, in which she thanked Mr. Barrington for his good wishes, referred, in a few well-chosen words, to the pleasant days she had spent in his company during the past winter and spring, and expressed a friendly hope that her acquaintance with him might be renewed at some future time. This was all very well; and had Jeanne's letter been suffered to end with her signature, it would have conveyed a salutary snub to a quarter where such gentle correctives were much needed. But unfortunately she thought fit to add, after a good deal of hesitation, a postscript which spoilt all. "I do not know why you should say that I dislike M. de Saint-Luc. He is, and always has been, very kind to me. In France, as you know, marriages are usually arrangements of family convenience; but in my case, at least, my consent was asked, and given. I suppose that few people, either in France or England, can choose exactly the life they would prefer; and no doubt everybody has dreams and fancies, such as you write of, which end in nothing. My old friend, the Curé of El Biar, who likes to philosophize, says that all earthly happiness is imaginary, and that the more it is confined to dreams the nearer it approaches to reality."

Having made this unwise addition to her letter, Jeanne folded and addressed it; and then, taking up Barrington's two sheets, resolutely tore them across and across, and dropped them into the waste-paper basket. "I have done with the past," quoth she, as she descended the stairs to face the present, which, in the person of M. de Saint-Luc, might, as she knew, be expected to manifest itself at any moment.

An unexpected respite was, however, in store for her. At that moment Saint-Luc, instead of toiling up the hill towards El Biar, was seated in a railway-carriage, jogging westward at the deliberate pace affected by Algerian express-trains, and bent upon the charitable errand of visiting the sick. The early post had brought him a piteous appeal from a young officer of his acquaintance, one Lasalle, who, having been ordered to the hill fortress of Milianah some months before, was now detained there by an attack of malarious fever, after all his comrades had left for the war. "Come and see me," wrote this unlucky soldier, "you, who do not know how to fill up your days. I do not say that you will find the excursion a pleasant one (though it is a fact that our air up here is cooler than that of Algiers, and I believe the scenery is considered fine by those who visit it from choice), but I think you would not hesitate to come if you knew what an inestimable blessing the sight of a civilized fellow-creature would be to me. When I am not burning or shivering, I lie upon my bed, and do nothing at all, except moan, and wish I were dead. The only souls I have to exchange a word with, from morning to night, are my servant and my doctor; and neither of them is very good company. Give me but four-and-twenty hours of your society, and, if I live, I will never forget your kindness."

Saint-Luc, who was as kind-hearted a creature as ever walked the earth in the disguise of a Parisian roué, and who, having had Algerian fever himself in old days, was acquainted with the ups and downs of that wearisome and depressing malady, began to pack up his clothes

forthwith. He would, no doubt, have responded to his friend's call in any case; but at that particular time he did so with the more alacrity, by reason of a melancholy conviction that, on private and personal grounds, it would be well that he should take a short leave of absence from Algiers. For some days past it had been evident to him that his presence was irksome to Jeanne, that he was making no progress with her, and that there was not the faintest chance of his gaining her affections before marriage. It wanted now but a few weeks to his wedding-day, and he had come, rather sadly, to the conclusion that, during those weeks, his best policy would be to keep himself as much as possible out of sight.

On his way to the station he encountered Léon, who received the news of his intended departure with perfect equanimity, and undertook to make the necessary explanations at home.

"If I were you, I would make a longer trip of it, and go on to Teniet-el-Haad and the cedar-forest," said that unsympathetic youth. "Algiers is detestable in August, and you have nothing to keep you here. I wish I could offer to accompany you; but I have an engagement to-morrow at Madame de Trémonville's — in fact, for several reasons, I cannot very well go away just now."

"I see," answered Saint-Luc, smiling. "You are wanted here, and I am not. It is consolatory to know that, if I should be detained longer than I expect, nobody will miss me."

Léon began to protest; but Saint-Luc cut him short, saying that he was late for his train, and so hurried on his way, laughing a little under his breath, but without much genuine mirth.

A tedious, hot railway journey brought him at length to the little village of Bou-Medfa, where he hired a horse, and strapping his valise on his saddle before him, set out, in the cool of the evening, to mount the spur of the lesser Atlas, upon which Milianah stands.

Delicious little gusts of fresh air came swirling down the hillside to meet him, as he rode, and roused a soft, musical stir among the evergreen oaks and firs, the myrtles, lentisks, and brushwood which bordered the way; beneath him the parched plain lay sweltering in a hazy heat; but high above, bare peaks and rocky spires stood out, black and clear, against the fiery glow of the sunset, and every now and then his ear caught the sound of distant falling water. After a time he came upon a small modern village of the universal Algerian type, with detached white houses on either side of its single broad street, a double row of plane-trees to keep the sun from the windows, and a fountain, round which some half-dozen chattering women were clustered. Presently a company of low-browed, thin-lipped Spaniards, with laden mules, came striding down the mountain-side, singing a nasal, plaintive chorus as they walked, and passed on, leaving a fine odor of garlic behind them. On a wall, in the outskirts of the village, lay a couple of lazy negroes sucking oranges. One of them, a stalwart fellow, whose shapely black limbs were scantily clad in white linen, and who had stuck a scarlet pomegranate-blossom behind his ear, turned round, with a grin, as the horseman approached, and offered him a branch of the golden fruit. There was an abundance of life, strength, and color in this high region which could hardly fail to delight a traveller just escaped from the listless exhaustion of the Metidja; and Saint-Luc, feeling the level of his spirits rising in equal measure with that of his body, congratulated himself upon the humane impulse which had led him to quit Algiers for a season.

It was fortunate that the incidents of his excursion pleased him so well, seeing that, so far as its chief object was concerned, he might have saved himself the trouble of undertaking it. For the very first person whom he met, after passing through the gates of Milianah, was M. Lasalle himself, who, though pale and thin, was apparently in a condition of exuberant joy.

"Is that you, Saint-Luc?" he cried. "And did you come here to see me? A thousand thanks! but if I had only known, I would have telegraphed to you not to start. I have got my orders to rejoin the regiment forthwith, and by means of threatening the doctor's life I have made him declare me fit for service. Never mind; we will go back to Algiers together to-morrow, and you will be none the worse for having had a

little change of air. You have heard the last news, of course?"

"There is no news," said Saint-Luc.

"You mean to say that there was none when you left Algiers, this morning; but a telegram has arrived here which must have passed you on the way, I suppose. And, *ma foi!*" continued M. Lasalle, with a light shrug of his shoulders, "to tell the truth, it is not precisely a telegram of the right kind. Here it is, if you wish to see it."

Dismounting before the door of the modest little Hôtel d'Isly, Saint-Luc read the official dispatch announcing the combat of Wissembourg. Macmahon's left wing defeated, General Abel Douai killed, the lines of Wissembourg stormed by the enemy—Saint-Luc pursed up his lips, and looked very grave over it; but his companion, being in a humor to view all things in a rosy aspect, made light of the affair.

"Bah!" said he, "there is no great harm done. Our men fought like lions; but they were outnumbered. And the Maréchal is no fool. Depend upon it, he has his plan, and is only drawing back that he may spring the more surely."

"Perhaps so," answered Saint-Luc, folding up the paper; "but I confess that, for my own part, I do not like plans which begin by accepting a defeat. In the mean time, I am dying of hunger. Come in, and let us see what they can do for us in the way of dinner."

"No, no; you are my guest. I cannot offer you a Maison Dorée *menu*, but such as the food is here, you shall have plenty of it; and we will finish the last bottle of champagne that I shall drink in this accursed place."

But neither dinner, nor champagne, nor any contagion of high spirits, availed to dispel Saint-Luc's gloom. He left all the talking to his friend, ate little, in spite of the hunger he had professed, and while the other fought battles in anticipation, routing the enemy, and triumphantly dictating terms of peace under the walls of Berlin, drummed abstractedly upon the table, oppressed by a vague dissatisfaction which he could not altogether lay to the charge of public misfortune.

Later in the evening the two men strolled out to the ramparts to smoke a last cigar before turning in for the night. Beneath and around the rocky flank of Mount Zakkar, on which Milianah stands, a far-stretching panorama unfolded itself—the fertile valley of the Chélif, dimly seen through the blue night-mists that hung over it, shadowy hills and woods, and jutting promontories, and outlines of rugged mountain-ranges lying solemn and silent under the stars. M. Lasalle, whose finer feelings were stirred, and whose tongue was loosened by the effects of champagne and excitement upon a frame weakened by malaria, felt the influence of the scene in such limited degree as induced speech rather than more fitting silence.

"It is beautiful—it is even sublime," said he, nodding at the landscape with the air of an impartial man resolved to give the devil his due; "but it is desperately melancholy. Yes; rest and peace make up a very pretty picture; but when one is forced to form a part of the tableau, one begins to ask one's self whether life is worth having. They may say what they please about the misery of war, but there is no game like it, and no life like a soldier's. It is better to risk losing a leg or an arm at the wars than to sit in plenty and dulness at home, and read the newspapers."

Saint-Luc grunted. This was the very thought which had been disturbing his own mind for the last two hours or more; but it vexed him to hear it expressed in plain language, and there was a certain tinge of exultation in his friend's tone which, under all the circumstances, appeared to him to show a deplorable want of good taste.

"Of course, it is the nature of man to delight in destroying his species—everybody knows that," he said. "It only shows how little we are above the beasts."

"That is no affair of mine," answered M. Lasalle, airily. "I did not create the human race, and I am not responsible for its instincts. Such as we are, it is very evident to me that we shall not abolish war during the present generation; and I am glad to think that, so long as France has an army, I shall be in it."

"If you are more fortunate than others, you need not be perpetually tell-

ing them so," said Saint-Luc, very snappishly.

Good-natured M. Lasalle burst into a shout of laughter. "I knew it! I knew it!" he cried. "He is not the man to stay at home while his comrades are fighting, this old Saint-Luc. Come to France with me, *mon vieux*, and we will do the campaign together. A place shall be found for you in the regiment—never fear about that. In time of war one can always discover a corner for old friends by squeezing a little; and the Prussian shells will soon give us elbow-room. Besides, I have an uncle at the War Office—which is as much as to say that you are reinstated in your old grade as soon as you please. Let us consider it as settled."

"You forget," answered Saint-Luc, "that I am to be married next month."

"Postpone it, my dear friend—postpone the ceremony; there is never any cause for hurry in such matters. You can be married at the end of the year, or next year, or the year after—"

"Whereas I may never have another chance of dying on the field of battle. I do not deny that, for some reasons, I should like very much to have a look at *messieurs les Prussiens;* but one cannot arrange everything exactly as one would wish; and my wedding-day is fixed."

"Mademoiselle will excuse you for a few months, if you will bring her back some laurels to mix with her orange-flowers."

"No, she will not; for I shall not propose anything of the sort to her," answered Saint-Luc, remembering, with a secret pang, how little opposition Jeanne would be likely to offer to his departure. "And I do not want to be excused. If the war had broken out a year ago, I should have joined the army as a simple trooper, without a moment's hesitation; as it is, the regiment will have to do without me. Shall we go in now? If you linger out here in the night air much longer you may get a return of your fever, and never see Berlin at all."

M. Lasalle said no more. He was a little afraid of Saint-Luc, and remembered to have heard that there was some romantic history connected with his engagement which might possibly render the subject a delicate one. Only, the whole way back to the inn, he hummed *Partant pour la Syrie*, under his breath, which was neither kind nor considerate of him.

Saint-Luc passed an uneasy night, divided between troubled dreams and scarcely less troubled waking thoughts. A few months earlier, to be the affianced husband of Jeanne de Mersac would have seemed to him the very summit of earthly happiness and the satisfaction of all wildest hope; but now that Fortune had granted him what he had always looked upon as nearly, if not quite, beyond his reach, he was far from being contented, and fretted himself out of a night's rest because he could discover no practicable way of exchanging his imminent happiness against the chance of wounds, privations, and death. Such is the perversity of our mortal nature.

At the same time, it must be said for him that his desire to proceed to the seat of war arose less out of martial ardor (though of that he had as large a share as might reasonably be expected to linger in the breast of a man whose brightest memories were connected with fighting) than from a longing to show Jeanne that he was not quite the contemptible fellow she took him for. He was perfectly aware that she had a poor opinion of him, and did not wonder at it—his own self-estimate being so modest a one; but he knew that, whatever virtues he might lack, he at least possessed that of physical courage; and he fancied, pardonably enough, that he might conquer her respect, if not her love, by doughty deeds.

The thing was, however, entirely out of the question, and there was no use in thinking about it. Scores of times he repeated this conclusion to himself during the night and morning, and then proceeded to think about it more than ever. In fact, throughout the long railway-journey back to Algiers, his mind was occupied with no other subject.

M. Lasalle, meanwhile, continued to behave badly. Of nothing would he speak but of professional matters—of the important part destined to be played by light cavalry in all future campaigns—of the superiority of Arab over European horses—of the glorious excitement of a charge, the one romantic feature

remaining in modern warfare. And from time to time he would check himself with an innocent apology for dwelling upon such topics, "which," said he, "no longer interest you, I dare say." Long before the sea came in sight, Saint-Luc had lost all patience with this eager warrior; and, rather than face the *tête-à-tête* dinner which he saw looming before him, he swallowed down the reluctance he always felt to enter the Campagne de Mersac uninvited, and hiring a carriage on his arrival at the station, had himself driven direct thither.

It thus came to pass that the disastrous intelligence of the battle of Reichshoffen first reached him from Jeanne's lips.

"We have just received bad news from France," said she, coming forward to meet him as he entered the drawing-room, and passing by unnoticed his apologetic explanation of the suddenness of his return. "Have you heard it? It seems that the Maréchal has been defeated."

"I arrived this moment from Milianah; I have heard nothing," answered Saint-Luc, and never so much as asked for any particulars. For the moment, it really was not in him to feel for his country's joys or woes, and Jeanne might have announced the result of the battle of Armageddon to him and left him equally unmoved; for all his perceptions seemed, by the exercise of some force beyond his control, to have become concentrated upon her, and there was no room in his mind for any thought unconnected with her. She stood before him in the dim light of the evening, a tall, lithe figure, dressed all in white, with shapely head bent a little forwards, and large, melancholy eyes that looked beyond him. Turco, stationed at her side, wagged his tail in grave welcome. In the shadowy background, the Duchess, M. de Fontvieille, and Léon, were grouped close together, peering over a slip of newspaper, and talking, all three of them at once, in their high-pitched French voices. What was it that made Saint-Luc see, with a sudden, vivid clearness, the impassable gulf that lay between him and the girl whose hand he held, and smote him with a chill certainty that, come what might, they could never be more than virtual strangers to each other? It was no sense of his own unworthiness—that had been with him, even in an exaggerated degree, from the outset—nor was it that her manner evinced the utmost indifference to him; for that was a point upon which he had never harbored illusions. It was a swift, unaccountable flash of conviction, such as every one experiences occasionally, and mostly at unexpected times; and whether it arose from some occult touch of sympathy, or from a baffled effort thereat, whether it were real or visionary, well or ill founded, it made his heart ache with a hopeless yearning, the like of which he had never felt before.

And all this time—that is to say, during some thirty seconds—Jeanne left her hand lying in his, just as she might have allowed it to rest upon a chair or a table. But now, remembering herself, she drew back a little, and saying, "You would like to see the telegram, perhaps," gently took away the slip of newspaper from the others, who continued their discussion without noticing her, and handed it to him.

It was one of those hastily-printed scraps, issued from a local newspaper office, with which the inhabitants of the French provinces were soon to become well acquainted. There was not much in it beyond the admission that MacMahon's army had received a heavy blow. Rumors of all kinds were abroad, and were duly reported, "under all reserves." "But," concluded the document, "details are absolutely wanting." The Emperor's own dispatch, indeed, forwarded from Paris, showed how little was known of the affair at head-quarters. "It was the General de l'Aigle who announced to me that the Maréchal MacMahon had lost a battle on the Sarre—I am about to place myself in the centre of the position—*Tout peut se réparer.*"

Saint-Luc, who had now recovered possession of his senses, perused these confessions of impotent ignorance with a mixture of anger and dismay. What was there to hope for from a commander-in-chief capable of such foolish candor?

M. de Fontvieille, whose grief at the inauspicious opening of the campaign was in some degree tempered by the recollection that he had always prophesied

ill of it, uttered but one comment upon the unlucky dispatch. "*He* in the centre of the position! what a menace!" he ejaculated, with upilfted hands; and then withdrew to a window, and looked out at the sunset, fearing lest he might be tempted to weaken the severity of his stricture by further speech.

"That poor Emperor! it is all over with him," remarked the Duchess, with a certain contemptuous pity. "He may go back to Paris now, and pack up his portmanteau; for, unless I am very much mistaken, we have heard the last of Napoleon III."

"And of Napoleon IV.," added M. de Fontvieille, from the window.

"Let us hope so. At present, it seems to me that France is at the mercy of the first successful general. Heaven grant that that may be MacMahon, for he, I think, would only ascend the steps of the throne to prepare it for the king."

"It is more likely to be Bazaine—who would make haste to sit down upon it himself," said Saint-Luc.

Léon observed that they were all in a very great hurry. Campaigns were not decided by the first battle, nor did dynasties fall for a single blunder. No doubt the Emperor had been deceived: he had found that he must reckon with Germany instead of with Prussia, and this might very possibly put an end to all project of crossing the Rhine; but, on the other hand, the invasion of France was a hazardous enterprise of which the Germans would be glad to be relieved. He (Léon) had reason to believe that diplomacy was already at work, and that a solution would shortly be found which would bring about an honorable peace. Something in the shape of a victory would certainly be necessary to satisfy the national *amour propre;* but after the first success obtained by the French troops, negotiations might begin. Let the one nation be permitted to consolidate itself into a great empire, and the other to extend its frontier a little—say in a north-easterly direction—and all would be well. The two armies might then shake hands, and march off to their respective homes, singing Te Deum *d qui mieux mieux.*

"That is Madame de Trémonville's view, I presume," said Saint-Luc, divining at once the origin of this specious plan.

"And pray who is Madame de Trémonville?" inquired the Duchess. "Oh, that amusing and impertinent little person, who wears a *pince-nez.* What can she know of diplomacy? I, who have been a little behind the scenes in my time, can assure you that diplomatists have some difficulty in making their voices heard above the thunder of the cannon. You cannot bring a victorious army to a standstill by flourishing a protocol in its face. I have no pretension to say how or when this war will end, nor what we may gain or lose by it but I am tolerably certain that it will deprive us of one possession which we can very well spare—the Bonaparte family. There is consolation in that."

"Provided we do not get the d'Orléans in exchange," sighed M. de Fontvieille. "Those people are only awaiting their opportunity."

"The d'Orléans have no party," said the Duchess decisively. "They represent nothing—not even constitutional government, which has been filched from them by the Empire. In the coming crisis there can only be two parties—Republicans and Legitimists — and whichever of them can gain the army must win the day. We have nearly reached the time when all loyal subjects should declare themselves. Do you not agree with me, M. de Saint-Luc?"

"Madame," answered Saint-Luc, "it seems to me that the question of dynasties can wait. I think that all loyal Frenchmen should be content to serve France now."

"So do I," said Jeanne.

Saint-Luc glanced at her gratefully, not being accustomed to hearing his sentiments so cordially indorsed in that quarter; and she added, "If I were a man I would go to the war to-morrow."

This speech, which gave Saint-Luc matter for reflection, elicited a vigorous protest from the Duchess, who, ever since the beginning of the struggle, had been haunted by a terror that, sooner or later, Léon would be drawn into it. Such ideas, she said, were altogether childish—not to say unpatriotic. Of those brought up to the military profession she did not speak; but a civilian of talent and education could serve his country in almost any way better than by stopping a cannon-ball—a feat which

could be accomplished quite as effectually by any hewer of wood or drawer of water.

In her eagerness she made the personal application of her remarks so evident that M. de Fontvieille, who was quite as anxious as she to keep Léon safely at home, hastened to lead the conversation back into the less dangerous channel of public affairs, down which it flowed quietly and without interruption for the next two hours. The Duchess, M. de Fontvieille and Léon had it all their own way; for Jeanne was even more silent than usual, and Saint-Luc, whose brow was dark with clouds of preoccupation, scarcely opened his lips from the announcement of dinner to the end of that repast, and never once spoke to his fiancée.

But when the whole party had adjourned to the veranda, where cane-chairs, coffee and cigarettes were awaiting them, he approached Jeanne at last, and said, "Mademoiselle" — he had never yet ventured to address her in any less formal manner than this—"will you walk to the end of the garden with me? I have something to say to you."

"Certainly," she answered, with an irrepressible intonation of reluctance which he detected but did not choose to notice; and so they disappeared slowly into the darkness, side by side, to the great delight of the Duchess, whose mind had latterly been a good deal exercised by the unromantic ways of this pair of presumed lovers.

If she could have overheard their conversation, she would have been less contented. Saint-Luc remained so long silent that Jeanne felt compelled, at length, to take the initiative.

"You had something to speak to me about," she began.

"Yes. I have been thinking of what you said before dinner about the war, and that, if you were a man, you would go there. I feel convinced that you are right, and that the army is the proper place just now for every Frenchman who —who has not any very binding ties to keep him at home. And you are not the only person who has expressed the same opinion to me within the last few days."

She stopped short, with a quick gesture of apprehension. "You do not mean Léon?" she exclaimed. "Has he said anything to you upon the subject? Surely you would never be so cruel as to encourage him to leave us! Remember what he is—the last of his name—an only son, one might almost say; for indeed the Duchess is as good as his mother, and would break her heart if anything happened to him. I spoke hastily and foolishly, and I did not really mean what I said—"

"Do not be alarmed," broke in Saint-Luc gently; "I am sure that Léon will do his duty better by remaining where he is than by fighting the Prussians. I had a far less important person in my mind—myself."

"You!"

There was some surprise in her tone, but no inflection of dismay; and Saint-Luc was unreasonable enough to feel pained by her composure.

"Yes," he resumed, striving to assume a cheerful and matter-of-fact air; I learnt the sabre-exercise when I was a lad, and I believe it is the only thing in the world that I can do really well. I can easily join my old regiment now—most likely as an officer, though I don't hold to that—and I know that my death would not cause so much grief to anybody that I need hesitate on that score; but of course, if I went, our marriage would have to be postponed. Would you object to that?"

"No," answered Jeanne slowly; "I should not object."

She debated within herself, for a moment, whether she ought not to make some reference to the payment of Léon's debt, which would thus also require to be postponed; but finally decided that it was not her business to do so.

"And now there is another thing which I should like to ask you," resumed Saint-Luc, after a long pause. "Would you not prefer that our marriage should never take place at all?"

Jeanne turned away, and stood still, with clasped hands, gazing through the dark branches of a belt of cypress-trees at the star-studded sky and the free, wide sea, on which a path of silver from the rising moon shimmered. How gladly—oh, how gladly!—would she have answered Yes, and regained her longed-for liberty. But it was too late to falter now, she thought, and it would be as cowardly in

her to abandon her purpose as in a soldier to run away under fire. She was not in the least grateful to Saint-Luc for offering her a means of retreat which he must know in his heart that she could not accept with honor, and it was in particularly icy accents that she replied at last—"You remember what I told you in the beginning, M. de Saint-Luc. I have never deceived you. I never pretended that I should have chosen you for a husband if—if I had only had myself to think of; but I consented to marry you for the reasons which I mentioned at the time. What I said then I say still. Indeed I am more bound to you than I was; for you have been very kind to me; and I suppose that when you stopped the ponies, the other day, you saved my life—which most people would reckon a kindness. If you have changed your mind, and wish our engagement to come to an end, I shall be neither surprised nor offended; but for me, I am as content now as I was then."

Saint-Luc sighed. Almost he felt inclined to give up the game. He was still under the influence of that discouraging impression of hopeless distance from Jeanne which had fallen upon him, in the drawing-room, before dinner, and which her present bearing was little calculated to remove. Yet he could not quite bring himself to resign her. Some lingering rays of forlorn hope even now brightened the darkness of his prospects. Time, absence, wounds and medals—all these might prove allies; and moreover he still clung to the notion that, with women, love often follows, instead of preceding marriage—which, after all, is a generally received theory, and may possibly be not quite so absurd a one as it sounds.

He took time to think over all this; for Jeanne had paused in her walk to gather some of the heavy-scented white bells of a datura-shrub, and seemed in no hurry for her companion's reply. When he did speak, it was more in answer to his own thoughts than to her suggestion.

"While there is a chance for me, I will hold to it," he said. "Let us remain as we are at least until the end of the war. Before then much may have happened. I may have been killed, for instance, which would settle everything."

"Are you not afraid of death?" asked Jeanne, looking at him with a shade of curiosity.

"No. Are you?"

"I am not sure. So few people are prepared to die."

"Do you mean that I am not? That is true enough, I dare say; but I am as prepared as I am ever likely to be. I cannot see beyond the grave."

"Are you a sceptic then?" asked Jeanne, with bated breath, as who should say, "Are you a murderer?"

"I have scarcely the right to call myself so. I neither believe nor disbelieve; I have never thought about religion at all, one way or the other, and seldom heard it mentioned, except as a pretty fable or allegory, supported chiefly by social necessities. If it be all true, I have no doubt allowances will be made for me."

"I shall pray for you," said Jeanne, gravely.

"Will you? Will you really do that?" cried Saint-Luc eagerly, attaching more importance, it is to be feared, to the act of intercession than to its possible results. "Then you will think of me sometimes when I am away?"

"I should pray for anybody who did not believe in God," answered Jeanne; "and as for thinking of you, of course I should do that in any case. I never forget people. When do you mean to start?"

"To-morrow, I think."

"So soon as that!"

"Why not? My departure will afflict nobody, and my friend Lasalle sails at midday. Besides, I must not lose time if I am to take part in the battle of Chalons."

"The battle of Chalons?"

"It will be there, or thereabouts, I fancy. At all events, I shall have to hurry in order to get to the regiment in time. Even as it is, I may be detained by useless formalities."

"What will the Duchess say? I don't know how I am to tell her," murmured Jeanne, growing a little alarmed as the serious nature of the situation revealed itself to her.

"I will undertake that. What does it signify what she says? What does anything signify? Let us go in at once, and get it over. And now, as I shall not

see you alone again, I will say good-by." He took her passive hand, and, for the second time since their betrothal, pressed it to his lips; and she, withdrawing it presently, said, in her low, grave voice, "Good-by."

This was all their leave-taking; and Jeanne, thinking it over afterwards, reproached herself for having let the poor fellow go without a single kind word to cheer him on his way. Even at the time her heart was a little softened towards him; but she would not show it, being restrained by a foolish apprehension lest, at this supreme moment, encouragement might lead him into some less deferential expression of regard.

So they re-entered the house together; and the unsuspecting Duchess called out gayly, from her corner, "Well, young people, here you are at last! We were thinking of sending Léon out with a lantern to look for you." — *Cornhill Magazine.*

WEATHER FORECASTING.

THE study of weather, always popular in the very widest sense, has, within these last few months, received a fresh impulse from the daily publications of the forecasts issued by the Meteorological Office. It is—I must suppose—sufficiently well understood that these forecasts are based on some scientific principle; and their very general truth may be accepted as tending to show that—within certain modest limits—the principle is a correct one: but what the principle is, or why the limits of its present application should be so narrow, are points which have not yet been fully realized. It is difficult to clear the mind with a jerk from the accumulated empiricism of past ages: and yet this is necessary for the right understanding of the present state of scientific meteorology. I do not, of course, mean to say that all the observations, facts, and deductions of the past are wrong: very far indeed from it. Rightly interpreted, these are still most valuable: but they need a rigid interpretation and arrangement, a careful weeding, a ruthless thinning out, before they can be permitted to take a place in a scientific record. And this is a work of time and difficulty; for they are of very different kinds, and have been embodied in the folk-lore of every age and of every nation; some of them not unworthily, while others are simply the wild ravings of ignorance or superstition.

Of all these, those most in favor are based on more or less familiar astronomical phenomena, and especially on the changes or crossings of the moon. There is, perhaps, no people which has not associated the idea of a change in the weather with the moon's changing phases; and the Sailing Directions issued by the Admiralty—as matter-of-fact and unromantic volumes as are in existence—do all, with more or less clearness, recognize the probability of such change at the full or new moon. The corresponding idea that disturbed weather may be expected about the times of the moon's crossing the equator is that which, some fifteen or twenty years ago, a Mr. Saxby rather pretentiously claimed as his own, and put forward as a new and scientific discovery. It is barely necessary to say that it was neither new nor scientific; that it was a mere matter of supposed observation or dogmatic assertion, the truth of which might be, and actually was, positively denied by many very capable authorities; and though I, myself, would not go quite so far as this, I am going to what, I believe, many meteorologists will consider an extreme length, when I say that it seems to me highly probable that there is some connection between the changes or crossings of the moon and changes or perturbations of the weather; but that as to what that connection is, what gives rise to it, whether it is one of cause or of mere agreement, and in what way it manifests itself—these are things of which we are altogether ignorant, as to which we cannot pretend to speak.

A halo round the moon, the visibility of the whole disk at the time of new moon, or, as it is called, the old moon in the young moon's arms, and other similar appearances, are indications, for good or bad, of the state of the atmosphere: but beyond those which have

reference to such, most of the familiar sayings about the moon are utter nonsense; and whether there are two new moons in a calendar month, or only one; whether the new moon lies on her back, or on her face; and whether the moon changes on a Saturday, or Sunday, or any other day of the week, are accidents of detail which have no meteorological import whatever.

I am afraid the popular traditions as to the weather-influence of certain saints' days or church festivals must be included in the same category. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about them is that they still live, although nearly every year shows their worthlessness; that the weather of February has no definite relation to that of Candlemas, and the rain of July or August absolutely none to the state of the sky on St. Swithin's. But bearing in mind that these and similar traditions date back many hundred years, and—so far as they ever had any meaning—refer to points in the calendar a week or ten days later, it may be admitted, in favor of St. Swithin's claim, that when a marked change from wet to dry, or from dry to wet, takes place towards the end of July, it is not unlikely to last the next month through.

Till within the last few years, the idea of the planets having any relation to our weather would have been held up to ridicule; but the most modern opinion is that there is some such relation; though in what way, or to what extent, is undetermined. But as to the importance of the sun there is no doubt. That the heat of the sun is the first cause of all climatic difference and seasonal change has been well established; and more recently it has been maintained that the appearance or non-appearance of spots on the face of the sun has a direct connection with weather, and points out years of flood, or storm, or drought: that the cycles of sun-spots and of weather coincide, and are to be referred to some common cause. How far this may be true, few would now undertake to say: but, strange as it may seem, few would venture to reject the idea altogether. More startling still is the idea, lately put forward by Professor Stanley Jevons, that the cycles of sun-spots agree with the cycles of commercial prosperity or distress. So far as these might depend on years of plenty or of famine, on good or bad harvests, this would be virtually the same idea as the other: but where they depend on the humanity, or the prudence, or the ambition of emperors and kings; on the enterprise and ability, or on the greed, the folly, or the dishonesty of merchants and speculators, it would lead to the theory that the sun-spots and the weather and the temper or judgment of mankind are all related to each other, and that, in sober physical fact—

> There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

We may conceive this possible; but at present the idea is little more than speculation, and has had its rise in this past disastrous season of sun-spots, and bad weather, and wars, and bankruptcies, and perverted judgments.

Such as it is, however, the leading principle of it is essentially the same as that of the old Astrology which undertook to foretell alike the affairs of men or the state of the weather. But this was altogether empirical: whatever its pretence, whatever labor was spent on it, its predictions could not stand the comparison with the events; it had no scientific basis, and in the advance of scientific inquiry it fell at once into disrepute. Readers of "Quentin Durward" will readily remember the importance which Louis XI. of France is said to have attached to the warnings of his astrologer; but they may possibly have overlooked the exceptional instance in which common sense prevailed over superstition. The king—according to the story—had a mind to hunt one day, and being doubtful of the weather, inquired of his astrologer whether it would be fair. The sage answered with confidence in the affirmative. At the entrance of the forest the royal *cortége* was met by a charcoal-man, who expressed to some menials of the train his surprise that the king should have thought of hunting on a day which threatened tempest. The collier's prediction proved true. The king and his court were driven from their sport well drenched; and Louis, having heard what the col-

lier had said, ordered the man before him.

"How were you more accurate in foretelling the weather, my friend," said he, "than this learned man?" "I am an ignorant man, Sire," answered the collier, "was never at school, and cannot read or write: but I have an astrologer of my own, who shall foretell weather with any of them. It is, with reverence, the ass who carries my charcoal, who always, when bad weather is approaching, points forward his ears, walks more slowly than usual, and tries to rub himself against walls; and it was from these signs that I foretold yesterday's storm." The king burst into a fit of laughing, dismissed the astrological biped, and assigned the collier a small pension to maintain the quadruped, swearing he would never in future trust to any other astrologer than the charcoal man's ass.

Indications such as those here spoken of have been familiar to country-folk from the earliest times; for it is quite certain that the lower animals feel approaching changes of weather in a way which we can very imperfectly understand. Still, even among ourselves, there are many who are, to some extent, sensible of these changes, and the sensation is generally unpleasant. Old wounds are painful before rain; the head aches before thunder; or there is a feeling of uneasiness difficult to explain, but none the less real. So also with animals: they career wildly about the field in restless excitement, they scratch themselves in the hedges, they rub themselves against the wall, or their annoyance finds vocal expression, as in the agonizing yell of the aristocratic peacock, or the discordant hee-haw of the plebeian donkey. Such signs are not to be neglected by the careful student of weather, although they cannot be counted as strictly scientific. The evidence is of the nature of hearsay, and can only be accepted conditionally.

The indications of clouds are of a totally different character: in the study of them—old as it is—we have the germ of a real science, the value of which is not likely to be underrated by any one who has lived in the country, and, even without paying any attention to it himself, has noticed the frequent truth of the predictions of some old farm laborer, a man "no scollard," but who has plodded about the fields with his eyes open. To attempt a verbal description of clouds is almost a hopeless task: to those who do not know clouds as clouds, words will convey but slight idea of them; to those who do know them, words are useless. I will therefore only shortly name some of the more important classes.

The very high, light, streaky, fibrous, white clouds, which are familiarly called "mares' tails," or "goats' hair," are technically known as *cirrus*. The drift of the fibres of cirrus shows the upper wind plainly enough; their formation in a clear sky is very often a precursor of rain.

The high clouds—not so high as cirrus—in small, detached, rounded, white masses, like a flock of sheep lying down, or like the markings on a mackerel, are *cirro-cumulus*. A sky flecked with *cirro-cumulus* is commonly called a "mackerel sky." In some parts of the country, Bedfordshire for instance, these little rounded clouds are considered a sign of rain; they are said to be "packets of rain" soon to be opened. At sea they are considered rather as a sign of wind, and the nautical adage goes—

> **Mackerel sky and mares' tails**
> **Make ships carry low sails.**

Cirro-stratus, though still high, is somewhat lower than either of these others; it is the cloud of a moderately fine day; it may spread out as a sheet, and cover the greater part of the sky; or it may be broken up into large or small fragments, which often take curious or grotesque shapes. The cloud "in shape like a camel," "backed like a weasel," "very like a whale," was doubtless a bit of cirro-stratus. At a little distance, when their edge only is seen, they appear as lines, or sets of lines, streaky. If these streaks run north and south, they are said to be a sign of fine weather; but to portend rain if they run east and west; if they are very irregular and jagged, they make what one would commonly call "an angry-looking sky," their ideas about which the seafaring men of old have expressed in the couplet—

> **If clouds look as if scratched by a hen,**
> **Stand by to lower your topsails then.**

Large rounded masses of cloud, irregularly heaped together, at no great height, are *cumulus*. Cumulus may be black or gray, or white, when the masses are called "wool bags." If they grow

bigger rapidly—more especially before two or three o'clock in the afternoon—sink lower, become more fleecy and irregular, and come up against the wind, they are a pretty sure sign of rain; if, on the other hand, they get smaller towards sunset, they are a sign of fair weather. This is a bit of the wisdom of the Shepherd of Banbury: "In summer or harvest, when the wind has been south for two or three days, and it grows very hot, and you see clouds rise with great white tops like towers, as if one were upon the top of another, and joined together with black on the nether side, there will be thunder and rain suddenly."

The lowest cloud of all is the black rain cloud, or *nimbus;* on the horizon, and as it advances towards the observer, its front often resembles a very heavy cumulus, with rain falling from it, and with some cirrus above. When it has overspread the whole sky, it is usually so mixed up with, or concealed by, falling rain, that it generally assumes a dark uniform appearance.

Now the study of clouds in their different shapes, and colors, and behavior, gives us undoubtedly a scientific basis—so far as it goes—for weather knowledge; and, at present, it is by it alone that we can tell of changes in the upper regions of the atmosphere. But of itself it is not enough. The movements and forms of clouds, though the most apparent of weather indications, are not only by themselves insufficient and often misleading, but the warning which they give does not, as a rule, precede the threatened change by more than an hour or two. What everybody asks for is a great deal more than that. If only in arranging for a picnic, or a garden party, it is desirable to know the night before what the weather is to be; to the farmer or the man of business it is often of the greatest importance; to the fisherman or the coasting trader, it may easily prove a matter of life or death. It is from this very serious point of view that the Meteorological Office under the Board of Trade has long considered it, and has devoted a large proportion of its work to the improvement and extension of those "storm warnings" which, about ten years ago, it began to issue to our coast population.

These warnings originated, as is well known, in the devoted industry of Admiral Fitzroy; but the attempt, at first, was rather premature, and their correctness was very doubtful; they were consequently discontinued, after the Admiral's death, for some years, and when recommenced were on a more modest footing; simply, warnings that a gale, or bad weather, might be expected. With experience, these were further developed; the office began to warn for direction of wind, as well as for force; and were able with increasing certainty to fix the limits of time and area. Of warnings such as these, complete forecasts were the natural outcome; the study of weather and weather-changes on the coast necessarily led to the study of them inland, and to a careful inquiry into the connection between rain, wind, and cloud, as well as their relation to the fluctuations of those all-important meteorological instruments, the thermometer and barometer. All this has been going on for years; and now, after several months' private rehearsal, the Council have felt justified in issuing those daily forecasts which are published in many of the morning and evening papers. But they are strictly "forecasts;" a name on which a certain amount of stress has been laid, as showing that they are cast or calculated from known data; that there is about them nothing of the nature of prediction or prophecy, as vulgarly understood; no charlatanry or hocus-pocus, but that all is plain and above board.

In attempting to describe the method in which these forecasts are made, and the basis on which they rest, I am compelled to introduce a few words on the causes to which some of the phenomena may be theoretically referred; in doing so, I wish to avoid any discussion which would be here out of place, and will only say that of the rival theories, some part of each is probably true; so that if I speak almost exclusively of one, it is rather for the sake of that clearness which a little restrained dogmatism may give.

It is, then, familiarly known that a stream of any kind, when interrupted, tends to form whirls or eddies: the same is indeed true of any mobile body: a ballet dancer, for instance, as she

bounds from the wings to the middle of the stage, there stops and twirls round; the grace with which she does this results from her skill and art, but the gyration itself is the natural tendency of matter in motion when subjected to a check. Now in this part of the world there is a general motion of the air from west to east. All theory apart, this is a great geographical fact: a steady west wind is the natural condition of things in this country. But this natural condition is very seldom left to show itself. Some disturbance or other changes it into something else; for any disturbance causes it to form a whirl, which may easily be conceived as carried along in the great stream of air towards the east. This succession of whirls and their general motion towards the east are established facts; though they have, as I said before, been referred to other theories than that to which I have just alluded: but into the discussion of this question I do not propose to enter; it is sufficient for my present purpose to state the bare facts.

These whirls, then, have two very remarkable properties: they almost invariably turn from right to left, as against the sun, or against the hands of a watch; and they have a low pressure in the middle. The theory which I am here following would explain this low pressure by saying that the air is thrown out from the middle of the whirl by "centrifugal force;" and in any case, the idea of such a centrifugal tendency will serve to establish the facts in the mind. Such a whirl is technically known as a *cyclone*, or a cyclonic system of wind; and to any other system of wind the name *cyclone* is incorrectly given. In northern latitudes, a cyclone is rigidly defined to be an atmospheric whirl, turning against the sun, round a centre of low pressure. But there are occasional, though exceptional instances in which the whirl turns in the opposite direction, that is, from left to right, with the sun; and then it has in the middle a high pressure. It is thus not only different from a cyclone, but is exactly opposite, and has therefore been named an *anti-cyclone*.

Now the low or high pressure which speaks of the presence of a cyclone or of an anti-cyclone, the decreasing or increasing pressure which speaks of its movement, is measured by the barometer. If we know, at any given time, the direction of the wind and the height of the barometer at a large number of stations, the cyclone, or anti-cyclone, can be mapped down with some approach to accuracy, and the wind and atmospheric pressure at any other station within the range of the map can be shown. It is for such indications that the barometer is especially valued. I may say at once—even at the risk of offending old-fashioned prejudices—that the barometer is not a "weather-glass" in the ordinary sense of the term; and that the legend on the clock-like face of the familiar wheel barometer is arrant nonsense. As a mere indicator of local weather, a piece of dried seaweed is very far superior; or if ornament is to be combined with utility, the little shell-covered cardboard cottage, with the old man and woman in the doorway: this does, to some extent, tell the probability of rain or sunshine; it is meant to be an indicator of weather, the barometer is not.

When the pressure has been observed at a great number of stations, it will, of course, be found to be the same at many of them. Lines drawn joining all places at which the pressure is observed to be the same are called "lines of equal pressure," or, more technically, *isobars*. It will be at once seen that, since the pressure on all sides decreases towards the centre of a cyclone, or increases towards the centre of an anti-cyclone, the isobars form—very roughly speaking—circles round the centre of low or high pressure; and that the wind, blowing also round the centre, is therefore blowing along the isobars. This curious fact, so utterly at variance with what used to be taught not very many years ago—that wind must necessarily blow from a high towards a low pressure—is clearly the result of the circling, eddy-like motion of the air; and may be so far compared with a somewhat similar anomaly which may easily be exhibited in a bucket of water. Everybody has learned that water will run from a high to a low level; but if water in a bucket is stirred sharply round, so as to fly out from the centre and be heaped up towards the outside, it will at once be seen that the

principal motion is not from high to low, but on circling levels, corresponding to the cyclonic isobars.

This, then, is the fundamental principle of modern meteorology, distinguishing it by a broad line of demarcation from the past; the wind blows along the isobars; not at right angles to them. It is this which has been embodied in the law to which Professor Buys-Ballot's name is attached, by almost universal consent: "If you stand with your back to the wind, you have, in these northern latitudes, a lower pressure on your left hand than on your right." If a westerly wind is blowing in the south of England, the barometer reads lower in Scotland than it does in France; and conversely, whilst an easterly wind is blowing in England, the barometer is lower in France than in Scotland.

The truth of this law is corroborated every day by the weather charts issued by the Meteorological Office, a graphic *précis* of which is now published in the *Times;* but its importance lies not so much in its giving us some idea of the barometric condition of the atmosphere, in distant provinces, at any present time, as in teaching us how, in our own immediate neighborhood, the wind will blow when, at some future time, the barometric readings in our own and the adjacent countries have been subjected to some specified change. In this way, by the help of Buys-Ballot's law, a forecast of the weather becomes, to a great extent, a forecast of barometric changes; and to such a forecast we are guided, partly by a knowledge that cyclones move over these islands in some easterly direction, and more commonly towards the north-east, but still more by the careful determination of the direction in which any one cyclone is actually moving, based on the telegraphic reports received at the office in London.

The future course of a cyclone may thus be foretold, not indeed with absolute certainty, but with very great probability. When we see a railway train passing, we can foretell, with great probability, that in some definite time it will arrive at some specified place known to be on the same line of rail: but not even in this is there absolute certainty; for owing to some accident or other, boilers burst, fire-bars tumble out, the train runs off the line, is stopped, or is quite broken up. Some similar fate may befall an advancing cyclone; and owing to a variety of causes, themselves irregular, difficult to foresee, and at present very imperfectly understood, its motion may become curiously changed or distorted, or it may be broken up into a number of fragments, each exhibiting on a small scale the cyclonic changes of barometer and wind.

A not unfrequent type of change of direction seems to be due to some exceptional increase of pressure over Norway, a possible cushion of air jammed against the mountains—but this is beyond the subject of our present inquiry: by such, the advance of the cyclone is disturbed, or checked, or stopped; from such it occasionally recoils, at times turning right round and recrossing this island from east to west, at times turning southwards and coming down the North Sea, thus giving generally an expected and always an unusual sequence of changes. If—as most commonly happens—a centre of low pressure, that is to say, a cyclonic centre, passes along a line drawn, roughly speaking, from Glasgow to St. Andrew's, or to Aberdeen, a moment's consideration will show that over all England and the southern part of Scotland the cyclone has in front a southerly or south-westerly wind, which gradually becomes more westerly, with a falling barometer, and changes towards north-west as the barometer begins to rise again. It is thus that in this country, and by our seamen in the Channel or the Irish Sea or the Bay of Biscay, a falling barometer is considered a pretty sure sign of a south-westerly wind; a rising barometer, on the other hand, of a shift to the northward. But in the exceptional case of a cyclone turning sharply round and charging down the North Sea, we have the puzzling irregularity of a north-westerly or northerly wind with a falling barometer and other peculiarities which we are accustomed to associate with the idea of a southerly or south-westerly wind: and this is only one way in which the many accidents, to which a well-formed and apparently well-intentioned cyclone is liable, may alter its movements or behavior, and falsify the predictions based on observations necessarily imperfect, or

on a generalization insufficiently qualified.

But on the supposition that a cyclone passes in a regular manner from the time when it first comes within the scope of our observation, as it emerges from the Atlantic on the west coast of Ireland, it will easily be seen that if the direction and rate of its advance are noted, its position at any future time till it has quite passed over us may be determined, and the changes of the barometer and of the wind may be charted with fair accuracy. That "every wind has its weather" is a very old proverb, not, indeed, unreservedly true, but none the less true with certain exceptions. Of these I shall presently have to speak; but the familiar illustrations of the rule are to be sought for in the cyclone, which, though in itself exceptional, recurs so frequently that its weather peculiarities have come to be regarded as typical. That a south-westerly wind is warm, moist, and often rainy, is a very familiar experience; that a northerly or north-westerly wind is cold and dry is nearly as familiar; and the ready explanation is that the south-westerly wind comes to us charged with the warmth and vapor of the Atlantic and the Gulf Stream, while the northerly wind brings us the cold of Greenland or the Arctic. This simple theory is to some extent in accordance with fact; but to the recent and still continuing investigations of the Rev. W. Clement Ley we owe not only a more comprehensive description of cyclonic weather, but a singularly ingenious interpretation of it.

It has long been the custom among meteorologists to conceive the cyclone as divided into two halves by the line of its advance, named right and left in the same way as the banks of a river, looking, that is, in the direction in which it is travelling. Mr. Ley now proposes another division, that, namely, by the diameter drawn at right angles to the line of its advance; and these halves he would call the front and the rear. According to this division, a cyclone is quartered into right and left front, right and left rear; and Mr. Ley believes that he has established the fact that the different types of weather belong not so much to the different winds as to the different quarters of the cyclone. He describes the front as being preceded by a fringe of cirrus and very high cirro-stratus, extending in streaks to a distance of perhaps 100 miles; these, as they advance, curl upwards and outwards, as though kept asunder by electrical repulsion; but as they come over the observer, they are then "seen to be more or less reticulated, forming a filmy sheet, the structure of which becomes less and less discernible." In other cases the threads are but faintly marked from the first, and "the sky seems simply to become gradually overspread with a milky-looking film of whitish cloud matter." Bit by bit as it advances, this sheet seems to grow downwards, until it is shut out from our view by the interposition of dark masses of lower cloud; the barometer, till then slightly on the rise, begins to fall; the sky becomes covered with nimbus, and rain is more or less general, the right front being the quarter of heaviest precipitation. As the centre, or the transverse diameter approaches, the nimbus breaks; on the right side, the blue sky begins to peep through, and with broken showers and shower clouds, cumulus, cirro-stratus, cirrus, and a rising barometer, the cyclone passes away; whilst on the left, the sky is frequently overcast and hazy to the last.

In explanation of these appearances Mr. Ley considers that, in general terms, the air throughout the front of the cyclone has a slight upward movement, the expansion due to which is of itself enough to account for the heavy rainfall frequent in that half; the excess in the right front depending perhaps on its geographical position. He considers that a large portion of the air which has so ascended in front, having been whirled round and having its moisture squeezed out of it, is forced downward in the rear, appearing as a northerly wind, cold and dry by reason not of its coming from the north, but of its coming from above. It is from this condensation of vapor and the comparative vacuum so formed in front, this pressure of a descending current in the rear, that Mr. Ley would attribute the onward march of a cyclone, which he conceives as continually dying out, and being continually re-formed in advance.

In this I am unable altogether to agree with him ; but it is a point on which—as I have already said—much difference of opinion exists, and concerning which no *one* hypothesis is *of itself* quite satisfactory.*

Of importance greater to the coasting navigator than a foreknowledge of the direction of the wind is that of its force ; and as the intensity of the weather symptoms largely depends on the strength of the wind, on the vehemence of the cyclone which we are now entitled to consider the immediate cause of them, forecasts and warnings, whether for sea or land, are obliged to give especial care to its determination. The principal observation which leads to this is that of the difference between the barometric readings at different places. Momentarily, and merely for the sake of illustration, it may be supposed that air will press from where the barometer stands high to where it stands low ; and that, with a force bearing some relation to the difference between the two readings ; in the same way as water will run from a higher to a lower level, with a force depending on the difference of level. I have already said that this is not a statement of the fact ; that wind does not blow from the place of high to the place of low pressure ; that it blows along the isobars ; but the velocity of the wind along an isobar does vary with the relative difference of barometric readings to its right and left, just as the velocity of the water in a whirling bucket varies with the curve of the surface ; and that without saying which is cause and which is effect. When, then, along a line cutting the isobars nearly at right angles, the barometric readings decrease quickly, we may, as a rule, feel sure that the wind is strong ; when the difference is trifling the wind is light. The estimate of the velocity of the wind thus depends on the relative barometric differences, and these are measured as though they represented the measure of a slope whose height is the difference of barometric reading, whose base is the difference in miles between the two places. Such a hypothetical slope is known as a barometric gradient : we might thus speak of a gradient of so many tenths of an inch in so many miles ; but, technically, all gradients are reduced to a base of sixty miles, and are counted in hundredths of an inch : a barometric difference of one hundredth of an inch in a distance of sixty miles is a gradient *one ;* seven hundredths is a gradient *seven ;* one tenth, that is, ten hundredths, is a gradient *ten.* So counted it is a matter of observation that the number of the gradient is also, roughly speaking, the number of wind-force according to the usually received Beaufort scale : a gradient *seven* thus denotes a wind of force *seven ;* and when that, or any greater gradient, is foreseen, the Meteorological Office issues warnings of an approaching gale.

The American warnings which have been telegraphed from New York during the last two or three years are, we may believe, based on some method similar to that which I have been describing ; but the proprietors of the *New York Herald*, who have organized them, have determined to veil their predictions in mystery, so that we cannot speak of them with any certainty. A very common idea concerning them has been that they are warnings of American weather—of a cyclone, observed in America, having started on its eastward course across the Atlantic. What I have been saying with regard to our own warnings might well seem to support this view ; but as a matter of fact, no cyclone has ever been proved to have crossed the Atlantic ; and in special cases it has been proved that a cyclone appearing here about the time that one reported as having left the American coast might be supposed to be due, was not the same ; that the American cyclone was broken up on the way, and never crossed some stated meridian. This is not merely the belief of English meteorologists : it is, in the main, that of the highest of all American authorities — Professor Loomis — who says, "When storms from the American continent enter upon the Atlantic Ocean, they generally undergo important changes in a few days, and are fre-

* Mr. Ley's papers in the Journals of the Meteorological and the Scottish Meteorological Societies are probably too technical to attract ordinary readers ; but I may refer to his more popular lecture on "Clouds and Weather-signs," recently published in "Modern Meteorology."

quently merged in other storms which appear to originate over the ocean, so that we can seldom identify a storm in its course entirely across the Atlantic."

As far as we know, the greater number of the cyclonic disturbances which come to this country originate near the banks of Newfoundland and still further east, where the Gulf Stream and the Arctic current come together; where the meeting of hot and cold water, and of the superincumbent hot and cold air, causes much condensation of vapor, and disturbs the barometric condition of the atmosphere: it is here, too, that the prevailing northerly wind of the east coast of Greenland and Baffin's Bay thrusts itself into the great westerly wind of the Atlantic, thus causing frequent mechanical disturbance; so that whichever view we take of the genesis of a cyclone, it is here we have to look for its cradle, and, as determined by observation, it is here that we find it. But from the banks of Newfoundland to New York is less than half the distance to England; it is thus possible enough for steamers, arriving almost daily from the eastward, to carry in intelligence on which timely warnings may occasionally be based. But on the warnings, as they have hitherto been sent, little reliance is to be placed: not more than about 17 per cent of them are correct, rather more than 42 per cent are altogether wrong, and the rest are either vague, or imperfect, or out of date. From the very scanty data on which we suppose the warnings to be calculated, it is evident that a large percentage of such mistakes must be expected; and the expectation is increased when we know the difficulty attending on secrecy, to which the forecasts are needlessly subjected. If the information derived from the ships' logs was itself sent over in such a form as to permit of its being worked up with other material, much good might follow: but about this—so far as the *New York Herald* is concerned—there would be nothing sensational; and sensation, we are to understand, is, for a newspaper, of much greater importance than the advancement of science or the safety of navigation.

I have been so far speaking exclusively of cyclonic weather, the frequency of which justly entitles it to the priority; but the opposite type, which belongs to the anti-cyclone, may not be overlooked. In almost every conceivable respect, the anti-cyclone is different from the cyclone. The cyclone comes in from the west, and moves with more or less rapidity and regularity towards the east: the anti-cyclone appears rather to form where it is observed, and to stay there; it may perhaps be considered as in some measure a reaction from a high pressure to the eastward; but in any case, it does not advance, or rather, it seems to sway slowly backwards and forwards. The cyclone is generally marked by large gradients, strong winds, disturbed weather: the anti-cyclone, on the contrary, has small gradients, light winds, and calm, fine, lasting weather. Above all, the weather of the cyclone, as it affects us, is insular, that of the anti-cyclone is continental: the cyclone comes off the Atlantic, and brings with it at all times, on a southerly or south-westerly wind, the warmth and moisture of the Gulf Stream, softening the cold of winter or mitigating the heat of summer, even though it occasionally floods our fields or smashes our coasting-vessels into chips; the anti-cyclone, on the other hand, broods over the steppes of Russia or the plains of Germany or France, and brings, on a light easterly wind, the severe cold of a Russian winter, or the fierce heat of a continental summer. If the centre of high pressure lies over Ireland, we have in England that wind from the north-east which, as the proverb says, "is good for neither man nor beast;" if it lies over Germany, we have a wind from the south, but of a very different type from the more familiar south wind of a cyclone; it is no longer mild and moist, but might almost be described as "an east wind with a kink in it;" it is dry and extreme, cold in winter, hot in summer, and in either case may continue for several days, until the high pressure yields, the anti-cyclone breaks up, disperses, and is swept away by our prevalent westerly wind.

I have thus attempted to give some account of the principle on which modern weather forecasting is based. It must be understood, however, that any such account is necessarily a very imperfect outline. The whole subject is

not to be compressed into a few pages; much of the theory is yet very doubtful, much of the practice is still, in great measure, empirical. Above all, the relative weight which has to be given to the many detailed observations, often conflicting in their evidence, is a point which perhaps nothing but careful study and long experience can decide. A theoretical cyclone is, on paper at least, a very simple thing: the actual thing, as it exists in nature, assumes many different forms, and the species can no more be fully described in one than can the whole human race be described by Olivia's celebrated inventory: "Item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth." Every cyclone, as every face, has a character of its own: one may be regular, equable, gentle; another wild, passionate, stormy: one may be solitary, dragging the whole body of neighboring air into its own selfish whirl; another may have a social disposition, and be one of a group, or may throw off smaller ones and pass along, surrounded by a more or less numerous and turbulent family. To arrive at any conclusion with regard to the behavior of things so multiform and various, is of the very greatest difficulty; and whilst we can see in our daily paper that the Meteorological Office has made a vast stride towards the accomplishment of the task, we are not to expect that the forecasts will be absolutely free from mistakes. We cannot be so surprised at their occasional failures as we are at their general accuracy.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

AN EDITOR'S TROUBLES.*

BY WILLIAM MINTO.

OUGHT private letters to an editor from his contributors to be published? Mr. Macvey Napier was editor of the *Edinburgh Review* for eighteen years, from 1829 to 1847. Among his correspondents during that period were some of the most distinguished men of the time: Macaulay, Brougham, Lytton, Jeffrey, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, John Mill, and many others of less note. They wrote to him long letters—letters were as a rule longer then than they are now — proposing articles, deprecating corrections, expressing opinions about the work of their fellow-laborers, making themselves agreeable or disagreeable as the case might be, and occasionally throwing in scraps of gossip about common acquaintances and the events of the day. It was Mr. Napier's practice to keep these documents, and a selection from them was recently printed by his son for private circulation. The privilege of reading them is now extended to all who choose to avail themselves of it. Many doubtless will avail themselves of the privilege, for the letters contain abundance of dainty morsels for the curious; but while we read and smile, it is impossible altogether to banish the thought that what we read was not intended for our inspection, and that much of it could only have been written in confidence. In fact it is only the confidential part of an editor's correspondence that possesses any lively interest for the general reader. The business communications which pass between editor and contributor have some value for the minute biographer, the close student of character and literary development, but for all but this small fraction of mankind the passage of a few years, or even months, makes them flat and stale. What the multitude likes to pick out of such papers is precisely what the writers of them would have been most anxious to conceal from the general eye, their opinion of their own work, and their opinion of the work of their fellow-contributors. There is not so much of this in the selection from Mr. Napier's letters as there might have been if some of his correspondents had been less guarded, or if the selector had been less scrupulous in his choice; but there is a good deal, and it is undoubtedly the salt of the volume. Yet it is a trouble-

* *Selection from the Correspondence of the late Macvey Napier, Esq.* Edited by his Son, Macvey Napier.

some question in rigid ethics whether the individual, who would as soon think of publishing his love-letters as his private letters to an editor, ought thus to be sacrificed for the amusement of the majority. All who love gossip, with a tender conscience, must be secretly glad that the owners of interesting confidential correspondence are seldom unwilling to take the responsibility of deciding this delicate point. Unhappily, it will not trouble the inheritors of the letters, telegrams, and post-cards of the present generation.

We are helped to get rid of any lingering scruples that we may feel about our right to enjoy the amusing lights in which some of Mr. Napier's correspondents are placed by the publication of their letters, by the fact that it is an act of justice to the editor himself. An editor in his lifetime gets but scant justice. He is lucky if he possess a self-approving conscience. Very rarely does a voice of approval reach him from the outside. Good-natured friends who write to congratulate him on his last number, invariably append some irritating "but" which turns the praise into bitterness. It is an excellent number on the whole, but why did he not draw his pen through such and such? And how can he allow So-and-so to go on writing on subjects on which he does not know the merest rudiments? When people are displeased with any thing in their periodical they lay the blame upon the editor; when any thing strikes them as particularly good, they wonder who wrote it. This is as it should be, but the poor editor—to whom, it may be, some touch of the goodness is due, and who has been compelled to retain passages intensely objectionable to his own taste, out of regard for the feelings or the services of a valuable member of his staff—is apt to think that hard measure is dealt out to him. The world knows nothing of his difficulties. On one occasion, when Mr. Napier was more than usually distracted and perplexed, and had taken the advice of his predecessor, Lord Jeffrey, that experienced and logical authority began his reply with a clear classification of the main considerations by which an editor ought to be guided in deciding the all-important question of admission or rejection. These considerations were three in number—the effect upon the general body of the contributors, the effect upon the general body of readers, and the effect in the editor's deliberate opinion upon the advancement of what he believed to be right. Here alone is a sufficiency of embarrassing considerations for a hesitating mind, disturbed by circumstances from the healthy rule of trusting to its instincts, and Lord Jeffrey could probably have given many others of a more subtle and annoying kind. An editor, in fact, has all the worry of a police magistrate, without statutes to direct him, without the majesty of the law to hedge him round with respect, and with the paralyzing disadvantage that many of the offenders who appear in his court are his own personal friends and indispensable associates.

It was due in common fairness that the world should have an opportunity of seeing the difficulties with which Mr. Napier had to struggle, as the head of a famous organization, and the dignity, firmness, and tact with which he maintained his position and did his duty. He came after a more famous man than himself in the management of the *Edinburgh Review*, and was placed in authority over other men of note who had been connected with the *Review* from its commencement. Very rare qualities indeed were needed to preserve the necessary discipline without estranging support essential to the very existence of the great quarterly. Mr. Napier's task was comparatively easy in dealing with outsiders who knocked at his door seeking admission. "There can be no more respectable vehicle," Mr. Carlyle once wrote, "for any British man's speculations than it (the *Edinburgh Review*) is and has always been." It was not only honorable to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, but profitable, for it paid liberally, as a respectable journal should. Hence, Mr. Napier's offers of contributions were numerous. All the highest talent of the country, with the exception of the attached fuglemen of the opposite party, was at his service. The large body of political indifferentists, of men of letters pure and simple, desired no more respectable, and could obtain no more profitable, vehicle for their speculations than the

Edinburgh Review. But for successful dealing with his numerous volunteers Mr. Napier needed only a moderate share of two great gifts—caution in accepting, and courtesy in declining. He had a large share of both. When he was in doubt or difficulty, he seems to have consulted Jeffrey, with whom he remained on cordial terms. Jeffrey's advice was invaluable, and it was never obtruded, but always given with admirable regard to editorial rights and susceptibilities. It was with Jeffrey's advice that Mr. Napier fortified himself when writers of somewhat more advanced views, or more lively style than suited the traditions of the *Review*, sought to make it a vehicle for their speculations. The opinions and tastes of the two men were so thoroughly in accord that there was no breach of continuity when the editorship passed from the one to the other. As shrewd, matter-of-fact men, they were both aware of the value of lively writing; but they had to consider also that the *Review* had reached decorous middle age, and was the organ of a triumphant party, and that it was of paramount importance that its contents, whether lively or dull, should be safe. When Charles Dickens wrote asking whether it would "meet the purposes of the *Review* to come out strongly against any system of education based exclusively on the principles of the Established Church," and proposing to show "why such a thing as the Church Catechism is wholly inapplicable to the state of ignorance that now prevails; and why no system but one, so general in great religious principles as to include all creeds, can meet the wants and understandings of the dangerous classes of society," one can imagine how the editor's mind was tossed between desire and fear. The proposal was probably not considered safe. Dickens wrote again to propose an article on the Abolition of Capital Punishment. Jeffrey, who was one of Dickens's most enthusiastic admirers, was consulted, and approved of the idea; but the novelist wrote at the last moment to say that he was living in such a "maze of distractions," with "so many insuperable obstacles crowded into the way of his pursuits," that he could not possibly write the article in time for the next number.

With Thackeray Mr. Napier was hardly more fortunate. A review from his hand appeared in October, 1845, three years before the publication of "Vanity Fair." The subject was N. P. Willis's "Dashes at Life," in discussing which there was little room for conflicting with the political principles of the *Review*. But Thackeray ran against another rock—the severe taste of the editor. "From your liberal payment," he wrote, in acknowledging receipt of his honorarium, "I can't but conclude that you reward me, not only for laboring, but for being mutilated in your service. I assure you I suffered cruelly by the amputation which you were obliged to inflict upon my poor dear paper. I mourn still—as what father can help doing for his children?—for several lively jokes and promising *facetiæ*, which were born and might have lived but for your scissors, urged by ruthless necessity." Jeffrey did not think much of the article, even after all this pruning and trimming. The taste of the *Edinburgh Review* was very severe in some directions. Thackeray was not the only contributor who had to mourn the loss of his children, and it is curious to note the different forms in which they expressed their grief and anger. A youthful aspirant, such as G. H. Lewes was in 1842, is all submission and sweet reasonableness, even when an article is returned to him to be entirely rewritten. It is not "unpleasant to his feelings to submit to alterations;" he is "at all times anxious to alter and to receive criticism, however severe;" and he writes as if he meant it. The courteous Bulwer Lytton is not less complaisant; but though he thanks the editor with every appearance of cordiality for "smoothing his article into shape," and hopes that he will never hesitate to cut out what he does not like, he declares himself unable to understand some general hints as to his faults of style. Macaulay was equally generous in his professions of submission, but not so successful in concealing his feelings when the knife was actually applied. "I hope you will not scruple to exercise your prerogative," he writes. "You

will not find me a refractory subject." But we find him soon afterwards complaining that "the passages omitted were the most pointed and ornamental sentences in the review." One contributor, and one only, made a clear and frank bargain beforehand that his articles were not to be trifled with. When Mr. Carlyle was asked to write for the *Review*, he explained without the least flummery on what conditions he was willing to try his hand. "My respected friend, your predecessor," he wrote, "had some difficulty with me in adjusting the respective prerogatives of author and editor, for though not, as I hope, insensible to fair reason, I used sometimes to rebel against what I reckoned mere authority, and this partly perhaps as a matter of literary conscience; being wont to write nothing without studying it if possible to the bottom, and writing always with an almost painful feeling of scrupulosity, that light editorial hacking and hewing to right and left was in general nowise to my mind. In what degree the like difficulties might occur between you and me, I cannot pretend to guess; however, if you are willing, then I also am willing, to try." The sturdy independence of this understanding left no room for the petty wrangling over flowers of rhetoric and sallies of wit which embitter the relations between editor and contributor. Mr. Napier appears to have been an editor with whom it would have been difficult to quarrel satisfactorily. He was most painstaking in his courtesy, untiring in his efforts to make his alterations pleasant to the victim. Once, indeed, he threw the gentle-hearted Leigh Hunt into an agony by an incautious word. Hunt wrote to him gayly proposing a "very chatty" article on some subject. He replied that he would be very glad to have a "gentlemanlike" article. But on the intercession of Macaulay, to whom the wounded essayist made complaint, Mr. Napier explained that he meant no offence, and explained it with such politeness, and so completely restored Leigh Hunt's easy temper, that he borrowed ten pounds from Macaulay a few days afterwards.

But all Mr. Napier's worries with the mass of his contributors and applicants were as nothing compared with the one great embarrassment of his editorship—his relations with "tremendous Harry Brougham." How to keep Brougham, and how to keep him within bounds, and how to keep him without losing Macaulay, were problems which gave Mr. Napier many anxious moments during his first ten years of office. He could not afford to lose either Brougham or Macaulay. Without them the *Review* would have been intolerably dull. The abundance of heavy matter to which the editor's severe taste and the restraints of his traditions condemned it, would have sunk the *Review* beneath the level of popular request if the supporting force, the buoyancy, the intense life and movement of their writing had been withdrawn. It seems strange to the present generation that the retention of Brougham's services should ever have been an object of such paramount importance. There is not much life in his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* now. A back number, with five of his articles in it—he boasted some thirty-five years after the commencement of the *Review* that he had written about a fifth of its whole bulk—is not a "book that one takes from the shelf for a half-hour's refreshment and delight." But though Brougham's articles are dry bones to us, they had a vigorous life in their day. The pulse of the time beat violently—very violently—in them. We can see only the rusty machinery with which the stage thunder and lightning was manufactured, in the now deserted theatre, the tattered, moth-eaten robes in which the great actor draped himself; his contemporaries were filled with the excitement and passion of the play. There was no such incarnation of force, loud, tempestuous, overpowering force, in his time as Brougham. He is often called an "extraordinary" man, and extraordinary he was in all conscience. About the time when Mr. Napier came in contact with him, he was the greatest individual power in English political life. There was no parliamentary debater whose hostility was so much to be feared, and outside Parliament, among the masses of the people, there was no hero worshipped with such enthusiasm. His splendid oratory in defence of Queen Caroline had put the crown on his reputation, and he had added many

dazzling jewels to it by his eloquent championship of philanthropic schemes and popular causes, and his unmeasured and overpowering vituperation of their enemies. With all these elements of greatness, which enabled him to render invaluable services to enlightenment and progress, with all this solid gold, there was a large admixture of baser matter. There is and must be this admixture in all greatness, and it is not as a rule good to dwell upon it. But Brougham left the world no choice in the matter. The same Titanic energy which threw the grander parts of his "extraordinary" composition into glorious prominence, would not suffer the baser parts to remain in the shade. He had a passion for engrossing the whole credit of every enterprise with which he was connected. He never hesitated to sacrifice a colleague when it served his ambition, and there was no trick to which he would not resort to remove whatever stood in his way. No human being could possibly have known all that Brougham pretended to know, but the extent and variety of his knowledge was gigantic, and no human being ever possessed such a power of disguising ignorance by overbearing talk. At the time when he was celebrated throughout the country —justly celebrated, we must not forget —as the author of great legal reforms, the leader of the movement for the abolition of slavery, the indispensable patron of wide-reaching schemes for the extension of education, his ministerial colleagues were groaning over the Lord Chancellor's untrustworthiness, and a good-natured friend was following him all over London to enjoy the humor of him as a phenomenon, the marvellous abundance and gayety of his talk, the childlike caprices of his arrogance, his browbeating of dignitaries, his exaggerated deference to men of small account, his uncontrollable indiscretions, his absurd affectations, and above all, the audacity of his lies. And the most remarkable part of it all was that there was no more thorough sympathizer with this peculiar humor than Lord Brougham himself. He was indeed an "extraordinary" man.

Mr. Napier's correspondence shows strong light upon one little corner of the vast whirlpool which this extraordinary man made round him. The whole character of the man comes out in these letters—his domineering spirit, his unscrupulousness, the curious cowardice which lay at the heart of all his bluster-ing, his marvellous appetite and capacity for work. There are touches of kindliness too, which serve to redeem what is in some respects a repulsive exhibition. The cowardice of the giant is, as it happens, a redeeming feature, and gives an aspect of comedy to what might otherwise arouse simple indignation and disgust. The objects for which, in his relations with the *Edinburgh Review*, he put forth his despotic will were petty in themselves, and the results would not have been tragic if he had succeeded in them. The utmost that the despot achieved, beyond keeping his unfortunate editor in a constant worry, was to throw some of his fellow-contributors, and notably Macaulay, into fine frenzies of heroic anger, which at this distance of time Macaulay himself might afford to smile at. More than this the great perturbing agent, the Satan of the *Edinburgh Review* Paradise, was not permitted to accomplish, for he encountered in Mr. Napier a man of singularly firm will, and he always gave in when hard pushed, invariably protesting that his meaning had been misunderstood, and that all his desires were as reasonable as his motives were pure and public-spirited. Defeat had no power to mortify his exuberant vitality; when beaten in one quarter, he flew off to another, heart and soul, without a backward glance. The imperturbable self-satisfaction of the man shows itself in many droll shapes in his letters to Mr. Napier. We find him describing with undisguised pride the number of pages he has written in a given time, the distance he has travelled without sleep or remission of work, the respect paid to him by great people, the prodigious effect produced by his speeches. "I was obliged," he writes on one occasion, "to exert myself last night as I had not done for years. The speech has made a great noise; but if it had one fault, there was no relief, no ordinary matter for the mind to rest upon. Every sentence was a figure or a passage. I marked that for an hour and a half by the clock, I was speaking in tropes and allusions." But above all,

when he had quarrelled irreconcilably with the Whigs, he loved to dwell upon the vigor with which he had trampled upon them in debate. "My fairness towards the vile clique of the present Government," he says, for example, "whose treatment of me has been the *ne plus ultra* of ingratitude, baseness, and treachery, is more than I can well justify to my own pride. However, I punish them daily in Parliament, and that may suffice." "Depend upon it," he says again, "there is no great comfort ever accrues to those who try their hands upon my back." His greatest triumph of all was secured when he conceived the brilliant idea of giving out that he had been killed in a carriage accident, to see what the newspapers would say of him. The sensation caused by the report gave a banquet to his vanity in which he exulted hugely. "A lie," he wrote to Mr. Napier, "daily repeated by two or three papers in London and one in Edinburgh, has deceived you all, namely, that the people of this country have no longer any care about me, and that my 'useless, worthless, and mischievous life' (such is their language) was done for all purposes. Is it so? Look at the last week and tell. I assure you this room is filled with newspapers from all parts of the country; some crying *peccavi* for having ever attacked me, others thanking God they never had been seduced by the Treasury jobbers into such a course. Let this show the risk of men in a party giving up an old leader, because another happened for the hour to be invested with office." Of course he did not fail to declare that the report of his death was the invention of his enemies, that they might have an opportunity of "letting loose their papers on him, and Tom Moore, their doggerel poet."

It was not merely in his private letters to Mr. Napier that Brougham extolled his own prowess and his virtues. He did not scruple to allude to himself in his articles for the *Review* in terms of which the following sentences are a specimen: "Of all the portentous signs of the times for the present Ministry, the most appalling is the nearly unanimous choice of Mr. Brougham to be member for Yorkshire. This is assuredly the most extraordinary event in the history of party politics." When he could not puff himself, he more than hinted how and when it was desirable that others should render him that service. At a very early period in their collaboration for the *Review*, this brought him into collision with Macaulay. Shortly after the Yorkshire election, he wrote to the editor concerning a speech of his on Colonial Slavery that "T. Macaulay is to prepare a leading article on it and the subject for next number, which I hope will be first, as the question has, since I declared against the right of holding men in slavery, assumed a new aspect." When this was mentioned to Macaulay, who warmly reciprocated Brougham's aversion, he replied that the triumph in Yorkshire must have turned his brains; and he flatly refused to make Brougham's speech his text, adding, "We have had quite enough of puffing and flattering each other in the *Edinburgh Review*. It is in vile taste for men united in one literary undertaking to exchange these favors." Very soon afterwards a more serious breach occurred between the two contributors. Macaulay had been engaged to write an article on the French Revolution of July, and had nearly finished it when Brougham unexpectedly claimed the subject for his pen. "I must beg," he wrote, "and, indeed, make a point of giving you my thoughts on the Revolution, and therefore, pray send off your countermand to Macaulay. The reason is this: all our movements next session turns upon that pivot, and I can trust no one but myself with it, either in or out of Parliament." Readers of Mr. Trevelyan's biography know the indignation with which the countermand was received by Macaulay, dictated as it was by "the person of all persons on earth to whom he felt least inclined to stoop," and how nearly it occasioned the withdrawal of his invaluable services from the *Review*.

Macaulay did in fact declare that he would write no more after such an insult, but Mr. Napier's tact persuaded him to relent. No collision occurred again between the two great rivals. Brougham was left in undisturbed possession of contemporary politics, and Macaulay, happily as it proved for his own fame and the delight of his readers,

sought other fields of disquisition. But though their paths did not henceforth cross, they continued in their private letters to the editor to express their opinions of each other's performances. There is comparatively little piquancy in Macaulay's comments on Brougham. They are simply the hard truth, sharply expressed, the cool cutting judgments of an enemy confident in his own superiority. In remarking on Brougham's "characters" of public men in the time of George III., he can afford to acknowledge their "very high merit." "They are, indeed," he says, "models of magazine writing, as distinguished from other sorts of writing. They are not, I think, made for duration. Every thing about them is exaggerated, incorrect, sketchy. . . . The style, though striking and animated, will not bear examination through a single paragraph. But the effect, on first perusal, is great, and few people read an article in a Review twice. A bold, dashing, scene-painting manner is that which always succeeds best in periodical writing. I have no doubt that these lively and vigorous papers of Lord Brougham's will be of more use to you than more highly-finished compositions." In another letter Macaulay laughs at Brougham's pretensions to universal genius. "Brougham does one thing well, two or three things indifferently, and a hundred things detestably. His Parliamentary speaking is admirable, his forensic speaking poor, his writings, at the very best, second rate. As to his 'Hydrostatics,' his 'Political Philosophy,' his 'Equity Judgments,' and his 'Translations from the Greek,' they are really below contempt." Brougham's criticisms of Macaulay are much less cool and balanced. They contain but a grain of truth to a pailful of malice. But there is an individual spice, a half-insane oddity in the vehemence of their malice, which makes them infinitely more amusing. Macaulay's essay on Sir William Temple "is an excellent paper, only he *does* take a terrible space to turn in. Good God! what an awful man he would have been in Nisi Prius! He can say nothing under ten pages. He takes as long to delineate three characters of little importance as I have to sketch ten, the greatest in the whole world. I really wish you could give him a hint; and as it is the only, or almost the only thing he wants (*some* bread to *all his sack* is another and a sad want) he may well bear a hint." In the essay on Bacon, Brougham detected a graver fault, and it is only fair to him to say that there was more than a grain of truth in this particular criticism. "The Bacon is, as you say, very striking, and no doubt is the work of an extremely clever man." But "greater blunder never was committed than the one Macaulay has made on the 'Inductive Philosophy.' He is quite ignorant of the subject. . . . He has no science at all, and cannot reason. His contemporaries at Cambridge always said he had not the conception of what an argument was; and surely it was not right for a person who never had heard of Gilbert's treatise to discuss Bacon's originality—nay, to descant on Bacon at all, who seems never to have read the 'Sylva Sylvarum' (for see p. 83 about ointments for broken bones); and who goes through the whole of his speculation (or whatever you choose to term it) without making any allusion to Bacon's notorious failure when he came to put his own rules in practice, and without seeming to be at all aware that Sir I. Newton was an experimental philosopher." But these complaints are tame compared with the strain of indignant remonstrance which Brougham poured forth to the editor upon the appearance of Macaulay's essay on Clive. "I have no heart to say one word on any subject of the last number but one—I mean one which absorbs all others—Macaulay's most profligate political morality. In my eyes, his defence of Clive, and the audacious ground of it, merit execration. It is a most serious, and, to me, a most painful subject. No—no—all the sentences a man can turn, even if he made them in pure taste, and not in Tom's snip-snap taste of the lower empire—all won't avail against a rotten morality. . . . What? are we gravely to be told, at this time of day, that a set-off may be allowed for public, and therefore atrocious crimes, though he admits that a common felon pleads it in vain? Gracious God! where is this to end? What horrors will it not excuse? . . . Every great ruffian who has filled the world with blood and tears will be sure of an ac-

quittal because of his talents and his success. . . . Alas! if Macaulay's overweening conceit would only let him read what honest Adam Smith says, in his 'Moral Sentiments' of the evils of profligate systems of morals, it might awaken his conscience, and prevent him from being led away by the silly Empsons he lives among, and who admire nothing but sentence-making. Or, if he only knew the comfort of laying down his head to sleep, or may be to die, after writing forty years, and speaking thirty-five, and never having once said one word, or written one word, but in favor of the highest strain of public virtue!"

One can better understand, after reading Brougham's letters to Mr. Napier, so pervaded by the vehemence of his genius, poured forth with such exuberance and frankness, such impetuous disregard of petty reserves and scruples, most transparent when they are meant to be most evasive, what it was that made his company inexpressibly fascinating and tickling to Lord Sefton. One can understand also how what was amusing to the idle and curious observer was very much the reverse of amusing to those who were pieces in the game. "Empson," writes Macaulay, to the much-tried editor, in 1838, "has hinted to me that Brougham has been plaguing you. Really that man is the devil." Brougham was always plaguing poor Mr. Napier. To make matters worse, the Whig leaders and their set were crying out against his subserviency to Brougham, at the very time when Brougham was sending him prayers for his emancipation from the thraldom of "that vile clique," threatening to start a rival journal, and warning him in page upon page that it was certain ruin to the *Review* to allow it to be made the organ of a party. This from the man who, when he was Lord Chancellor, insisted that all the political articles in the *Review* must be written by himself! Mr. Napier's letters of protest and remonstrance sometimes reveal a state of mind bordering on desperation. But he stuck manfully to his work, and succeeded in keeping a hook in the nose of his leviathan. If it was a hard task to found the *Edinburgh Review*, it was a much harder task, as this volume of correspondence proves, to save it from disruption when it had reached the height of its prosperity.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

A HUNGARIAN EPISODE: ZIGEUNER MUSIC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

It was a calm August night in Raab: repose had already taken possession of the quaint old moonlit streets, a few hours ago so sultry and so busy, and, we may add, so noisy with the bustle of the annual horse-fair. All lights seemed under the ban of the curfew, but those of a *café-haz* (or coffee-house) forming the angle of the street nearly facing the windows of our primitive rooms. It was a picturesque house, with a veranda covering in a part of the street divided off by a row of square green boxes containing bushy oleanders in flower.

The scene, too, was picturesque as we caught glimpses of a considerable gathering of Magyars within, indulging in the lazy luxury of the never-neglected pipe.

We left our casements open, closing the Venetian shutters, and were preparing for rest, when suddenly the surrounding stillness was broken by a brilliant cascade of clear and thrilling notes proceeding from some unrecognizable instrument or instruments, and giving expression to a melody altogether distinctive in character. It was wildly sweet and melancholy in tone, and possessed at once a grace and a power which entranced us as with some weird and irresistible fascination.

It literally spoke, and in language inspired by a creative fancy, weaving a fairy poem with the originality and facility of genius. We listened breathless, as the caprice of the unseen artist revelled in the rainbow hues with which he was pleased to tint his picture—as harmonious, as soft, as rich, and alas! as evanescent; we followed, enraptured, the magic numbers, astonished as well

as charmed by the audacity with which the movements changed, till at length the measure became rapid and yet more rapid as the tale approached its climax, and the *improvisatore*, carried away by his muse, expressed his enthusiasm in notes which came pouring on in unrestrained luxuriance as it were a mountain torrent leaping down from rock to rock—it was the very poetry of music. Abruptly, and with the *bizarrerie* which had stamped the whole performance, a final chord closed the recital, and in an instant all was hushed. Vainly we waited and hoped for a renewal of the bewitching strain; we looked out only to discern that the guests of the *cavé-haz*, whence we had no doubt the sounds had proceeded, were dispersing, and to feel convinced that it would be useless to repair thither with any hope of satisfying our curiosity on the subject; for as we looked the doors were closed and the lights were extinguished. Next morning, on waking, the mysterious improvization still lingered on our hearing, and on the appearance of our excellent Magyar friend we related to him what he had heard and how we had been impressed.

"Glad I am," replied he, "that you have had an opportunity of hearing that singular and beautiful music: it is one of the peculiarities of our nation and the speciality of our vast nomad tribes to whom these itinerant bands belong. As their habits are altogether erratic, their visits to our larger and even our smaller cities are arbitrary, but just now they are attracted hither by our cattle-fair.

"These Zigeuners of Hungary," he continued, "like the Gitanos of Spain, the Bayadères of Portugal, the Bohemians of Central and the Gypsies of Northern Europe, have no fixed habitation: they lead a free and independent life, occupying movable dwellings and establishing themselves at intervals in our *putztas* and forests. You will meet them halting within and on the skirts of the Bakonyer-Wald as they journey from place to place and settle for the time being in the immediate vicinity of the locality where they seek employment.

"As they exercise various handicrafts, they are always sure of being able to earn their livelihood, whether by tinkering, carpentering, basket-making, china mending, horse-shoeing, or other industries, while a certain number of them possess the remarkable gift of imagining the wildest and most stirring poems and interpreting them in a music entirely *sui generis*.

"As long as they remain in one spot they resort in the evenings to the principal *cavés*, so that if you would like to hear and also to see their performance, which is, I assure you, very extraordinary, I will with pleasure conduct you this evening to one which I know they frequent."

Rejoiced at this offer, we met at the appointed hour, and after traversing the broad market-place in which stood our hotel, the "Golden Lamb," and threading several narrow and characteristic streets, we arrived at the entrance of the *cavé* in question. A considerable crowd surrounded the door, but as soon as they perceived we were strangers they made a passage with the utmost courtesy, and we followed our friend within, into a spacious room. At the upper end a portion of the floor was raised about a foot; here were placed seats for those of the audience who were of a higher class, and among them, according to the dictates of Magyar hospitality, to us was immediately assigned a place of honor.

Down the centre of the room was a large billiard table, and along either side at regular intervals small circular marble-topped tables, at which sat groups of two or more persons sipping wine, coffee, beer, etc., but the universal pipe was in the mouth of every one, and so dense was the smoke that it was not easy to distinguish what was going on.

Just below the daïs a considerable space had been reserved for the Zigeuner band. In the midst stood a large square table, and on it was the singular instrument to be played by the principal performer, the tones of which had so intensely mystified us, and to which the ten others, flute, fife, violins and violoncellos, constituted the accompaniment. It consisted of a sounding-board about three feet in length and of a breadth sloping from two to three feet, across which were stretched the strings, the whole of extremely rough construction and played by means of two short strips of whalebone muffled with a rag

wound round the end of each: with these it is more sharply or gently, deliberately or rapidly struck, and it is difficult to conceive how so simple not to say clumsy an apparatus can be made to produce a tone so sweet, flexible, and powerful, or be amenable to such delicate, brilliant, varied and expressive execution. It is called "tzymbalon," and the tzymbalon player it is who improvises the melody and gives the cue to the band, who upon the intuitive apprehension of his thoughts and also of those of each other produce the most appropriate and effective accompaniment. From the divan on which we had been so obligingly placed we were able, without being too near the music, to observe not only the whole group, but could also study the audience.

The performers were now agreeing upon their theme, arranging their several parts—(howbeit all score-less)—and tuning their strings, and it was impossible not to remark the unmistakable stamp of their race which all bore, not only on their countenances and features, but in their whole person and bearing. Swarthy in complexion, with jet-black hair, beard, eyes, and eyebrows, their Oriental features were lighted up with an intelligent expression, and that they were born musicians, untutored, untaught, untrained by any laws — for genius recognizes none—was manifested in the complete command they had of their instruments, which seemed to be absolutely part of themselves. Equally strkiing was the marvellous spontaneity and simultaneousness of their action in this entirely extemporaneous performance. Never was there the slightest hesitation or break on the part of any of them, though the leader playing the tzymbalon changed whether the key, the time, the harmony, or the movement as he wove his romance, for such it was.

The pieces thus executed by these unique musicians may be called "operas without written libretti," and strange to say the *libretto* would be utterly superfluous, for so expressive are the strains, the hearer must be dull of comprehension indeed if he fail to follow their meaning. Indeed one scarcely realizes that the scene so graphically described by the music is not actually before one's eyes, so entirely do they follow the Horatian rule and lead the minds of the audience *quocumque volent*, making them see what they seem to see themselves.

The theme is generally a legend or story, selected from among those orally preserved among the tribe, and narrated in the language of music, so that it is no wonder they should be lost in a kind of dreamy inspiration and abandon themselves for the time to the caprices of their imagination. According to the nature of the subject, they occasionally become so excited that they impress one with the idea they are enacting the scene they depict, and thus, without an effort, succeed in firing their audience with their own enthusiasm.

At length the instruments are tuned, and amid breathless silence the piece begins. To ourselves no intimation had been made as to its nature; no form of words or even abridged "argument" had been passed round. There was nothing but the weird influence of these musicians of nature imparting their narrative by the language of music to a musical people. Attracted by the prestige and the novelty of the situation, we also gave ourselves to the subject, and as it proceeded it interpreted itself to us as follows:

The simple, flowing, graceful melody with which it opened described a calm scene of rural life, the rosy dawn, the freshness of the easy morning hour, the dewy grass, the scent of spring flowers, the brook bubbling beneath overhanging branches, all was there — a contented peasant population going forth to their healthy, harmless, peaceful occupations; the cowherd driving his cattle to their mountain pastures; the shepherd leading his flocks afield; the *Ross-hirt* scampering over the *putzta* with his troop of horses, and the advancing day bringing out "the insect youth" with their busy hum on the calm noontide air.

Now we are in the depths of the forest; the sun is pouring his beams through the interstices of the foliage, and the glowing light mottles the chequered ground. Innocent birds are singing in the trees, but among men a marauding spirit is astir: a horde of brigands, headed by their desperate chief, is preparing an attack on these happy, laborious, unconscious, and alas! prosperous villagers. Their plan of ac-

tion is arranged, they start for their merciless expedition ; we are roused by the sudden clattering of hoofs, the clang of arms, the sound of voices, the periodical word of command. We have arrived at the encounter and are prepared for the dismay of the surprised peasants expressed in the furious shouts of men, the shrieks of women, the cries of children, as by the power of arms and the force of numbers their stores and cattle are seized and carried away amid violence and bloodshed, and the defenceless owners made captive.

But things are not to end thus, the innocent will be avenged ; retributive justice is not to be mocked and awaits the dastardly plunderers ; the battery of Heaven interposes to avenge the wrongs of the helpless ; and the dark eye of the Zigeuner flashes as he draws down the forked lightning in vivid flashes, and presently follows the roar of the loud thunder echoing from one mountain peak to another and answering again and again as it pursues its mysterious transit into the far-off distance and dies away. The cowardly victors, seeing one of their chiefs, horse and rider, struck to the ground in the immediate front of their band, and so suddenly that the rest, having no time to rein in, ride headlong over him, have recourse to a hasty flight ; more than one is thrown with violence to the ground, and they are unable to gain their forest fastness ; the fury of the storm pursues them ; shelterless and bewildered they are scattered in all directions ; their booty escapes them, their captives are freed, while the confusion that prevails among them renders their expedition abortive. In the midst of the fury of the elements, and the general consternation it has occasioned, a shot from the cross-bow of one of the peasants, who have now summoned presence of mind to defend themselves, has struck their leader, and while trying to rally his band he has fallen dead from his horse, and the panic is complete.

But see the leader of the performance ; he has worked himself into a frenzy by the time this consummation is reached ; his countenance becomes of a deeper hue ; the perspiration runs down his face, and as he gives the final stroke, the whalebones drop from his hands and he sinks back in his chair completely exhausted.

To ourselves this exciting performance was perfectly magical, and we had so completely followed every stage of the story that, when the finale came, difficult as it seems to understand it now, we were not even surprised at this result to the poet-musician. The audience, more or less used to these exhibitions of genius, though not astonished, were enthusiastic in their applause, and testified their sympathy and admiration by loudly cheering the band, raising their glasses in the air and drinking the health of the performers with reiterated bravos.

A hat was carried round by one of the Zigeuners, and we were glad to have this opportunity of testifying our gratification ; but Hungarian hospitality admits of no compromise, and we were disappointed as well as surprised, on beckoning the collector to us, to find his approach forbidden by the landlord, who, advancing, whispered that the little performance must be considered as offered to us in our character of strangers, and that all present would feel gratified if we would accept it as a mark of their welcome to us on coming among them. All we could do, therefore, was to assure the spokesman of the pleasure we had derived from the entertainment and to beg him to convey the expression of our warm recognition of the courtesy of those who had provided it for us. At the same time we would not be denied the pleasure of seeing the Zigeuner band drink our health, and requested the landlord to provide them wherewithal to perform this task.

The history of these strange folks is as interesting as curious. Each of these wandering detachments owns a tract or beat, the bounds of which are recognized and respected by the rest, and they pay their periodical visits to the towns and villages it contains with great regularity. Those who claim the town of Raab as their privileged resort have from time immemorial earned, and have traditionally maintained, a brilliant reputation as *virtuosi*. Among them, the names of Bibary, Szarcoszy, and Ketskemety are recognized as stars of the first magnitude, but Farkacs Miskah is the "full-moon" of tzymbalon-players.

The Zigeuner-volk constitute an im-

portant element in the social habits of the Hungarian people ; they are regarded as a national institution, without the help of which their popular festivities, public or private, their marriages, baptisms, betrothals, anniversaries and family gatherings would be devoid of spirit or interest. The musical faculties inherited by these people seem to amount almost to a supplementary sense. Theoretically speaking, they know nothing of the science of music, but their ear catches with marvellous facility, and their mind retains, any air they may once hear, and they possess the power of reproducing it on any of their own simple instruments. It is sufficient to hum or whistle to them the suggestion of a tune they have never heard, for them to play it with elaborate accompaniments. This is the delight of the Magyar population. Every Hungarian has his favorite air, and sometimes a whole evening in a *cavé-haz* is passed in calling upon the Zigeuners for this reproduction of one tune after another ; their success in responding to these appeals being met with the most rapturous applause. The popular dances such as the Czardacs could not be danced without the accompaniment of the tzymbalon.

It is a singular and suggestive fact that the idiosyncratic talent evinced by these unlearned musicians is a gift *per se* and is incapable of being attained or improved. The great Maestro Liszt—himself a Hungarian and conversant with the music of these tribes—gives an interesting account of an experiment made by himself to train and educate a Zigeuner lad, very proficient in his own natural art. The result, however, proved abortive, and so far from cultivating the germ which appeared so fertile, he only succeeded in disturbing his preconceived notions without imparting any new ideas.

It must not be supposed that music forms the occupation of all Zigeuners ; there is only one section that gives itself up to this æsthetic pursuit ; others employing their early youth in acquiring the various trades by which they earn their living : these are, as in other countries, charcoal-burning, tinkering, smithying, nail-making, horse-shoeing, while the women carry on an auxiliary "business" in tambourine playing, dancing and fortune-telling, and often earn from the credulity of village maidens more than the men who supply the domestic needs of the population.

Thus they travel from village to village in their movable wooden hut, with their families and all their chattels about them ; pigs and dogs, their only live-stock, bringing up the rear, a hammer and bellows their only tools, and an iron pot their compendious *batterie de cuisine.* Arrived at their halting-place on the outskirts of a town, they encamp, dig a hole and kindle their bivouac-fire ; they then unharness their horse and leave him to find his pasture. While the women wash their clothes and cook their food, the men present themselves to their expectant employers and generally find repairs and orders awaiting their arrival.

Although the Zigeuners belong to all countries, those of each country maintain their distinctive peculiarities so rigidly from generation to generation, that there is no tracing in them any affinity to the races among which they have established themselves.

Wonderfully hardy in constitution, they will face the extremes, whether of heat or cold, without any of those artificial compensations which with all other people have become necessities of nature. Thus a mere rag suffices to cover them beneath the keenest blast, and they expose themselves bareheaded to the fiercest sun. The Zigeuner is reckless as a child and wild as a beast of prey : he knows no care for the morrow and is always in need, and in squalid poverty : though eager for a meal when he can get it by no matter what means, he will go without food uncomplainingly when it is not to be had ; tobacco, however, is to him a necessity, and he *cannot* school himself to do without it ; but he is content with the vilest sort, and if he cannot obtain any fit to smoke, he rolls up into a ball such as he can procure and keeps it in his mouth.

The newly-born Zigeuner child is from the hour of its birth used to cold water by being plunged into the nearest spring at whatever season of the year, and after a couple of weeks' travels tied to its mother's back or borne on her head whether through piercing cold or torrid heat. For the first two years it wears no clothing ; it receives no train-

ing of any kind unless in the art of plundering or acquiring its trade, so that it moral degradation may be easily estimated.

Sigismund granted to the Zigeuners of Hungary certain privileges and recognized their right to be represented by deputies; and his successor tried in vain to induce them to settle and take up fixed habits as artisans or agricultural laborers. Then, as always, it was found impossible to wean them from their independent habits and nomad propensities.

We are glad to add that it has been ascertained the musical Zigeuners exhibit a great moral superiority over the rest of their tribe, and there seems every reason to attribute this elevation to the refining influences of their pursuit. These generally appear in peasant costume, but they are always glad to purchase second-hand the rich dress-costume of the Magyar, and this graceful and picturesque attire becomes them well.

Once again it was our lot to hear the Zigeuner band, but this time on foreign soil, in the precincts of the Trocadero. Strange as it may seem, we scarcely recognized our enchanters of Raab. Their strains were marvellously sweet, and they were also distinctive in their character as all national music always must be; but it was like the song of the caged nightingale. The effect was that produced by seeing a choice relic of antiquity in a museum instead of on the spot where it was found; the prestige was gone with the *cadre* that surrounded it, and the Zigeuner of Magyar-land had lost his witchery!—*Fraser's Magazine.*

CONTRAST.

BURY her by the rushes,
Where the water-lilies grow;
Where the alder's sad-leaved branches
Bend o'er the stream below.

Let the music of the river,
Those soft accents free from strife,
Murmur near *her* grave who never
Knew the sound of song in life.

In the rich and radiant sunshine
Make her latest bed of rest;
Let that shine upon her tombstone
Which shone never in her breast.

Scatter o'er her narrow coffin
Roses beautiful and bright:
In her weary day they bloomed not,
Let them wither in her night.

Then lay her down full softly,
With low tones of prayer and peace,
For her parted life was bondage,
And her present death release.

Temple Bar.

M. GUIZOT.

BY THE EDITOR.

FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT, the eminent French statesman and historian, was born in Nîmes on the 4th of October, 1787. His father, a Calvinist and a distinguished lawyer, having died on the scaffold in 1794, he was

taken by his mother to Geneva, where he received a classical education. In 1805 he went to Paris with a view to the study of law, but soon became engrossed in literary pursuits. He began to contribute largely to journals and periodicals, wrote pamphlets and edited translations, and exhibited a strength and maturity of intellect that soon brought him into notice. In 1812 he became assistant professor of modern history in the Sorbonne, and the same year married Mlle. Pauline de Meulan, whose royalist influence opened for him a political career, on which he entered on the fall of Napoleon. He was made successively Secretary-General of the Department of the Interior (1814) and of Justice (1815), Master of Requests (1816), and Councillor of State (1817); and from 1816 to 1820 he was Director-General of the Communal and Departmental Administration. In 1822 he was dismissed from the Council of State and the Sorbonne for criticising the government in his pamphlets, but was reinstated by the Martignac ministry in 1828.

In a pamphlet advocating constitutional government, published in 1816, Guizot had expressed the sentiments of the party afterward known as *doctrinaires;* and this, with his high literary reputation, austere presence, and scholarly eloquence, gave him a remarkable political influence from his first appearance in the Chamber of Deputies, in January, 1830. He promoted the downfall of Charles X., became Minister of the Interior in the first cabinet of Louis Philippe, and of Public Instruction in the coalition ministry of Soult (1832–6); and after a few months he received the same post in the Molé cabinet, but soon disagreed with his colleagues and resigned. He was ambassador in London from February to October, 1840, when he succeeded Thiers as Minister of Foreign Affairs; and in 1847 he replaced Soult as premier. The revolution of 1848 chiefly resulted from his upholding, in concert with Louis Philippe, the policy of peace at any price abroad, and of opposition to democratic reform at home. Guizot regarded the growing agitation for electoral reform as a trifling matter, and reluctantly consented to resign his office on February 23d, when the Revolution had actually begun. He fled to England, but returned in 1849, and was defeated as a candidate for the legislative assembly. In 1861, although a Protestant, he came forward as an advocate of the temporal power of the Pope. After supporting the Ollivier ministry and the plébiscite in 1870, he objected in 1874 to the former's academical eulogy of Napoleon III.; and on hearing that Napoleon had formerly paid his son's debts, to refund the amount he sold for 120,000 francs a picture by Murillo, given him by the Queen of Spain, and to the last supported himself by his pen in compiling a history of France for the use of children, and other works. He died on the 12th of September, 1874.

For many years Guizot was a leading member of the Protestant Synod, but finally withdrew on account of his aversion to any deviation from the strictest Calvinism. Nearly all his works have been translated into English. The most celebrated are his histories of Civilization in Europe and France, based upon his lectures in the Sorbonne, and his histories of the English Revolution, of the English Republic under Oliver Cromwell, and of the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell and the restoration of the Stuarts. At the time of his death he was engaged upon an elaborate history of Spain in ten volumes, for the preparation of which he had learned Spanish at the age of seventy-two. Noteworthy among his other writings are his essays on "Corneille and Shakespeare," his admirable sketches of Sir Robert Peel and of Washington, and his "Histoire de Quatre Grand Chrétiens Français" (2 vols. 1873–4). His speeches have been collected under the title of "Histoire parlementaire de France," etc. (5 vols. 1863). He also published "Memoirs pour servir à l'Histoire de Mon Temps (8 vols. 1858–68).

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE DATA OF ETHICS. By Herbert Spencer. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Hitherto the successive volumes of Mr. Spencer's "System of Synthetic Philosophy" have followed each other in an orderly progression according to a preconceived plan; but "The Data of Ethics," which forms the first part of the "Principles of Morality" appears out of its regular place in the series, leaving the second and third volumes of the "Principles of Sociology" yet unpublished and probably unwritten. The reason for this break in the original plan is explained by Mr. Spencer in his preface. "I have been led," he says, "thus to deviate from the order originally set down, by the fear that persistence in conforming to it might result in leaving the final work of the series unexecuted. Hints, repeated of late years with increasing frequency and distinctness, have shown me that health may permanently fail, even if life does not end, before I reach the last part of the task I have marked out for myself. This last part of the task it is to which I regard all the preceding parts as subsidiary. Written as far back as 1842, my first essay, consisting of letters on "The Proper Sphere of Government," vaguely indicated what I conceived to be certain general principles of right and wrong in political conduct; and from that time onwards my ultimate purpose, lying behind all proximate purposes, has been that of finding for the principles of right and wrong in conduct at large a scientific basis. To leave this purpose unfulfilled after making so extensive a preparation for fulfilling it, would be a failure the probability of which I do not like to contemplate; and I am anxious to preclude it, if not wholly, still partially. Hence the step I now take. Though this first division of the work terminating the Synthetic Philosophy cannot, of course, contain the specific conclusions to be set forth in the entire work, yet it implies them in such wise, that definitely to formulate them requires nothing beyond logical deduction." He explains, further, that he is the more anxious to indicate at least the outlines of his final work because "now that moral injunctions are losing the authority given by their supposed sacred origin," "the establishment of rules of right conduct on a scientific basis is a pressing need."

It would be useless to attempt to summarize a work which is itself a summary, or to epitomize an argument which is itself an epitome; and we probably cannot convey a better idea of the scope and subject of the treatise than by reproducing the titles of its several chapters: "Conduct in General," "The Evolution of Conduct," "Good and Bad Conduct," "Ways of Judging Conduct," "The Physical View," "The Biological View," "The Psychological View," "The Sociological View," "Criticisms and Explanations," "The Relativity of Pains and Pleasures," "Egoism *versus* Altruism," "Altruism *versus* Egoism," "Trial and Compromise," "Conciliation," "Absolute Ethics and Relative Ethics," and "The Scope of Ethics."

As regards literary quality, the "Data of Ethics" is the most compressed, the most easily understood, and the most readable of all Mr. Spencer's philosophical writings. The author's style has always been remarkable for its precision and lucidity, but in this work he seems to have determined to omit all those details which might perplex the average reader and to make it a popular classic in its department. If this was his intention he has succeeded most admirably, and his work can hardly fail to influence profoundly the course of ethical speculation.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' CYCLOPEDIA OF COMMON THINGS. By John D. Champlin, Jr. With Numerous Illustrations. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

The difficulty of answering the numerous questions asked by children as new subjects are suggested to them, is one of the most familiar of household experiences. It cannot be met by sending them to the ordinary cyclopædias, because the articles in these presuppose on the part of the person consulting them a more matured intelligence and a wider range of information than children can be expected to possess. The result is that the questions, which are often of the highest importance to the child's mental growth, are either not answered at all, or are put off with such lame and inadequate explanations as the parent can muster on the spur of the moment. It is this want that Mr. Champlin's work is specially designed to meet; and it meets it so admirably that, after examining it and perceiving how generally useful it is likely to prove, one is inclined to wonder that the scheme was not carried out earlier. Now that the work is done, however, it ought to be considered, in every household where there are children, as more indispensable than any other book of reference.

In regard to the scope of the work the author explains that he has "attempted to furnish in simple language, aided by pictorial illustrations where thought necessary, a knowledge of things in Nature, Science, and the Arts which are apt to awaken a child's curiosity. Such features of Astronomy, Chemistry, Physics,

Natural History, and Physiology as can easily be made intelligible are explained, special attention being given to the natural objects which most immediately affect human happiness—such as the phenomena of air, light, heat, and electricity, and those parts of the human system whose health is influenced by our habits. Much attention has been given, too, to the description and explanation of the manufacture of articles in common use, and of the various processes connected with the Arts; while all the animals interesting from their domestic relation or as objects of curiosity have been treated as fully as the limits of the work will permit. The scheme does not embrace any account of Persons or Places, as they would have added too much to the bulk of a single volume."

Of course the practical serviceableness of such a work must depend in a great degree upon the compiler's skill in exposition; and it is gratifying to be able to say on this point that Mr. Champlin's style is a model of simplicity, clearness, and precision. Any child who can read at all will be able to understand without difficulty most of his explanations; and to such children as possess even in a moderate degree the child's insatiable curiosity, the book will prove far more interesting than many story-books.

The volume is gotten up in handsome style, and contains a large number of useful illustrations.

THE GREAT SPEECHES AND ORATIONS OF DANIEL WEBSTER. With an Essay on Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style, by Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: *Little, Brown & Co.*

The publishers have brought together in this large and handsome volume a selection of the best known speeches and orations of Daniel Webster, comprising his great public addresses or discourses, the most famous of the speeches which he delivered in the United State Senate, and a number of those weighty legal arguments which gained him the recognized leadership of the American bar. These include forty-five titles, and to them is added an Appendix containing specimens of Webster's state-papers: his despatches on "Impressment" and the "Right of Search," his "Letters to General Cass on the Treaty of Washington," and "The Hulsemann Letter." Each speech or address is prefaced with an account of the occasion and circumstances of its delivery, there are copious explanatory notes, and an excellent index renders the treasures of the volume easily accessible. Prefixed to the whole is an elaborate essay on "Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style," which, though it hardly represents Mr. Whipple at his best—being rather overstrained and artificial—will really help the reader to understand the secret of Webster's power and to appreciate the quality of his work.

The volume is admirably adapted to awaken renewed interest in Webster, and ought to find a place in every household, as containing a large proportion of those productions which, while recognized as the masterpieces of American oratory, seem likely also to secure a permanent place in American literature.

HAWORTH'S. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

"Haworth's" confirms Mrs. Burnett's title to a place in the foremost rank of contemporary novelists. It is not so pleasing a story as "That Lass o' Lowrie's," chiefly because the heroine is a much less attractive and original personage; but it shows a decided advance on the artistic side, and is a better planned, better proportioned, better written, and more evenly finished work. The distinguishing feature of the story is a certain rude, self-confident strength. The author pays little attention to minor details, laying on her colors with swift, bold strokes, and demanding the co-operation of the reader's imagination, which she manages perpetually to keep busy. The incidents are ingeniously varied, the movement is rapid, and though the narrative is long, the interest never flags for a moment. Finally, though it deals with some rather dubious people and circumstances, the book is thoroughly wholesome and tonic.

POEMS OF WORDSWORTH. Chosen and Edited by Matthew Arnold. Golden Treasury Series. London and New York: *Macmillan & Co.*

The sagacious and penetrating article on Wordsworth by Matthew Arnold, which was published in the September number of the ECLECTIC, was originally written (and now appears) as an introduction to this volume, which is all that the truest and wisest admirers of Wordsworth could wish. "To disengage the poems which show his [Wordsworth's] power, and to present them to the English-speaking public and to the world, is the object of this volume. I by no means say that it contains all which in Wordsworth's poems is interesting. But it contains, I think, every thing, or nearly every thing, which may best serve him with the majority of lovers of poetry, nothing which may disserve him." The pieces thus selected number (including sonnets) just one hundred and sixty-five. In their arrangement the somewhat fantastic and artificial classification of Wordsworth is discarded, and the poems are grouped together more naturally, as narrative poems, ballads, lyrical poems, sonnets, reflective and elegiac poems, etc. In appearance the

volume is all that could be desired, being published in the chaste and convenient style of the well-known Golden Treasury Series.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A PUBLISHING firm has been established at Cettinje, in Montenegro.

THE new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," states the London *Bookseller*, has been entirely set up by two girls, using Fraser's type-composing and distributing machines.

HARRASSOWITZ, of Leipzig, promises an exact photolithographic reproduction of the original MS. of Thomas à Kempis' "Imitatio Christi" recently discovered in the Royal Library of Brussels.

CARDINAL HERGENRÖTHER has been commissioned by the Pope to submit to him a new plan for arranging the Vatican archives in order to make them more accessible to scholars. At the same time the cardinal has been authorized to publish interesting codices.

THE *Revue Politique et Littéraire* states that a considerable number of unpublished MSS. by M. Thiers, containing much curious information with regard to the political affairs in which their author was concerned, have been deposited at the "Banque de Londres."

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will shortly publish a little book on Witchcraft in Shakspere's days, and his progressive treatment of it in his plays, by Mr. T. Alfred Spalding, LL.B., Treasurer of the New Shakspere Society. The book is a rewritten enlargement of Mr. Spalding's paper "On the Devils in Shakspere," read before the New Shakspere Society.

ANOTHER attempt to rival the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is to be made. "La transformation qu'a subie la France depuis 1870," we are told, "a créé des besoins nouveaux dans la nation, par suite, de nouveaux devoirs à la presse;" and hence the *Nouvelle Revue*, which counts in its list of contributors MM. About, Bardoux, Gustave Flaubert, Leconte de Lisle, John Lemoinne, F. Sarcey, Spuller, Sully Prudhomme, etc.

THOUGH the second edition of Dr. Ingleby's "Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse," which he has given to the New Shakspere Society, raised the number of allusions to Shakspeare and his works in 1591–1693 from 228 in the first edition to 356, yet the compiler has already found or had sent to him six fresh allusions in that period, besides the two that have appeared in our own columns, even before the new edition of his book is out.

THE movement in regard to English spelling, which resulted last year in a request from a large number of School Boards for a Roya Commission to inquire into the question, has led to the formation of a society under the title "English Spelling Reform Association." The Association is not committed to any special scheme of reform, but is content with advocating the general principle of improvement, and with the collection of materials for the formation of sound judgment upon the question. The list of members of the Association includes the Bishop of Exeter, Sir Charles Reed, Mr. Robert Lowe, Dr. Abbott, Professors Max Müller and Sayce, and Mr. E. B. Tylor.

THE Jesuit missionaries at Nanking have lately published the first two volumes of a series of works on Chinese language and literature. One of these deals with the colloquial language, and the other with the "Thousand Character Classic," "Thousand Character Discourse," "Great Learning," "Doctrine of the Mean," "Confucian Analects," and "Mencius." The succeeding volume will probably be devoted to the Historical Classics. The translations, notes, etc., are in Latin. In the second volume there are a series of dissertations on musical instruments, weapons, vehicles, ordinary and ceremonial dress, etc., some of which are illustrated by woodcuts. The author of the work is Père Angelo Zottoli, who has the reputation of being an excellent Sinologist, and has devoted many years to this undertaking.

SCIENCE AND ART.

PROTECTION OF FORESTS IN AUSTRALIA.—It is satisfactory to learn from the anniversary address of Mr. Ellery, President of the Royal Society of Victoria, Australia, that legislative measures have been taken to check the "reckless destruction" of timber in the forests of that colony, where rival owners of saw-mills have chopped down trees out of spite, and then left them to rot. The Department of Agriculture, supported by the new laws, has begun to reafforest the stripped mountain-sides with exotic as well as indigenous trees, whereby the state nurseries at Mount Macedon are making "wonderful progress," and a valuable growth now covers a large part of the summit. From these nurseries thousands of plants are distributed to other parts of the colony; and it is remarkable that many of the European and American timber trees thrive better than the native, and grow more rapidly than in their

original habitat. "It is intended also," says Mr. Ellery, "to sow many of our wrecked forest areas broadcast with the seeds of indigenous trees, notably the ironbark, and the same process will be tried on some of the treeless plains to the north." With a view to proper protection of the young plantations, a beginning has been made in the establishment of a college where young men will be trained in woodcraft and forestry and in agricultural chemistry. By these praiseworthy means it is hoped that the climate of the colony will be ameliorated, and the ever-increasing tendency towards drought—which is the invariable accompaniment of a treeless district—arrested.

PROTOPLASM AND LIFE.—Dr. Allman set a very good example, as President of the British Association, this year at Sheffield. By confining himself to one subject, and that one which he profoundly knew, he made a remarkably interesting and instructive address, instead of gathering up the scraps of many sciences, and telling us nothing adequate of any. His subject was the principle of life, as manifested in vegetables and animals alike. He described what is called protoplasm, the raw material of all living organizations—a very complex combination of oxygen, carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, which is not yet fully determined. He described its habit in its unorganized forms, when not even any special nucleus of organization can be detected, and how even then it throws out projecting fingers, sometimes in the direction opposite to that of gravity, and withdraws them again into itself. He described it, too, in its higher forms. He showed how close is the analogy between vegetable and animal forms of protoplasm; how the cell of the yeast fungus contains about 2 per cent of peptine, a substance only hitherto known as the product of the digestion of azotized matter by living animals. He stated that plants, like animals, may be placed under the influence of anæsthetics; that a sensitive-plant can be temporarily deprived of its excitability by the influence of ether; that the growth of cress is suspended by the influence of ether; that under the same influence aquatic plants no longer absorb carbonic-acid gas, or give off oxygen, though that process is resumed the instant the influence of the anæsthetic is removed; and that yeast under the influence of ether ceases to act as a ferment. But while arguing from this to the ultimate identity of all forms of physical life, Professor Allman refused to infer that thought was a property of protoplasm, and held that the analogy which is supposed to warrant that inference is a false and illusory one.—*The Spectator.*

RECENT WEATHER IN ENGLAND.—The present year has been so exceptional in respect of weather that it will be interesting to place a few facts on record. The usual average of rainfall, as reckoned by meteorologists for the first six months of the year, is nearly twelve inches: this year the fall from January to June was eighteen and a half inches! The prodigiousness of the excess may be judged of by comparing it with the years 1858, 1864, and 1874, in each of which the total rainfall was less than nineteen inches. The superabundance of water during the present year may be regarded as calamitous. The effect is aggravated by deficiency of sunshine. Observations made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, show that in the first six months of 1878 there were six hundred and forty-three hours of sunshine; this year there were four hundred and seventy-one hours only. June, 1878, was spoken of as a gloomy month; but it had one hundred and eighty-one hours of sunshine, whereas June, 1879, had not quite one hundred and nineteen hours. So wet a June indeed as the last has not occurred for twenty-seven years, with the exception of June, 1860, when the rainfall was more than seven inches; and it is clear that a long spell of dry weather will be required to restore the balance.

July was expected to make amends for the previous deficiency; but that usually sultry month proved less propitious than June. The landscapes were green everywhere; but luxuriant leafage and rank grass are not equivalent to sunshine, and the weather-prophets who predicted an 'intensely hot dry summer found themselves at fault in the presence of persistent rain. The cold for the seven months prior to July was greater than it has been for one hundred and sixteen years.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.—The *Athenæum* has been favored by a correspondent sending a startling letter, received from Miss M. Betham-Edwards, in which occurs the following passage:

"I send you the following particulars of a recent scientific invention, just patented, and destined without doubt to play a very important part in our economic history. I think it must be regarded as a solution for once and for all of the great coal question, or rather fuel question, not only among ourselves, but abroad. M. Bourbonnel, of Dijon, the celebrated lion and panther slayer, lighted upon the following discovery by hazard, and after six years' persistent investigation brought it to entire 'workable' perfection. He discovered, by means of two natural substances, inexhaustible in nature, the means of lighting and maintaining a fire *without wood or coal;* a fire instantaneously lighted and extinguished; a fire causing no dust, smoke, or trouble; a fire costing one tenth at least of ordinary fuel; and, what is more won-

derful still, a fire the portion of which answering to our fuel is everlasting, that is to say, would last a lifetime. M. Bourbonnel's invention comprehends both stove and fuel. The fires could be on the minutest scale or on the largest. They would be used for heating a baby's food or for roasting an ox. Being lighted instantaneously, they will be a great economy of time. M. Bourbonnel at once patented his invention, and a body of engineers and *savants* from Paris visited him and pronounced his discovery one of the most remarkable of the age. He has had several offers for the purchase of the patent in France, but wants to sell it in England, his own occupation being in another line. Any English gentleman or firm wishing to see his fires and stoves could do so by writing to him a day or two beforehand. His address is M. Bourbonnel, Dijon. . . . I have seen these fires and stoves. There is no mistake about the matter. It is as clear as possible that here we have a perpetual and economical source of fuel. Two hundred years ago the discoverer would have surely been burnt as a wizard."

COLOR OF THE OCEAN.—It is a commonly observed fact that the usual color of the ocean is a bluish green, of a darker tint at a distance from land, and clearer toward the shores. According to Dr. Scoresby, the hue of the Greenland sea varies from ultramarine blue to olive green, and from the purest transparency to great opacity. The surface of the Mediterranean, in its upper part, is said to have, at times, a purple tint. In the Gulf of Guinea the sea sometimes appears white; about the Maldive islands black; and near California it has a reddish appearance. Various causes must of course co-operate to produce this diversity of tint. The prevailing blue color is generally ascribed to the greater refragibility of the blue rays of light, which, by reason of that property, pass in greatest abundance through the water. The other colors are ascribed to the existence of vast numbers of minute animalculæ—to marine vegetables at or near the surface—to the color of the soil, the infusion of earthy substances—and very often the tint is modified by the aspect of the sky. The phosphorescent or slimy appearance of the ocean, which is a common phenomenon, is also ascribed to animalculæ and to semi-putrescent matter diffused through the water. The temperature of the ocean also exhibits some peculiar and interesting phenomena. Within the tropics the mean temperature is about 80° F., and generally ranges between 77° and 84°. At these depths the temperature is probably nearly the same under every latitude. In the torrid zone it is found to diminish with the depth, while in the polar seas it increases with the depth.—*Journal Pour Tous.*

VARIETIES.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.—The renowned Castle of Chillon stands upon an isolated rock close to the road by the side of the lake, surrounded by deep water, crossed by a covered wooden bridge of most picturesque appearance. It was built in 1238 by Amadeus IV. of Savoy, and is an admirable specimen of the many-towered mediæval structures. It was used as a State prison, unpleasantly known to many of the early Reformers; but the famous Bonnivard, Prior of St. Victor, in Geneva, who was immured in the castle from 1530 to 1536, is generally received as Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." It appears that when Byron wrote that famous poem he was describing an imaginary victim, and was not acquainted with the real story of Bonnivard, though he afterwards connected his name with it in a sonnet in which he says:

> Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod
> Until his very steps have left a trace
> Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonnivard! May none these marks efface!
> For they appeal from tyranny to God!

In those days the Pays de Vaud belonged to Savoy, and Bonnivard, having made himself obnoxious to the reigning duke, was shut up by him in a dungeon of Chillon. It was only in 1536 that the Swiss wrested the country from Charles III. of Savoy. Chillon was the last place to yield; but, besieged by a Bernese army on the land side, and attacked by Genevese galleys from the lake, it was compelled to surrender. Bonnivard was delivered, and returned to Geneva, where he avowed his adherence to Protestantism, but dissuaded its supporters from introducing it rashly. During his captivity Geneva had become a Protestant republic, instead of being dependent on the Dukes of Savoy. The castle is now used as a magazine for military stores, and the interior of the building is well preserved. It has become almost a place of pilgrimage for visitors from every part of the world, who, Byron in hand, go to study every detail connected with the famous prisoner. After all, to judge by the direful legends of the place, supported by the outward and visible signs shown daily to strangers, Bonnivard ought to have thought himself a very lucky fellow to have endured his six years' captivity without loss of life or limb. For here is to be seen the *potence*, black with age, from which prisoners were hung; and here is the "terrible hole in the wall" through which their bodies were cast into the lake, 500

feet in depth ; here is a torture-chamber, with a wooden pillar scored by hot irons ; and here is the *oubliette*, a frightful place—a trap-door which shut out the light, and then a small spiral staircase of three steps, where the prisoner found no fourth step, and was precipitated to a depth of eighty feet upon large knives. But Bonnivard lived for twenty-four years after his experience of Chillon, and was twice married.—*Picturesque Europe.*

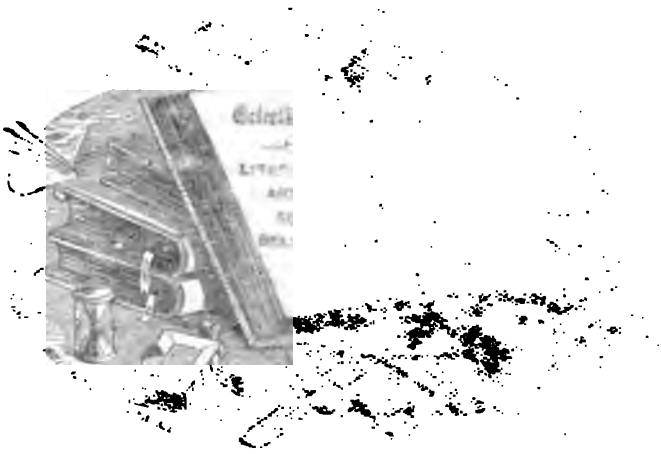
BLUSHING AND BLANCHING.—Blushing is occasioned by sudden dilatation of the small blood-vessels, which form a fine network beneath the skin and when they admit an increased volume of red blood cause the surface to appear suffused with color. Blanching is the opposite state, in which the vessels contract and squeeze out their blood, so that the skin is seen of its bloodless hue. The change effected in the size of the vessels is brought about by an instantaneous action of the nervous system. This action may be induced by a thought, or, unconsciously, by the operation of impressions producing the phenomenon habitually. In a word, blushing may become a *habit*, and is then beyond the control of the will, except in so far as the will can generally, if not always, conquer any habit. It is almost always useless, and certainly seldom worth while, to strive to cure a habit of this class *directly*. The most promising course is to try to establish a new habit which shall destroy the one it is desired to remedy. For example, if blushing is, as generally happens, associated with *self*-consciousness, we must establish the sway of the will over that part of the nervous system which controls the size of the vessels, by calling up a feeling opposed to *self*-consciousness. It is through the mind these nerves are influenced. Then influence them in a contrary direction by antagonizing the emotion associated with blanching ! Thus if the feeling which causes the blushing be expressible by the thought, "Here am *I* in a false and humiliating position ;" oppose or, still better, *anticipate* and prevent, that thought by thinking, "There are *you* daring to pity or feel contempt for another." Avoid going on to think who that "other" is, because the aim must be to eliminate self. Constitute yourself the champion of some one, any one, and everybody, who may be pitied, and the ever-zealous and indignant foe of those who presume to pity. Most persons who blush with self-consciousness blanch with anger, and this artificial state of mock anger will soon blanch the face enough to prevent the blush. It only requires practice in the control of the emotions and the production of particular states at will—the sort of expertness acquired by actors and actresses—to secure control of these surface phenomena. Blushing and blanching are antagonistic states, and may be employed to counteract each other, control of the physical state of the blood-vessels being obtained through the emotions with which they are associated.—*Lancet.*

HOW WE CATCH COLD ?—This pertinent question is just now engaging attention. There is another question which should be answered first—namely, What is *cold?* The old idea of a "chill" is, perhaps, nearer the truth than the modern notion of a "cold." The hypothesis would seem to be that a "cold" is something more than a cold, because, it is said, "You do not catch cold unless you are cold." The fact is there are probably as many diverse occurrences grouped and confounded under the generic title of cold-catching as diseases covered by that popular term fever, which is made to comprise every state in which the pulse is quickened and the temperature raised. By a parallel process of reasoning "cold" ought to be limited to cases in which the phenomena are those of a "chill." When a person "catches cold" either of several morbid accidents may occur—(1) He may have such a chill of the surface as shall drive the blood in on the internal organs and hamper some weak, or disorder and influence some diseased, viscus ; (2) the cold may so impinge on the superficial nerves that serious disturbance of the system will ensue and a morbid state be set up ; (3) the current of air which causes the cold may in fact be laden with the propagating "germs" of disease ; or (4) the vitality of the organism as a whole, or of some one or more of its parts, may be so depressed by a sudden abstraction of heat that recovery may be impossible, or a severe and mischievous reaction ensue. The philosophy of prevention is obviously to preserve the natural and healthy action of the organism as a whole, and of the surface in particular, while habituating the skin to bear severe alternations of temperature by judicious exposure, and natural stimulation by pure air and clean water, and orderly habits of hygiene and health.—*Lancet.*

BARREN DAYS.

WHAT of these barren days, which bring no flowers
To gladden with fair tints and odors sweet,
No fruits, that with their virgin bloom entreat
Kisses from rose-red lips, that in dim bowers
Pout with a thirsty longing? Summer showers
Softly but vainly fall about my feet ;
The air is languid with the summer heat,
That warms in vain,—what of these barren hours?
I know not ; I can wait, nor haste to know ;
The daily vision serves the daily need.
It may be, some revealing hour shall show
That while my sad, sick heart did inly bleed,
Because no blossom came nor fruit did grow,
An angel hand had sowed celestial seed.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.



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PARLIAMENT[illegible]

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PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA.

BY HORACE WHITE.

IT must be accounted one of the notable facts in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, and likewise in the annals of representative institutions, that the Government of the United States, formed originally for the needs and exigencies of three millions of people, inhabiting a narrow strip of seaboard, has remained without any material change for nearly a century, and is found to work as well for a nation now fifteen times as numerous, occupying a territory fifty times greater. Indeed, it may truthfully be said to work with less friction and more general satisfaction now than then. Its infancy was embroiled with controversies, respecting the interpretation of the Constitution, so fierce that the Union was more than once in real danger before it had come of age. Some of the States had to be dragged into the Federal compact, and others were threatening to go out long before the institution of slavery became a rock of offence between North and South.

The task of statesmanship during the first quarter of a century was not so much to make it work well, as to make it work at all. At the present time nobody looks upon a separation of the States as possible, and none desire it except a few straggling adherents of the Lost Cause, whose voice is as ineffectual and unheeded in the general movement, as that of the irate Tory at the creation of the world who demanded that chaos be preserved.

How far this contentedness with existing institutions is to be ascribed to material prosperity, how far to the excellence of the institutions themselves, and how far to the inherited Conservatism of the race, it would be futile to inquire. The country has advanced in wealth with

great rapidity, notwithstanding temporary checks, during the whole period of the national existence; and few people desire to change their condition when they are well off. Apart from this, the Americans are at heart, and perhaps without knowing it themselves, among the most conservative peoples in the world. Although nobody is readier than the Yankee to devise and adopt new modes of doing things, and while the earth does not contain a more ubiquitous traveller or daring speculator, nobody offers a more angry resistance to any thing in the nature of organic change. The wicked persecution of the Abolitionists during a quarter of a century was part and parcel of the national tendency to cling to whatever is, for not one in twenty of the Northern people who participated in it, and voted with the slaveholders, had any pecuniary interest in slavery direct or indirect. The uprising in behalf of the Union was a conservative rather than an anti-slavery uprising. President Lincoln uttered the voice of the majority of the nation when he said that if he could save the Union by freeing all the slaves he would do that, and if he could save it by freeing none he would do that, and if he could save it by freeing some and not freeing others he would do that. Catholic emancipation was carried in England half a century ago. It was not carried in the State of New Hampshire until a few years since, if indeed it has been fully effected even yet. The laws of Rhode Island regulating the Right of Suffrage were, until a recent period, as fantastic as those of England before the Reform Bill, and the States of Vermont and Connecticut are full of rotten boroughs to this day—each town electing one member of the legislature without regard to population.

It may be said that national vanity is accountable for this fixedness of attachment to national institutions. It is immaterial what name it is called by. The Conservatism of one country is most commonly vanity in the eyes of another. The English fondness for titles and a State Church is a preposterous vanity to Americans, and the rock-ribbed Conservatism of China is vanity to all the world else. It makes no difference what name is given to the set of ideas which cause a people to cling tenaciously to their own fashions. It remains a fact that the Americans are an extremely conservative people, while not desiring to be considered so.

To the great majority of Americans it is a matter of no consequence whence they derived their institutions—in what ancient quarry their forefathers digged. The popular Fourth of July conception is that they were invented, made out of whole cloth, struck out at a heat; that they sprang into existence Minerva-like without gestation or heredity. It needs no professor of evolution to tell us that this kind of birth for a government as for an individual is impossible. Historically the American form of government is the British government of the last century with hereditary succession left out. I am speaking now of the *form* of government, and not of the machinery by which it is kept going; of the legislative, executive, and judicial processes, not of the distribution of the suffrage or the sources of power. The form of King, Lords, and Commons was adopted not only for the Federal Government, but for each of the thirteen original States, and has been copied in regular succession by twenty-five additional States—King, Lords, and Commons without hereditary succession, and of limited tenure.

Since the adoption of this form of government, far greater changes of substance have taken place in England than in America. The powers vested in the President, Senate, and House of Representatives, and in each of them, are no whit less now than they were under George Washington. Those of the Crown and the Lords are vastly less than they were under George III. So attenuated have these become, that it is a matter of dispute whether they have any direct powers left that can be successfully asserted against the Commons. Indirect powers they have, undoubtedly, of considerable magnitude and import, the greatest being the influence exercised by the Lords upon the elections of the Commons. This, however, is the influence of landownership rather than of lordship. The House of Lords a short time since rejected the Irish Volunteer Bill after its passage by the Commons. Possibly they may reject it a second

time, for it will surely come up again. But after its third passage by the Commons the Lords will pass it also, not because they will like it any better than before, but because they must. And so it would be with any other bill about which the Commons should show any decided purpose and determination. The Senate of the United States would reject any bill from the House which the majority of its members did not like —would reject it thirty times as easily as once. On the other hand, the House, finding its measure rejected once, would not pass it a second time until changes in the *personnel* of the Senate should give indications of a change in its temper.

The difference between the executive modes of the two countries is still more marked. Any measure which passes the Commons is supposed to have received the royal sanction in advance at the hands of her Majesty's Ministers, or failing that at the hands of her Majesty's Opposition, who straightway become Ministers. Hence the subsequent approval of the bill is a matter of form, and a matter of course. But the President of the United States would veto a bill without hesitation as many times, and under as many different forms and guises, as Congress should pass it—as President Hayes did during the recent session of Congress; and in so doing he would be sustained by public opinion as exercising a lawful discretion. The country might think the discretion erroneously exercised, but the right to exercise it would never be questioned. As a matter of fact nine tenths of all the executive vetoes in the annals of Congress have been salutary and conducive to the public weal; and probably the same proportion will hold good as to the vetoes of the State governors. The veto power is a conservative force which has nothing corresponding to it under existing English practice. The unqualified power of restraint which the Upper House exercises over the Lower in the United States is also one of the lost arts of government in the United Kingdom, and I suppose very few desire, and none expect, to see it restored.

The question whether the United States might usefully ingraft upon their system of government the principal improvement wrought in the English system since the separation of the two countries, has been a good deal discussed in pamphlets and on the rostrum of late years. Reduced to its simplest terms, the question is whether it would be wise for the United States to have one government like the House of Commons, upon which public opinion can impinge and concentrate readily and effectively, or three governments, to wit, President, Senate, and House of Representatives, upon which public opinion is dispersed and unable to act effectively except at certain periods fixed in the almanac, and even then not simultaneously upon all three—a question not so easily answered as this statement of it would seem to imply. To accomplish such a change it would be necessary to give the members of the Cabinet seats on the floor of Congress, to confide to them the initiative of the principal measures of legislation, to hold them collectively responsible for every thing, and to send them adrift whenever for any reason they should fail of the support of a majority of the popular branch of the legislature. Mechanical difficulties in the way of such an arrangement, which are very considerable if not insurmountable, will be noticed hereafter. An initial step has been proposed in the form of a bill in Congress by Senator Pendleton, of Ohio, which presents no difficulties at all except the difficulty of getting a majority to agree to it. The bill provides that seats shall be assigned to the Cabinet in both branches of Congress; that they shall be free to occupy them at all times, and required to be present at certain times to answer questions propounded to them, in the same way as her Majesty's Ministers are catechised by members of the House of Commons. The right to participate in general debate is not recorded by the bill, and the right to vote is denied by the Constitution.

Looking at the general run of questions and answers in Parliament where members are at liberty to ask the Rt. Hon. Secretary of This what he thinks about the deterioration of the quality of Irish butter, and the Under-Secretary of That whether the survivors of Rorke's Drift have been allowed an extra flannel shirt and trousers as a reward for their gallant conduct—two questions which,

with others of like gravity, were propounded in the writer's hearing at the sitting of the 16th June last—it would seem hardly worth the effort of passing Mr. Pendleton's bill in order to get so little as he offers to give. I have attended many spelling schools that were livelier and more entertaining. The right to join in general debate saves the Ministerial bench from becoming a mere class in conundrums. Indeed, it would seem impossible to draw a line between answers to questions and general debate thereon. In the greater number of cases where information is sought by the legislature concerning the acts of the executive, what is especially wanted is the reason for the act. When the head of a department is asked for his reasons for a particular line of action, he must be allowed to choose his own words and decide for himself how much time is needed for his explanations. It is impossible to open the mouths of the Cabinet in Congress, and close them at the same time. The Cabinet would probably decline to occupy the seats offered to them on such conditions, and the power to compel their attendance is at least doubtful.

Mr. Pendleton expressly disclaims the intention to introduce or even to pave the way for the English style of parliamentary government. The advantage he ascribes to his measure is that it would greatly facilitate and expedite the business of Congress to have the heads of the executive departments within reach, when information is wanted; and here it must be allowed that the argument on his side is strong. Under existing methods the procuring of information from a department for the use of the House is most cumbersome and dilatory. Some member of the House, on Resolution Day (which comes once a week), offers a resolution calling for it. The House may adopt the resolution or reject it, or refer it to a standing committee. In the latter case the committee can report it back when the committee is called in its order, which will happen about three times in the course of a session, the mover having meanwhile lost all responsibility for his resolution, and the committee having assumed it. Most commonly, however, the House adopts or rejects the resolution without referring it. It is then engrossed by a clerk, signed, and certified, and conveyed by a messenger to the Secretary of the proper department, who refers it to a bureau where manuscript is accumulated upon it more or less. Then the answer is sent back to the Secretary, who takes time to consider whether the information ought to be given at all. Before it actually reaches the House all interest in it has perhaps evaporated, or if it be still alive, the time when it would have been most useful has gone by. It frequently happens, however, that some part of the desired information is wanting, or is furnished in such shape that it is unintelligible to the member who called for it, so that a supplementary resolution of inquiry must be sent through the same devious channel. By this time, probably, nobody cares whether the question is ever answered at all.

Evasion of the point of an interrogatory is not uncommon when the answer is communicated in writing. If the Secretary is reluctant to give the information, or if he wishes to puzzle a political adversary, or wear out his patience, or do any thing except deal frankly and openly with him, it is very easy to employ words which seem to answer but do not. Such trickery is impossible when the parties are brought face to face in an open court of two or three hundred practised dialecticians. A good illustration is found in the colloquy which took place in the House of Commons on the 14th August, when the Secretary for the Colonies was asked whether it was true that a price had been put on King Cetewayo's head. Of course the gravamen of such an inquiry was whether her Majesty's Government sanctioned assassination as a means of getting rid of an enemy in war. The Rt. Hon. Secretary replied that he did not know whether a price had been put on Cetewayo's head or not. He was evidently apprehensive that the thing had been done, and he hesitated to condemn the practice lest he should cast censure upon the Commander of the Forces in South Africa. The Opposition saw the opening, and rushed at it. After a brief skirmish the Chancellor of the Exchequer was fain to admit that assassination was an unjustifiable mode of warfare, and to pro-

nounce against it in unqualified terms. Under our system it would have been impossible either to get a satisfactory answer from an unwilling secretary, or to punish him for withholding it.

Committees of Congress have a more expeditious way of obtaining information. They invite the Secretary to attend their sittings, and although he may come or not as he pleases, he generally does come, and through the medium of questions and answers and verbal colloquy, he soon puts the members in possession of all the facts they desire to know, and of his own reasons and opinions also. But what transpires in a committee-room is supposed to be secret. None but members of the committee are enlightened in this way. Congress itself is as much in the dark as the public in reference to the proceedings of committees. In fact Congress depends upon the newspaper reporters for the details of such proceedings, which are wormed out of members with every variety of inexactitude. Now, publicity and responsibility—responsibility for the question, and responsibility for the answer—are as desirable as expedition in the obtaining of information, and precision in its character when obtained; and all these desiderata may be secured by Mr. Pendleton's bill. But it is hardly conceivable that the reform proposed should be merely a change of vehicles by which information is conveyed from the departments to Congress, like substituting the telephone in place of pen and ink. The tendency to a change of substance—a change in the relations which the legislative and executive branches of government hold towards each other—would grow stronger with each day's wrestling in the arena of congressional debate. Indeed, it is only in this view that the measure calls for any philosophical attention. Personal contact is a step toward fusion of the two bodies brought together. There will still be a wide difference between English and American methods of administration, but less difference than before. If the American Cabinet is ever to become what the English Cabinet is—an executive committee of the popular branch of the legislature—the first step in that direction will be something like Mr. Pendleton's bill. It is proposed now to glance at the principal advantages and disadvantages of such a change.

The principal advantage would be the establishment of harmony between the legislature and the executive, so that they might always be pulling in harness together, instead of contrariwise as now often happens. Under existing arrangements a Republican president can usually be relied upon to be at cross-purposes with a Democratic Congress all the time, and with a Republican Congress half the time. President Johnson's administration was a continued scene of conflict between the executive and legislative branches, growing out of differences respecting the reconstruction of the Southern States; and the fact that both President and Congress belonged to the same political party served rather to intensify than to mitigate the bitterness between them. President Grant commenced his civic career with a prodigious quarrel of the same sort, growing out of the attempted annexation of San Domingo, leading to the ostracism of such men as Sumner, Schurz, and Trumbull, the evil consequences of which have not even yet disappeared. The relations between Congress and President Hayes were those of mutual suspicion and aversion until a very recent period, when active hostilities broke out, and veto messages followed each other like the discharges of a Gatling gun. In the cases of President Johnson and President Grant the civil service was used unsparingly to tempt the weak and break down the strong among their opponents in Congress. The public offices furnished ammunition for the fray, and demoralization was spread far and wide. The course pursued was very much in harmony with the precedents of George III., and the personal quarrels of that monarch with the most eminent men of his day. It is much to President Hayes's credit that he has abstained from such exhibitions of spite, but we have no guarantee that his next successor may not arm himself with the carnal weapons of eighty thousand offices when he comes in collision, as he probably will, with the politicians at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. Civil-service reform is the crying problem of the day, and the difficulties that beset it would be diminished by any step which should insure to

the executive a majority in the legislature, or to the legislature the control of the executive, whichever form of expression be preferred.

The independence of the two, or rather of the three, branches of government is so inbred and ingrained among American conceptions, that the idea of the President controlling Congress, or Congress controlling the President, is repulsive at first sight. But seeing that both are elected by the people at regular and short intervals, the evils arising from such a condition, whether more or less, cannot be dangers to liberty, and they may be wholly imaginary. The objection oftenest raised to the plan of bringing the Cabinet officers into Congress is that the power of the executive would be unduly augmented; that this power is already swollen beyond reasonable bounds by means of the patronage; that members of Congress are already sufficiently under executive influence as sharers of the patronage; and that under the proposed *régime* the powers of Congress would be submerged under those of the President. This objection is not only fallacious in itself, but it involves a complete misconception of the objects sought to be attained. These objects are avowedly to blend the two functions of government together, which is not the same thing as overthrowing and destroying one of them. But experience shows that parliamentary government tends to the absorption of executive power by the legislature, rather than of legislative power by the executive. The course of English history is conclusive upon this point, and that of French history has furnished some notable illustrations of it since the establishment of the Republic. If we suppose the seven members of the American Cabinet to be placed upon the floor of Congress with all the rights and privileges extended to delegates from the Territories (who are likewise extra-constitutional members), their influence and standing would depend upon their ability, experience, and force of character. At first the President might choose a Cabinet of his own cronies, as General Grant did, without reference to their training, their eminence in public life, or their acceptableness to anybody but himself. A selection thus made may answer its purposes without any great harm in mere routine work, already organized in bureaus and divisions and circumlocution, and especially in a country which needs more than any thing else to be let alone. But when brought into the rough and tumble of parliamentary life the House will soon find out which of them are fit for their places, and which are not. The jackdaw with peacock's feathers in his tail was soon plucked by the nobler fowls in the farmyard, and so it would be with any pretender of statecraft who should be thrust into competition with three or four hundred of the shrewdest and most active, if not the most highly trained, intellects of the country, and required *ex officio* to be a leader among them. His position would soon become too miserable to be borne. The law of natural selection would come in play, and after more or less floundering and groping, which must be looked for in any political transition, the President would learn to choose for his Cabinet men who were acceptable to the House, and capable of leading it. Thus the Cabinet would be virtually the choice of the House, although nominally that of the President. The President would still be their chief, and eventually his will must prevail over theirs, within constitutional limits, but the success of his administration would depend upon his having a Cabinet capable of leading the House, and *ex necessitate rei* in harmony with it.

The next advantage claimed for the plan is that it would bring the whole framework of government more within the range and influence of public opinion. Whether this would be a real advantage under our system of universal suffrage is a debatable question, which will be considered further on; but that it would have the effect mentioned cannot be doubted. At present the administration can be brought to account only once in four years. Its measures are often taken with indifference to public opinion, oftener still in ignorance, and sometimes in defiance of it. The people seldom or never rule effectively with reference to a particular measure, but only with reference to a sum total and average of all the measures for which an administration or party can be held responsible. Instances might be enumerated where the people have voted

against measures after they were passed, and when opposition to them had ceased to be effective. The mischief had been actually done, and the after-indignation of the public served perhaps to punish, but not to prevent or cure. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the so-called "Back Pay Grab" were cases of this kind. Neither the annexation of Texas nor the purchase of Alaska could have been accomplished by popular vote, or under any system where the judgment of the people could have been brought to bear upon them in good time. Chastisement is often a good thing, but prevention of the offence is better. Most commonly the offence itself is forgotten before the election comes around, having been superseded by some new excitement. Moreover the periods for settling accounts with the three branches of government are not the same, the nearest approach to a general verdict being the quadrennial election for President, at which time one of the biennial elections for Members of the House of Representatives occurs. The Senators are elected at no particular time; but one third of the whole number must go out every two years.

Public opinion is thus greatly scattered and frustrated in its action upon particular measures, being much less prompt and effective than its action in England, where it strikes the whole government at once through the House of Commons. Geographical distance and preoccupation with State affairs are accountable, in some degree, for the slower and less energetic movements of public opinion upon Washington City; but still more is this sluggishness chargeable to the division of responsibility at Washington, and to the fact that nobody's term of office can be shortened by any amount of public clamor, unless for some impeachable offence. Now if it be desirable to make the government more amenable to public opinion than it is, and to give the people a chance to act upon particular measures while they are pending, instead of passing judgment upon them in a lump after they have been adopted or rejected at Washington, some one body of the three must be selected to receive the impact of popular force; and it would naturally be the one which most often returns to the people to give an account of itself, and to solicit the suffrages of the community—to wit, the House of Representatives. And to enable the impact to reach the executive as well as the legislature—as frequently and as powerfully—a responsible Cabinet, having seats in the House, initiating the principal measures of legislation, answering publicly for all executive acts, and standing or falling, according to their ability to get their measures and policy approved by the House, would seem to be well adapted to that end.

These are the principal but not the only advantages of the proposed change. Another may be mentioned before passing to the consideration of objections. Since all legislation relates to one or other of the executive departments, imposing duties or restrictions upon them, it would be manifestly advantageous to have the benefit of their experience, and to hear what they have to say, not through incomplete and tedious statements in writing, or private conferences in committee-rooms, but through the medium of free public debate. Not long since the House of Representatives passed a bill transferring the entire administration of Indian affairs from the Interior Department to that of War, without consulting the Secretary of either!

Turning to the other side, we remark, first, that Responsible, or Parliamentary, or Cabinet Government is the product of that natural evolution by which monarchical, or personal government, turns itself into free government. Wherever it exists there has been a force from behind pushing it on. It is a growth, and not a device. It was never invented by anybody; and, probably, the world's verdict upon it *à priori* would have been that it would not work at all. Nevertheless it is overrunning Europe irresistibly. Its highest development is found in England; but it exists with scarcely less vigor in the Low Countries, Italy, and Scandinavia. Its various shadings are found everywhere, from Gibraltar to Constantinople. Wherever we hear of a ministerial crisis, we hear the tocsin of Responsible Government. We never hear it in Russia, Prussia, Switzerland, or the United States, because those countries are governed upon different principles. The Republic of

France is aiming at ministerial responsibility with an elective president of limited tenure, and bids fair to achieve that novelty. M. Waddington gave offence to his party some months ago by saying that a parliamentary republic was a great experiment. The remark was both true and timely. The friends of freedom throughout the world ardently wish success and permanence to the latest born of republics; but in its attempted blending of English and American forms it is a new thing under the sun, and has not yet passed beyond the region of experiment. In the Dominion of Canada parliamentary government exists under a written constitution, and with the smallest thread of connection with the Crown. If this connection were severed entirely, there is no reason to suppose that Canada would need to establish a dynasty, or do any thing different from what she does now. In America, there being no monarchy, no hereditary governing power, whose hands must be tied, there is no force from behind pushing toward parliamentary forms of administration. The movement is wholly in the domain of theory. It appeals to the reason, not to the necessities, of men; and it may fairly be urged as an objection against such doctoring, that the country does not particularly feel the need of medical treatment.

Again, in America the greatest possible extension has been given to the democratic principle. The suffrage has been granted to all adult males, including, for instance, a vast body of blacks who were only recently toiling under the lash of slavery, and who will continue to toil under the lash of ignorance till they sink into their graves, and their children succeed to a brighter inheritance. The suffrage is granted every day to a still more mischievous class from the Old World, who have brought the doctrines of Lassalle and Karl Marx into an atmosphere where they cannot be so summarily dealt with as at home. As the population of cities increases, a pernicious sort of demagogism gains ground. The idea that the majority have a right to govern tends to expand into the idea that what the majority want to do is *ipso facto* right. The dangers arising from this condition are, I think, considerably overstated in Macaulay's letter to the Editor of the Works of Jefferson, and also in a recent widely read article in the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*. But it is a serious question, and entirely apposite to this discussion, whether, under such conditions, it is wise to throw away any of those checks and balances which now and then disable the majority, prevent them from carrying hasty decisions into effect, and compel them to reconsider their purposes and the grounds thereof. For, the introduction of Responsible Government, in its entirety, would put more power into the hands of the majority than they now have, and a good deal more. It would make the House of Representatives as irresistible as the House of Commons. In all civilized countries and governments there is a ceaseless struggle going on between the forces of what is, which may be called conservative forces, and those of what ought to be, which may be called progressive, and those of what ought not to be, which may be either revolutionary or reactionary. To the first of these political elements in the United States have been given the executive veto, which may be overcome if the majority in Congress is sufficiently great, and the Senate's veto, which may be overcome in time, if the majority is sufficiently persistent. To the second and third has been given every other weapon in the arsenal of politics. It is necessary for the advocates of the change we are considering to show that it would be conducive to the public weal to deprive the minority of the safeguards and barriers mentioned above; for the nearer we come to the realization of Responsible Government, the more completely do we put in the hands of the majority the means of executing their decrees without hindrance or delay.

A third and weighty objection is found in the practical or mechanical difficulty of ingrafting this system upon one so totally different, as that which the Constitution of the United States provides. In the first place, the President is, nowadays, always elected by a party. The two elections of Washington, and the second election of Monroe, are the only exceptions to this rule found in our history. The party which elects the President expects, and will always insist, that the Cabinet shall be

composed of its own members, representing and enforcing its policy regardless of the political complexion of Congress. At the present time we have a Republican President with a Democratic Congress. In the latter part of Pierce's administration there was a Democratic President and Senate with a Republican or Opposition House. The indispensable condition of parliamentary government is that the Cabinet shall be agreeable to the majority of the legislature; and there is no way to bring about this condition of things in America. This difficulty does not exist in the French Republic, the President being elected by the legislature—elected for a fixed period indeed, but having the grace to resign when he finds himself absolutely unable to yield his convictions to those of the Chamber. Such a government must exist very much upon good understanding. President MacMahon gave it a heavy wrench, and might have wrecked it entirely if he had had the purpose in his heart to do so. An amendment of the Constitution of the United States to bring about this *sine quâ non* of parliamentary government is not to be looked for. The nearest possible approach to it at present would be a change of practice, whereby the President should keep himself, or be kept, always in harmony with the majority of his own party in Congress; and it remains to be proved that even this would be salutary upon the largest view.

In a word, the Constitution of the United States is made up of checks and balances. Harmony of the different branches of government was not contemplated by its framers. It does not presume upon good understanding. While providing that the majority shall prevail in the long-run, it provides also for the freest play of passions and interests within defined limits. It is based upon the philosophy of Hobbes and the religion of Calvin. It assumes that the natural state of mankind is a state of war, and that the carnal mind is at enmity with God. It takes into consideration, also, a vast diversity of interests growing out of an extended territory and widely separated population. It has to deal with the fact that nearly everybody is a statesman and a political economist, or capable of becoming such at the shortest notice. There is no country where so little respect is paid to acquirements, preparation, training, in the arts of legislation and government. Lawyers are generally preferred for such offices, it is true; but this is not because they are learned in the law, but because their vocation has given them readiness of speech. Moreover, the doctrine of rotation in office is too widely prevalent, and it not unfrequently happens that an excellent Senator or Representative is turned out merely because he has held office for the customary period, and another elected because he has never held office at all. The claims of locality are so highly regarded, that not a single instance can be found of a Representative elected by any other district than that of his domicile; and there is a tacit agreement among politicians to divide all the offices, including the Cabinet, as nearly as possible among geographical divisions. If Mr. Sherman and Mr. Schurz, for instance—the ablest members of Mr. Hayes's administration—happened both to reside in the same State, it would be practically impossible for both to be Cabinet officers at the same time, although the President might legally choose his entire Cabinet from one State or one town. The claims of fitness for public employment are thus subordinated to a variety of other considerations, from which it must not be inferred that Congressmen are generally of an inferior grade of intellectual endowment; but only that they might be of a higher range and type if the rules and practice of the constituencies were different.

The Constitution takes this heterogeneous governing force, and authorizes it to do its best or its worst. It undertakes to minimize the evils which the rule of the majority can bring forth, while still maintaining the rule of the majority. This it accomplishes by a written instrument and an irremovable court of last resort. The late Mr. Mill, in his speculations on Theism, imagined, among other possibilities, that the Deity might not have been able to create a world without sin in it, on account of the obduracy of the material in his hands. Considering all the toughness of material that the Constitution of the United States has to deal with, and its success in dealing with it thus far, it is, perhaps, the part of wisdom for us to let well enough alone.—*Fortnightly Review.*

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

BY H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

"Vilest things
Become themselves in her, that holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish."
Antony and Cleopatra.

AN attempt has recently been made by a German writer, Herr Ferdinand Gregorovius, to repaint the character of Lucrezia Borgia. Analysis will enable us to judge whether his essay should be classified as rehabilitation or as whitewashing. Certain it is that his work possesses enough of merit, and enough of interest, to claim careful consideration. The popular estimate of Lucrezia Borgia is forcibly embodied in the drama of Victor Hugo and in the opera of Donizetti. Gregorovius, indeed, says that Hugo has been solely intent, in his drama of *Lucrezia Borgia*, "ein moralisches Ungeheuer für den Bühneneffect zu Stande zu bringen;" nor is the charge without foundation. In both opera and drama the popular conception of the character and deeds of the Duchess of Ferrara has been adapted to loosely imagined plots calculated only to produce effect upon the stage. In both productions Lucrezia appears, with eyes of baleful meaning gleaming through the mystery of a mask, with hands which grasp the dagger and the bowl, and with an indomitably wicked will which treads ruthlessly upon human lives in a dark progress from crime to crime.

No monograph about Lucrezia Borgia is possible. Lucrezia cannot be drawn without reference to her dreadful father and to her terrible brother. As well might you attempt to depict Othello without reference to Iago. The three form a demoniac triumvirate of materialism, of superstition, of crime; and the dark sinister figures stand out with terrible distinctness from the surroundings of the Vatican and the background of the Roman Catholic Church.

The psychological interest of the Borgia triumvirate is deepened by their close connection with the Roman Church. They form historical problems, and are indissolubly connected with the morbid pathology of romance. They illustrate the period to which they so intensely belonged. They are, indeed, the most pregnant embodiments of the early Renaissance in Italy; and no attempt, like that of Gregorovius, to set aside the contemporary verdict which time has long indorsed, especially if such attempt profess to be based upon *Urkunden und Correspondenzen*—that is, upon the discovery of original documents and letters—should be allowed to pass without critical examination.

It may, at starting, be said, without unfairness to Herr Gregorovius, that he is rather an advocate than a judge. He seeks, at times, to snatch a verdict for his client, by ignoring some, and even confusing other evidence. Gregorovius relies too much upon his newly discovered documents, although they do not always bear out his conclusions; and he ignores too persistently contemporary historians—as, for instance, the well-known *Istoria d'Italia di Messer Francesco Guicciardini*. Guicciardini, born 1482 (within two years of the birth of Lucrezia), was, in the strictest sense, a contemporary historian, and was well acquainted with all contemporary sources of information. He was informed of all the mass of oral testimony of the day; and knew thoroughly that great floating body, form, and pressure of belief and knowledge which filled the very air of the land and time; which, in the absence of newspapers, and of all written and published journalistic history, is so invaluable to the student of problematical characters whose high places in the world throw a hush of silence round their path of unbridled passion and unchecked crime.

The Borgias, as a race, were gifted with rare physical strength and beauty; were distinguished by intellectual force, by strong and ruthless wills, and by an absence of conscience. The Papacy is not, of course, an hereditary office; and it is noteworthy that, in very many instances, when a man became pope, he made the greatest exertions, during his lifetime, to found a dynasty in the Church, and to amass wealth and to accumulate power in his own family.

Calixtus the Third died 1458; and was succeeded by Pius the Second, Paul the Second, Sixtus the Fourth, Innocent the Eighth. During the reign of Pius the Second, we get a very characteristic glimpse of Cardinal Rodrigo, then twenty-nine years old. He was in Sienna, and the Pope wrote him a strong *Mahnbrief*, a letter of reproof and warning (1460) touching his life and conversation, and adverting particularly to one orgy, concerning which the Holy Father remarks "that shame will not allow him to recount all that was there done." Rodrigo was then already distinguished for that boundless sensuality which characterized his whole life. Gaspar of Verona, writing a few years later, describes Rodrigo as "very handsome, of pleasant and cheerful bearing, gifted with sweet and elegant eloquence. Whenever he meets with charming women, he excites love in them in an almost magical way, and he attracts them to himself more strongly than the magnet does the iron" Cardinal Rodrigo's *physique* must have been splendid. All the powers of the body were balanced in perfect harmony. His health was so fine that he was always cheerful and gay. It is recorded of him in his later days that "Nothing causes him trouble. He grows younger every day." Crime even could not trouble him through conscience. Judging from their lives, it is natural to imagine the members of the Borgia triumvirate dark, gloomy, and sinister. No conception can be more false. The men were splendidly handsome; the women singularly lovely. All were gay and charming. They were happy as handsome.

The sensuous vitalism of Cardinal Borgia gave a fresh proof of its magnetism when, in 1466 or 1467, he met Vanozza Catanei in Rome. Vanozza is, it may be remarked, the "caressing" version of the name of Giovanna. Of the family or descent of Vanozza nothing is certainly known; but it is known that she was born in 1442 in Rome, and that she fell a victim (probably a willing victim) to the seductive arts of the cardinal. A sensual nature framed in voluptuous beauty, strong will, and cunning sense—though unaccompanied by culture—enabled her to obtain great ascendency over her cardinal lover.

The children of Rodrigo and Vanozza were: Cæsar, born 1476; Juan, born 1474; Giuffré, born 1481; and Lucrezia, born, when her father was forty-nine and her mother thirty-eight, on the 18th of April, 1480. After the birth of Lucrezia, Rodrigo married Vanozza to Giorgio de Croce, and Vanozza's future children were ascribed to her husband.

Upon the death of her first husband, the lady married, in 1486, Carlo Canale. Rodrigo Borgia was one of the richest princes of the Church. His cardinal's income was added to by high offices in the Church, by many abbacies in Italy and Spain, by the three bishoprics of Portus, Carthago, and Valencia, and by his Vice-Chancellorship. He was one of the most successful of churchmen. In the year 1482, we find Rodrigo admitting the paternity of Girolama, Hieronyma, Petro, Ludovico, and Giovanni di Borgia; also another daughter, Isabella. The mother, or mothers, of these bastards have not been identified. Some of the above-named children were older than the Catanei family. Rodrigo provided splendidly for all his offspring. Guicciardini records, as a distinctive trait of Rodrigo, that whereas other popes and cardinals had always decently termed their illegitimate children *nepoti*, he openly, in legal documents, declarations, and correspondence, called his *figliuoli* and *figliuole*.

The time, says Gregorovius, in which Lucrezia was born, must, in truth, be termed terrible. The Papacy had thrown off all pretence to priestly holiness, and was, politically, the most tyrannical and immoral of despotisms. Religion had become altogether materialized; and unbridled immorality was the law of manners.

Lucrezia's first years were undoubtedly passed in the house of her mother; but while still in her girlhood she was transferred by her father to the care of Madonna Adriana, daughter of Don Pedro, a nephew of Calixtus the Third, and cousin of Rodrigo Borgia. He married this lady to Lodovico, Lord of Bassanello, a member of the great house of Orsini, who died before 1489. Adriana, as a widow, inhabited one of the Orsini palaces in Rome. She had one son, Ursinus Orsini, by her husband Lodovico.

Devotion to the Church was the basis of the training of Italian women of the Renaissance. The aim was, not to awaken the heart or elevate the soul, but to produce mechanical religious obedience and observance. Shelley says, in the admirable piece of definition prefaced to the tragedy of the *Cenci*, that religion, in the mind of an Italian Catholic, "is adoration, faith, submission, penitence, blind admiration; not a rule for moral conduct. It has no necessary connection with any one virtue. The most atrocious villain may be rigidly devout, and, without any shock to established faith, confess himself to be so. Religion is, according to the temper of the mind which it inhabits, a passion, a persuasion, an excuse, a refuge; never a check." This passage will help us to understand the problem of the Borgias. Lucrezia was carefully brought up in religion of this sort; but her youth could scarcely have been exposed to worse moral influences.

Her father, the voluptuous cardinal, engaged in 1489, in the most notorious of his many amours. Giulia Farnese, a young girl of a beauty so distinctive that she was called *La Bella*, married, 21st of May, 1489, Ursinus Orsini, the son of Madonna Adriana. The marriage fêtes took place in the palace of Cardinal Borgia. She was then fifteen, and he was fifty-eight years old. Giulia, like Lucrezia, had golden hair, and must have been of a surpassing loveliness. She inflamed the passions of the magnetic cardinal, and within two years after her marriage became the acknowledged mistress of Rodrigo Borgia. Her husband was suitably provided for away from Rome, and Giulia and Lucrezia lived with Adriana, who, in consequence of her compliant assistance, became the most influential person in the house of Borgia. She favored Rodrigo's adulterous connection with the wife of her own son, and was surely worthy of her hire. The fortunes of the Farnese family were founded by the fair, if erring, Giulia.

In 1491, her father first thought of arranging a marriage for Lucrezia, then eleven years old; and the husband selected for her was Don Cherubin Juan de Centelles, of Valencia, the brother of the Count Oliva. The marriage contract was drawn up, but Rodrigo, from causes not mentioned by historians, suddenly broke off the projected marriage.

In 1492, Rodrigo Borgia attained the great object of his ambition, and became Pope. Innocent the Eighth died the 25th of July, 1492; and the choice of his successor lay between four candidates, Rafael Riario, Julian Rovere, Ascanio Sforza, and Rodrigo Borgia.

The Papal chair was ultimately sold to the highest bidder; and that was Rodrigo Borgia, who reigned and is known in the annals of the Papacy as Alexander the Sixth.

Giacomo Trotti, the Ferrarese ambassador, wrote, 28th of August, 1492, to Duke Ercole: "Cum simonia et mille ribalderie et inhonestate si è venduto il Pontificato, che è cosa ignominiosa et detestabile!" France and Spain weakly, Venice strongly, opposed the election; but all the states of Italy accepted the new Pope; and Rodrigo Borgia, once in the saddle, was not a man to be easily dislodged.

Vanozza and Giulia must have triumphed in the triumph of their lover. The Pope soon sought out another husband for his favorite daughter. She was contracted to Don Gasparo, the son of Don Juan Francisco di Procida, Count of Aversa. But this project was thrown aside in favor of a union with Giovanni Sforza, Count of Cotognola and sovereign lord of Pesaro. Sforza was a widower. His first wife was Maddalena, the sister of Elisabetta Gonzaga. Maddalena died the 8th of August, 1490, in childbirth. Sforza, who was twenty-six years old, was tall and good-looking. His face is noble, but gives no impression of weight of will or commanding intellect. He was an independent sovereign ruler, and had political value as a member of the great house of Sforza, with which the house of Borgia was then intimately allied.

On the day of his coronation the new Pope made his son Cæsar, sixteen years of age, Bishop of Valencia.

Alfonso, the heir of Ferrara, was, in 1492, in Rome, and made the acquaintance of Lucrezia. Neither could have thought, at that time, that he would become, nine years later, her third husband. Alfonso was then the husband of Anna Sforza, and Lucrezia was about

to marry Giovanni Sforza. The house of Este was one of the noblest in Italy. Alfonso's mother was Eleanora of Arragon, daughter of King Ferdinand of Naples. She died 1493. His sister Beatrice had married Lodovico the Moor, of Milan; and his other sister, Isabella, one of the loveliest and most learned women of the day—a true *virago*—had married, in 1490, Francesco Gonzaga, of Mantua.

Lucrezia married Giovanni Sforza in Rome on the 12th of June, 1493; and Madonna Giulia Farnese—"de qua est tantus sermo," says the Ferrarese ambassador—graced the nuptials with her presence.

The Duke of Gandia had married, in Spain, Donna Maria Enriquez, of noble Valencian family. The exact date of this marriage is not known, but it is supposed to have taken place at the end of 1492. The Duke left Rome to return to Spain, on the 4th of August, 1493. On the 16th Giuffré, the youngest of the Catanei-Borgia children, was married, by procuration, to Donna Sancia, a natural daughter of the then Duke of Calabria. Cæsar Borgia was made cardinal on the 20th of September, 1493. On the same day, Ippolito of Este and Alessandro Farnese received the red hat. The latter was termed, with reference to his sister's position, the "apron-cardinal." In 1492 Giulia Farnese had made his Holiness the happy father of a daughter, christened Laura. Her husband was living in Bassanello.

Don Giuffré, now Prince of Squillace, in Naples, married there, on the 7th of May, 1494, Donna Sancia; and her father, owing to the death of King Ferdinand, ascended the throne of Naples on the same day.

In consequence of a pestilence in Rome, Sforza carried his wife to Pesaro; and, at the request of the Pope, they took with them Giulia and Adriana. This occurred probably in May or June, 1494. The union of Lucrezia with Sforza was childless; but I cannot find a word of clear evidence to prove whether it were loving or loveless. Freed from the gloom of Rome and the dark shadow of the Vatican, her residence in her husband's beautiful palace at Pesaro must have been for Lucrezia a time of calm and quiet. It was her first escape from family domination, and from the school of vice in which her youth had been passed.

In September, 1494, Charles the Eighth marched into Italy, and this invasion had one romantic consequence. The Holy Father, writing to Lucrezia, recommended her to pray constantly to the Virgin, and expressed great displeasure at the long absence of Adriana and Giulia. They were therefore sent back to him, but on the way were seized by an advanced corps of the French army.

The Pope was beside himself with rage and anguish. The French captain, ignorant, perhaps, of the importance of his prisoners, demanded a ransom of 3000 ducats, and was laughed at by Lodovico the Moor, who said that his Holiness would willingly have paid 50,000 ducats, and that his ladies should have been detained as hostages to insure the political good conduct of the Pope. The 3000 ducats were paid at once; and when Giulia and Adriana returned to Rome, the old Pope rode out on horseback to meet what he termed "his eyes and his heart," attired as a cavalier, wearing sword and dagger, Spanish boots, a black velvet doublet brocaded with gold, and a velvet barret cap. The infatuated old lover behaved like a young gallant. Always supremely indifferent to "public opinion," he openly defied its censures by his public conduct at the *Einholung* of his female friends.

In 1496 the Holy Father had all his Catanei children around him in Rome—the Duke of Gandia, the Cardinal Cæsar, and the Prince of Squillace, with his fair young wife, Donna Sancia; Lucrezia and her husband being also there. Sancia and Lucrezia held two separate, but splendid, *Nepoti* Courts in their respective palaces.

Donna Sancia caused the loudest scandal. Married to an immature boy—a sort of Italian Darnley—the least gifted of all the race of Borgia, beautiful and licentious, feeling herself the daughter of a king, she lived in Rome a flagrantly voluptuous life. Lucrezia, though more circumspect, yet "lived like the others." She was, says Gregorovius, neither better nor worse than the rest. Fond of pleasure and of lux-

ury, she sank completely into the ordinary life of a Borgia.

Lucrezia's first marriage was dissolved by violence and fraud, and with infamy. The Pope required of Sforza that he should consent to have his marriage annulled, and upon his refusal he was threatened with death.

One evening Jacomino, the chamberlain of Sforza, overheard a conversation between Cæsar and Lucrezia. Cæsar spoke freely to his sister, and told her that he had determined upon the murder of her husband. Hearing of this conversation, Sforza at once mounted his Turkish horse, and rode, in four and twenty hours, with "loose rein and bloody spur" to Pesaro. Arrived there, the horse dropped dead.

This sudden flight saved the life of Lucrezia's husband, but was highly distasteful to the Pope and the Cardinal. If Sforza had remained in Rome, his marriage would have been effectually annulled by his murder; but in Pesaro he was safe, and the Pope was compelled to institute legal proceedings for a divorce on the alleged ground of nullity of marriage. Lucrezia seems to have lied freely, and to have submitted passively to the execution of the scheme of her father and her brother.

The alleged cause for the dissolution of the marriage is transparently false. Sforza was married before he married Lucrezia; he married again after his divorce from her; and he had issue by both these marriages. Meanwhile, the Pope, who did not hesitate to play with the sacraments of the Church, succeeded in obtaining (December 20th, 1497) the divorce which he desired. Of Lucrezia's real feelings in the matter there is no evidence whatever. Certain it is that she did not oppose—nay, that she assisted—the steps taken in Rome to annul her first marriage. A true woman of the Renaissance, she was full of beauty and of culture, of courage and intellect, of lust and cruelty; and it seems probable that her life never knew a real love or a true passion. Between her divorce and her next marriage she was, according to Sannazaro and Pontanus, "a measureless Hetaira;" and, during this period, an ambassador reports, "La Roma accertasi che la figliuola del Papa ha partorito." The reports spread and the satires written about Lucrezia at this period were, it is certain, well known in Ferrara.

Giovanni Sforza proclaimed aloud in all the courts of Italy the real causes of his flight, his intended murder, and his divorce.

Matarazzo relates that Sforza had discovered, after his return from Naples, the triple incest of his wife, and that this discovery led to the action of the Pope and the Cardinal.

About this time Hieronymus Porcius, the Infallibilist, wrote maintaining the doctrine of the Papal infallibility, and asserting that he only is a Christian who worships and blindly obeys the Pope. To a hypercritical intellect it would almost seem that the theory of Papal infallibility, when applied to Alexander the Sixth, is subjected to some slight strain.

Alexander intended to promote the welfare of his eldest son, Gandia, in the world, and that of his second son, Cæsar, in the Church; he gave temporal benefits to Gandia, ecclesiastical benefits to Cæsar. But this arrangement was wholly unsatisfactory to Cæsar, whose ambition desired the crown of Naples, or the establishment of a kingdom of Middle Italy. Hence jealousy and ill-will between the brothers, rivals alike in love as in ambition. Hence the murder of Gandia by his brother, Cæsar. The brothers supped together at the house of their mother; Cæsar reached home safely, but Gandia never returned, and his murdered corpse was found in the Tiber. Guicciardini says of this event, and of Cæsar Borgia, that "non potendo tollerare che questo luogo gli fosse occupato dal fratello; impaziente oltre a questo ch' egli avesse più parte di lui nell' amore di Madonna Lucrezia, sorella comune, incitato dalla libidine, e dall' ambizione, lo fece una notte," etc. The Pope ignored the deed, and screened the offender. None but secret inquiry was made into the murder of Gandia; but all Rome knew the truth. The Ferrarese ambassador writes: "Di novo ho inteso come della morte del Duca di Gandia fu causa il Cardinale suo fratello." The Pope virtually made himself the accomplice of his son's Cain-like crime. Shortly after the murder of Gandia, Cæsar's relations

with Donna Sancia became open and undisguised. Lucrezia withdrew, for a time, to the convent of S. Sisto, in the Via Appia. The motive assigned was her desire for a temporary religious retirement; but very other reasons were generally believed to have dictated the step—reasons which, says Donato Aretino, writing from Rome, on June 4th, to the Cardinal Ippolito in Ferrara, "cannot be trusted to a letter."

Having cleared the way by the murder of his elder brother, Cæsar Borgia desired to quit the Church, and to enter upon a career of active temporal ambition; and it was proposed to make Giuffré cardinal in the place of Cæsar. The Pope proposed a marriage between Cæsar—then a cardinal—and Carlotta, daughter of King Federigo of Naples; but this proposal was rejected with indignation by the Court of Naples. The schemes of the Borgias for obtaining a footing in, and ultimately the crown of, Naples, led to Lucrezia's second marriage. On the 21st of July, 1498, she wedded, in the Vatican, Don Alfonso, Prince of Salerno, Duke of Biselli, brother of Donna Sancia, and natural son of Alfonso the Second of Naples. He was seventeen, and Lucrezia was eighteen years of age. The young Alfonso must well have known the infamous reputation of the woman whom he was compelled to marry. He was the handsomest youth, says Talini, that had ever been seen in Rome; but he was melancholy, silent, passive, and had in his face and manner something of that deep, still, inner dejection which, according to popular superstition, is seen in those doomed to a violent death. The Mantuan agent reported in August that Lucrezia had a real liking for her second husband.

On the 13th of August, 1498, the most terrible of the Borgias, Cæsar, resigned his Cardinal's hat, and soon after went to France, where he was created, by Louis the Twelfth, Duke of Valence, and where, in May, 1499, he married Charlotte d'Albret, sister of the King of Navarre.

In 1499 Alfonso fled suddenly from Rome. His reasons were no doubt good, and he probably saved his life by flight. He left Lucrezia pregnant, and she is said to have wept his absence. Alfonso would seem to have been the one man who could elicit such tenderness as she may have possessed. Her father was rendered furious by the flight of Alfonso, and commanded his daughter to recall her husband. She wrote, but Alfonso did not return; and the Pope sent his daughter, as regent, to Spoleto. In Nepi, Alfonso rejoined his wife, who was also regent of that place. On the 14th of October, 1499, Lucrezia and her husband returned to Rome; and on the 1st of November she gave birth to a son, christened Rodrigo, after the Pope. The paternity of this child is generally ascribed to the Duke of Biselli. Cæsar Borgia was busy with his campaigns of conquest in the Romagna.

Guicciardini states that, in 1500, Alexander the Sixth had "quest' anno creati con grandissima infamia dodici cardinali, non de' più benemeriti, ma di quegli che gli offersero prezzo maggiore." Giulia Farnese was, by command of His Holiness, painted by Pinturicchio as the Blessed Virgin in a picture of the Madonna and Child.

Cæsar hated the whole house of Aragon, and the marriage of Alfonso with Lucrezia had lost all political importance, as it could no longer bring Cæsar nearer to the throne of Naples. On the 15th of July, 1500, Alfonso went, at eleven at night, to the Vatican to visit Lucrezia. As he ascended the St. Peter's staircase he was attacked by masked men. They left him for dead, but, seriously wounded as he was by the daggers of the assassins, the young Duke crawled to the Papal residence. He was admitted, and Lucrezia fainted when she saw his condition. His life was despaired of, and he received absolution. Youth, however, triumphed, and Biselli returned to life. He was tended, in the chambers of the Vatican, by Lucrezia and Sancia, who themselves cooked all his food, while Alexander placed special guards round the Duke's chamber. The Venetian ambassador wrote to the Signoria to say that the attempt upon Alfonso's life was made by the person who had murdered Gandia. Cæsar must have had a deadly personal hatred of Alfonso. He visited the wounded man, and said, with his meaning smile, as he left the room, that "that which is not done by noon can be com-

pleted in the evening." On the 18th of August Cæsar returned to the patient. It was nine at night, and he was accompanied by Capitano Michellotto. He drove Lucrezia and Sancia from the chamber of the young Duke, and then completed the murder. The body of Alfonso was carried into St. Peter's.

Cæsar openly boasted of the murder. The Pope knew his son too well to trouble him with useless rebuke; and oblivion, as in the case of Gandia, soon gathered round the bloody deed. No man held aloof from the Borgias; no priest refused Cæsar entrance to a church; no cardinal ceased to greet him with reverence. Prelates hastened to him—for Cæsar was, at the time, raising money by selling cardinals' hats to the highest bidders—to receive from his murderous hand the dignity which they had purchased. Surrounded by his *condottieri*, and at the head of troops furnished by Alexander, Cæsar went gayly forth on his campaign in the Romagna.

Meanwhile we have no glimpse of Alfonso's widow. One thing, however, is certain: she remained to the end of his life on intimate and even affectionate terms with Cæsar; their letters are familiar and friendly in tone; and Lucrezia, when Duchess of Ferrara, strained her influence to the utmost to serve the interests of the Duke of Valence. She was then in no fear of her brother, and her action could only proceed from warm sympathy with him and with his fortunes.

Hardly was the first Alfonso murdered when there was already talk of a second Alfonso. In November, 1500, the Pope spoke of his project for a marriage between Lucrezia and the heir of Ferrara, Alfonso d'Este. Alfonso, twenty-four years of age, was a childless widower. The Venetian ambassador, on the 26th of November, reported the scheme to his Government, and said that the idea proceeded wholly from the Pope. It seems probable that the new marriage had been contemplated in the Vatican before the then existing marriage had been bloodily severed. The Duke of Gravina, an Orsini, was a candidate for the honor of Lucrezia's hand; but his claims were rejected in favor of Alfonso d'Este.

The Emperor Maximilian opposed the marriage with all his influence. Indeed, such a marriage was, as Guicciardini says, "molto indegno della famiglia da Este, perchè Lucrezia era spuria, e coperta di molte infamie." Gregorovius says of Lucrezia, that at the time of the proposed Este marriage "ihr Ruf war gerade zu abschreckend." It was felt on all hands that the honor of the proud house of Este was being basely trafficked away. Alfonso remained simply passive. Lucrezia pressed on the marriage with feverish eagerness. She was, the envoys said, "a better Ferrarese than the Ferrarese themselves;" and she removed all difficulties between the Pope and the Duke.

Her reputation was well known in Ferrara. When the Duke's envoys saw her in Rome, they reported that "her appearance in no way answered to her sinister reputation." They praised her great beauty; they were delighted with her grace and winning charm of manner, with her sweet gayety, and with her clear intellect. In short, the envoys, like all other men who came within the charmed circle, were enchanted by the magic of Lucrezia's personality. It was early, though, for the widow of the recently murdered young husband to be showing such cheerfulness as the envoys complacently describe and dwell upon.

It should be here mentioned that the Pope, about this time, made the victorious Cæsar Duke of the Romagna. Ferrara was politically important to the new Duke, and he was dangerous to the possessions of Este. In the course of the campaign Cæsar had seized Pesaro, and Giovanni Sforza was an exile in Ferrara itself.

At last all difficulties were overcome, and on the 6th of January, 1502, Lucrezia left Rome—forever. A splendid escort from Ferrara accompanied her to her new home and new life. Alfonso received his bride with cold, silent politeness; but, during all the long festival which surrounded her marriage, Lucrezia is described as having been "continuamente allegra e ridente." Her beauty, and her wonderful witchery of manner, elicited the ecstatic admiration of Ferrara; and she became, at once, the idol of the Court and of the populace.

Her experiences of life in Rome had

been terrible and dark. Surrounded by lawless passions, crimes, and tragedies, knowing well the sinister secrets of the Vatican of the Renaissance; placed from her earliest youth in a school of almost unexampled crime; with the memories of two marriages, with one ex-husband living, and another festering in a bloody shroud—Lucrezia Borgia had acquired a fearful reputation, and had lived a dreadful life. Ferrara, compared with Rome, was noble and was pure. We shall never know whether, during her Roman life, she had been compelled into complicity with crime; or whether she, too, had been a genuine Borgia, and had shared contentedly the Borgia life of sin and shame. Was her eagerness for the Ferrara marriage a desire for a better life? or was it merely the result of an ambition which aspired to a throne? Again we know not, and can never know. Of regret, of remorse, for the dark past, there is no sign or hint. She shared the magnificent *physique* of her race; had their temperamental cheerfulness, their equable temper, their powers of enjoyment, their strength of nerve, their want of conscience, their vanity, and their ambition. In her, also, the moral sense was non-existent, and superstition ruled where religion should have reigned. She was a type of the Renaissance, and the daughter of the Borgia.

Alexander the Sixth was "shut up in measureless content" at the success of the marriage which he had, with so much difficulty, brought about. He did not expect that Alfonso should love Lucrezia; but he desired that she should be treated with the honor due to a wife, and that she should be made the mother of a prince.

Cæsar, who had just strangled the young Astorre Manfredi in S. Angelo, continued his campaign of successful rapine. He wrote the news of his triumphs to Lucrezia, and when, on the 5th of September, she was confined of a still-born child, he came to Ferrara to visit his sister. There is every evidence of intimate and cordial relations between the Duke of Valence and the Duchess of Ferrara. The Gonzagas listened to a proposal of marriage between their heir, Federigo, and Cæsar's daughter Luise. Cæsar, at this time, had all but attained to the great object of his ambition—the crown of Middle Italy, when Louis the Twelfth interfered, and forbade his further progress in that direction.

On the 18th of August, 1503, Alexander the Sixth died of poison, and his son Cæsar was all but included in the same fate. We will let Guicciardini tell the tale in his own quaint way. He says:

> E cosa manifesta, essere stata consuetudine frequente del padre e sua [this refers to Cæsar] non solo di usuare il veleno, per vendicarsi contro agl'[illegible] inimici, o per assicurarsi dei sospetti, ma eziandio per scellerata cupidità di spogliare delle proprie facultà le persone ricche, in cardinali e altri cortigiani, non avendo rispetto che da essi non avessero mai ricevuta offesa alcuna, come fu il cardinale molto ricco di S. Angelo, ma ne anche che gli fossero amicissimi e congiuntissimi.

In explanation of this allusion to Cardinal S. Angelo, it should be mentioned that the chamberlain of the murdered cardinal—the said chamberlain being executed for other and manifold misdeeds—confessed, before his death, that he had poisoned the cardinal under the express orders of Alexander and of Cæsar. Guicciardini's distinct statement of the Borgia practice of poisoning enemies or victims is borne out by the fact that Alexander and Cæsar were both poisoned by some (for them) mischance in an attempt to poison Adriano, Cardinale di Corneto. By an accident, the poisoned chalice, intended for another, was commended to their own lips. Cæsar, who was much younger than his father, saved his life by the timely use of antidotes, things with which he was probably well acquainted; but Alexander perished miserably by the very poison which he had intended for the cardinal.

Humanity seemed to breathe more freely when this monster was removed from the earth. Owing to the horrible effects of the Borgia poison, the corpse of the Pope had lost all shape and form, all distinction between length and breadth. A rope was fastened round the feet, and one porter dragged the body to its place of sepulture. Alexander's death-bed was not soothed by love. Neither Vanozza nor Giulia Farnese seems to have been near him. Lucrezia was in Fer-

rara, and Cæsar was suffering from the effects of the same deadly poison.

The life, the actions, and the character of this Pope will forever remain a moral problem. It must be remembered that he *was* Pope. He was not merely an almost incredibly wicked man, but he claimed to be the Vicar of God. Apart even from the darkest crime which stains his infamous memory, his life was a long breach of the commandments which say, thou shalt not steal; thou shalt do no murder; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. Alexander the Sixth is, perhaps, the greatest and the foulest criminal in history; and he is, furthermore, an occupant of the chair of St. Peter, the infallible pontiff of a Church which claims to be connected with Christianity.

Alexander did not hate or contemn the world; he was no Titanic skeptic or atheist, whose profound disbelief in divinity, and raging scorn of humanity, led him to despise heaven and to defy hell. No, he believed—in his way; but he could turn from incest, from adultery, from murder, to worship the Virgin, to perform mass, to fulfil any of the highest and most mystical functions of sacerdotal sacredness. He was nearly always successful; he was invariably happy. In him were blended materialism and superstition. He touches humanity chiefly in his love for his children, but is otherwise as infrahuman as he is undivine. It would almost seem as if some demon had, in mockery of men, created a being who should thrive through unsurpassed wickedness, and who—as the profoundest effort of most devilish satire—should be placed on high in the then chief office of Christendom, and be worshipped by millions as the infallible representative on earth of the all-wise, all-merciful, omniscient, and eternal God.

On the 22d of September, 1503, Cardinal Piccolomini succeeded to the Papal chair as Pius the Third. The good old man had twelve bastard children, and his tender efforts to provide suitably for them in the Vatican were frustrated by his untimely death, which occurred on the 18th of October.

Cardinal Rovere was next elected, on the 1st of November, 1503, as Pope Julius the Second. He continued the political worldly policy of Alexander the Sixth. Although his interests led him to oppose the house of Borgia, he yet warmly admired their talents and successes.

In 1505 Alfonso, then on a visit to our Henry the Seventh of England, was hastily summoned back to Ferrara, and arrived in time to close the eyes of his father, Duke Ercole. He then became the reigning Duke, and Lucrezia was the actual Duchess of Ferrara.

In 1506 Donna Sancia died childless; and on the 28th of August, 1512, Lucrezia's son, Rodrigo, died, at the age of thirteen, in Bari. She never saw the boy after she left Rome.

After many misfortunes and vicissitudes, Cæsar, the most terrible of the Borgias, died on the 12th of March, 1507; and the accomplished villain had the undeserved good fortune to die a soldier's death. As a mercenary, in the pay of Navarre, he was engaged in besieging the Conte di Lerin, in the castle of Viana, where he received his death wound. Lucrezia's grief at the death of the murderer of her brother Gandia, and of her second husband, Alfonso of Biselli, seems to have been great and deep. She cared for his two bastards, Girolamo and Lucrezia, in Ferrara itself. In 1510 her first husband, Giovanni Sforza, died; he was remarried, and left a legitimate son. Cæsar's daughter, Luise, married first Louis de la Tremouille, and afterward Philippe de Bourbon. Her mother, the widow of the Duke of Valence, retired from the world, and lived, until her death, in strict seclusion.

Alfonso d'Este was a quiet, practical man; something hard and cold and stern, but true and loyal, and devoted to Ferrara's welfare. He was no "expensive Herr," but a prince who cared little for court splendor or personal expenditure, and occupied himself chiefly with politics, with fortifications, and with the casting of cannon. He left to his lovely wife court ceremonials and festivals; he left it to her to patronize painting and poetry, while he perfected that artillery which, remarkable for its time, afterward won, in 1512, that battle of Ravenna, in which the loss of Gaston de Foix changed French victory into mourning. "Le bon chevalier, le

seigneur de Bayard," visited Ferrara after the great battle, and saw Lucrezia. Fresh from France, he knew, probably, but little of her dark past, and, like a chivalrous poet-hearted knight, Bayard was enchanted with Ferrara's lovely and winning Duchess. Lucrezia's manner must have been sweet and fine—the grace of the princess tempered by the charm of the charming woman. She too was one of those princesses who madden poets : she had her Rizzio and Châtelard, her Bembo and Strozzi. Both poets were deeply, passionately enamored of her, and she, in some sort, returned their affection ; though the question of the exact extent of her relations towards them is a point which must be relegated to the hypotheses of history.

Many of the letters which were interchanged between Lucrezia and Bembo are still extant, and writ in very choice Italian. Those of Lucrezia certainly express a warmer feeling than friendship ; and the lock of her golden hair, still to be seen in the Ambrosiana of Milan, was given by the Duchess to her adorer, Bembo. Alfonso was not, however, a husband whose jealousy could safely be aroused. Bembo, no doubt under pressure from the Duke, suddenly quitted Ferrara ; and Ercole Strozzi, who remained, met a tragic fate. On the morning of the 6th of June, 1508, the young poet was found dead at the corner of the Palazzo d'Este, pierced with three-and-twenty wounds. Strozzi was the pride of Ferrara, and the popular excitement was great. No inquiry was instituted, "and no man," says Paul Jovius, "dared to name the murderer." Two theories were current : one was that the jealous Alfonso had caused the deed to be done ; the other that the Duchess had instigated the destruction of a lover who had just transferred his affections to Barbara Torelli. The truth was known to but very few, and they were silent ; but the ardent young poet, who had scorched his wings at his high and dangerous love, perished miserably by the assassin's dagger, and exchanged life and love and song for an early and a bloody grave.

In November, 1506, we again hear of *La Bella*, of that Giulia who had founded the fortunes of the house of Farnese by her adultery with the late Pope. When all the Borgia faction fled for life from Rome, she went with Madonna Adriana to Bassanello, and there remained in safety. Her husband was dead. Giulia and Lucrezia continued in constant and intimate correspondence. To the astonishment of Rome, this adventurous adulteress succeeded in marrying her daughter Laura, the bastard child of Alexander the Sixth, to Nicolaus Rovere, the "carnal nepote" of the Pope Julius the Second.

In 1513 the truculent Julius the Second died, and was succeeded by the "false Medici," Leo X. Pietro Bembo, the poet lover of Lucrezia, became secretary to the new Pope.

On the 26th of November, 1518, Vanozza Catanei, the mother of Lucrezia, died in Rome. The old sinner had become, in her later days, rigidly devout. Gregorovius says of her, "sie wurde eine werkheilige Bettschwester." The archives of Ferrara contain nine of her letters, addressed to Lucrezia and to Cardinal Ippolito. She was also in correspondence with her son, the Prince of Squillace, and, in the year 1515, she received into her house her grandson of ten years old, the son of Giuffré. Her letters show a woman of strong sense, of force of character, very cunning, with a keen eye to her own interests, and of rough culture. She must have had something of the distinctive power of will which she transmitted to her children. It is noteworthy that Rodrigo Borgia's bastards, other than his Catanei children, all sank into the dark background of their time, and were absorbed by the ordinary life of the day ; whereas Cæsar, Gandia, Lucrezia, are figures with force enough to stand out against the age, and have made their mark in history, in story, and in song. Vanozza signs herself, when writing to Lucrezia, "la felice et infelice quanto matre, Vanotia Borgia de Cathaneis." Her letters are not written with her own hand, but have been dictated to some amanuensis. During the evil days for the house of Borgia she fled at first to her son Cæsar, but she returned to Rome so soon as it was safe to do so ; and she managed to retain her not inconsiderable property. She left all that she died possessed of to the Church, and was

buried in the church of S. Maria del Popolo. Her funeral was attended with almost the same pomp as that of a cardinal, and Leo the Tenth sent his chamberlain to do honor to her obsequies. A splendid tomb, bearing a lying inscription, was erected over her remains; but hate or shame, in after years, destroyed her monument, and left not a trace of inscription or of sarcophagus. The masses for which she had paid in advance, to purchase heaven, were read for two hundred years, but were at last stopped by the Church; less, perhaps, from the belief that enough had been done for the repose of the soul of Vanozza, than from a dread of modern criticism. She was a woman whose life contained many memories, and who knew much of the interior of the Vatican. She was also Lucrezia's earliest link to life.

Under Leo the Tenth Don Michellotto, Cæsar's old captain, was examined under torture, in S. Angelo, touching his complicity with Cæsar in the murders of Gandia, of Alfonso of Aragon, of Varano of Camerino, of Astorre and Ottaviano Manfredi, of Bernardino of Sermoneta, of the Bishop of Cagli, and of many another victim. He confessed under the second application of the rack, and "dixe che Papa Alessandro fu quello che fece ammazzare Don Alfonso, marito che fu della Ducessa." This confession was reported forthwith to Ferrara.

On the 14th of June, 1519, Lucrezia was confined of a still-born daughter. It soon became evident that the illness consequent upon this confinement would prove fatal, and the Duchess prepared to pay the debt of nature. As a woman she had good grounds for a just estimate of Popes, but as a Catholic she desired the Papal benediction; and she wrote, describing herself as a sinner, to Leo the Tenth, for his blessing before death. On the night of the 24th of June she died. Her husband was present, and showed grief for the loss of his valuable ally and life companion of so many years. Alfonso survived Lucrezia fifteen years. He died on the 31st of October, 1534.

We have now run through a necessarily very condensed narrative of the Borgia triumvirate, and I must devote a few final words to the examination of the arguments of those who, like Herr Gregorovius, contend that Lucrezia Borgia is a much maligned woman; and that the general historical conception, both of contemporaries and of later writers, is essentially ungenerous and unjust. There is a full consentience of contemporary historical witnesses relative to even the darkest guilt which loads with infamy the memory of Lucrezia Borgia. The attackers are Guicciardini, Macchiavelli (who is explicit touching the relations between his hero Cæsar and Lucrezia), Sannazaro, Pontanus, Matarazzo, Priuli, Petrus Martyr, Marcus Attilius Alexius, while from among the ranks of the olden assailants rises the towering crest of the great modern Gibbon.

The defenders are Herr Gregorovius, Mr. W. Gilbert, Roscoe, and the Marchese Campori, who is the author of "Una Vittima della Storia." There are some minor admirers or whitewashers, as Monsignor Antonelli, Giovanni Zuchetti, Domenico Cerri, Bernardo Gatti; but this latter list comprises no writer of special mark or importance.

In order to narrow the field of inquiry, it may at once be remarked that the assailants all refer their gravest charges to the Roman period of Lucrezia's life. The defenders are fond of dwelling upon the Ferrara time, and argue that a woman who could live so well in Ferrara could not have been guilty of such evil as is charged against her in Rome.

The leading tenets of the defenders are:

1. That such heinous crime as i charged against Lucrezia Borgia is i itself a thing incredible.

2. That a woman so lovely and s charming as she admittedly was cou not have been guilty.

3. That the life in Ferrara contradi the life which she is said to have led Rome.

It is worth while to examine this fence in detail.

Contemporary poets were, in the rara time, her panegyrists and flatter but no contemporary historian omi mention, with all the calmness of viction, the leading criminal ch against Lucrezia.

The defenders cannot proceed by way of rebutting or shaking evidence. They can only refuse to give credence to it, and allege sentimentally that it should not be believed. As the true colors on a frescoed wall are obscured and hidden by a layer of whitewash, they seek to cover over evidence which they cannot refute.

Gregorovius maintains that the moral sense is outraged by believing the historical evidence against Lucrezia; but surely the moral sense exceeds its province when it assuages its disgust by ignoring evidence, or by tampering with facts. It is right that certain facts should revolt the moral sense; but it is not moral to find an escape for the mind by denying or disguising facts. The question is one of fact, not whether the facts are pretty. The history of the Renaissance in Italy is in itself a large fact which contains a great deal that must revolt the moral sense.

The chief and most revolting crime of the Borgias was not unknown, was not even quite singular, in the Italy of their day. It is not necessary to grope long amongst Italian literature of the day, for instances in the plural of incest; it will be sufficient to cite one example. Macchiavelli ("Discorsi," i. 27), when he blames Giampolo Baglione, of Perugia for not having acquired eternal glory by murdering the Pope, Julius the Second, who had rashly ventured, with but a small escort, into the city which Giampolo held with a large force, says that such cowardice is the more surprising because Giampolo was a fine villain, who had murdered all the relations who stood in his way, and who was then living with his sister as his mistress—"usava con la sorella." The case of the *Cenci* is awfully notorious.

All the interesting documents discovered by the German historian contain no refutation or rebutment of the contemporary historians. That broad current of human knowledge and belief upon which the record of the chronicler is partly based remains entirely unchecked by Gregorovius's researches. For evidence we must go back to the original sources, and out of the old materials we have to construct our conception of a character at once so fair and so dark.

Roscoe says, writing in that weak and balanced style which is a result of the tendency of historians of his day to imitate Hume, "We may be allowed to conclude that it is scarcely possible, consistently with the known laws of moral character, that the flagitious and abominable Lucretia Borgia, and the respectable and honored Duchess of Ferrara, could be united in the same person." He shows here, as I contend, a want of constructive imagination, or imaginative insight. The commonly known "laws of moral character" do not apply to the Borgias, who were the moral phenomena that they were in consequence of standing outside ordinary laws, and being capable of any atrocity while maintaining serenity and retaining mental capacity. Lucrezia's policy in Ferrara was clear, and her adherence to what was politic is a note or sign of her undoubted capacity. Her position in Ferrara, especially after the death of her father, was one of entire dependence upon the good-will and benevolence of the house of Este, and of her husband. Alfonso, who had never loved his wife, and who had, most unwillingly, been constrained to wed her, was yet loyal and true to his useful partner; but Alfonso was a stern lord, and one who would, beyond a doubt, have made short work with a wanton wife. When Lucrezia first arrived in Ferrara she was taken by Alfonso—and he probably had a meaning in what he did—to the Aurora, at the foot of the Lion's Tower, where, by order of Niccolo the Third, his son Ugo and his wife Parisina Malatesta were beheaded, in the presence of the father and husband, for incestuous adultery. Lucrezia, without support from father or brother, free from their influence, and in a regal position open to the "fierce light that beats upon a throne," may have desired to atone for her past by a better life. It is by no means, as I hold, difficult to reconcile the criminal Lucrezia of grand and gloomy Rome with the popular Duchess of the gayer and lighter Ferrara. Lucrezia was too wary and too wise to risk, in Ferrara, the loss of throne, of husband, and of life. Gibbon says, in his "Antiquities of the House of Brunswick:" "The house of Este was sullied by a sanguinary and incestuous race—by the nuptials of Alfon-

so the First with Lucretia, a bastard of Alexander the Sixth, the Tiberius of Christian Rome. This modern Lucretia might have assumed, with more propriety, the name of Messalina; since the woman who can be guilty, who can even be accused, of a criminal intercourse with a father and two brothers, must be abandoned to all the licentiousness of venal love." I think that Gibbon may well be left to answer Roscoe.

Of Guicciardini himself Sir W. Jones says: "We have finished the twentieth and last book of Guicciardini's history; the most authentic, I believe (may I add, I fear?), that ever was composed. I believe it, because the historian was an actor in his terrible drama, and personally knew the principal performers in it; and I fear it, because it exhibits the woful picture of society in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries." In fact, the testimony of the old chronicler has never been historically impugned. Beauty dazzles judgment, and sentimentalists may decide not to receive evidence which tells against their sentiment; but they cannot shake the evidence of Guicciardini.

Herr Gregorovius asks whether Lucrezia's letter to Leo the Tenth, in which she begged for his Papal benediction, could have been written by such a sinner as she is believed to have been. I answer, most emphatically—yes! The letter is, indeed, highly characteristic of such a woman in such a time, and exemplifies, curiously, her views of her relations towards the Unseen. She, no doubt, believed, in her superstitious way, in the power of a Pope to free her from all future consequences resulting from the commission of *any* sin. Herr Gregorovius further appeals to women, and asks if they can believe that Lucrezia could be guilty of the crimes imputed to her. By "women" he must mean those of his own day: if he had put the same question to the women of Italy in Lucrezia's day, he would have received an answer but little favorable to his theory. In truth, that oscillation of opinion which tends to exculpate Lucrezia is a product of the sentimentalism of recent times. Some amiable persons do not like to believe things which cannot prettily be believed. The Renaissance knew its own children better, though it is undoubtedly difficult for us to realize to our own minds the state of morals characteristic of that epoch. The chroniclers of the day, such men as Guicciardini, were honest and simple-minded recorders of facts of all but universal knowledge. It is not difficult to comprehend that they were the hearers of *vivâ voce* evidence of such cogency that, if we were to hear it now, it would dispel all tendency to sentimental "whitewashing." If we knew all that Guicciardini knew, Gregorovius's occupation would be gone. Alexander and Cæsar, despite their many heinous crimes, were the recipients of the most fulsome flattery; and, if they were, how much more would Lucrezia be the object of Renaissance eulogy! Nor is it an argument to say that the chief contemporary accusers, as Guicciardini and Sannazaro, wrote in Florence and in Naples. The answer is, that then to write in Rome history adverse to the Borgia meant certain death. Cæsar, for a less thing, daggered his father's favorite secretary, Pedro Calderon Peretto; and he slew Cervillon and Franceso Troche, the latter also a private secretary of the Pope. Still, though he is no historian, there lived and wrote in Rome, in the days of the Borgias, a diarist whose work belongs to the most remarkable of literary productions. This man was Burkard, a native of Elsass, and master of the ceremonies to five Popes, one of whom was Alexander the Sixth. To his employers he probably appeared a simple and harmless pedant; and they could have no idea that the solemn and punctilious official was daily recording, for history, many of the chief events and crimes of the Vatican. Had Cæsar or Alexander suspected Burkard's daily occupation, his life would not have been worth an hour's purchase. Roman Catholic writers are very bitter against Burkard; but they forget those reports of ambassadors—the "own correspondents" and reporters of the day—to their respective courts, which confirm the record of the master of the ceremonies. Many of these ambassadors' reports have disappeared, but the archives of the Italian Courts still contain a great number; and no historian of the Renaissance can now dispense with the assistance furnished by the contemporary

reports of these—to us even—invaluable ambassadors.

Burkard's diary is written with ultra-Tacitus-like brevity and condensation, and is cold, brief, and unimpassioned. If the events which he records ever cause any emotion in that official soul, he, at least, is careful not to show it. He seems to feel neither love nor hate, neither admiration nor indignation. Sometimes he is eloquently silent; sometimes he is even unusually curt and dry. To my fancy he always writes in a kind of haggard dread, glancing uneasily over his shoulder, and trembling at a noise in the wall, or at the hint of a coming step. He must well have known the danger of his occupation; and the character of his work shows us that he did realize the nature of the peril. He records those orgies in the Vatican, at one of which fifty of the leading *hetairæ* of Rome assisted. Characteristic of the then state of Rome is the evidence, reported by Burkard, of one Giorgio Schiavoni, who happened to witness the throwing into the Tiber of the corpse of the murdered Gandia. Schiavoni, who was privately interrogated in the Vatican, stated that he saw two men on foot come down to the brink of the river, and look carefully about to see whether they were observed. Schiavoni was hidden in a boat. Seeing no one about, the two men beckoned, and another man appeared with a horse, across which lay a dead body, the head and arms of which were hanging down on one side of the animal, while the legs and feet hung down upon the other. The men then, with all their strength, flung the corpse into the water. Being asked by some man, apparently a cavalier, who was hidden in the darkness, whether the body was disposed of, they answered, audibly to Schiavoni, "Signor, si." The dark master saw the deceased's mantle floating duskily upon the river, and when, speaking from out the gloom, he called attention to it, the other men threw stones upon it until it sank. Schiavoni was asked why he had not mentioned all this to the authorities; and he replied that he had seen in his time a hundred dead bodies thrown into the river at the same place, without any inquiry ever being made respecting them, so that he had not considered the event a matter of any importance. The body was, however, that of the Pope's son and Cardinal's brother, the Duke of Gandia. The clothes on the corpse were not disturbed, and thirty ducats were in a purse. The body bore nine wounds, one in the throat, the others in the head, body, and limbs. The face of the *Signor* present may have looked at the time less calmly handsome than was its wont. It was, says Guicciardini, "comune proverbio, che il Papa non faceva mai quello che diceva, e il Valentino non diceva mai quello che faceva." Cæsar may have been taciturn on this occasion, but, unless Alexander had known that the one son had murdered the other, inquiry would not have slept; and no ordinary murderer would have escaped the doom attaching to the assassin of a Pope's son.

I have now endeavored to place before my readers a narrative, necessarily very brief, but yet, I hope, sufficiently comprehensive, of the leading events in the careers of the members of the Borgia triumvirate; and I have essayed to cite fairly the evidence for and against Lucrezia, and to state clearly the opposing views and opinions of assailants and of defendants. I am bound to admit that Herr Gregorovius does not, in my judgment, succeed in rebutting the contemporary and conclusive evidence against the "fair devil." He has certainly succeeded in obscuring facts beneath a coat of whitewash, cleverly applied; but it is the office of criticism to remove the covering, and to restore the original picture in all its truth of drawing and force of coloring. This I have hoped to do.

The infra-human is thought to be unnatural. And yet the Renaissance was a state of society in which the Borgias were possible—nay, were actual—which led the maddened Savonarola to his bitter death, which stirred Luther into most active life, which revolted humanity and ripened the Reformation. We have no Shakespeare, we have no help even from Carlyle, to assist us in solving that problem of Lucrezia's guilt or innocence which is a problem only in consequence of the higher morality of later and of better times. We are left to our own imaginative insight or constructive imagination, and these, I think, condemn her, and judge Lucrezia as she

was judged by those who, living with her in her own day, knew alike the day, and knew her. The dark cloud which has rested so long upon her reputation seems, at first sight, about to lift, when we begin to listen hopefully to Gregorovius; but, after further study and more mature consideration, the black cloud settles darkly down in even deeper duskiness. We give her up to dramatist and librettist. We feel that they can use her name and fame as a representative of charm and crime. At once so foul and fair, we know that Ferrara does not condone Rome; and that history contains no woman's name at once so famous and so infamous. We remain conscious that record, and that story, will brand forever as a name of scorn that of the dark and fair, the lovely and yet desperately wicked, LUCREZIA BORGIA.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

MY JOURNAL IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY MRS. BRASSEY.

PART II.

Saturday, November 13.—It seemed a great pity to leave Damascus so soon, but our time was running short, and the tents had to be struck after breakfast. We loitered as long as possible in the bazaars, buying pretty things, and it was half-past two before the luncheon-place near Artuz was reached. Though there was but little wind, we were overtaken by more than one sand-storm. We soon left the pleasant trees and shade near Damascus, and plodded along over the desert under a burning sun, with the sand occasionally whirling up into columns exactly like a water-spout. Our camping place for the night lay just outside the village of Kefr Hauwar. It was a lovely evening when we arrived; but when we looked out of our tent after dinner, there was a most suspicious halo round the moon to be seen, and in the middle of the night a furious gale and sand-storm came on and nearly blew us away. The tent-pitchers were obliged to sit up all night looking after the tent-pegs and ropes, and in the morning every thing was an inch deep in dust.

We all sleep with revolvers under our pillows, but, in spite of this precaution, we two ladies don't feel at all safe in the tent by ourselves in this region of marauding Bedouins. We have therefore bought some mule bells and hung them on a string across the doorway of the tent, so that no one could enter without tumbling over them. With these, and "Akurah"—a dog we picked up at the village whose name he bears—we generally feel all right. Nevertheless, in the middle of last night the bells gave a slight tinkle, which immediately awoke us, nor were we altogether reassured by hearing all manner of unfamiliar sounds outside. Still we preserved our courage pretty well until, by a single ray of moonlight shining in through the fastening of the flap which forms our door, we saw the gleam of a large knife. Evidently the moment for decisive action had arrived; some one must be cutting his way into the tent. I cocked my pistol and Evie lighted a match, but nothing could be heard except the wind. However, that it was not all our fancy or fright was proved by the fact that a large knife lay on the ground just inside the tent. Nothing more came of the alarm, and after some time we became very tired of our sentinel duty, and so went to sleep again. In the morning it was found that in securing our tent, which had been nearly blown over, one of our own men had managed to push his knife through the lining. Once through, he could not, in spite of all his struggles, get it back again, and as he heard the bells ringing, and knew we should awake, he very wisely dropped it and ran away.

Sunday, November 14.—The wind and dust are very bad to-day. Dressing is nearly as difficult as at sea in a gale of wind. Our tables are blown over as fast as we re-arrange them, and we have to hold on to our basins with one hand and wash our faces with the other. As for the baths, they contain equal proportions of dust and water, and the result is mud. Altogether we are going through a disagreeable phase of tent life, and we begin to agree that there is

a good deal to be said in favor of existence in a more prosaic country and within four walls. The culminating point was reached when it was found impossible to cook, and Karam declared we must move farther on down the valley. This fiat was especially trying, involving, as it did, packing and travelling, when we had settled ourselves comfortably for a day of rest. There was nothing for it, however, but to turn out into the storm of whirling sand, and struggle on for an hour and a half to another place—one of the sources of the Pharphar. This proved, however, to be no better than the original camping ground, so we held on our way for another hour and a half, only to reach Ain Beit, or the "House of Paradise." Here, in addition to the chronic wind and sandstorm, which still raged as merrily as ever, the skeletons of sundry camels strewed the ground, and we steadily refused to have the tents pitched in so ghastly a spot, where, too, there was no shelter. Albert and I had noticed a place on the way near a stream and beneath the shelter of some trees; but as Karam himself had not selected it, we had the greatest difficulty to induce him to see that it possessed any advantages. At last he gave in, and we settled down there for a few hours, but the cold was so intense that, after luncheon, Evie and I braved the wind to pick up sticks, whilst the gentlemen sawed and chopped off great branches, and made a splendid fire. It *looked* delightful, and the exertion of building it somewhat restored our circulation; but, like all open-air fires, it made us feel exactly like the kettles described by Arctic travellers—burnt on one side and frozen on the other. It is blowing a bitter gale from the southwest; cold and biting as the bleakest English north-easter in March.

On the way here we met some Druses, armed, as every one else is, to the teeth. Their dress is pretty and picturesque enough—a full dark blue shirt, Turkish trousers bound round the waist by a gay sash, a wide jacket braided with black, and with kaleidoscope-looking bits of colored cloth let in here and there, long hanging sleeves, and a scarlet fez with a bright-colored handkerchief wound turbanwise round it. Each carried a small armory disposed about his waist: a pair of pistols, a dagger or two, a knife, a small hatchet with a wicked-looking end all painted and curved, and—as if all these weapons were insufficient for defence—a long gun. This road is reputed to be very dangerous, and Murray seems to think every passer-by must necessarily be either a robber or an assassin; but I fancy even these bloodthirsty characters would hesitate before attacking so formidable a caravan as ours. We have never had guards by day. Still, when it begins to get dark we are arranged by Karam in an order of march of his own. He goes first, as a valiant dragoman is bound to do; then come Evie and I, closely followed by Tom and Albert with their revolvers, with old Hadji Hassan, the muleteer, as rear-guard. The old man is immensely proud of his title of Hadji, earned by his having made a pilgrimage to Mecca. He, no doubt, combined profit with religion on that occasion, for he attended the caravan, the better to look after some horses and mules he had furnished to the pilgrims.

As we wound slowly, in the very teeth of the gale, along the valley beneath Mount Hermon, we saw four splendid eagles hovering about the cliffs, whilst before us, cold and gray, rose "the high mountain apart," where the Transfiguration of our Lord is said to have taken place.

There are not many birds to be seen in Syria, and those we have come across are of the species common in England, such as quails, two or three kinds of partridges, snipe, woodcocks, besides robins, wagtails, larks, and several varieties of woodpecker. One seldom or never hears a bird sing, but then I can't help fancying that is because there are so few trees for them to alight upon. It is impossible to imagine a bird singing, except on a branch. Think of a nightingale without a bush! The flowers are lovely, even at this inclement time of year. Crocuses grow in profusion, and of every imaginable color. They look so fresh and fragile that it seems little short of a miracle how they manage to push their delicate heads through the rock-bound earth. There are besides great patches of narcissus, tulips, and asphodels to be seen in every direction, and in places the sterile-look-

ing ground is fairly covered with gum cistus and wild pinks. The oleanders, which fringe the streams, are more beautiful and luxuriant, with their masses of pink blossom, than any thing I ever saw. The blossoms are single, but in great trusses, and ever so much prettier than the double variety usually cultivated in England.

Monday, November 15.—The morning was bitterly cold, and the ice had to be broken in our baths. In spite of a big fire outside the tent, close to which we ate our breakfast, it was a case of chattering teeth and helplessly cold hands. Directly after this comfortless meal was over we started, with a bitter wind in our already blue faces, for a slow ride up and down dreary hills and precipices, until we arrived at a volcanic region. This was rather more fertile than the land of limestone we have been travelling through hitherto, and we soon reached the summit of the pass, whence a magnificent view spread itself out before us. One could see right down over many miles of Palestine, and on the horizon stood boldly out the chain of Hermon, Mount Tabor, and Mount Carmel.

For some distance further we journeyed on, and then halted in a stone-quarry for lunch, where we were sheltered indeed from the wind, but half roasted by a scorching sun. After lunch we struck out of the main road, or rather track, to visit the ancient castle of Subeïbeh, and this new path led us up and down the worst precipices we have yet scaled. The horses had to scramble like cats, sometimes with a bare foothold for their hind legs, whilst they sought for a resting-place for their front hoofs, and again looking as if they were trying to stand on their heads, and must infallibly turn a somersault down the ladder before them. But they carried us safely and well, and we rode pleasantly on through olive and myrtle groves until we reached the castle. It stands on a beautiful site, commanding the whole of the plain of Huleh. Every style of architecture may be found among its ruins, for it was begun by the Syro-Grecians five hundred years B.C., and altered, repaired, and added to by every power which has held possession of it by turns, down to the seventeenth century. Since that comparatively recent date it has been allowed to crumble peacefully and picturesquely away. The cisterns, hewn in the solid rock, still exist, and are made to hold many thousand tons of water. The view from the old castle is superb, and the richness of the foliage and vegetation a treat to aching eyes from the whirling desert sand of these three days past.

A narrow rugged path, down which we scrambled, led us to the ruins of the ancient town of Banias, or Cæsarea Philippi, the northernmost point of our Lord's wanderings on earth. Its scattered fragments of dwellings extend over many acres, and there is a splendid view from the old Roman bridge of the ancient citadel and gateway. From this point the eye also takes in one of the sources of the Jordan, issuing, an impetuous glistening thread, from a limestone rock, a thousand feet overhead. It dashes straight down and immediately hurries under a bridge, down the narrow ravine fringed with the richest vegetation. After a little time we rode on through the village, every housetop of which had a little arbor of branches of trees built on its flat roof. The inhabitants sit and even sleep in these, to escape the scorpions and ants which infest the whole place.

The camp was reached about dusk, and we found it pitched in a charming spot—an olive grove on the brink of a rocky stream, whose banks seemed a perfect tangle of creepers and semi-tropical shrubs, figs, pomegranates, oleanders, bamboos, sugar-canes, myrtles, vines; while creepers of all kinds grew together in a glorious confusion, and hung in leafy wreaths between tree and tree. The air felt deliciously balmy and warm after the bleak gale of the last few days, but we still had a fire lighted outside after dinner. You can hardly imagine how picturesque the scene looked in the moonlight, with the curious shadows cast by the flickering fire against the gnarled stems of the old olives and the fine evergreen oaks.

Tuesday, November 16.—A lovely morning. It is delightful to be able to make one's toilet with ease and comfort, after the cold and rough weather of these past days. Breakfast was early as usual—half-past seven—and whilst we

were still eating it a party of five Bedouins passed by on the other side of the ravine. There was only the width of the little river between us, and they were armed to the teeth and well mounted. They may have been peaceful citizens of the desert, but they looked uncommonly like marauders out on a foray.

We turned a little out of our way, on first starting, to see the fountain of Banias, another source of the Jordan, which also issues from a limestone rock beneath the ruined remains of some great temple, and flows down a ravine exactly like our beautiful halting place of yesterday. These two streams used to be the boundaries of the ancient Cæsarea Philippi, and many old inscriptions and carvings still remain on the stones.

After leaving the fountain we held on our way to Tell-el-Kady, the site of the ancient city of Dan, the northernmost city of the Holy Land, and the one where Jeroboam inaugurated the worship of "the golden calf he had set up." Its inhabitants were colonists from Sidon, and when one sees the rich, fertile plain on whose borders the city stood, it is easy to understand how they became lazy and luxurious in their habits, and so fell an easy prey to the hardy and victorious Israelites. The oaks, for which Sidon has always been famous, still grow on the hills around, and from one magnificent tree which overhangs the fountains we brought away some acorns, hoping to get them to grow in England.

Near Tell-el-Kady a third source of the Jordan springs up, and after forming a miniature lake in the crater of an extinct volcano, rushes down the valley to join the other two streams, and they all flow together toward the "waters of Merom." I never saw any thing so lovely as the maidenhair fern at this little lake. It did not fringe the edge entirely, as it has always done at every pool, watercourse, and torrent we have passed since we have been in Syria, but it sprang up in large tufts between the rocks of basalt at the edge and in the middle of the lake. It was of a larger variety than one generally meets with in England, and in such luxuriant bunches, so effectively placed, that it gave the effect of the lake having been specially decorated for the occasion.

On we rode, through thickets of myrtle, oleander, and *Berberis asiatica*, across the plain, over Roman bridges, fording green-fringed streams, until we came to a rugged mountain-path leading straight up a steep hill, from whose summit we had a magnificent view of Hermon and the chain of Anti-Lebanon, away to Mount Carmel, whilst just at our feet lay the plain of Huleh. We lunched under the shade of a myrtle-tree with this wonderful scenery all around us, and it required some resolution, and many remonstrances and threats of being belated from Karam, to make us mount our horses again, and turn away from so much and such varied beauty. Another climb brought us to Hunin, the ancient Rehab—the terminal point of the spies' journeying from Kadesh-Barnea. Thence, a couple of hours' ride through woods of oaks and olives, with a dense undergrowth of myrtle and vines, brought us to Meis-el-Jehel. Here we encamped for the night, but just outside the village as usual.

It is a disagreeable peculiarity of this country that the carcasses of all creatures which fall by the roadside are left unburied, so that your way is enlivened by the frequent sight of the bodies of divers animals in varying stages of decomposition, from a mule just dead to the white, sun-bleached bones of a camel. On the way hither to-day I saw several eagles soaring above our heads: from time to time one would pounce down suddenly on the dead bodies of lambs. A little further on a huge dog was devouring a carcass, whilst hard by two splendid eagles sat on a rock and enviously watched him with wide, fierce eyes.

In spite of the close vicinity of the Jordan, the water is extremely bad just here, and has to be brought from a spring miles away.

Wednesday, November 17.—We started about 9 A.M., and had a rather hot and stony ride past the spring whence the water of yesterday had come. The sight of it quite accounts for our all having felt more or less ill after drinking it. Nevertheless, the large, deep stone well, some eighty feet round, was picturesque

enough, and brought vividly to mind many a Bible story. Two stout Arabs were drawing water from below for their mixed herds; some poor thirsting camels waited patiently a little way off, whilst groups of women moved away from the well, poising their stone water-jars on their heads with one hand, in the old graceful Eastern fashion.

Not long after leaving this watering-place we reached Kadesh Naphtali, one of the Jewish cities of refuge in old times, and also the birthplace of Barak. We paused a little to examine the few ruins which are still left, and to try and get some water, but it was so bad here that even the horses would not touch it. We went on and soon came to a curious village of peaked-roof houses, built by some Algerian settlers anxious to escape from French discipline. Here there was a good spring, which our thirsty horses rushed at, almost pushing one another away in their eagerness to drink of it. An Arab was washing the dust off his feet in it just as we came up, which seemed unfortunate, but we waited a little while for the contents of the pool to run off, and then filled our leathern bottles and rode on along a path at the edge of a precipice overhanging the river.

Whilst climbing slowly up a steep bank on the opposite side, a Bedouin of the tribe of Ben Issacher, mounted on a pretty black mare, overtook us at full gallop. He pulled up and joined our party, and we talked to him for some time through Karam. Albert offered to buy his long spear with silver-bound joints. At one end was an iron point to stick into the ground when not in use, and at the other a sharp point of burnished steel. He was a most friendly and affable Bedouin, and showed us all his arms—pistols, sword, knife, and so forth. When we arrived at the rocky plateau at the top of the hill, he gave a sort of performance for our amusement, galloping about and whirling his lance with dramatic effect and many loud cries, as he thrust at and parried thrusts from an imaginary enemy. He turned and twisted his mare about with incredible ease and swiftness, only guiding her with a halter, for the bit, which is scarcely ever used except in warfare, hung idly from his saddle all the time. We rode together for some distance, and at parting he took the charm from his horse's neck—a piece of crescent-shaped wood—and presented it to me with a most graceful salaam. Altogether we were rather pleased with our fellow-traveller, until old Hadji Hassan let out that his parting words had been a strongly expressed wish to find any two of us alone in a place where he could use his weapons in earnest. Six together were beyond his ideas, so he made the best of his disappointment.

A hot, dreary ride of two hours brought us to Safed, said by some to be the city alluded to by St. Matthew as the city set on a hill that cannot be hid. It is perched on the very summit of a high mountain. From the olive-grove close to the castle in which our tents are pitched we have a lovely outlook over distant ridges, one folded softly over the other, until the eye travels down to Mount Carmel and the Sea of Galilee lying at our feet. As if they were on a map, one picks out Chorazin, Bethsaida, Capernaum, Tiberias, and the country of the Gergesenes. On the eastern side is the steep place where the devil-possessed swine ran violently down, to perish in the waters. Every spot has some thrilling charm of its own by which to hold the gazer spellbound. The sunset was lovely, though stormy, and the moon rose early, shedding a full and pure radiance over the scene, and filtering down through the branches of the olive-trees. Safed suffered terribly in the great earthquake of 1837. Five thousand of the inhabitants perished miserably. The earth was literally shaken to pieces, and has still great rents in it. Only four thousand inhabitants, chiefly Jews, remain in it now.

Thursday, November 18.—The sunset of last night has kept its promise. When we awoke at five this morning it was pouring with rain, and the thunder was rolling among the mountains. The rain continued more or less until ten, when we seized an interval of fine weather to start by another bare and bleak road winding through the mountains of Naphtali. It was very hot, with occasional showers; but when the clouds lifted enough to enable us to see the hills, they looked all the more lovely for the changing, flitting shadows and mist wreaths. The usual brief halt for lunch

was made at the top of a hill among some acacia and fig-bushes. To-day the meal was improved by some delicious new milk which we got from a party of travelling Arabs. They were all picturesque-looking people, especially the head goatherd, who carried, among other weapons, an old English "Tower" gun, with flint lock and steel, and the words "Tower" and "George IV." on the lock. It had a preposterously long barrel, bound round at regular intervals with little brass hoops. Only last year we were told at the Tower that all their condemned guns were bought by the Jews, and altered to suit the Arab taste, and that they then found a ready market in these parts.

Fine timber is said to exist in this range of mountains, but we have scarcely seen a tree to-day. It is true that our after-luncheon ride led us along a stream, densely bordered on either side by luxuriant oleanders, but then they are only flowering bushes! At last we reached the plain of Gennesareth—a rich flat at the head of the lake. The land belongs to some merchants in Damascus, but is cultivated for their benefit by a little colony of Arabs of the Gawwrneh tribe.

Another stream had to be crossed, and this brought us along a beach of small but beautiful shells, to the wretched village of Magdala, the supposed birthplace of Mary Magdalene. A large caravan of Arabs and camels on their way to Egypt were halting here. Then the path wound sometimes alongside and sometimes above the lake, until we reached Tiberias, a dirty town with a ruined castle. Here we found great excitement prevailing, for the Pasha of Damascus was going to spend the night in the town on his way from Jerusalem, where he had been to pay a visit to the Prince of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria. His attendants were busy unloading the camels and pitching the tents on the shore, and the ladies of the harem were just arriving. They had been travelling in queer-shaped, gayly decorated litters, each borne between two camels. Just as we topped the hill and came in view of their camp the escort of Turkish cavalry was following the ladies' litters down the steep hill. It was a curious and characteristic scene, which we would not have missed on any account. The green and gold and purple and gold tents, with the crescent flag floating above them, stood in the middle of a perfect town of little white tents which sprang up like mushrooms in all directions, even whilst we stood looking at them. The escort were mounted on active little horses, and wore boots and gaiters, full blue Turkish trousers, red Garibaldi shirts, and white handkerchiefs over their fezzes, with a piece of rope wound round them. They were followed and escorted in their turn by a swarm of Arabs and followers in every variety of picturesque rags. Some of this ragged outer regiment acted as guides, and were armed with curious short little blunderbusses like those used in England in the earliest days of firearms. They had perhaps found their way over here from the Tower, as had the goatherd's gun.

Tiberias, like Safed, is principally inhabited by Jews, who look very odd in long distinguishing garments of light linen, buttoned straight down from head to foot. Their hair, too, is cut short, except one curl in front of each ear. A small white cotton nightcap and a hat like the ordinary chimney-pot, only cut shorter, complete the costume, which is in sharp contrast to the flowing, gay-colored dress of the Arabs, Turks, and Syrians. These Jews are abjectly poor, and nowhere could we behold a more literal fulfilment of prophecy than standing in such spots as these and looking around one at their unhappy inhabitants.

Although the country is thickly strewn with loose stones, the soil is rich and fertile, but it is quite uncultivated. For miles it looks like an utter desert, and to such desolate expanses succeeds a tangle or copse of thorny shrubs. Often we journey for miles without seeing a human being, or an Arab hut or even tent. It is a veritable country of desolation; still in some places there are lovely scenery and grand views, but they are few and far between.

The Pasha did not arrive till after dark, so we did not wait to see him. Indeed, I felt rather cross with his highness, for he had taken up our proposed camping ground, and therefore our tents had to be pitched a good way farther along the shore. However, the camping ground turned out a very nice place, close to the hot springs, and only a few

feet from the waters of the lake. Here, too, we only needed a couple of guards to sleep by each tent.

Friday, November 19.—A showery night and morning, but delightfully warm. In spite of his late arrival, the Pasha with all his train of followers was off *en route* for Damascus at daybreak, so no more has been seen of them. We started at eleven, in a boat of primitive construction, with five inefficient boatmen. Luckily the lake was perfectly calm, and we proceeded safely, though very slowly. It is curious to remember that during the time of our Lord's ministry here, and for long afterwards, the inhabitants of the country near the lake gained their living by fishing, and that the sea must have been covered by boats. Now there are only two boats on the lake, both of comparatively recent importation, and never used, except by visitors to its shores. Nothing shows more forcibly the desolation which has passed over the land.

We rowed leisurely on to the very centre of the lake, so as to have a good view all round, and to see the clefts in the hill where the Jordan enters the lake at the north end. The first idea was to land at the north side, but so slow was our progress that it was found impracticable. We had to turn off towards the cliff down which the swine ran into the sea. It is the only steep place; for elsewhere, though the mountains encompass the lake, there is a flat strip of cultivated land between them and the lake, except in this one spot, where a spur of the mountain range runs abruptly down.

We landed at a place now called Tel Hunel, regarding which there is much controversy among learned writers. It is certainly the site of *one* of the desolated cities, but whether of Capernaum, Bethsaida, or Chorazin, cannot now be determined, so utter has been their overthrow. It is only the general locality which can be ascertained. We lunched at this forsaken spot; and then went on and landed again at Magdala, to collect some of the lovely shells.

A breeze now sprang up, blowing right ahead; the waters of the lake immediately became very rough, and we soon began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Happily the wind changed, or we should certainly have had to spend the night on the lake, for our boat made little or no progress against it. Even as it was, we were kept out very late, and Tom had begun to be anxious, for, as on all inland seas, the wind here is exceedingly fitful and treacherous, and he fully expected it would chop round again. The foundations of the old city of Tiberias extend far beyond our tents to the hot springs, nearly a mile from the present town, and the borders of the lake are surrounded by the ruins of once prosperous towns and villages. This bit of our journey is, to my mind, the most interesting. I feel too unwell to actually enjoy the scenes of each day, but I am sure I shall always look back to them with delight.

Saturday, November 20.—I have been gradually and decidedly getting worse ever since we left Meis-el-Jehel. I suffer horribly from ague and low fever, and this morning I am so ill that there seems a good deal of doubt whether we can start at all. Tom, however, thinks it better to push on, as here there is no doctor or possibility of help of any kind, whereas from Nazareth one day would take us to Acre. My recollections of this morning's journey are very vague. The most distinct idea was the ever-present wonder how long I should be able to remain in my saddle. Then came intervals of unconsciousness, from which I recovered to find myself laid on the ground, while quinine and brandy and water were being poured down my throat.

Whilst we were resting under some olive-trees to-day, a marriage procession passed us. It was led by about fifty men in their best clothes, well mounted and armed, who were escorting a bride home. Some of these men played upon curious musical instruments. In their midst sat the bride—astride upon a white caparisoned horse, led by a man in flowing robes. Her wonderful garments were stiff with embroidery, and she was laden with magnificent jewels. She wore the usual jacket, shirt, tunic, fall, and loose trousers, and was attended by four very ugly old hags as bridesmaids, who were nearly as smart as herself. But these antique damsels (or dames) were distinguished by extraordinary head-dresses, composed of rolls of silver coins about the size of a florin, piled

up like the money on a money-changer's counter, and arranged round the front of a sort of cap, something of the shape of a great sausage. The procession included a host of women and children, and the rear was brought up by a solitary camel, bearing a huge scarlet and green box aloft, which box contained the bride's trousseau. Their journey was a long one, and to beguile its tedium they sang songs and played upon their queer musical instruments, and every time they came to ever so small a plateau beside the rocky path the men broke out of the order of march and held a sort of miniature tournament, performing all sorts of intricate evolutions. They would tilt at one another with their long lances, and fire off their long guns. Now and then one of them would detach himself from the rest and really seem to fly up the steep mountain-side, his horse clambering over the rocks, and all the others rushing after him in hot pursuit, shouting and shrieking at the top of their voices.

We were passing or travelling with this procession the whole afternoon. By a curious coincidence, when we arrived at Kefr Kenna, the ancient Cana of Galilee, where our Lord performed His first miracle at a bridal feast, there stood, just as they might have stood in those distant days, a vast and expectant crowd, and the bridegroom anxiously waiting at the door of his house to receive the bride.

Kefr Kenna is an old village on the side of a hill not far from Nazareth, surrounded by fertile fields and orchards, all hedged in by prickly pears. Some of the oldest olive-trees in the world grow just here. I never saw such decrepit, gnarled old trunks as had some of them. You can still see the house where the miracle was performed, and even, they say, the six water-pots of stone, but we did not pause to look at them, nor yet at the tomb of the Prophet Jonah, which is on the opposite hill.

The rain was coming down in torrents, but it proved to be only a shower, and cleared before we had finished climbing the hill above Nazareth, enabling us to enjoy the justly celebrated view of mountain, plain, and sea, from its summit.

On our arrival we found that a party of French travellers had taken possession of our intended camping ground, and, in consequence, our tents had not yet been pitched. This was unfortunate for me, as I had to wait in the camp for nearly an hour, tired and ill as I felt. It poured with rain all night, and though our tents had not leaked so far, still every thing became damp and wet. I am fast coming to the conclusion that this sort of life requires fine weather, robust health, and a prettier line of country than we have passed through. Under the conditions named I could imagine it to be delightful. As it is, one never has a moment's rest from the time one is called in the morning until one tumbles into bed, more dead than alive, at night. The days have generally been spent thus: We are called at half-past five, have a cup of coffee, and after dressing and packing, breakfast (with three hot dishes) is served outside at half-past seven. Then we sit on the ground, and write or read in an uncomfortable sort of fashion while the tents are taken down and the mules loaded. When Karam has seen all this properly done, we start, and ride for four or five hours until lunch, which is always a hurried meal, as the halt is generally made near some object of interest. Three or four more hours' riding, perhaps, brings us to our camping ground for the night. If the weather and the roads have been good, we are lucky enough to find the tents pitched and ready for us; if not, we sit on the ground and watch the process. In an hour or so comes dinner, after which we are all glad to go to bed as soon as possible. Our cook has proved himself an excellent *artiste*, and has provided upward of seventy various dishes, all excellent of their kind. He deserves the more credit for this, since his fireplace is simply a perforated half cylinder about four feet high and one foot broad. It has been supported on four legs, but some of these have come off by rough usage, and it is now propped up in a makeshift fashion. His principal materials have been skinny fowls, tough mutton, eggs, and goat's milk, besides the potted meats, vegetables, and sauces with which Karam has plentifully provided him.

Sunday, November 21.—It has poured with rain all night and day. As I spent

all the time in my bed, I have not much to write about, unless I dilate on the miseries of being ill in a tent. It is especially wretched on a wet day, when the roof is saturated and the walls running down with water, when the carpet is a mass of mud, and clothes, counterpane, and, in fact, every thing is wringing wet, when you are obliged to hold an umbrella over your head and to have your bed covered by a mackintosh. Then swarms of black beetles of various dimensions, snails, slugs, wood-lice, earwigs, occasionally a scorpion, infest the tent to obtain shelter from the deluge outside. These larger creatures are in addition, remember, to the mosquitoes and fleas, which we seem to carry about with us everywhere. Sometimes, when I have not been too unwell to be indifferent to every thing, I have thought what a positive pleasure it must be to be ill in a nice house with every thing clean and comfortable around you. At the best of times camp beds are not too luxurious, and it is a constant wonder to me why it should be necessary to have the bed-clothes always several sizes too small for them. Badly off as I was, however, I really think I had the best of it, even in my damp bed and racked with fever, for the others looked wretchedly cold and miserable. But they took the greatest care of me, and the quinine and strong soup which they gave me every alternate hour made me feel much better towards evening.

Akurah, the dog, so named after the village from which he came, and who has followed us faithfully ever since, spent most of this wet day with us, and we have really grown so fond of him that we think of taking him back to England with us. He is a wonderfully clever watch-dog, affectionate to us, and just civil to the servants. He has made it his business to ascertain who are the authorized passers-by, and even recognizes the right of way of the water-carrier's casks, assistants, and guards who are appointed at each village. These he permits to pass, but woe betide any one else who ventures within an imaginary circle he has drawn round the tents the moment the camp is formed. No strange foot must intrude there. If they do not heed a low warning growl, Akurah is on his legs in a minute, and the visitor flying before him.

Nazareth is chiefly interesting from its associations—from the fact that here our Lord spent twenty-seven years of His life on earth. Like all these Eastern villages, it looks sufficiently clean and agreeable from a little distance, but turns out to be less attractive when you find yourself within the walls. It is built on the side of a hill, and is surrounded with gardens and orchards fenced in by hedges of prickly pear. It is the headquarters of many missionaries, who work very hard among the people; and it was most interesting to see all the Christian Arabs riding into the town, early this morning, dressed in their best clothes, but well armed, to attend the Church services in Arabic. Tom wanted very much to go to the evening service at 7.30, but there was such a downpour of rain he could not manage it. However, next day he called on the missionary, and heard many interesting details of his labors, and the condition of the neighborhood.

Baron de Saulcy, the great Oriental traveller, has been encamped close to us all this drenching day. He seems to have a large party with him, to judge from the size of his camp.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

EARTH-BORN METEORITES.

So many circumstances which had before seemed mysterious in the phenomena presented by meteors and falling stars have of late years been explained by what may be called the astronomical theory of their origin, that students of science have been apt to throw (perhaps somewhat too hastily) into the background the theory of the terrestrial origin of some at least amongst these bodies. Indeed it may be remarked as a somewhat prevalent mistake, in the discussion of scientific views, to recognize in the demonstrated justice of one theory the necessary failure of another purporting to explain the same phe-

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ill be remembered by many of our readers that after the meteoric display of November 14th, 1866, astronomers succeeded in rapidly bringing together a mass of evidence, cogent at first, but presently found to be overwhelming, in favor of the theory that shooting stars are bodies travelling in orbits of vast extent around the sun. They were able to ascertain the precise figure and position of some among these orbits, owing to the recognition of the strange circumstance that the two best known systems of shooting stars travel in the track of two comets, one large and conspicuous, the other telescopic. If they had been in any doubt as to the validity of the reasoning by which this conclusion had been established, all such doubts would have been removed by the observations made on the system of meteors following in the track of the comet called Biela's. It was predicted that on the night of November 27th, 1872, when it was known that the earth would pass through the track of that comet, a shower of falling stars would be seen, radiating from a part of the heavens near the feet of the constellation Andromeda, or the Chained Lady—that being the direction from which bodies following in the train of Biela's comet would seem to traverse our skies if, as the earth travelled onwards, they overtook her, and were rendered luminous in their rush through our atmosphere. On that evening a wonderful display of meteors was seen, thousands being counted by European observers, while, according to one account, the above-named regions of the heavens from whence, as predicted, the meteors radiated, was aglow with an amber-colored light, as though illuminated by tens of thousands of faint meteors too minute to be individually discernible. Nor was this all. A European astronomer named Klinkerfues thought that it might be well to direct the attention of astronomers whose observatories commanded the southern heavens, to the circumstance that a flight of meteors following in the train of Biela's comet had swept over the earth from the direction of the northern stars marking the feet of Andromeda, and that therefore possibly the flight might be seen (as a whole) travelling onward towards the southern stars which lie exactly opposite those northern ones. Accordingly

he telegraphed to Mr. Pogson, of the Madras Observatory: "Biela touched earth on November 27th; look for it near Theta Centauri." Pogson examined that part of the heavens, and there discovered two faint cloudlike objects presenting the appearance of small comets. These, whatever they were, were not star-clouds or nebulæ, for they were seen to be in slow motion athwart the heavens; although it appeared, on further inquiry, that neither could have been the flight of meteors which had swept over the earth (or through which the earth had passed) on November 27th. While it was certain that Biela's comet itself was at least twelve weeks' journey further on than these comets (assuming they were really travelling in its track), yet their motion corresponded with the theory that they belong to the train of cometic matter following after Biela's comet, to which, beyond all doubt, belonged also the flight of meteors which produced the display of falling stars on the night of November 27–28.

But here, in passing, we must correct a notion into which many persons little acquainted with astronomy have fallen, when they have learned that meteors of different orders follow, in flights of many hundreds of millions, in the track of known comets, imagining that the mystery of comets' tails can thus be readily explained. The track of a comet and the tail of a comet are not coincident. If they were, it would of course be natural enough to suppose that when we look at the long tail of such a comet as Newton's, or Donati's, we see in reality the stream of meteoric attendants following after the head or nucleus of those splendid objects. This theory has indeed been elaborated by a mathematician of repute, who has fallen into the mistake of supposing that the tail of a comet coincides with the track which the head of the comet pursues in space. It is so easy even for a man of science to fall into a mistake of this kind in dealing with a matter outside the subject of his special study, that we should not be careful to notice the error, were it not, first, that it may mislead many, and, secondly, that the mathematician in question, Professor P. G. Tait, of Edinburgh, has rather a failing for dealing severely (not to say sourly) with errors of the kind, or even with far slighter errors made by others. We may thus at once correct a mistaken notion about a scientific subject, and at the same time we may perhaps teach a too censorious critic to understand how readily even the most careful (for such, considering his severity, we must suppose him to be) may fall into gross and palpable errors.

The first part of the following quotation is correct enough, and well worth studying as a sound, if not very elegant, exposition of the visibility of flights of meteors. The fault is in the application at the end; we may say of the "passage," its sting is in its tail. "Let us consider," says Professor Tait, "a swarm of meteorites" (regarded each as a fragment of stone) like a shower, in fact, of macadamized stones, or bricks, or even boulders—"what would be the appearances presented by such a cloud? It must in all cases be of enormous dimensions, because the earth takes two or three days and nights to pass through the breadth of the stratum of the November meteors. Consider the rate at which the earth moves in its orbit, and you can see over what an enormous extent of space these masses are scattered. Now if you think for a moment what would be the aspect of such a shower of stones when illuminated by sunlight, you will see at once that, seen from a distance, it would be like a cloud of ordinary dust; and an easy mathematical investigation shows that it should give, when sufficiently thick, except in extreme cases, a brightness equal to about half that of a solid slab of the same material similarly illuminated. The spectrum of its reflected or scattered light should be the spectrum of sunlight, only a great deal weaker. It is easy, without calculation, by simply looking at a cloud of dust on a chalky road in sunshine, to assure one's self of the property just mentioned of such a cloud of dust or small particles. Remember that in cosmical questions we can speak of masses like bricks, or even paving-stones" (!) "as being mere dust of the solar system, and we may suppose them as far separated one from another, in proportion to their size, as the particles of ordinary dust are. Whether then it be

common terrestrial dust, or cosmical dust, with particles of the size of brickbats or boulders, does not matter to the result of this calculation. Spread them about in a swarm or cloud as sparsely as you please, and only make that cloud deep enough, and illuminate it by the sun, then it can send back one half as much light as if it had been one continuous slab of the material. Now look at the moon. You see there a continuous slab of material, and you know what a great amount of brightness that gives. And a shower of stones in space at the same distance from the sun as the moon, and of the same material as the moon, could, if it were only deep enough, however scattered its materials, shine with half the moon's brightness. Now no comet's tail has ever been seen with brightness at all comparable to that of the moon ; and therefore it is perfectly possible, and, so far as our present means enable us to judge, it is extremely probable, that the tail of the comet is merely a shower of such stones." . . . "This excessively simply hypothesis," he says further on, after considering how the conflict of meteoric bodies composing a flight might generate the light of the comet's head and coma, and account for the appearance of jets extending from the nucleus sunward, and thence streaming backward to form the tail, "appears easily able to account for many even of the most perplexing of the observed phenomena. I must warn you, however," he concludes, honestly and frankly enough (he is by no means always as just in attacking the mistakes of others as in defending his own) "that this is not the hypothesis generally received by astronomers."

The hypothesis is in fact utterly untenable, as every astronomer, or even every one acquainted with the astronomical history of a single large comet, knows well. It may suffice to point out that the tail which we do see extends from the head in a direction exactly opposite from the sun's (the tail may be, and often is, curved markedly, at some distance from the head, but it invariably extends from the head, exactly in the direction mentioned) ; and this direction can never be the track of any comet except one travelling directly toward the sun. It need hardly be said that no comet has ever been seen to travel in that direction ; if a comet ever should be seen to travel in that way, we shall have an opportunity of learning whether Newton was right in supposing that the downfall of a comet on the sun would cause an outburst of solar heat by which terrible mischief would be wrought upon our earth. But while we do see a well-defined stream of cloudy light in a direction which does not coincide with a comet's track, but is often largely inclined to it, and not unfrequently almost exactly opposite the track, we have never yet succeeded in tracing the faintest luminosity along any part of the track of a comet, even where we have reason to believe that meteoric attendants are most numerous. The only case in which a cloudy light has been recognized on a comet's track has already been referred to—the case of Biela's comet and the two cloud-like objects seen by Pogson. But even in this case, which does not in the remotest degree correspond with Professor Tait's idea, we have every reason to believe that actual though subsidiary comets were observed ; for Biela's comet divided early in 1846 into two distinct comets, and as it has since been entirely lost, though astronomers were well acquainted with the course it should have pursued since, and have searched for it with excellent telescopes, we may reasonably believe that the comet is now broken up into fragments, two of which Pogson probably saw.

However, it has been fairly demonstrated that large numbers of meteors falling as shooting stars are bodies which had been travelling in the tracks of comets before encountering our earth, and turning to vapor in their rush through its atmosphere. Now the question had long since arisen how the flights of meteors, thus travelling in orbits more or less elongated around the sun, had been caused to pursue their present paths. Schiaparelli, of Milan, advocated the theory that comets which on their voyage from interstellar space toward our solar system chanced to pass near one of the planets, especially if such a planet were one of the giant planets, would be diverted from their former course into an orbit necessarily passing through the spot where the comet's motion had been thus affected.

In other words, the new orbit of the comet would intersect or pass very near the orbit of the disturbing planet. It is singular that the astronomers, including such able mathematicians as Sir George Airy and the late M. Leverrier, who accepted this explanation, should have overlooked the overwhelming objections which exist against it. In the first place, it is obvious that for every comet captured, so to speak, in this way, not millions, but millions of millions, would escape; and we should have to form a much more extended estimate of the total number of cometic systems in the universe than has been usual, or than can be regarded as admissible. But this is not the most serious objection to Schiaparelli's theory. So soon as we inquire how near a comet arriving from remote interstellar space must pass to Neptune, or to Uranus, or to Saturn, or to Jupiter, in order to be compelled to travel in an orbit not extending far beyond the spot of nearest approach, we find so near an approach to be necessary that a comet of average size would have but a small proportion of its mass suitably deflected—the rest would pass too near, and be there and then drawn down to the surface of the disturbing planet, or would not pass near enough, and so would travel thereafter on an entirely different orbit from that followed by the small portion deflected into the observed present orbit of such a comet or meteoric flight. We cannot escape the difficulty by supposing the whole mass of a comet to arrive in the form of a cluster much smaller than the head of any known comet; for in that case, though the whole comet would be captured, yet it would be captured in the form of a cluster far too compact to undergo such subsequent dissipation, as we must of course account for in the case of every one of the known meteoric flights. Nor could the head of a comet, supposed to be a tolerably dense and massive body, by passing at the right distance from a giant planet, be properly deflected with its whole company of meteoric attendants, except by assuming that the head had such power by virtue of its mass as would effectually prevent its satellite meteors from ever escaping from its control, which they must do before they could extend themselves along hundreds of millions of miles of its track, as we see in the case of such meteor families as those which produce the November and August showers of falling stars.

Failing this explanation, astronomers have found themselves almost compelled to adopt the theory, wild though it seems at a first view, that those comets and meteoric systems whose paths pass very near the track of a planet must at some remote epoch have actually been expelled from the interior of the planet when that orb was in a sun-like state. Possibly a theory so startling might not have suggested itself, even in presence of evidence which appeared to leave no other available explanation of relations unmistakably existing, had it not been that a number of circumstances had combined to suggest that many of the larger meteoric masses which have from time to time fallen upon the earth have been expelled from the interior of the sun or of some one or other of his fellow-suns, the stars. The microscopic structure of meteorites shows that they were once in a state of intense heat such as exists only in the immediate neighborhood of suns, if even anywhere save in their interior. The chemical analysis of some meteoric masses has indicated the presence of larger quantities of occluded hydrogen than could (it would seem) have attained that condition except under the enormous pressure prevailing in the interior of a sun. Then the evidence of solar eruptions driving matter from the sun with a velocity so great that such matter would never return to him—his power of recalling matter expelled from his interior being limited to the control of bodies whose velocity when leaving his surface did not exceed 360 miles per second—suggested the existence of similar power in all suns. And other evidence might be cited, did space permit, in favor of the theory that not only have some meteors which reach the earth been expelled from suns or stars, but that even now these suns continue to expel matter from time to time with such velocities that the expelled matter forthwith starts on a journey through interstellar space, a journey not to cease until, after uncountable ages, such matter shall fall on some other sun (perhaps after multitudi-

nous flittings from system to system) or on a planet circling around such a sun. Now the theory is generally accepted by astronomers of the present day, that every orb in a system like our solar system, even though now dark like our earth, or cold and, in a sense, dead like our moon, passed through a sun-like stage, when large portions of its mass were vaporous with intensity of heat. In this stage (which possibly some of the giant planets have not so very long since passed, they would expel matter from their interior from time to time, just as suns now do, according to the theory we have just considered. Now their expulsive force would of course be much less than the sun's; for indirectly, though not directly, this power would depend almost wholly upon the total mass or quantity of matter in a sun-like body. But so far as their power of expelling matter never to return to them was concerned, the giant planets—Neptune and Uranus, Saturn and Jupiter—would be not inferior to the sun himself, since the velocity which one of these planets would have to communicate to expelled matter, that it might forever be freed from the planet's influence (unless chance brought such expelled matter and the expelling planet back after many revolutions of both to the scene of the original catastrophe, when the planet might gather back the matter it had so long before driven forth from its interior), would be much less than that which a sun must give to erupted matter to render it similarly free. In fact a planet would in some degree have an advantage over a sun, since matter expelled to a great distance from a planet would forthwith be under the influence of the sun round which that planet was travelling, and would so travel in an independent orbit, even though the original eruptive action had not communicated to the expelled matter the full velocity necessary to free it from the parent planet if no other orb existed in the universe.

Accordingly, most astronomers who have carefully considered the matter have been led to regard the theory as far more probable which considers the November meteors—to take that system as a convenient illustrative case—to have been originally expelled from Uranus, than the theory which supposes meteors travelling originally amid interstellar space to have accidentally passed so very near Uranus that his perturbing influence entirely changed the character of their orbit.

But so soon as we recognize that a planet like Uranus would be able to eject matter from its interior as effectively as the sun, or even more readily, we perceive that what is true of the giant planets must be true of smaller planets, like our own earth, for instance, or Mars, or even of such bodies as the moon, the satellites which attend on Jupiter and Saturn, the asteroids, and even smaller bodies. In passing, indeed, we may notice that the truth of this theory with respect to such small bodies as aërolites is often illustrated in a very striking manner in our own skies. For whenever one of these bodies is caused by friction with our atmosphere to assume the sun-like condition—that is, to become intensely luminous—we see that it scatters fragments from its own mass on all sides, and certainly these fragments are not gathered up again by its own attractive energy. So that we might almost be led to infer that the smaller any orb in space may be, the more likely is it, when passing through the sun-like stage, to eject portions of its mass. Without insisting, however, on this conclusion, we may at least consider ourselves free, should other circumstances point that way, to adopt for any meteoric system not explicable as expelled from a giant planet the theory that the system was at some remote epoch expelled from a smaller planet, a moon, or an asteroid.

It is to a theory of this sort that Dr. Ball, Astronomer Royal for Ireland, has been led by the study of the relations presented by certain meteorites. These relations may be thus presented (we slightly modify Dr. Ball's words): Meteorites are always angular fragments, even before they reach our air. Many meteorites have a crystalline structure, and, according to Haidinger, this indicates a very long period of formation at a nearly constant temperature—a condition which can only be fulfilled in a large mass. In other meteoric stones many fragments are welded together, as in the terrestrial formations called brec-

cia. Other meteorites are composed of very small particles, analogous to volcanic tufas.* Many meteoric stones show markings resembling those seen on terrestrial rocks, and caused by the rubbing together of adjacent masses.

These features were first noticed by Tschermak, in his interesting memoir on the structure of meteorites; and, referring to that paper, Dr. Ball remarks that although he does not feel competent to offer an opinion on the mineralogical questions involved in the discussion, the numerous arguments adduced by Tschermak seem, in his (Dr. Ball's) opinion, to justify the conclusion that the meteorites have had a volcanic source on some celestial body. "We may suppose," Tschermak had said in conclusion, "that many celestial bodies of considerable dimensions are yet small enough to admit of the possibility that projectiles driven from them in volcanoes shall not return under the action of gravity: these would really be the source of meteorites." Similar views have been advanced by Mr. J. Lawrence Smith, and others, who have given considerable attention to the subject. Wherefore, Dr. Ball considers that it is not unreasonable to discuss the following problem: "If meteorites have been projected from volcanoes, on what body or bodies in the universe may these volcanoes have been located?"

He begins first with the sun. "It has been abundantly shown," he says, "that there exists upon the sun tremendous explosive energy. It is not at all unlikely that the energy would be sufficiently great under certain circumstances actually to drive a body from the sun never to return. We might, therefore, find upon the sun adequate explosive power for the volcano, but the projectiles are here the difficulty. There are a number of circumstances (notably the breccia-like appearance of some meteorites) which show conclusively that the meteorites have been torn from rocks which were already nearly, if not quite, solid; and, as it seems in the highest degree impossible that rocks of this nature should exist in the sun, we may conclude that the sun has not been the source of meteorites." Here, it must be remarked, first, that the objection applies only to those meteorites which present such appearances as to compel us to believe that they were torn from rocks nearly or quite solid, so that the general statement that "the sun has not been the source of meteorites" is not established by the evidence. Secondly, however, it is worth considering whether the sun-like stage of a celestial orb is, after all, that in which the ejecting power of the orb would be most freely developed. May it not be absolutely essential, indeed, to the full ejective activity of such an orb that a solid crust should have formed over the greater part of its surface?

Next, Dr. Ball inquires whether "meteorites" (but it must be borne in mind that certain orders only of meteorites are really in question) "can have come from the moon." "Owing to the small mass of the moon," he says, "the explosive energy required to carry a body away from the moon is comparatively small. Can such a body fall upon the earth? To simplify questions of the kind, we shall suppose various disturbing influences absent. We shall suppose that the projectile is discharged from a volcano in the moon with sufficient velocity to carry it therefrom. We shall then omit all account of the disturbing influence both of the sun and the moon on the projectile, and we shall suppose that the projectile is really revolving round the earth as a satellite;" or, as the rest of the argument requires, that the projectile begins to revolve in this way. Then he shows that, as is indeed obvious, the projectile will fall on the earth if its course when once fairly started from the moon gives to it an orbit intersecting the earth, on passing nearer to the earth's centre than a radius of the earth. And clearly, apart from disturbing influences, if the orbit does thus intersect the earth's globe, the projectile will finish its career as a free traveller

* The name *tufa*, from the Italian *tufo*, porous ground, is given to certain porous loose rocks, sometimes calcareous, and sometimes composed of fine powdery volcanic dust, more or less completely cemented by the infiltration of water, but generally loose and spongy. It is to tufa of the latter kind that the substance of some meteors seems to be analogous. The dust of such tufas consists chiefly of material ejected from volcanoes, a circumstance on which a part of Dr. Ball's reasoning will be found to depend.

: it has traversed quite one half of plete orbital revolution round the ; while, if the orbit does not inter- ıe earth, the projectile will travel :r round and round its orbit with- alling upon the earth. Conse- ly, lunar projectiles cannot now ›on the earth, unless the lunar vol- s are still active, which certainly is :nerally the case, and most proba- not the case even with a single volcano. "It is generally be- ," says Dr. Ball, and he might as have said "it is certain," "that volcanoes are not now active to ›preciable extent, even if the sus- l indications of recent change :horoughly established." Meteor- asses may have been expelled from :oon in remote times, and may still ıue to travel around the earth; again, the orbits of such masses ıccasionally be caused by perturb- :tion to intersect the earth, so that ınar meteorite is caused to enter tmosphere, and to fall upon our s surface. But such cases must w and far between, and certainly too infrequent to account for any very small proportion of the me- :s we are considering. Dr. Ball :onsiders the planets, and in order t over the difficulties of the great velocity which would be necessary :rcome the gravitation of a large :, he inquires if a volcano placed one of the small planets could ac- ish the task. There is no real ı, however, for thus limiting the y, seeing that, as we have already :d out, the eruptive energy of a still ful planet—a planet, that is, in the ely volcanic era of its existence— depend in the main on the quan- matter in the planet, precisely as :locity necessary for the complete .on of matter would depend on the relation, so that large and small s would probably be on about an footing in this respect. Indeed, as the total quantity of ejected was concerned, the larger planets supply far the larger portion of :teoric masses now travelling free- ut the solar system, for the simple ıfficient reason that the matter-re- ; era of a large planet would cer- last much longer, while the quan- tity of matter ejected in any given time would probably be much greater than in the case of a small planet. However, Dr. Ball's arguments are not specially affected by this consideration, and having premised so much we may leave the reader to apply to the case of a giant planet, with suitable modifications, the reasoning which Dr. Ball appears to limit to the case of one of the minor planets or asteroids.

He considers "the circumstances under which it would be possible to discharge a projectile from the surface of a planet—say Ceres—so that the projectile shall intersect" the ring of space, between 8000 and 9000 miles wide, which the earth's globe traces out year after year around the sun; for in this case only can it happen—and in this case it may happen or may not—that the earth and the meteorite may meet at the intersection of their paths, the long travels of the meteorite being thus brought to an end. "The planet being small," he proceeds, "the initial velocity that would be required to carry a projectile from its surface presents no difficulty: perhaps an ordinary cannon would be sufficient so far as the mere gravitation of the planet is concerned." But of course this would not be sufficient. A projectile started from Ceres with such a velocity, although it would perhaps never return to Ceres, would travel round the sun in an orbit scarcely differing appreciably from that of Ceres, and thus would never approach within many millions of miles of the earth's orbit. Herein, indeed, lies the great difficulty in the case of a small planet. The expulsive energy necessary to cause a projectile to travel on a path intersecting the earth's exceeds not merely by a large absolute amount, but *manifold*, that which would be required merely to overcome the gravitating power of the planet itself. In the case of a giant planet the power required to send a projectile on an orbit intersecting the earth's would still largely exceed that necessary merely to free the projectile forever from its parent planet; indeed, the excess would be *absolutely* greater in most cases than it would be for a small planet like Ceres travelling much nearer to the earth's orbit; but as compared with the force necessary to overcome the planet's own

gravity, the excess in the case of a giant planet would be much smaller than in the case of Ceres or any of the planetoids.

Dr. Ball enters into the calculation for Ceres, regarding this planet as moving in a circular orbit with a velocity of about eleven miles per second. He shows that a volcano on Ceres, to eject a projectile which might encounter the earth, must be at the least capable of producing an initial velocity of three miles per second. "As this is quite independent of the additional volcanic power requisite to carry the projectile away from the attraction of Ceres, it is obvious," proceeds Dr. Ball, "that, after all, there may be but little difference between the volcano which would be required on Ceres, and that (of six-mile power) which would project a body away from the surface of the earth forever."

But, even supposing there existed on Ceres, or on any or all of the minor planets, volcanoes of sufficient power to eject projectiles with such velocity that they might cross the earth's track, the question still remains whether any considerable proportion of them would do so. Dr. Ball deals with this question in the following form: "Suppose a projectile is discharged from a point in the orbit of Ceres" (that is, from Ceres) "in a random direction, with a total initial velocity of twelve miles per second, determine the probability that the orbit of the projectile will cross the earth's track." The solution of this problem, though not very complex in reality, would not be by any means suited to these pages. The result, however, is sufficiently simple, and exceedingly significant. It appears that the odds are about 50,000 to 1 against one of these projectiles crossing the earth's track. In other words, for every one of those projectiles which crossed the earth's track, 50,000 or thereabouts must have been ejected. As the total number of meteorites whose paths cross the earth's track enormously exceeds the total number which have been actually encountered by the earth, it follows that we should have to imagine the ejection of millions of millions of meteorites from the asteroids before we could adopt the theory that it is from those bodies the meteorites really have been derived.

The argument is increased in strength when we consider the case of a giant planet, for the farther away any planet is from the earth the smaller is the probability that a projectile, even if ejected with sufficient velocity to come nearer to the sun than our earth is, will actually cross the earth's track. Of course the circumstance that some systems of shooting stars actually have orbits crossing the earth's track while extending farther into space than the orbit of Uranus—in some cases farther even than the orbit of Neptune—is in itself a sufficient answer to any objection implying the impossibility that projectiles expelled from Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune should cross the earth's track. But the general objection remains valid—if we are to suppose that *all* shooting stars, meteorites, and aërolites have come from the planets of the solar system, we must assume that the volcanic activity of the planets has been enormously developed, since, first, we have not seen one member of many millions belonging to any known meteoric system, and, secondly, the meteoric systems of which we know any thing form but a mere fraction of those of which (owing to their position in space) we *may* learn something, while, thirdly, these are but the smallest fraction of those which actually exist—to say nothing of the enormously long time-interval during which meteors of all orders have been gathered up by the earth with none to note the process.

Thus we are led to inquire whether some, at any rate, of the meteorites may not have come from a source which might have ejected meteoric matter under more favorable conditions for subsequent capture by the earth.

At this stage of the inquiry Dr. Ball adopts quite a poetical, one may even say a dramatic, method of dealing with his subject. He no longer speaks of this or that planet by name, but describes the qualities of one particular planet, whose position in the solar system the reader is left to infer from his description. "There is one planet of the solar system," he says, "which has a special claim to consideration. On that planet it is true that a volcano would be required which was capable of giving an initial velocity of at least six miles per second; but every projectile

launched from that volcano into space would, after accomplishing its elliptic orbit round the sun, dash through the track of the earth, and again pass through the same point at every subsequent revolution. It is not here a case of one solitary projectile out of 50,000 crossing the earth's track, but every one of the 50,000 possesses the same property." Where, it may be asked, is this specially favored planet whose meteoric projectiles thus inevitably intersect the track of the earth? We have not far to look for it; it is the earth itself on which we live. The earth is certainly not now able to expel meteors with the velocity required by this theory, or, as the present writer has said elsewhere, "if capable of so doing, she (fortunately perhaps for us) refrains from exerting her full powers in this way." But in the remote past, as we have every reason to believe, the earth possessed much greater volcanic energy than she now does. "If in ancient times," says Dr. Ball, "there were colossal volcanoes on the surface of the earth which had sufficient explosive energy to drive missiles upward with a velocity sufficient to carry them away from the earth's surface, after making allowance for the resistance of the air, these missiles would then continue to move in orbits round the sun, crossing at each revolution the point of the earth's track from which they were originally discharged. If this were the case, then, doubtless, there are now myriads of these projectiles moving through the solar system, the only common feature of their orbits being that they all intersect the earth's track. It will, of course, now and then happen that the earth and the projectile meet at the point of crossing, and then we have the phenomenon of the descent of a meteorite." Dr. Ball goes on to remark that this theory was, so far as he knows, first put forward by Dr. Phipson, a statement which at first sight seems abundantly justified by the following passage in Dr. Phipson's useful compilation, "Meteors, Aërolites, and Falling Stars:" "If in future years extended observation enforce more and more upon us the truth of the assumption that meteorites are really *the dust of the earth*—fragments of the earth's mass thrown from it in its early years (in the infancy of the globe, when volcanic action was intense, probably long after the moon was separated from it), which myriads of fragments have continued ever since to circulate along, or near to, the earth's path—then I shall be satisfied to have originated this theory." But Dr. Phipson's theory is in reality entirely different from Dr. Ball's. The orbits he assigns to the expelled meteorites are not orbits round the sun, but orbits round the earth—a thing not only entirely different in character, but standing on an entirely different scientific footing—if it ought not rather to be called entirely unscientific, as compared with the truly scientific theory propounded by Dr. Ball. "We know a planet—Saturn," says Mr. Phipson, "surrounded by several rings which undergo slight perturbations only; and taking especially into consideration the chemical composition of aërolites, we may be tempted to suppose that these meteoroids have orbits *round the earth*" (the italics are his), "not round the sun, and that they constitute a series of *dark rings* round our globe, similar perhaps to the rings of Saturn." He proceeds to enforce this theory (though his arguments are not in reality so valid as he supposes), speaking of it as the satellite theory, up to the passage quoted above, the sentence immediately preceding which (except one referring to later chapters) runs thus: "After what has been already said, the reader will be able to form his own notions, and to choose between the satellite and planetary theories of meteoroids." Science has long since done so, and has definitely adopted the planetary theory, of which general theory Dr. Ball's indicates but a special case. The satellite theory is, in fact, utterly untenable, for the simple reason that a projectile expelled from the earth so as to remain an attendant of the earth would return to the earth before completing one entire revolution. On the other hand, Dr. Ball's views are entirely in accordance with scientific possibilities, and seem so well to correspond with the observed peculiarities of certain meteorites that it must be regarded as extremely probable that they are just, though it can by no means be admitted that they account for all meteoric systems, or indeed for those, like the November and August systems,

bout which astronomers have learned ost.

It is noteworthy that almost simultaeously with the enunciation by Dr. Ball of the theory we have been considering above, the Paris Academy indicated its recognition of the labors of M. Stanislas Meunier's researches into the structure of meteorites. Astronomers and physicists had taken great interest in the labors of Daubrée, indicating a connection between meteorites and the lower strata of the earth. M. Meunier, who may be regarded as Daubrée's pupil and follower, has found that this analogy is not confined to mineralogical constitution, but appears to extend also to the relation which these cosmical materials present, when they are compared together, as we compare the constituent rocks of our earth. His conclusion is somewhat startling; and even the support his views have derived from the recognition of the Paris Academy will scarcely justify us in regarding M. Meunier's theory as demonstrated by the evidence: he infers that all the meteorites "once belonged to a considerable globe like the earth, having true geological epochs, and that later this globe was decomposed into separate fragments under the action of causes difficult to define exactly, but which we have seen more than once in operation in the heavens themselves." He refers doubtless to the phenomena presented by the so-called "new stars." It is rather a bold assumption, however, that the blazing forth of a new star indicates a process under the action of which a globe has been decomposed into separate fragments. (If by any chance he refers to any other celestial phenomena, then all we can say is that a somewhat wide reading respecting astronomical matters has not yet brought under our notice any phenomena which could be so interpreted.) But it seems to us that, if Dr. Ball's theory be adopted, we have an answer to the otherwise rather puzzling question, what that globe can possibly have been from which the fragments, representing successive geological eras, have reached our earth during countless millions of past ages. As we have elsewhere pointed out, "Stanislas Meunier's theory, as it stands, is preposterous, let Commission or Academy say what they will. That some other planet" (for so he presents his theory) "has been torn into fragments, millions of which have in successive eras reached our earth, their constitution varying according to the depth of the strata of the planet home from which they were successively torn, is a theory utterly inadmissible so long as the laws of probability are to be our guide in such matters. But that the earth herself, in various past stages of her existence as an intensely volcanic orb, should have expelled immense numbers of bodies, and that the successive periods of meteoric downfall should thus come to exhibit changes corresponding to the successive stages of terrestrial stratification, seems reasonable enough. Nay, we may even say that if many meteorites really are proved by the evidence adduced by Tschermak to have had a volcanic origin, no theory but Dr. Ball's will account for *those* meteorites at any rate, while nothing could accord better than this theory with the results of M. Stanislas Meunier's researches."

But now let us examine the conclusions to which we seem led by the evidence respecting falling stars, meteors, and aërolites. These are not nearly so simple as might be imagined by those who examine merely the results of researches which have led to the formation of special theories. When we read what Schiaparelli, Hoek, Leverrier, and others have written respecting star showers, we might be led to believe that all the phenomena presented by those bodies can be accounted for by what may be called the interstellar theory—the theory, namely, that all meteor systems existed originally as clouds of meteoric matter, travelling amid interstellar spaces, whence they were drawn by the attraction of our sun toward the solar system, in approaching which they were so disturbed by the attractions of some planet that thenceforth they have travelled in a closed curve, instead of returning to the interstellar depths after making their perihelion swoop around the sun, as in the ordinary course of things they would have done. If we limited our reading to the results obtained by Professor Graham, in the chemical analysis of certain meteors, and to those results of microscopical investigation which seem to sup-

port Graham's views, we might infer that all meteors were originally expelled from the interior of bodies like our sun. This theory, extended to include the giant planets, as formerly minor suns, would go far to explain most of the phenomena presented by meteors. But we have seen that from the study of some meteorites Tschermak, Ball, Lawrence Smith, and others, have been led to advance the general proposition that meteorites were originally earth-born. Yet again those who, like the present writer, regard the theory that the solar system was formed by processes of aggregation, as preferable to the so-called nebular hypothesis (which regards the solar system as formed by the contraction of a great mass of gaseous or cloudlike matter), or rather who consider that the nebular hypothesis must be supplemented by such a theory, might be disposed to regard meteors and aërolites as the fragments left after the system had been formed, and to find an explanation of all the principal phenomena of meteoric systems in the results of such processes of aggregation continued until nearly the whole of the matter available for the formation of the solar system had been gathered in. How are we to select from among so many seemingly conflicting theories, for each of which a considerable amount of evidence may be adduced? or, if selection is impossible, how can we either reconcile them as all true, or find some better theory, which may enable us to regard them as all false?

It has long seemed to us that, in dealing with subjects so complex as this, it is unwise to limit our attention to a single theory, or rather (for it is thus that a single theory comes to be advocated as the only available one) to one special section of the available evidence. We must endeavor to attach due weight to all the known facts, not to consider those only which suggest or support some favorite view. In the present case we shall be led, when this is done, to admit that most of the theories above referred to are so strongly supported that, instead of attempting to select among them, we ought to endeavor to show rather how they may all be accepted. Here, of course, we do not refer to theories like the satellite theory of meteors, which could only be supported by persons ignorant of the laws of motion. We know that, on the one hand, matter expelled from the earth never could have formed a ring of meteors round the earth, while, on the other hand, a ring of meteors round the earth never could account for the downfall of meteors upon the earth. And although Schiaparelli's theory of the origin of meteor systems stands, of course, on a very different footing, Schiaparelli being himself a mathematician of considerable power, while his theory has received the support of mathematicians of first-rate abilities, yet it appears to us that when the considerations indicated above are fairly taken into account, this theory must be rejected as inadmissible. But all the remaining inferences of those mentioned in the preceding paragraph are supported by evidence so strong that we cannot readily reject them. It is as nearly certain as a matter of this sort could well be, that a number of the meteorites which fall from time to time upon the earth have been expelled from planets or from a planet having already a solid crust, and the only explanation which seems admissible, so far as such meteorites are concerned, is that they were expelled from our own earth in some remote stage of her existence. Again, whether we trace back the history of the earth by examining the various strata forming her crust, or whether we consider the evidence afforded by the condition, orbital movements, etc., of the solar system, we are alike led to the conclusion that every planet has in the remote past been in a state of intense heat, and that therefore presumably what happened to our own earth must have happened to all the planets, so that the very evidence which supports so satisfactorily the theory of Ball and Tschermak, conducts us also to the conclusion that immense numbers of meteorites must have been expelled from every member of the solar system (unless we exclude the giant planets on the ground that as yet they may not have attained the stage of effective volcanic eruptive action), and therefore that some at least among the meteorites which reach us must have come from other worlds than ours. As it is exceedingly unlikely that the giant planets are as yet so youthful as the exception just suggested would

imply, and as the total expulsive action of a planet must be in some degree proportioned to the planet's mass, it would seem probable that large quantities of meteoric matter must come to us from Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, even if we had no direct evidence of this in the circumstance that so many meteoric systems have orbits carrying them to and beyond the orbits of those giant orbs. But this is not all. The evidence showing that the solar system has been formed by processes of aggregation, although it may be insufficient to establish the theory that aggregation rather than contraction has been the effective process, yet suffices to show that each planet has gathered in no small portion of its entire mass from without. Now if we consider what, under these conditions, would be the present arrangement of meteoric and cometic systems remaining after the progress of aggregation had been continued almost to its close, we perceive that some at least among these systems would have precisely such positions as we recognize among the known meteoric and cometic systems. A nebulous mass which had just escaped capture in the process of aggregation would thereafter travel on an orbit passing very close to the orbit of the forming planet which had failed to effect the capture of the mass. And we could readily understand that in the earlier condition of a planet—that is, when its whole mass was vaporous, and therefore enormously expanded—it would have had a much better chance of effecting such partial captures than in its later condition as a cool condensed globe. (We say partial capture, for it must be remembered that, although in such a case a nebulous mass would not there and then become part of the mass of the planet, it would forever thereafter travel on an orbit intersecting the planet's, and in the long-run could not fail to be captured piecemeal, though countless ages might be required for the purpose,* were it not that the perturbing influences of other members of the solar system might so change the orbit of the nebulous mass that it would pass free of the planet's course.) So that the total number of meteoric systems which we might expect to result from the breaking up of such partially captured nebulous masses would be much greater than could by any possibility be captured in the way suggested by Schiaparelli.

But, passing from the consideration of the various theories which must be taken into account in any complete discussion of meteoric relations, let us study some of the thoughts suggested by the theory which forms the more especial subject of this essay—a theory, be it remembered, which must be regarded as to all intents and purposes established by the evidence, though not as the sole theory in explanation of meteoric phenomena.

In the first place, it should be noticed that the time intervals over which our thoughts must range in considering this theory of meteorites, although not quite so great as those involved in some astronomical theories, are nevertheless enormous. The mere fact that so many hundreds of thousands of these earth-born meteorites have been in the first place strewn around the zone along which the earth pursues her course, and then gathered up by the earth (so far as they have as yet been gathered up), would of itself demonstrate the lapse of many millions of years since the former process began. For, although the earth must of necessity, as we have seen, pass always either through or very near the orbit pursued by each meteorite expelled from her interior (through the orbit before disturbing attractions had affected its shape, and near the orbit even when

* Simply because to capture a fragment of the nebulous mass before this had become greatly extended, the planet must pass the point of nearest approach of the two orbits when the mass happened also to be there, which might not happen once in the course of many revolutions of both bodies. On the other hand, when the nebulous mass had become greatly extended (as the August and November meteoric systems have become), although encounters would be more numerous, the quantity of matter captured at each encounter would be very small. We have spoken a little later of the possibility that perturbations might so change the orbit of the nebulous mass (regarding it as a whole) that it would pass clear of the orbit of the planet; but it should be noted that the effect of such perturbations would be oscillatory, the mean distances of the orbits remaining constant when long periods of time are taken into account.

such attractions had produced their greatest effect on one side or on another), yet, in most cases, many circuits of the earth—that is, many years—would elapse before the earth and an earth-born meteorite would again be simultaneously near the scene of the original outburst which gave the meteorite separate existence; thousands of years would elapse (on the average) before an approach close enough, apart from perturbations, to bring the meteorite to rest upon the earth would occur; and the chances would be enormous against the occurrence of one of these near approaches at a time when the meteorite's orbit was, at this point, in actual intersection with the earth's. Perturbations would sway the meteorite's orbit, and also the earth's orbit, hither and thither across the mean position of either—not to any great extent, considering the dimensions of the solar system, but by a range amply sufficient to separate the point of nearest approach of the two orbits more than a diameter of the earth from each other. So that unless a close approach of the earth and meteorite occurred at a time when in the swaying hither and thither of the two orbits the effect of perturbations at the place of nearest approach of the orbits was nearly at a minimum, the earth and meteorite would pass clear of each other, however nearly the two might synchronize in their passage of the respective points where the two orbits at the moment approached each other most nearly.* Thus we recognize in the myriads of meteorites which have already been gathered in, and in the circumstance that as yet the supply shows no sign of exhaustion, conclusive evidence that millions on millions of years must have elapsed since first such meteorites were expelled from the interior of the still youthful earth.

But we may carry back much farther the range of our mental vision. The meteorites we are considering present clear signs, as has been shown, of having once formed parts of solid strata, and not only so, but of strata which must have been formed slowly. We thus recognize the coexistence during a long time-interval (a period itself measurable probably by myriads of years) of two features which we have been apt to regard as belonging to different eras of the earth's history—a solid crust and an explosive energy competent to expel matter so forcibly that thereafter it would be free from the earth's control, though not from accidental future encounters with the earth.

But once again we are thus led to recognize the prior existence of yet longer periods, when the greater part of the substance of the forming earth was vaporous, when in fact during the process of slow contraction the earth was gathering, as it were, those powers by which during the sequent stage of her existence she was able to expel millions of meteoric masses from her interior.

Even more interesting, however, than the considerations thus suggested as to the past stages of our earth's history, is the thought that what happened to our earth must have happened to all the planets of the solar system—nay, we may say almost certainly, must have happened, or must be now in progress, or must happen hereafter, with every orb throughout the infinities of space. Each sun and each planet, each asteroid and each moon (to say nothing of nebulæ on the one hand, or of comets and aërolites on the other) has its eruptive stage, in which, diverse though the powers of large and small orbs may be, expulsive power probably has been, is, or will be attained, competent to drive the expelled matter beyond the attractive range (also diverse for orbs of different size) of the parent mass. Nor need we be perplexed by the consideration that,

* The non-astronomical reader will find some difficulty in understanding the above sentence if he does not note carefully the distinction between the close approach of two orbits and the close approach of two bodies travelling in those orbits. The orbits, undergoing constant flux, may approach each other very closely at some point, or may even intersect at a moment when the bodies travelling on those orbits are very far apart; and *vice versâ*, the two bodies may make a near approach to each other by coming nearly simultaneously to the points where the two orbits approach most nearly, yet at the moment the orbits may *there* be separated (owing to perturbations) more widely than usual. For a very near approach of the two bodies, both conditions must be simultaneously fulfilled: the points of nearest approach of the two orbits must be brought by perturbations very close together, and the two bodies must reach those points very nearly at the same time.

in thus viewing millions of meteors and meteorites as sun-expelled or planet-expelled masses, we seem to set on one side the evidence which shows that the orbs peopling space have been in large part formed by the aggregation of meteoric masses. The two processes are no more inconsistent than are the two processes by one of which trees gather nutriment from the earth, and so grow, bud, blossom, bear fruit, and throw out leaves, while by the other they strew upon the earth leaves, fruit, blossoms, and buds, and in the fulness of time yield even their own substance to the all-nourishing soil. The earth-born meteorites which return in thousands year by year to the earth from which they sprang are but as the leaves of a tree compared with the soil from which the tree derives its nourishment, when we compare the total mass of all those meteorites with that of those portions of the mighty cosmical nebula from which the mass of the earth itself was formed, while this portion in turn compared with the whole nebula is but as the soil nourishing a single tree to that from which a whole forest derives support.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

WITHIN the hollow silence of the night
I lay awake and listened. I could hear
Planet with punctual planet chiming clear,
And unto star star cadencing aright.
Nor these alone. Cloistered from deafening sight,
All things that are, made music to my ear:
Hushed woods, dumb caves, and many a soundless mere,
With Arctic mains in rigid sleep locked tight.
But ever with this chant from shore and sea,
From singing constellation, humming thought.
And Life through time's stops blowing variously,
A melancholy undertone was wrought;
And from its boundless prison-house I caught
The awful moan of lone Eternity.

Cornhill Magazine

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XI.

DRAWING NEARER.

SHE is all alone on deck. The morning sun shines on the beautiful blue bay, on the great castle perched on the rocks over there, and on the wooded green hills beyond. She has got a canvas fixed on her easel; she sings to herself as she works.

Now this English young lady must have beguiled the tedium of her long nursing in Edinburgh by making a particular acquaintance with Scotch ballads; or how otherwise could we account for her knowledge of the "Song of Ulva," and now of the "Song of Dunvegan?"

Macleod the faithful, and fearing none!
Dunvegan—oh! Dunvegan!

she hums to herself as she is busy with this rough sketch of sea and shore. How can she be aware that Angus Sutherland is at this very moment in the companionway, and not daring to stir hand or foot lest he should disturb her?

Friends and foes had our passion thwarted,

she croons to herself, though, indeed, there is no despair at all in her voice but a perfect contentment—

But true, tender, and lion-hearted,
Lived he on, and from life departed,
Macleod, whose rival is breathing none!
Dunvegan—oh, Dunvegan!

She is pleased with the rapidity of her work. She tries to whistle a little bit. Or perhaps it is only the fresh morning air that has put her in such good spirits?

Yestreen the Queen had four Maries.

What has that got to do with the sketch of the shining gray castle? Among these tags and ends of ballads, the young doctor at last becomes emboldened to put in an appearance.

"Good-morning, Miss Avon," says he; "you are busy at work again?"

She is not in the least surprised. She has got accustomed to his coming on deck before the others; they have had a good deal of quiet chatting while as yet the laird was only adjusting his high white collar and satin neckcloth.

"It is only a sketch," said she, in a rapid and highly business-like fashion, "but I think I shall be able to sell it. You know most people merely value pictures for their association with things they are interested in themselves. A Yorkshire farmer would rather have a picture of his favorite cob than any Raphael or Titian. And the ordinary English squire: I am sure that you know in his own heart he prefers one of Herring's farm-yard pieces to Leonardo's "Last Supper." Well, if some yachting gentleman, who has been in this loch, should see this sketch, he will probably buy it, however bad it is, just because it interests him—"

"But you don't really mean to sell it?" said he.

"That depends," said she demurely, "on whether I get any offer for it."

"Why!" he exclaimed, "the series of pictures you are now making should be an invaluable treasure to you all your life long: a permanent record of a voyage that you seem to enjoy very much. I almost shrink from robbing you of that one of Canna; still, the temptation is too great. And you propose to sell them all?"

"What I can sell of them," she says; and then she adds, rather shyly, "You know I could not very well afford to keep them all for myself. I—I have a good many almoners in London; and I devote to them what I can get for my scrawls—that is, I deduct the cost of the frames, and keep the rest for them. It is not a large sum."

"Any other woman would spend it in jewellery and dresses," says he bluntly.

At this Miss Mary Avon flushes slightly, and hastily draws his attention to a small boat that is approaching. Dr. Sutherland does not pay any heed to the boat.

He is silent for a second or so; and then he says, with an effort to talk in a cheerful and matter-of-fact way,

"You have not sent ashore yet this morning: don't you know there is a post-office at Dunvegan?"

"Oh, yes, I heard so. But the men are below at breakfast, I think, and I am in no hurry to send, for there won't be any letters for me, I know."

"Oh, indeed," he says, with seeming carelessness, "it must be a long time since you have heard from your friends."

"I have not many friends to hear from," she answers, with a light laugh, "and those I have don't trouble me with many letters. I suppose they think I am in very good hands at present."

"Oh, yes—no doubt," says he, and suddenly he begins to talk in warm terms of the delightfulness of the voyage. He is quite charmed with the appearance of Dunvegan loch and castle. A more beautiful morning he never saw. And in the midst of all this enthusiasm the small boat comes alongside.

There is an old man in the boat, and when he has fastened his oars he says a few words to Angus Sutherland, and hands up a big black bottle. Our young Doctor brings the bottle over to Mary Avon. He seems to be very much pleased with every thing this morning.

"Now is not that good-natured?" says he. "It is a bottle of fresh milk, with the compliments of —— ——, of Uginish. Isn't it good-natured?"

"Oh, indeed it is," says she, plunging her hand into her pocket. "You must let me give the messenger half a crown."

"No, no; that is not the Highland custom," says the Doctor; and therewith he goes below, and fetches up another black bottle, and pours out a glass of whiskey with his own hand, and presents it to the ancient boatman. You should have seen the look of surprise in

ld man's face when Angus Suther- said something to him in the Gaelic. nd alas! and alas!—as we go re on this beautiful bright day, we e to give up forever the old Dun- an of many a dream—the dark and itary keep that we had imagined rched high above the Atlantic eakers—the sheer precipices, the aw- l sterility, the wail of lamentation ong the lonely shores. This is a differ- nt picture altogether that Mary Avon as been trying to put down on her can- as—a spacious, almost modern-looking, but nevertheless picturesque, castle, shel- tered from the winds by softly-wooded hills, a bit of smooth, blue water below, and further along the shores the cheer- ful evidences of fertility and cultivation. The wail of Dunvegan? Why, here is a brisk and thriving village, with a post- office and a shop and a building that looks uncommonly like an inn; and there, dotted all about, and encroaching on the upper moorland, any number of those small crofts that were once the pride of the Highlands and that gave to England the most stalwart of her regi- ments. Here are no ruined huts and voiceless wastes; but a cheerful, busy picture of peasant life; the strapping wenches at work in the small farm-yards, well built and frank of face; the men well clad; the children well fed and merry enough. It is a scene that de- lights the heart of our good friend of Denny-mains. If we had but time, he would fain go in among the tiny farms, and inquire about the rent of the hold- ings, and the price paid for those pictur- esque little beasts that the artists are for- ever painting—with a lowering sky be- yond, and a dash of sunlight in front. But our Doctor is obdurate. He will not have Mary Avon walk further; she must return to the yacht.

But on our way back, as she is walk- ing by the side of the road, he suddenly puts his hand on her arm, apparently to stop her. Slight as the touch is, she naturally looks surprised.

"I beg your pardon," he says hastily, "but I thought you would rather not tread on it—"

He is looking at a weed by the way- side—a thing that looks like a snap- dragon of some sort. We did not ex- pect to find a hard-headed man of science betray this trumpery sentiment about a weed.

"I thought you would rather not tread upon it when you knew it was a stranger," he says, in explanation of that rude assault upon her arm. "That is not an English plant at all; it is the *Mimulus*; its real home is in America."

We began to look with more interest on the audacious small foreigner that had boldly adventured across the seas.

"Oh," she says, looking back along the road, "I hope I have not trampled any of them down."

"Well, it does not *much* matter," he admits, "for the plant is becoming quite common now in parts of the West High- lands; but I thought as it was a stran- ger, and come all the way across the Atlantic on a voyage of discovery, you would be hospitable. I suppose the Gulf Stream brought the first of them over."

"And if they had any choice in the matter," says Mary Avon, looking down, and speaking with a little self-conscious deliberation, "and if they wanted to be hospitably received, they showed their good sense in coming to the West High- lands."

After that there was a dead silence on the part of Angus Sutherland. But why should he have been embarassed? There was no compliment levelled at him that he should blush like a school- boy. It was quite true that Miss Avon's liking—even love—for the West High- lands was becoming very apparent; but Banffshire is not in the West Highlands. What although Angus Sutherland could speak a few words in the Gaelic tongue to an old boatman? He came from Banff. Banffshire is not in the West Highlands.

Then that afternoon at the great castle itself: what have we but a confused rec- ollection of twelfth-century towers; and walls nine feet thick; and ghost cham- bers; and a certain fairy flag, that is called the *Bratach-Sith;* and the wide view over the blue Atlantic; and of a great kindness that made itself visible in the way of hot-house flowers and baskets of fruit, and what not? The portraits, too: the various centuries got mixed up with the old legends, until we did not know in which face to look for some transmitted expression that might

tell of the Cave of Uig or the Uamh-na-Ceann. But there was one portrait there, quite modern, and beautiful, that set all the tourist folk a-raving, so lovely were the life-like eyes of it; and the Laird was bold enough to say to the gentle lady who was so good as to be our guide that it would be one of the greatest happinesses of his life if he might be allowed to ask Mr. Galbraith, the well-known artist of Edinburgh, to select a young painter to come up to Dunvegan and make a copy of this picture for him, Denny-mains. And Dr. Sutherland could scarcely come away from that beautiful face; and our good Queen T. was quite charmed with it; and as for Mary Avon, when one of us regarded her, behold! as she looked up, there was a sort of moisture in the soft black eyes.

What was she thinking of? That it must be a fine thing to be so beautiful a woman, and charm the eyes of all men? But now—now that we had had this singing bird with us on board the yacht for so long a time—would any one of us have admitted that she was rather plain?

It would not have gone well with any one who had ventured to say so to the Laird of Denny-mains, at all events. And as for our sovereign lady and mistress, these were the lines which she always said described Mary Avon:

Was never seen thing to be praised derre,*
Nor under blackë cloud so bright a sterre,
As she was, as they saiden, every one
That her behelden in her blackë weed;
And yet she stood, full low and still, alone,
Behind all other folk, in little brede,†
And nigh the door, ay, under shamë's drede;
Simple of bearing, debonair of cheer,
With a full surë ‡ looking and mannére.

How smart the saloon of the White Dove looked that evening at dinner, with those geraniums and roses and fuchias, and what not, set amid the tender green of the maiden-hair fern! But all the same there was a serious discussion. Fruit, flowers, vegetables, and fresh milk, however welcome, fill no larder; and Master Fred had returned with the doleful tale that all his endeavors to purchase a sheep at one of the neighboring farms had been of no avail. Forthwith we resolve to make another effort. Far away, on the outer shores of Dunvegan Loch, we can faintly descry, in the glow of the evening, some crofter's huts on the slopes of the hill. Down with the gig, then, boys; in with the fishing rods; and away for the distant shores, where, haply, some tender ewe-lamb, or brace of quacking duck, or some half dozen half-starved fowls, may be withdrawn from the reluctant tiller of the earth!

It is a beautiful clear evening, with a lemon-gold glory in the north-west. And our stout-sinewed Doctor is rowing stroke, and there is a monotonous refrain of

Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together.
Ho, ro, clansmen!

"We must give you a wage as one of the hands, Angus," says Queen T.

"I am paid already," says he. "I would work my passage through for the sketch of Canna that Miss Avon gave me."

"Would you like to ask the other men whether they would take the same payment?" says Miss Avon, in modest depreciation of her powers.

"Do not say any thing against the landscape ye gave to Dr. Sutherland," observes the Laird. "No, no; there is great merit in it. I have told ye before I would like to show it to Tom Galbraith before it goes south; I am sure he would approve of it. Indeed, he is jist such a friend of mine that I would take the leeberty of asking him to give it a bit touch here and there—what an experienced artist would see amiss ye know—"

"Mr. Galbraith may be an experienced artist," says our Doctor friend with unnecessary asperity, "but he is not going to touch that picture."

"Ah, can tell ye," says the Laird, who is rather hurt by this rejection, "that the advice of Tom Galbraith has been taken by the greatest artists in England. He was up in London last year, and was at the studio of one of the first of the Acadameecians, and that very man was not ashamed to ask the opeenion of Tom Galbraith. And says Tom to him, 'The face is very fine, but the right arm is out of drawing.' You would think that impertinent? The Acadameecian, I can tell you, thought differently. Says he,

* *derre*, dearer.
† *in little brede*, without display.
‡ *Sure*, frank.

'That has been my own opeenion, but no one would ever tell me so; and I would have left it as it is had ye no spoken.'"

"I have no doubt the Academician, who did not know when his picture was out of drawing, was quite right to take the advice of Tom Galbraith," says our stroke-oar. "But Tom Galbraith is not going to touch Miss Avon's sketch of Canna—" and here the fierce altercation is stopped, for stroke-oar puts a fresh spurt on, and we hear another sound—

Soon the freshening breeze will blow,
We'll show the snowy canvas on her,
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together,
Ho, ro, clansmen!

Well, what was the result of our quest? After we had landed Master Fred, and sent him up the hills, and gone off fishing for lithe for an hour or so, we returned to the shore in the gathering dusk. We found our messenger seated on a rock, contentedly singing a Gaelic song, and plucking a couple of fowls, which was all the provender he had secured. It was in vain that he tried to cheer us by informing us that the animals in question had cost only sixpence apiece. We knew that they were not much bigger than thrushes. Awful visions of tinned meats began to rise before us. In gloom we took the steward and the microscopic fowls on board, and set out for the yacht.

But the Laird did not lose his spirits. He declared that self-preservation was the first law of nature, and that, despite the injunctions of the Wild Birds' Protection Act, he would get out his gun and shoot the very first brood of "flappers" he saw about those lonely lochs. And he told us such a "good one" about Homesh that we laughed nearly all the way back to the yacht. Provisions? We were independent of provisions! With a handful of rice a day we would cross the Atlantic—we would cross twenty Atlantics—so long as we were to be regaled and cheered by the "good ones" of our friend of Denny-mains.

Dr. Sutherland, too, seemed in no wise depressed by the famine in the land. In the lamp-lit saloon, as we gathered round the table, and cards and things were brought out, and the Laird began to brew his toddy, the young Doctor maintained that no one on land could imagine the snugness of life on board a yacht. And now he had almost forgotten to speak of leaving us; perhaps it was the posting of the paper on Radiolarians, along with other MSS., that had set his mind free. But touching that matter of the Dunvegan post-office: why had he been so particular in asking Mary Avon if she were not expecting letters; and why did he so suddenly grow enthusiastic about the scenery on learning that the young lady, on her travels, was not pestered with correspondence? Miss Avon was not a Cabinet Minister.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD SCHOOL AND THE NEW.

THE last instructions given to John of Skye that night were large and liberal. At break of day he was to sail for any port he might chance to encounter on the wide seas. So long as Angus Sutherland did not speak of returning, what did it matter to us? Loch Boisdale, Loch Seaforth, Stornaway, St. Kilda, the North Pole, were all the same. It is true that of fresh meat we had on board only two fowls about the size of wrens; but of all varieties of tinned meats and fruit we had an abundant store. And if perchance we were forced to shoot a sheep on the Flannen Islands, would not the foul deed be put down to the discredit of those dastardly Frenchmen? When you rise up as a nation and guillotine all the respectable folk in the country, it is only to be expected of you thereafter that you should go about the seas shooting other people's sheep.

And indeed when we get on deck after breakfast we find that John of Skye has fulfilled his instructions to the letter; that is to say, he must have started at daybreak to get away so far from Dunvegan and the headlands of Skye. But as for going further? There is not a speck of cloud in the dome of blue; there is not a ripple on the blue sea; there is not a breath of wind to stir the great white sails all aglow in the sunlight; nor is there even enough of the Atlantic swell to move the indolent tiller. How John of Skye has managed to bring us so far on so calm a morning remains a mystery.

"And the glass shows no signs of falling," says our young Doctor quite regretfully: does he long for a hurricane,

that so he may exhibit his sailor-like capacities?

But Mary Avon, with a practical air, is arranging her easel on deck, and fixing up a canvas, and getting out the tubes she wants—the while she absently sings to herself something about

Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina.

And what will she attack now? Those long headlands of Skye, dark in shadow, with a glow of sunlight along their summits; or those lonely hills of Uist set far amid the melancholy main; or those vaster and paler mountains of Harris, that rise on the north of the dreaded Sound?

"Well, you *have* courage," says Angus Sutherland admiringly, "to try to make a picture out of *that!*"

"Oh," she says modestly, though she is obviously pleased, "that is a pet theory of mine. I try for ordinary every-day effects, without any theatrical business; and if I had only the power to reach them, I know I should surprise people. Because you know most people go through the world with a sort of mist before their eyes; and they are awfully grateful to you when you suddenly clap a pair of spectacles on their nose and make them see things as they are. I cannot do it as yet, you know; but there is no harm in trying."

"I think you do it remarkably well," he says; but what are you to make of that?—nothing but two great sheets of blue, with a line of bluer hills between?"

But Miss Avon speedily presents us with the desired pair of spectacles. Instead of the cloudless blue day we had imagined it to be, we find that there are low masses of white cloud along the Skye cliffs, and these throw long reflections on the glassy sea, and moreover we begin to perceive that the calm vault around us is not an uninterrupted blue, but melts into a pale green as it nears the eastern horizon. Angus Sutherland leaves the artist to her work. He will not interrupt her by idle talk.

There is no idle talk going forward where the Laird is concerned. He has got hold of an attentive listener in the person of his hostess, who is deep in needlework; and he is expounding to her more clearly than ever the merits of the great Semple case, pointing out more particularly how the charges in the major proposition are borne out by the extracts in the minor. Yes; and he has caught the critics, too, on the hip. What about the discovery of those clever gentlemen that Genesis X. and 10 was incorrect? They thought they were exceedingly smart in proving that the founders of Babel were the descendants, not of Ham, but of Shem. But when the ruins of Babel were examined, what then?

"Why, it was distinctly shown that the founders were the descendants of Ham, after all!" says Denny-mains triumphantly. "What do ye think of that, Dr. Sutherland?"

Angus Sutherland starts from a reverie: he has not been listening.

"Of what?" he says. "The Semple case?"

"Ay."

"Oh, well," he says rather carelessly, "all that wrangling is as good an occupation as any other—to keep people from thinking."

The Laird stares, as if he had not heard aright. Angus Sutherland is not aware of having said any thing startling. He continues quite innocently,

"Any occupation is valuable enough that diverts the mind—that is why hard work is conducive to complete mental health; it does not matter whether it is grouse shooting, or commanding an army, or wrangling about major or minor propositions. If a man were continually to be facing the awful mystery of existence—asking the record of the earth and the stars how he came to be here, and getting no answer at all—he must inevitably go mad. The brain could not stand it. If the human race had not busied itself with wars and commerce, and so forth, it must centuries ago have committed suicide. That is the value of hard work—to keep people from thinking of the unknown around them; the more a man is occupied, the happier he is—it does not matter whether he occupies himself with School Boards, or salmon fishing, or the prosecution of a heretic."

He did not remark the amazed look on the Laird's face, nor yet that Mary Avon had dropped her painting and was listening.

"The fact is," he said, with a smile,

"if you are likely to fall to thinking about the real mysteries of existence anywhere, it is among solitudes like these, where you see what a trivial little accident human life is in the history of the earth. You can't think about such things in Regent Street; the cigar shops, the cabs, the passing people, occupy you. But here you are brought back as it were to all sorts of first principles; and commonplaces appear somehow in their original freshness. In Regent Street you no doubt know that life is a strange thing, and that death is a strange thing, because you have been told so, and you believe it, and think no more about it. But here—with the seas and skies round you, and with the silence of the night making you think, you *feel* the strangeness of these things. Now just look over there; the blue sea and the blue sky and the hills—it is a curious thing to think that they will be shining there just as they are now—on just such another day as this—and you unable to see them or any thing else—passed away like a ghost. And the White Dove will be sailing up here; and John will be keeping an eye on Ushinish light-house; but your eyes won't be able to see any thing—"

"Well, Angus, I do declare," exclaims our sovereign mistress, "you *have* chosen a comforting thing to talk about this morning. Are we to be always thinking about our coffin?"

"On the contrary," says the young Doctor; "I was only insisting on the wholesomeness of people occupying themselves diligently with some distraction or other, however trivial. And how do you think the Semple case will end, sir?"

But our good friend of Denny-mains was far too deeply shocked and astounded to reply. The great Semple case a trivial thing—a distraction—an occupation to keep people from serious thinking! The public duties, too, of the Commissioner for the Burgh of Strathgovan; were these to be regarded as a mere plaything? The new steam fire-engine was only a toy then? The proposed new park and the addition to the rates were to be regarded as a piece of amiable diversion?

The Laird knew that Angus Sutherland had not read the "Vestiges of Creation," and that was a hopeful sign. But, "Vestiges" or no "Vestiges," what were the young men of the day coming to if their daring speculations led them to regard the most serious and important concerns of life as a pastime? The Commissioners for the Burgh of Strathgovan were but a parcel of children then playing on the sea-shore, and unaware of the awful deeps beyond?

"I am looking at these things only as a doctor," says Doctor Sutherland lightly—seeing that the Laird is too dumbfounded to answer his question, "and I sometimes think a doctor's history of civilization would be an odd thing if only you could get at the physiological facts of the case. I should like to know, for example, what Napoleon had for supper on the night before Waterloo. Something indigestible, you may be sure; if his brain had been clear on the 15th he would have smashed the Allies, and altered modern history. I should have greatly liked, too, to make the acquaintance of the man who first announced his belief that infants dying unbaptized were to suffer eternal torture; I think it must have been his liver. I should like to have examined him."

"I should like to have poisoned him," says Mary Avon, with a flash of anger in the soft eyes.

"Oh, no; the poor wretch was only the victim of some ailment," said our Doctor, charitably. "There must have been something very much the matter with Calvin too. I know I could have cured Schopenhauer of his pessimism if he had let me put him on a wholesome regimen."

The Laird probably did not know who Schopenhauer was; but the audacity of the new school was altogether too much for him.

"I—I suppose," he said, stammering in his amazement, "ye would have taken Joan of Arc and treated her as a lunatic?"

"Oh, no; not as a confirmed lunatic," he answered quite simply. "But the diagnosis of that case is obvious; I think she could have been cured. All that Joanna Southcote wanted was a frank physician."

The Laird rose and went forward to where Mary Avon was standing at her

easel. He had had enough. The criticism of landscape painting was more within his compass.

"Very good—very good," says he, as if his whole attention had been occupied by her sketching. "The reflections on the water are just fine. Ye must let me show all your sketches to Tom Galbraith before ye go back to the south."

"I hear you have been talking about the mysteries of existence," she says with a smile.

"Oh, ay, it is easy to talk," he says sharply—and not willing to confess that he has been driven away from the field. "I am afraid there is an unsettling tendency among the young men of the present day—a want of respect for things that have been established by the common-sense of the world. Not that I am against all innovation. No, no. The world cannot stand still. I myself, now; do ye know that I was among the first in Glasgow to hold that it might be permissible to have an organ to lead the psalmody of a church?"

"Oh, indeed," says she, with much respect.

"That is true. No, no; I am not one of the bigoted. Give me the Essentials, and I do not care if ye put a stone cross on the top of the church. I tell ye that honestly; I would not object even to a cross on the building if all was sound within."

"I am sure you are quite right, sir," says Mary Avon gently.

"But no tampering with the Essentials. And as for the millinery and incense and crucifixes of they poor craytures that have not the courage to go right over to Rome—who stop on this side, and play-act at being Romans—it is seeckening—perfectly seeckening. As for the Romans themselves, I do not condemn them. No, no. If they are in error, I doubt not they believe with a good conscience. And when I am in a foreign town, and one o' their processions of priests and boys comes by, I raise my hat. I do indeed."

"Oh, naturally," says Mary Avon.

"No, no," continues Denny-mains warmly, "there is none of the bigot about me. There is a minister of the Episcopalian Church that I know; and there is no one more welcome in my house: I ask him to say grace just as I would a minister of my own Church."

"And which is that, sir?" she asked meekly.

The Laird stares at her. Is it possible that she has heard him so elaborately expound the Semple prosecution, and not be aware to what denomination he belongs?

"The Free—the Free Church, of course," he says, with some surprise. "Have ye not seen the 'Report of Proceedings" in the Semple case?"

"No, I have not," she answers timidly. "You have been so kind in explaining it that—that a printed report was quite unnecessary."

"But I will get ye one—I will get ye one directly," says he. "I have several copies in my portmanteau. And ye will see my name in front as one of the elders who considered it fit and proper that a full report should be published, so as to warn the public against these inseedious attacks against our faith. Don't interrupt your work, my lass; but I will get ye the pamphlet; and whenever you want to sit down for a time, ye will find it most interesting reading—most interesting."

And so the worthy Laird goes below to fetch that valued report. And scarcely has he disappeared than a sudden commotion rages over the deck. Behold! a breeze coming swiftly over the sea—ruffling the glassy deep as it approaches! Angus Sutherland jumps to the tiller. The head-sails fill, and the boat begins to move. The lee-sheets are hauled taut; and now the great mainsail is filled too. There is a rippling and hissing of water, and a new stir of life and motion throughout the vessel from stem to stern.

It seems but the beginning of the day now, though it is near lunch time. Mary Avon puts away her sketch of the dead calm, and sits down just under the lee of the boom, where the cool breeze is blowing along. The Laird, having brought up the pamphlet, is vigorously pacing the deck for his morning exercise; we have all awakened from these idle reveries about the mystery of life.

"Ha, ha," he says, coming aft, "this is fine—this is fine now. Why not give the men a glass of whiskey all round

for whistling up such a fine breeze? Do ye think they would object?"

"Better give them a couple of bottles of beer for their dinner," suggests Queen T., who is no lover of whiskey.

But do you think the Laird is to be put off his story by any such suggestion? We can see by his face that he has an anecdote to fire off; is it not apparent that his mention of whiskey was made with a purpose?

"There was a real good one," says he—and the laughter is already twinkling in his eyes, "about the man that was apologizing before his family for having been drinking whiskey with some friends. 'Ay,' says he, 'they just held me and forced it down my throat.' Then says his son—a little chap about ten—says he, 'I think I could ha' held ye mysel', feyther—ho! ho! ho!' says he, 'I think I could ha' held ye mysel', feyther;'" and the Laird laughed, and laughed again, till the tears came into his eyes. We could see that he was still internally laughing at that good one when he went below for luncheon.

At luncheon, too, the Laird quite made up his feud with Angus Sutherland, for he had a great many other good ones to tell about whiskey and whiskey drinking; and he liked a sympathetic audience. But this general merriment was suddenly dashed by an ominous suggestion coming from our young Doctor. Why, he asked, should we go on fighting against these northerly winds? Why not turn and run before them?

"Then you want to leave us, Angus," said his hostess reproachfully.

"Oh, no," he said, and with some color in his face. "I don't want to go, but I fear I must very soon now. However, I did not make that suggestion on my own account; if I were pressed for time, I could get somewhere where I could catch the Clansman."

Mary Avon looked down, saying nothing.

"You would not leave the ship like that," says his hostess. "You would not run away, surely. Rather than that we will turn at once. Where are we now?"

"If the breeze lasts, we will get over to Uist, to Loch na Maddy, this evening, but you must not think of altering your plans on my account. I made the suggestion because of what Captain John was saying."

"Very well," says our Admiral of the Fleet, taking no heed of properly constituted authority. "Suppose we set out on our return voyage to-morrow morning, going round the other side of Skye for a change. But you know, Angus, it is not fair of you to run away when you say yourself there is nothing particular calls you to London."

"Oh," says he, "I am not going to London just yet. I am going to Banff, to see my father. There is an uncle of mine, too, on a visit to the manse."

"Then you will be coming south again?"

"Yes."

"Then why not come another cruise with us on your way back?"

It was not like this hard-headed young Doctor to appear so embarrassed.

"That is what I should like very much myself," he stammered, "if—if I were not in the way of your other arrangements."

"We shall make no other arrangements," says the other definitely. "Now that is a promise, mind. No drawing back. Mary will put it down in writing, and hold you to it."

Mary Avon had not looked up all this time.

"You should not press Dr. Sutherland too much," she says shyly; "perhaps he has other friends he would like to see before leaving Scotland."

The hypocrite! Did she want to make Angus Sutherland burst a blood-vessel in protesting that of all the excursions he had made in his life this would be to him forever the most memorable; and that a repetition or extension of it was a delight in the future almost too great to think of? However she seemed pleased that he spoke so warmly, and she did not attempt to contradict him. If he had really enjoyed all this rambling idleness, it would no doubt the better fit him for his work in the great capital.

We beat in to Loch na Maddy—that is, the Lake of the Dogs—in the quiet evening; and the rather commonplace low-lying hills, and the plain houses of the remote little village, looked beautiful enough under the glow of the western skies. And we went ashore, and walked inland for a space, through an intricate

net-work of lagoons inbranching from the sea; and we saw the trout leaping and making circles on the gold-red pools, and watched the herons rising from their fishing and winging their slow flight across the silent lakes.

And it was a beautiful night, too, and we had a little singing on deck. Perhaps there was an undercurrent of regret in the knowledge that now—for this voyage at least—we had touched our farthest point. To-morrow we were to set out again for the south.

Chapter XIII.

FERDINAND AND MIRANDA.

The wind was laughing at Angus Sutherland. All the time we had been sailing north it had blown from the north; now that we turned our faces eastward, it wheeled round to the east, as if it would imprison him forever in this floating home.

"*You would fain get away*"—this was the mocking sound that one of us seemed to hear in those light airs of the morning that blew along the white canvas—"*the world calls; ambition, fame, the eagerness of rivalry, the spell that science throws over her disciples, all these are powerful, and they draw you, and you would fain get away. But the hand of the wind is uplifted against you; you may fret as you will, but you are not round Ru Hunish yet!*" And perhaps the imaginative small creature who heard these strange things in the light breeze against which we were fighting our way across the Minch may have been forming her own plans. Angus Sutherland, she used often to say, wanted humanizing. He was too proud and scornful in the pride of his knowledge; the gentle hand of a woman was needed to lead him into more tractable ways. And then this Mary Avon, with her dexterous, nimble woman's wit, and her indomitable courage, and her life and spirit, and abounding cheerfulness; would she not be a splendid companion for him during his long and hard struggle? This born match-maker had long ago thrown away any notion about the Laird transferring our singing-bird to Denny-mains. She had almost forgotten about the project of bringing Howard Smith, the Laird's nephew, and half compelling him to marry Mary Avon: that was preposterous on the face of it. But she had grown accustomed, during those long days of tranquil idleness, to see our young Doctor and Mary Avon together, cut off from all the distractions of the world, a new Paul and Virginia. Why—she may have asked herself—should not these two solitary waifs, thus thrown by chance together on the wide ocean of existence, why should they not cling to each other and strengthen each other in the coming days of trial and storm? The strange, pathetic, phantasmal farce of life is brief; they cannot seize it and hold it and shape it to their own ends; they know not whence it comes, or whither it goes; but while the brief, strange thing lasts, they can grasp each other's hand, and make sure—amid all the unknown things around them, the mountains and the wide seas and the stars—of some common, humble, human sympathy. It is so natural to grasp the hand of another in the presence of something vast and unknown.

The rest of us, at all events, have no time for such vague dreams and reveries. There is no idleness on board the White Dove out here on the shining deep. Dr. Sutherland has rigged up for himself a sort of gymnasium by putting a rope across the shrouds to the peak halyards; and on this rather elastic cross-bar he is taking his morning exercise by going through a series of performances, no doubt picked up in Germany. Miss Avon is busy with a sketch of the long headland running out to Vaternish Point; though, indeed, this smooth Atlantic roll makes it difficult for her to keep her feet, and introduces a certain amount of haphazard into her handiwork. The Laird has brought on deck a formidable portfolio of papers, no doubt relating to the public affairs of Strathgovan; and has put on his gold spectacles; and has got his pencil in hand. Master Fred is rearranging the cabins; the mistress of the yacht is looking after her flowers. And then is heard the voice of John of Skye—"*Stand by, boys!*" and "*Bout ship!*" and the helm goes down, and the jib and foresail flutter and tear at the blocks and sheets, and then the sails gently fill, and the White Dove is away on another tack.

"Well, I give in," says Mary Avon at last, as a heavier lurch than usual

threatens to throw her and her easel together into the scuppers. "It *is* no use."

"I thought you never gave in, Mary," says our Admiral, whose head has appeared again at the top of the companion-stairs.

"I wonder who could paint like this," says Miss Avon indignantly. And indeed she is trussed up like a fowl, with one arm round one of the gig davits.

"Turner was lashed to the mast of a vessel in order to see a storm," says Queen T.

"But not to paint," retorts the other. "Besides, I am not Turner. Besides, I am tired."

By this time, of course, Angus Sutherland has come to her help; and removes her easel and what not for her; and fetches her a deck-chair.

"Would you like to play chess?" says he.

"Oh, yes," she answers dutifully, "if you think the men will stay on the board."

"Draughts will be safer," says he, and therewith he plunges below, and fetches up the squared board and the pieces.

And so, on this beautiful summer day, with the shining seas around them, and a cool breeze tempering the heat of the sun, Ferdinand and Miranda set to work. And it was a pretty sight to see them—her soft dark eyes so full of an anxious care to acquit herself well; his robust, hard, fresh-colored face full of a sort of good-natured forbearance. But, nevertheless, it was a strange game. All Scotchmen are supposed to play draughts; and one brought up in a manse is almost of necessity a good player. But one astonished onlooker began to perceive that, whereas Mary Avon played but indifferently, her opponent played with a blindness that was quite remarkable. She had a very pretty, small, white hand; was he looking at that that he did not, on one occasion, see how he could have taken three pieces and crowned his man all at one fell swoop? And then is it considered incumbent on a draught-player to inform his opponent of what would be a better move on the part of the latter? However that may be, true it is that, by dint of much advice, opportune blindness, and atrocious bad play, the Doctor managed to get the game ended in a draw.

"Dear me," said Mary Avon, "I never thought I should have had a chance. The Scotch are such good draught-players."

"But you play remarkably well," said he—and there was no blush of shame on his face.

Draughts and luncheon carry us on to the afternoon; and still the light breeze holds out; and we get nearer and nearer to the most northerly points of Skye. And as the evening draws on, we can now make out the hilly line of Ross-shire—a pale rose-color in the far east; and nearer at hand is the Skye coast, with the warm sunlight touching on the ruins of Duntulme, where Donald Gorm Môr fed his imprisoned nephew on salt beef, and then lowered to him an empty cup—mocking him before he died; and then in the west the mountains of Harris, a dark purple against the clear lemon-golden glow. But as night draws on, behold! the wind dies away altogether; and we lie becalmed on a lilac-and-silver sea, with some rocky islands over there grown into a strange intense green in the clear twilight.

Down with the gig, then, John of Skye!—and hurry in all our rods and lines, and the occult entrapping inventions of our patriarch of Denny-mains. We have no scruple about leaving the yacht in mid-ocean. The clear twilight shines in the sky; there is not a ripple on the sea; only the long Atlantic swell that we can hear breaking far away on the rocks. And surely such calms are infrequent in the Minch; and surely these lonely rocks can have been visited but seldom by passing voyagers?

Yet the great rollers—as we near the forbidding shores—break with an ominous thunder on the projecting points and reefs. The Doctor insists on getting closer and closer—he knows where the big lithe are likely to be found—and the men, although they keep a watchful eye about them, obey. And then—it is Mary Avon who first calls out—and behold! her rod is suddenly dragged down—the point is hauled below the water—agony and alarm are on her face.

"Here—take it—take it!" she calls out. "The rod will be broken."

"Not a bit," the Doctor calls out. "Give him the butt hard! Never mind the rod! Haul away!"

And indeed by this time everybody was

alternately calling and hauling; and John of Skye, attending to the rods of the two ladies, had scarcely time to disengage the big fish, and smooth the flies again; and the Laird was declaring that these lithe fight as hard as a twenty-pound salmon. What did we care about those needles and points of black rock that every two or three seconds showed their teeth through the breaking white surf?

"Keep her close in, boys!" Angus Sutherland cried. "We shall have a fine pickling to-morrow."

Then one fish, stronger or bigger than his fellows, pulls the rod clean out of Mary Avon's hands.

"Well, I have done it this time," she says.

"Not a bit!" her companion cries. "Up all lines! Back now, lads—gently!"

And as the stern of the boat is shoved over the great glassy billows, behold! a thin dark line occasionally visible—the end of the lost rod! Then there is a swoop on the part of our Doctor; he has both his hands on the butt; there elapses a minute or two of fighting between man and fish; and then we can see below the boat the wan gleam of the captured animal as it comes to the surface in slow circles. Hurrah! a seven-pounder! John of Skye chuckles to himself as he grasps the big lithe.

"Oh, ay!" he says, "the young leddy knows ferry well when to throw away the rod. It is a gran' good thing to throw away the rod when there will be a big fish. Ay, ay, it iss a good fish."

But the brutes that fought hardest of all were the dog-fish—the snakes of the sea; and there was a sort of holy archangelic joy on the face of John of Skye when he seized a lump of stick to fell these hideous creatures before flinging them back into the water again. And yet why should they have been killed on account of their snake-like eyes and their cruel mouth? The human race did not rise and extirpate Frederick Smethurst because he was ill-favored.

By half past ten we had secured a good cargo of fish; and then we set out for the yacht. The clear twilight was still shining above the Harris hills; but there was a dusky shadow along the Outer Hebrides, where the orange ray of Scalpa light was shining; and there was dusk in the south, so that the yacht had become invisible altogether. It was a long pull back, for the White Dove had been carried far by the ebb tide. When we found her she looked like a tall gray ghost in the gathering darkness; and no light had as yet been put up; but all the same we had a laughing welcome from Master Fred, who was glad to have the fresh fish wherewith to supplement our frugal meals.

Then the next morning—when we got up and looked around—we were in the same place! And the glass would not fall; and the blue skies kept blue; and we had to encounter still another day of dreamy idleness.

"The weather is conspiring against you, Angus," our sovereign lady said, with a smile. "And you know you cannot run away from the yacht: it would be so cowardly to take the steamer."

"Well, indeed," said he, "it is the first time in my life that I have found absolute idleness enjoyable; and I am not so very anxious it should end. Somehow, though, I fear we are too well off. When we get back to the region of letters and telegrams, don't you think we shall have to pay for all this selfish happiness?"

"Then why should we go back?" she says lightly. "Why not make a compact to forsake the world altogether, and live all our life on board the White Dove?"

Somehow his eyes wandered to Mary Avon; and he said, rather absently,

"I, for one, should like it well enough; if it were only possible."

"No, no," says the Laird brusquely, "that will no do at all. It was never intended that people should go and live for themselves like that. Ye have your duties to the nation and to the laws that protect ye. When I left Denny-mains I told my brother Commissioners that what I could do when I was away to further the business of the Burgh I would do; and I have entered most minutely into several matters of great importance. And that is why I am anxious to get to Portree. I expect most important letters there."

Portree! Our whereabouts on the chart last night was marked between 45 and 46 fathoms W.S.W. from some nameless rocks; and here, as far as we can make out, we are still between these

mystical numbers. What can we do but chat and read and play draughts and twirl round a rope, and ascend to the cross-trees to look out for a breeze, and watch and listen to the animal life around us?

"I do think," says Mary Avon to her hostess, "the calling of those divers is the softest and most musical sound I ever heard; perhaps because it is associated with so many beautiful places. Just fancy, now, if you were suddenly to hear a diver symphony beginning in an opera—if all the falsetto recitative and the blare of the trumpets were to stop—and if you were to hear the violins and flutes beginning quite low and soft a diver symphony, would you not think of the Hebrides, and the White Dove, and the long summer days? In the winter, you know, in London, I fancy we should go once or twice to see *that* opera!"

"I have never been to an opera," remarks the Laird, quite impervious to Mary Avon's tender enthusiasm. "I am told it is a fantastic exhibeetion."

One incident of that day was the appearance of a new monster of the deep, which approached quite close to the hull of the White Dove. Leaning over the rail we could see him clearly in the clear water—a beautiful, golden, submarine insect, with a conical body like that of a land spider, and six or eight slender legs, by the incurving of which he slowly propelled himself through the water. As we were perfectly convinced that no one had ever been in such dead calms in the Minch before, and had lain for twenty-four hours in the neighborhood of 45 and 46, we took it for granted that this was a new animal. In the temporary absence of our F.R.S., the Laird was bold enough to name it the *Arachne Mary-Avonensis;* but did not seek to capture it. It went on its golden way.

But we were not to linger forever in these northern seas, surrounded by perpetual summer calms—however beautiful the prospect might be to a young man fallen away, for the moment, from his high ambitions. Whatever summons from the far world might be awaiting us at Portree was soon to be served upon us. In the afternoon a slight breeze sprung up that gently carried us away past Ru Hunish, and round by Eilean Trodda, and down by Altavaig. The gray-green basaltic cliffs of the Skye coast were now in shadow; but the strong sunlight beat on the grassy ledges above; and there was a distant roar of water along the rocks. This other throbbing sound, too: surely that must be some steamer far away on the other side of Rona?

The sunset deepened. Darker and darker grew the shadows in the great mountains above us. We heard the sea along the solitary shores.

The stars came out in the twilight: they seemed clearest just over the black mountains. In the silence there was the sound of a waterfall somewhere—in among those dark cliffs. Then our side-lights were put up; and we sat on deck; and Mary Avon, nestling close to her friend, was persuaded to sing for her

Yestreen the Queen had four Maries

—just as if she had never heard the song before. The hours went by; Angus Sutherland was talking in a slow, earnest, desultory fashion; and surely he must have been conscious that one heart there at least was eagerly and silently listening to him. The dawn was near at hand when finally we consented to go below.

What time of the morning was it that we heard John of Skye call out, "*Six or seven fathoms 'll do?*" We knew at least that we had got into harbor; and that the first golden glow of the daybreak was streaming through the skylights of the saloon. We had returned from the wilds to the claims and the cares of civilization; if there was any message to us, for good or for evil, from the distant world we had left for so long, it was now waiting for us on shore.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

MAXIMS OF WISDOM.

BY G. A. SIMCOX.

SENECA in his later years was fond of the sentiment that all the sages—Aristotle, Zeno, Theophrastus, and Chrysippus—had bidden their disciples enter public life, and none of them had entered it himself. And as he wished to retire himself, he found it easy to conclude that the sages were not serious, or at

least that they only meant their precept to apply to an ideal, imaginary state of things; that very likely public life was the true sphere for a wise man when his virtues were useful to others and did not expose him to danger, just as a wise man might well go to sea if there were no storms or sunken rocks. It might seem singular that men who are not remarkable for success in the management of temporal affairs should undertake to advise others in the conduct of life. When Mr. Emerson published a volume of essays on that subject he laughed in his preface at his own presumption, because his garden would have been a wilderness if admiring neighbors had not kept it in order for him. This was better than Confucius and Mencius, who both stood too much upon their dignity to keep long in office anywhere, and yet were quite sure that the pettiest prince who would make them, or a philosopher much inferior to them, prime minister with full powers, would be rewarded by being placed at the head of the empire. At the present day that empire is governed by functionaries who gain their positions by passing examinations in the doctrines of those unsuccessful politicians, or buying certificates that they have passed them. Apparently the chiefs of a peculiarly simple and practical society convinced themselves that people who practise the art of success cannot be expected to teach the theory.

We hear, indeed, of wise men who were able to teach their wisdom, but they flourished commonly before the rise of literature. Lælius and Coruncanius and Cato the Elder were wise, and walked daily in the forum, to be consulted not merely as to how to manage a lawsuit, but as to whether to buy a farm, or how to marry a daughter; and King Solomon in all his glory sat upon his throne and spake three thousand proverbs. But few of the proverbs of King Solomon would have reached us if it had not been for the men of Hezekiah, King of Judah, who copied them out. Lælius and Coruncanius left their fame to be transmitted by tradition to the days of Cicero, with whom it would have died a natural death unless his patriotism had led him to exalt them above the seven wise men of Greece (who also are known chiefly by some short proverbs not very astonishing nowadays). Cato the Elder, though he wrote a book on farming that seems to have been quite as instructive for the period as the maxims of Poor Richard, was remembered for his exemplary life, which gave him so much legitimate food for his vanity, and for his success in decrying the nobility, rather than for his book.

Perhaps the essays of Bacon and the sayings of Goethe might be cited as really great books of practical wisdom, written by men who had attained large practical success. But even these seem like exceptions that prove the rule. Bacon was always easily discouraged in his practical career, and his final conviction was that he was "fitter to hold a book than to play a part!" Goethe let his practical functions drop when he had made sure of the consideration which was more readily paid to the titular privy councillor of Weimar than to the first poet of Germany; and the court theatre of Weimar did not thrive in a material sense under his direction. One might almost say that the nature of both was so large that they were able to act what, in most, stays at the point of idle castle building. Bacon imagined he was acquiring a position which would enable him to get research endowed, and the indispensable encyclopædia compiled; Goethe, in all things more fortunate, imagined that he was exemplifying, on a safe and limited scale, the practical application of ideal wisdom. Still, although Bacon and Goethe were probably intended by nature to study the world rather than to act in it, they gained a sort of success by forcing their vast theoretical ability to bear practical fruit. There are other men—like Antiphon and Raleigh and Machiavelli and Maitland of Lethington—who would have succeeded much better if they had not been too clever. They owe their failure among their contemporaries to the perverse insight which gives them a false reputation with posterity. Guicciardini was a thriving and successful politician, and regarded Machiavelli as a reckless, violent young man, who could not keep from compromising himself, both in his books and in his conduct. But north of the Alps Machiavelli's cynical effrontery, which left right and wrong wholly out of political calculations, has always passed for the profound-

est cunning. A man who is fairly on a level with his contemporaries in practical things is able to astonish them by being ahead of the age in matters of speculation, although, unless the speculation is touched with some contagious passion, it simply loosens a man's hold upon life. Lethington took a positive view of politics in a theological age, and his reward was to be beheaded, after drifting into the service of Queen Mary, when she in turn had thrown herself into her last part as a confessor, soon to be a martyr, for Catholicism. Raleigh was a man of splendid ability. All his life he passed for one of the greatest Englishmen, at a time when great Englishmen were many. Yet he never attained to be more than the Captain of the Queen's Guards and the planter of Virginia, which, directly at any rate, brought little profit though much glory. Perhaps Bacon was thinking of him and Essex when he said that it was a common error to value intimate access to princes, and the reputation of popularity, for their own sake, since both are dangerous, and, unless skilfully handled to further ends, bring nothing but barren envy.

If men who have a reputation for wisdom are seldom wise for themselves, it is almost the same with nations. The Hindoos have never had a civilization to boast of, but their books of practical prudence, founded upon various applications of the beast epic, have started from Persia, and gone the tour of the civilized world. Mediæval Germany was not highly civilized compared with France or Italy, but the German fable of "Reynard the Fox" passed from one land to another in the Middle Age as the best allegory of the seamy side of things. In the later Middle Age, when the seamy side of things was most prominent, it was the German story of "Tyl Owl Glass" that travelled, while the admirable farce of "Patelin" stayed at home. Again, when we pass from the wisdom of chap-books to the wisdom of proverbs, it is still the same thing. No country in the world is richer in wise proverbs than Spain, which bought two generations of supremacy at the price of three centuries of exhaustion. Israel was wise in literature; and now that it has been dispersed among the nations and scattered among the countries, it has become wise in conduct too; but when the people dwelt in their own land, their own wise men condemned their folly. And since then the Hebrew intellect has added little to the theory of conduct, though it has excelled in applying it.

The most striking thing about the Hebrew books of wisdom is their magnificent persistent optimism. There is not a trace to be found in them of the problem which vexes the soul of psalmist and prophet, the apparent prosperity of the wicked. We might read the Proverbs, and the Book of Wisdom, and the Son of Sirach, and even the Preacher, forever, without suspecting that the plain way to success is to be skeptical and cynical, unscrupulous and hard. Instead, we always find the fool and the ungodly coupled together when the ungodly is mentioned at all. In the Book of Wisdom it is just admitted that the wicked are able to persecute the righteous, but they are forced to confess themselves fools at last, though they have a plausible theory of their behavior. "Our life is short and tedious, and in the death of a man there is no remedy. . . . We are born at all adventure, and we shall be hereafter as though we had never been; for the breath in our nostrils is as smoke and a little spark is the moving of our heart, which being extinguished, our body shall be turned into ashes, and our spirit shall vanish as the soft air, and our name shall be forgotten in time, and no man shall have our works in remembrance, and our life shall pass away as the trace of a cloud. . . . Come on, therefore; let us enjoy the good things that are present." In the opinion of the writer, they are abandoned to this musical sophistry as a punishment for their discontent; for the Lord "will be found of them that tempt him not, and showeth himself unto such as do not distrust him; for froward thoughts separate from God: . . . for wisdom is a loving spirit, and will not acquit a blasphemer of his thoughts." But the difficulty only arises late. One might say that it was a criticism of the cynical behavior to which the pessimism of the Preacher might lead a soft, base nature. In the earlier books it is taken for granted that all serious and intelligent people will naturally respect what is

respectable. The great difficulty in the path of the aspirant is simply his own laziness and frivolity, not the complexity of outward conditions, not the possibilities of anarchical success. It is from this point of view that we must explain the starting point, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do thereafter." The novice has to be turned to attention and effort by religion, and this done, he will probably go straight. There is always the feeling that wilfulness is wrong and perilous. "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is the way of death. . . . A wise man feareth and departeth from evil, but the fool rageth and is confident." There is practically no doubt that if a man can get to work in a proper spirit, he will succeed well enough: "In all labor there is profit." "The hand of the diligent shall be made fat, but the talk of the lips tendeth to penury." "The crown of the wise is their riches." And again, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men." There are not many safety-valves like "Better a little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith;" "The wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just;" "Wealth gotten by vanity shall diminish, but he that gathereth by labor shall increase."

But the wise seem not careful to answer in such matters; they uniformly treat wisdom as its own best reward, and folly as its own worst punishment. For once that they say "Shame shall be the promotion of fools," they say many times, "The foolishness of fools is folly." "The wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way; but the folly of fools is deceit." Moral distinctions seem still to have something of the freshness of novelty; it is a pleasure to dwell upon them and to view them in their simplest form. There is nothing in the Proverbs anywhere that goes deeper than "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." At the same time there is no *abandon* or enthusiasm about the Hebrew code of conduct. We meet again and again with maxims like, "He that hateth suretyship is sure;" "So long as thou doest good unto thyself, men will speak good of thee;" although there is a clear sense, too, that cheating and stinginess never pay in the long-run. "There is that withholdeth more than is need, but it tendeth to poverty;" "There is a sore disease that I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men; riches kept by the owners thereof to their hurt; such riches perish through evil travail."

But the economical situation was not far enough advanced to make honest riches common; diligence and temper and discretion, keeping out of quarrels and out of poverty and debt, is really the practical object for a wise man. This makes it the more surprising that the general conception of wisdom should be so exalted. It is a complete contrast and converse to Goethe's aphorism that Napoleon was cynical and positive in speech, because he lived and acted wholly in the idea. This was the reason of his impatient contempt for idealogues, who talked and theorized where they were not able to act. Of course Napoleon had a right to be angry with men who were intruding into what they had not seen, and paid his own tribute to idealism, as Goethe observes, at St. Helena. But still the immense earnestness of the Hebrews on one side of their subject is curious when we consider what a modest view they took of the other. The Hebrew wise man has not the prestige of a hero of Plutarch or of Dr. Smiles, to say nothing of St. Anthony, or even of Diogenes. But while they refrain from speaking highly of themselves or their life, they cannot speak highly enough of wisdom.

"Counsel is mine and sound wisdom: I am understanding and have strength. By me kings reign, and princes decree justice. By me princes rule and nobles, all the judges of the earth. I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me. Riches and honor are with me; durable riches and righteousness." There are critics who think all this magnificence an afterthought, and assure us that the introduction to Proverbs is much the latest part of the book. But let us hear the Son of Sirach:

"Wisdom shall praise herself, and

shall glory in the midst of her people. In the congregation of the Most High shall she open her mouth, and triumph before her judges. I came out of the mouth of the Most High, and covered the earth as a cloud. I dwelt in high places, and my throne is in a cloudy pillar. I alone compassed the circuit of the heaven and walked in the bottom of the deep."

The same man wrote, without any apparent sense of incongruity, "If thou hast been forced to eat, arise, go forth, vomit, and thou shalt have rest. . . . Cocker thy child and he shall make thee afraid: play with him and he will bring thee to heaviness: bow down his neck while he is young, and beat him on the sides while he is a child, lest he wax stubborn and be disobedient unto thee, and so bring sorrow upon thy heart."

The Son of Sirach is exceedingly full upon all questions of manners and prudence—the management of servants, of women, of property, of expense, of acquaintance, and throughout the tone is of cheerful, shrewd good-nature, and modesty in dealing with others, and of deep inward complacency for himself.

In one thing he is an illiberal thinker; he does not think that it is everybody's business to be wise; there is only not a physical distinction drawn between the righteous and sinners. There is much less exhortation to the sinful than in Proverbs, and much more observation of their propensities. Besides, there is a broad line between the cultivated and the uncultivated, which does not coincide with the line between the rich and the poor, but with the line between leisure and handicraft. "The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure; and he that hath little business shall become wise." Then after enumerating the social services of husbandmen, carpenters, carvers, smiths, and potters, "all these trust in their hands, and every one is wise in his work. Without these cannot a city be inhabited, and they shall not dwell where they will, or go up and down; they shall not be sought for in public councils, nor sit high in the congregations; they shall not sit on the judges' seat, nor understand the sentence of judgment; they cannot declare justice and judgment, and they shall not be found where parables are spoken. But they will maintain the state of the world, and their desire is in the work of their craft." At first sight this seems a glaring contradiction of the experience of Athens, which the Son of Sirach might have known, and the experience of Florence, which he could not know; and it is hardly an answer that Antioch and Alexandria were greater cities, and that he was of the same mind as Plato and Aristotle whom he would have thought wiser than Thucydides. In fact the quickness of wit and versatility of resource that are glorified in the speech of Pericles have only a very remote connection with a steady grasp on fixed principles, and a methodical application of a definite system of rules. And these have to be taught and learnt at leisure; and these were what the Son of Sirach meant by wisdom. The shrewd inconstancy of the clever democrats who never adhered to unsuccessful leaders or policies would have shocked him; if he had read the debate over the fate of Melos, or even Mytilene, he would have said, "The knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom, neither at any time the counsel of sinners prudence." Not that he was a rigorist by any means. "He that hath understanding will please great men." "He that pleaseth great men shall get pardon for iniquity."

On one side his ideal is a courtier like Commines, always discreet enough to be valued and respected by superiors less wise than himself; on the other side it is a sage like the Brahmin who declined a piece of Sanskrit taskwork the Indian Government pressed him to undertake, on the ground that it was beneath his dignity; and when the authorities hinted at his poverty, replied that he had a hundred a year, and could live as he wanted on fifty. Or if this is a trifle too egotistic a picture, we may turn to the sublime old age of Mencius when he had found that to be ruler of the empire was not one of the three things in which the superior man delights, and that drawing to himself all the most intelligent persons of the empire, and being able to teach and nourish them was. In general, Hebrew wisdom does not pique itself upon consistency; it is only careful to hold fast the foundation of self-control, self-re-

spect, and reverence, and then feels a certain pleasure in accumulating aphorisms on both sides of any question; there is no discussion, but plenty of materials for it, and one feels that if much of the Son of Sirach's teaching is second-hand, he is like Horace—"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri." In another way, too, Horace is like him. That charming poet never quite decided between the rival charms of the life of a courtier and the life of a hermit. He might have been secretary to Augustus, and after all he felt that it was the crown of his life to have been the friend of the best men of his day, and he valued their worth all the more for their high station. We cannot say that he was mercenary; one of the wisest things in his life, in his own judgment, was his resolution to take nothing from Mæcenas but one poor little farm; and when Mæcenas grew troublesome and querulous, he could parade his independence without offence. There can be no doubt that the sort of success in life that Horace or Prosper Mérimée gained, is the sort of success which it is easiest for a clever and amiable man to gain by planning for it. There is a certain degree of cynicism inseparable from the idea of planning one's life at all; it implies that one has no constraining impulses, no absorbing ties, which would distract a man from his own prospects and his own character. And this cynicism is itself rather a recommendation to people who have got to the top of the tree, and have a little inclination to look down upon every thing; and it is rather an obstacle to attaining purely practical independent success. A deliberate inquiry into the question what to do, and how to do it, is very apt to lead to the question whether any thing is quite worth doing, and there are few records of any large practical success in business or war, or politics, or art, without an imperative consistent craving to do some definite thing. There is no sounder rule for the practical man than Cromwell's: One never goes so far as when one does not know where one is going: or the counsel which was given to Dante in Paradise to follow his star. And so one notices in all the great men of action a certain vein of personal non-rational belief, even when they sat as loose to contemporary orthodoxy as Cæsar. And this does not perceptibly impair the soundness of their practical judgment. The late A. T. Stewart was never seduced into bolstering up unsound connections, because he had persuaded himself that luck depended upon having the same orangewoman's stall outside his place of business.

It is not every talent that is attractive: Virgil, for instance, was too absorbed in his work to be intimate in Mæcenas's circle, where Horace hints that they laughed a little at him behind his back, and the obstreperous self-assertion of Propertius did him no good. Horace's philosophy of life is a philosophy for the use of dependants who wish to retain their self-possession and self-respect, and therefore must be ready to resume their independence. They must not let themselves fall into the attitude of competing beggars for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table: if they want any thing, the way to get it is not to ask for it. Perhaps Horace had got all he wanted for himself so long that it was easy for him to look at things too much from the patron's point of view; he knew which kind of dependant a patron would like and approve, but patrons are sometimes like the public at large, and put off what they approve with chill praise. If we were to count up dependants who have thriven best, we should find that they commonly understood how to be troublesome as well as how to be useful, and were cleverer or, at any rate, more energetic than their patrons. And even Horace does not think the patron will necessarily be of a higher nature: he expects the patron to correct his dependant for the faults he allows in himself. But the dependant must never drift into disputes with his patron about trifles, or assert his own tastes against his; the only point where it is worth while to make a stand is in defence of a friend of one's own introducing. Another very important principle is not to expect too much. There was a certain Iccius who was collector of the estates of Agrippa, in Sicily, and had a library of Greek philosophy, and once was rash enough to

: of making his fortune by joining Arabian expedition. Horace is very with him, and tells him that his :e as Agrippa's collector is all that he ht to wish for. It is important to set- down as soon as possible to tranquil joyment, and not leave life till one is l.

This is one of the most marked con- asts between the moral philosophy of lorace and the Son of Sirach. The atter holds, to be sure, that it is well :o remember the latter end as a reason for enjoying the good things of this life, but he does not apply the thought to the young. According to him youth is the time of moral discipline and self-conquest; his motto for the young is, "He that departeth from pleasures crowneth his life."* Horace's is, "Hither bid them bring the wine and perfume, and the flowers of the dear rose that fadeth soon, while we have goods and youth to give us leave." According to Horace, who anticipates herein the general judgment of the un-instructed common-sense of Christen-dom, the time for moral discipline is old age. He was not exactly the inventor of the theory; it was anticipated in a saying of Hesiod, "Work for the young, and counsel for them of ripe age, and prayers for the old;" but he is almost the first to formulate it in Roman so-ciety. Catullus believes in amusing himself when he is young, but he does not believe in reforming when he is old. And Horace is perfectly serious about reforming; he has the same objection to hoary vice as the Son of Sirach, and his last words bid those who are unable to mend to leave the world betimes—

"Lest youth that wears
Its motley better, kick thee down the stairs."

Not that he recommends young men to neglect themselves; he thinks that sedulous watchfulness, self-examination, and good resolutions are all very ap-propriate remedies for the faults which are not pleasant to commit. And, after all, this is the largest class of faults; it is only wine and love in which Horace preaches self-indulgence; waste and spite and bad temper and castle-build-ing and ambition and worry do no good, and should be checked at once; every one should try from the first to find out his proper place in the world, and keep to it without fidgeting himself by comparisons with the lot of others. According to Horace, this last was the prevailing folly of his contemporaries; according to Loyola, it was the great temptation of penitents in his day to think that they would have attained sal-vation more easily in some other vo-cation.

Horace was almost the last student who mastered the art of life as a liberal art in antiquity. Phædrus, with all his shrewdness and *bonhommie*, is servile; and Cato the Grammarian, popular as he was in the Middle Ages, reminds modern readers too strongly of copy-books. His advice savors too much of his virtuous intentions and too little of real observation of life. It is clear from Ammianus Marcellinus, and other writers of the fourth century, that ob-servers of life had been driven to study what was lucky rather than what was prudent; because their general experi-ence had convinced them that such luck as was then in the world told for a good deal, while such prudence as there was told for very little. In the Middle Ages prudence regains something of its proper powers, but it is a prolix, and, so to say, a lavish prudence: the mediæval wise man almost seems to have no other dis-tinction than that he is a man of medita-tion and of maxims. He talks about it, and about it, and there is always some sense in his talk; but there is a feeling, never more conspicuous than in the Italy of the fifteenth century, that a great many wise men speak without thinking in order to gain time to think without speaking. Commines is on the very verge of passing out of the Middle Ages into modern times, or at all events into the time of the Renaissance, and his judgment is almost always right. We can see that nearly all that he con-demns is foolish, nearly all that he ap-proves is wise; and yet, though his judgments are often elaborate enough, we feel as if they were superficial; he never tells us why the enterprises of Louis XI. were in themselves more feasible than those of Charles the Bold;

* "Rejoice, young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth," is one of the many audacities of the Preacher.

he only impresses us with his own strong conviction that, somehow or other, the rash cunning of the one was safer than the rash obstinacy of the other.

When we come to Bacon we feel that we have left the Middle Ages, and even the Renaissance, behind: yet we have not come to the modern world either. We might say that he has not advanced to it; we might say he has not come down to it. There is a great deal in Harvey's criticism on the first part of the "Novum Organum," that the Lord Chancellor wrote on natural philosophy like a Lord Chancellor, and in King James's criticism that he was not philosopher enough himself to understand his discourses on law. Bacon's greatness of mind showed itself in always being perceptibly above his business: instead of doing what was possible at the moment, he was always planning some larger task to be taken in hand when he could count upon suitable collaboration.

He was content with nothing short of an exhaustive theory of success in private and public life, with a preliminary treatise on the formation of character, which he called the Georgics of the mind. He was too magnificently hopeful to inquire whether there was not something impossible in a science which had been left undiscovered so long, though its subject was so close to human interest, and forced itself upon human observation. The Greeks had already discussed the question whether virtue was teachable, and Aristotle had summed up the controversy by the decision that only students who were well grounded in the practice of morals could profit by instruction in the theory. It did not occur to him that any thing was needed for the preliminary training beyond diligence and consistency on the part of parents and guardians. This really carries us, after all, as far as it is easy or safe to go. Conduct is much more an affair of habit than of inclination, and of impulse than of calculation; people do what has to be done without stopping to think if they like it, or protest that they wish they had not got to do it, and do it all the same, though perhaps a little the worse. Their activity, what there is of it, works itself out so far as circumstances permit in any wholesome or unwholesome direction it may have taken without much reflection upon the question whether it is ideally worth while to do as they are doing. If a man's occupation provides him with what he has come to think necessaries, or he is provided with these by something else than work, he pursues it quite contentedly, although it is of very little use to the world, and although he may not be succeeding in it.

The knowledge which is really useful to us—more useful than the knowledge of what a disinterested, public-spirited spectator will praise us for, more useful than the knowledge of the probable consequences of our actions to ourselves and others, more useful than the knowledge of our own capacity—is different from all these; it is the knowledge of other men, how far they are likely to further or hinder us in doing what we already tend to do. This will help us to choose among our tendencies. We need to know which of them we shall be able to impose if we are strong, in which we shall have sympathy if we are gregarious, in which we shall be protected if we are feeble, in which we shall be left unmolested if we are insignificant. All other knowledge, especially self-knowledge, is only profitable to check us if we are going to ruin, and to paralyze us if we were going to do pretty well. "He that regardeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." "A man," as Goethe says, "must overrate himself a little, perhaps more than a little (if he thinks of himself at all), if he is to come up to all the expectations entertained of him." The valuable self-knowledge is negative rather than positive. A man must not think he can do what he cannot, he must not think what he can do impossible: but the prolonged contemplation which is needed to bring any man to a clear sense of his powers and their limits is a drag on activity for the time, and issues in either despondency or an overweening confidence, which at first is often a valuable weapon, and ends by becoming a snare. "They measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, have not attained unto righteousness."

Now Bacon had made his way by no spontaneous fitness for high place, but by diligently studying himself and

all the people who he hoped would help him. When he was first in Parliament he seems to have offended his colleagues by what would nowadays be called viewines, and when he had established his parliamentary position he compromised his career at Court by a futile display of independence, intended to show that he had parliamentary influence with which it would be well to reckon. The consequences of this miscalculation involved him in another. Essex thought him ill-used, as he was, and Bacon long looked to Essex to push his fortunes, and had at last the misfortune of making his peace with the Court at the expense of his patron, upon whom he had bestowed much good advice, so useless that he naturally took credit afterward for having given him much more which he had carefully prepared and found it hopeless to deliver at the time. Even when he had placed his wonderful powers of plausible and persuasive statement at the disposition of the Government to convince the public that a sufficiently seditious *pronunciamiento* against the ministry was really high treason against Queen Elizabeth, his progress was slow compared with his abilities. He constantly saw duller men promoted over his head, and was disappointed of promotion which he expected so confidently as to put his men into new clothes, whereupon when the post in question (the headship of the Court of Wards and Liveries) was finally filled up, a wag remarked that Sir Walter had the Wards and Sir Francis had the Liveries. He was driven very much against his will to try what detraction would do for him, and when at last his perseverance was rewarded, he soon lost the favor of Buckingham by not backing Coke against his wife and daughter as strongly as Buckingham wished, and was made the scapegoat of the general corruption when the Parliament met, for whose assembly he prepared so hopefully.

Bacon was entirely unsoured. The only bitter things he says anywhere are that the shortest ways to rise are commonly the foulest, and that it is imprudent to do too much good service at first and leave nothing to do by and by, and that a man who will be useful in any laborious business like the law will seldom have time and opportunity to forward his own fortunes. All his wisdom is cheerful. He holds that a rising man ought to be open to attract the confidence of those who have something useful to tell, as well as secret, to attract the confidence of those who have something important to conceal. If he thinks it important for a man to take stock of his powers and opportunities, his shortcomings and hindrances, he is careful to add that it is well to overrate the former a little and to underrate the latter. He has a poor opinion of all unworthy success, and thinks such an one has punishment enough in his character. And it is not really inconsistent with this that he distinguishes repeatedly between the man who is wise for the public and the man who is wise for himself; for a man may render great services to the public, and yet his career may be a failure as a whole even from the public point of view. Bacon's "Architect of Fortune" makes it his first business, no doubt, to get high place, and to keep it all his life; but then, if a man has the higher wisdom to serve the State, it is all the better that he should have the lower to serve himself. Lord Palmerston, for instance, was more valuable to the public in proportion to his abilities than Lord Chatham; Pitt was more valuable in proportion to his abilities than Burke. And, after all, the balance is not uneven. There is an admirable story in the appendix to Bacon's collection of anecdotes, how one courtier, after Bacon's fall, said, "My Lord St. Alban had a pretty turning wit, and could speak well; but he wanted that profound judgment and solidity of a statesman that my Lord of Middlesex hath." (Middlesex was the man to whom Buckingham made Bacon give up York House after his impeachment. Like Bacon, he fell into disgrace because he could not resist questionable gains.) Said a courtier who stood by, "Sir, I wonder you will disparage your judgment so much as to offer to make any parallel betwixt these two. I'll tell you what: when these two men shall be recorded in our chronicles to after ages, men will wonder how my Lord St. Alban could fall; and they will wonder how my Lord of Middlesex could rise."

Next to this in Rowley's commonplace book comes a saying of another stamp: "There was one who was wont to say that he thought every man fit for every place," which is the rough draught of an elaborate anecdote about Queen Elizabeth comparing herself to Diogenes looking for a man with his lantern; whereupon Bacon compared her to the Madonna turning the scale in favor of a sinner on the last day with her rosary —the moral being that princes' favor either finds men worthy, or makes them so. It is the converse to the Greek proverb that office shows what a man is, and not a particularly creditable contrast to the vigorous Hebrew protest against the exaltation of the mean man.

Goethe throughout attaches himself to solid fact in a way as remarkable in a poet as Napoleon's dislike for ideology, considering his romantic career. Another remarkable characteristic is the entire absence of all exclusiveness: his world is not the world of a court or of a cultured class; it includes the Hydriote shipowners, who, he thought, gave their sons the best education in the world by simply taking them round with them in their voyages, to see and to learn and make themselves as useful as they can. "As they have what they earn, they are interested from the first in trade and barter and booty, and so grow up to be the most excellent mariners, the cleverest traffickers, and the most adventurous pirates. Such a mass is really capable of putting forth heroes who can grapple the deadly fireship with their own hands to the flagship of the enemy." He has no ambition to enforce such a many-sided culture as his own. "When we meet cultured men we find that there is only one manifestation of the primal being, or at most a few of which they are receptive, and that is enough." . . . "It does a musician no harm to ignore a sculptor, and *vice versâ*." "Painting, sculpture, and acting stand together in the closest relations, but an artist called to practise one of the three must be on his guard against letting the others mislead him: the sculptor may be misled by the painter, and the painter by the actor (this is a prophetic criticism of Maclise), and all three may so perplex one another that no one is able to stand firm on his own feet."

Goethe does not draw the line where Bacon wants to draw it—between the court and the city; or where the Son of Sirach draws it—between men of letters and men of business; in theory, at any rate, his man of culture is not a monopolist; the perfection he describes, the advice he gives, are for the ordinary workaday world. His theory of duty is to do the day's work; and doing one's duty is his theory of the way one should take to find out what is in us. "Self-knowledge is never to be got by reflection, only by action." He is as far as possible from demanding the construction of a brand new science of conduct like Bacon. "Every thing sensible has been thought of already, and all we have to do is to think of it over again." He has no faith in the best machinery. The special genuine good that we do commonly gets done *clam, vi, et precario*"—privily, forcibly, or by beggary, the three conditions which vitiate the value of possession as a title at law. He treats all truth and success as something momentary. "The manifestation of the idea as that of beauty is as fleeting as the manifestation of the sublime, the ingenious, the amusing, the ridiculous." "The important thing in the world is not knowledge of men, but just to have one's wits better in hand than the man with whom one has to do." "Making mistakes is a capital thing when one is young, only one must not let the mistakes slip in with one as one passes into old age." "The importance of the most innocent sayings and doings grows with every year, and whenever I see any one about me any time, I always try to make him observe what is the difference between being straightforward and being confiding and being indiscreet; or rather that there is no distinction, only an easy transition from what is quite unobjectionable to what is very mischievous, which has to be noticed or rather to be felt." "Microscopes and telescopes only serve to perplex the pure human sensation." "Whoever contents himself with pure experience and acts thereafter has truth enough, and in that way a child just growing up is wise." "Nothing that happens is so unreasonable but common-sense or accident might have righted it; nothing so reasonable but want of sense

or accident might have made it turn out wrong." "Any one who demands too much, anybody who takes pleasure in perversity, has himself to thank for his perplexity."

Much of this naturalism is upon the borders of fatalism, and the resistance to fatalism is not the recognition of responsibility, but the inculcation of endeavor in some definite rational direction. In the whole course of Goethe's reflections and maxims the absence of the element of authority is very remarkable. His ideal teacher would be a man who could carry his pupils round the world, and show them every thing just at its best; and as this is impossible, he would be content with a teacher who would enable his pupils to appreciate the best that came in their way. If a wise and able man wishes to teach his own knowledge and skill, he can only let his light shine, do what he can, say what he thinks. "Men are strange creatures; they will bear no constraint to their good, and they will bear coercion to their hurt." He thinks Lessing was quite right to make one of his characters say, "No one must must," though he adds the supplementary remarks of an ingenious intelligent man who says, "If a man will, he must;" and a really cultivated man who says, "If a man understands, he is willing." "If I understand my relation to myself and my circumstances, the expression of my belief I call truth, and that is my truth; if anybody else understands his relation to himself and his circumstances, that is his truth; and so there may be as many truths as there are people in the world, and yet every truth is the same." "As I grow older I keep silence on many things. I do not wish to mislead people, and am well content when they enjoy what offends me." "Whoever puts up with my faults is my superior." "Voluntary dependence is the most beautiful thing in the world, and how is that possible without love?" "A state of things which produces a daily renewed sense of oppression cannot possibly be the right one." Here we have the explanation. In Goethe's youth, the hereditary authoritative tradition under which he grew up was in the main unfruitful; he had to find out for himself all that he thought worth knowing or doing; he had to learn to appreciate the past for himself, and he did not see that the generation which was growing up under the influence of the critical philosophy and the French Revolution would be more tractable; and the framework of German society was not in a state to inspire reverence, though Goethe consistently preached and practised patience, which is doubtless most favorable to the development of the individual, while revolutionary methods produce more tangible results for the community.

Another observation suggested by the same situation is that "Laws are always made by men of full age; the young and women have to obey; men are for the rule, women and the young for the exception." "The battle between the old, the established, the persistent, and development, growth, transformation, is always the same. Every order at last issues in pedantry, and people upset one to get quit of the other; and some time passes before people become aware that order must be re-established. Classicism and romanticism, craftguilds and the freedom of industry, maintenance and breaking up of landed estates, it is always the same conflict which always ends by begetting a new conflict. It follows that the best wisdom of governments would be to moderate it, so that it might be balanced without the overthrow of either side; but this is not given to men: it seems not to be the will of God."

This comes after a very bitter saying, "All men as they become free give effect to their faults; the strong in exaggeration, the weak in negligence." "Weak men are often of a revolutionary way of thinking; they suppose they would be comfortable if it were not for the Government, and don't feel their incapacity to govern themselves or others." "All that gives us intellectual liberty without giving us self-control is corrupting." In one thing Goethe agrees with the ordinary respectability of the eighteenth century, in the enormous value that he puts on the diligent employment of time; he even speculates on the possibility of putting by the time which passes unemployed for future use, as the only conceivable excuse for the way most people saunter time away.

He does not condescend to notice the real justification that they have not vitality enough to live to purpose for more than a very small part of the twenty-four hours : and generally this part becomes smaller as routine does less to direct the employment of time ; as Goethe says himself, "every artist is lazy." That is the reason why Philistines despise artists ; Goethe recognizes their self-complacency without being surprised or much offended. He would be glad to think them stupid and harmless ; but sometimes they take it into their heads to be ingenious and profound "The most astonishing things are said when people who are not really productive are resolved to say something remarkable." Sometimes, and this is much worse, they try to be energetic. "There is nothing more terrible than activity without intelligence." This in his eyes is the one unpardonable sin ; the irregularities of a genius like Byron seem very venial in comparison ; he does not exactly extenuate his errors and misfortunes, but he sets them down to his difficulties in understanding himself and his epoch. He does not demand good sense from genius, for though none have rated good sense higher, he regards it as something which cannot be learnt by trying ; it comes from fellowship with the human race as a whole, and of course the fellowship in which common-sense is assimilated is not facilitated by superiority. "The one thing to be demanded of genius is the love of truth." "Love of truth shows itself in this, that one is able to find and praise good everywhere."

On long life Goethe had a better right to speak than most, and he used it sparingly. The Hebrew praises of long life do not seem to be the work of old men, but rather of men who hoped to live to be old. Goethe speaks mostly in a tone of irony : "It is an ancient forester who stumbles over the tree that he has planted." "People spare the old as they spare children." "The old man loses the best right of manhood, the right to be judged by his peers." The difficulty of the old on which Goethe dwells largely for him, is peculiar to men like himself, who wish to go on learning as they grow old. Then, of course, every achievement becomes the preface to a new task, and tasks multiply as strength fails ; but the general rule is, that the old, if they keep their place in the world at all, are to be numbered among its blind forces ; they dispense themselves increasingly from understanding the tendencies of the new generations whom they still control. Their action is still important enough to be studied, perhaps beneficent enough to be cherished ; but it is mechanical, beyond their own guidance or that of others, and it generally seems happier and safer when they are content to flit like gracious shadows through the evening sunshine.

After all has been said, even Goethe cannot maintain a tone of triumph. "A man of action is concerned to do right ; it need not trouble him if what is right is done." "When a man builds for the future, there are many evil eyes upon him ; if he will work for the moment, let him sacrifice first to fortune." If he says once, "Only do your own part right, and the rest will do itself," this must be taken subject to the saying, that the spirit of the world quoted to Dipsychus, "Whom God deludes is well deluded." It is a good thing that all men, especially those whom it most concerns, will give little weight to the observation, "The multitude cannot do without men of worth, and yet men of worth are always a burden to the multitude," and will repose upon the promise, "Every worthy, active man should deserve and expect the grace of the great, the favor of the powerful, the help of the good and active, the good-will of the many, the love of one or two." —*Fortnightly Review.*

KASPAR HAUSER.

On the evening of Whitmonday, some fifty years ago, a citizen of Nuremberg happened to be loitering near his door in an unfrequented part of the town, when he observed, a short distance off, an ungainly-looking young man standing in a singular posture, having the appearance of one intoxicated, and apparently mak-

ing attempts to move forward without having the power either to stand upright or to control the movement of his limbs.

The citizen approached the stranger, who immediately thrust into his hands a letter—a letter addressed to the captain of one of the regiments then quartered in Nuremberg. The citizen attempted to question the strange youth; but in reply to his queries could only elicit a repetition of some unintelligible jargon, and therefore conducted him to the guard-room of the regiment. Here the captain's orderly took charge of the unknown, and led him to his master's house. The captain happened to be from home at the time; and as the stranger could give no account of himself in answer to the numerous questions with which he was assailed, and as he did not appear to understand any thing that was said to him, he was taken for a kind of savage; and after much consultation on the part of the servants as to his disposal, he was shut up in a stable, to await the return of the captain. The contents of his pockets created the greatest surprise. They consisted of colored rags, a key, a paper of gold sand, a small horn rosary, and a few religious tracts.

The poor fellow was so much fatigued that his attempts to walk resulted in an unsteady stagger; his feet were bruised and bleeding, and he appeared to be suffering intensely from the effects of hunger and thirst. Some meat was offered to him; but on tasting it he immediately spat it out in disgust. Beer too was given him; but on tasting a few drops of it he rejected it as he had done the meat. Some bread and a glass of water, however, afforded him much satisfaction, and he swallowed them eagerly. After refreshing himself in this manner, he threw himself on some straw in the stable, and almost instantly fell into a deep sleep. He was still asleep when the captain returned home, although several hours had elapsed. Attempts were made to awaken him, but for some time without success. They lifted him from the ground and tried to place him upon his feet; but, in spite of all their exertions, the youth slept on, and seemed more like one dead or in a trance than a living being merely asleep. At last, however, his eyes slowly opened, and, as if struck with the glittering color of the captain's uniform, he immediately commenced to utter the same jargon he had used to the bewilderment of the good citizen who had discovered him.

The captain knew nothing of the stranger, and no particulars could be ascertained from the letter of which he was the bearer. The letter did not give any clue to the name or previous home of the youth. It was not even addressed to any person by name, and from its style and orthography seemed to have been intended to pass for the production of some illiterate peasant. The writer merely stated that he was a poor workman with a large family, which he could ill support; that the mother of the stranger had placed him under his care when quite young; that the boy wished to be a soldier, as his father had been. No name was signed at the end of the letter, which closed with this inhuman sentence: "If you do not keep him, you may kill him or hang him up in the chimney."

The captain was in a great dilemma with regard to the disposal of the charge that had been imposed upon him in so sudden and unexpected a manner; but at last, when every attempt at questioning had failed, the unknown was taken to the police station. Here they could make nothing of him. The usual interrogations as to who he was, whence he came, what was his business, etc., elicited no intelligible answer, and the authorities were much perplexed to know what to do with him. His tears, the state of his feet, and his childish and apparently harmless demeanor, excited the pity of those who saw him. Opinions as to his real nature were divided. Some considered him an idiot, others thought him a savage. Not a few affected to believe that under this appearance of simplicity some cunning deceit might be concealed.

At the suggestion of one of the officials, pen, ink, and paper were put before him, and signs were made that he should use them. At this the stranger manifested considerable pleasure; and taking up the pen, to the infinite astonishment it must be confessed of all present, he wrote in bold, legible characters the words "Kaspar Hauser." Here, however, he stopped. All attempts to make him understand that they wanted him to write down the name of the place whence he came failed; and, as a last resource, he was

committed to the prison where rogues and vagabonds were usually confined. On being conducted to his cell, he immediately sank on his straw bed in a deep sleep. Such was Kaspar Hauser's first introduction to the world.

At this time Kaspar was about sixteen or seventeen years old, and four feet nine inches in height. His chin and lips were thinly covered with down ; his wisdom-teeth, as they are called, had not yet come, nor did they make their appearance until about three years later. His hair, which was of a light-brown color, was very fine, and curled in ringlets. The structure of his body, which was stout and broad-shouldered, showed perfect symmetry without any visible defect. His hands were small and beautifully shaped. The soles of his feet were as soft as the palms of his hands, and, from their appearance, had never before either been used for walking or confined in a shoe. His face, particularly when in a state of tranquillity, was almost without any expression whatever. He appeared to have little or no idea of the use of his limbs. His attempts at walking were most ludicrous, for they resembled the first toddlings of an infant. He was wholly destitute of words and ideas, and showed a complete ignorance of the most common objects of nature and the ordinary usages of daily life. In fact, the whole of the circumstances connected with the unfortunate youth were for some considerable time a dark mystery, that baffled even the wisest in their attempts to fathom. He appeared to resemble an inhabitant of some other planet, miraculously and suddenly transferred to the earth, rather than one belonging to the same race of men who now exist.

The only food he could be prevailed upon to take was bread and water. For all other kinds of meat and drink he showed the greatest aversion. Even the smell of them was sufficient to make him shudder ; and the least drop of wine, or tea, or coffee occasioned him cold sweats, or caused him to be seized with vomiting or violent headache. Among the few intelligible words, to most of which he appeared to attach no meaning whatever, that now and then escaped his lips, the one most frequently used was "Ross" (horse) ; from this circumstance the idea of bringing him a wooden toy horse occurred to some of the police officials. A the sight of this plaything Kaspar, who hitherto had treated every thing and every one with stolid indifference, suddenly roused up. He seated himself on the ground by the side of his toy, stroked it, patted it, kept his eyes continually fixed on it, and finally endeavored to decorate it with all the various trifling presents which benevolent visitors from time to time had given him. For hours he would sit by the side of his horse playing with it, taking no notice of any thing that was going on around him. Several toy horses were now given to him, and for each of them he manifested the same affection he had shown for the first one he received. Even at mealtime he would not be separated from his favorites ; and before eating his bread or drinking his water he tried hard to induce his horses to partake. His plan was to hold his bread to the mouth of each horse in turn, and after that to dip the mouth of each horse in the water. One of the horses happened to be made of plaster of Paris, and the constant wetting had the effect of softening the lips, and by degrees part of the mouth crumbled off. This circumstance caused Kaspar the most intense sorrow, nor would he be comforted until one of the officials had mended his toy for him.

In a very short time after his arrival at the prison Kaspar was no longer considered as an ordinary prisoner, but rather as a forsaken and neglected child, who needed only care and education to render him like other human beings. The governor of the prison admitted him to his family table, where, although he would not yet eat the same food as the others had, he still learned to sit properly, and in some measure to conform to the ordinary rules of decent society. Kaspar was pleased to have the governor's children as playmates, while they on their part were delighted at the idea of having a playfellow bigger than themselves, and yet with the gentleness and simplicity of a child.

About a fortnight after Kaspar's arrival in Nuremberg he was providentially favored with a visit from a certain Professor Daumer, an intelligent young scholar, who forthwith devoted himself to the peculiar and most interesting task of training the virgin mind of the un-

fortunate youth. The Burgomaster, Herr Binder, also took a very deep interest in Kaspar, and frequently had him brought to his house, where he was encouraged and assisted in his attempts to learn to converse; and where, by carefully avoiding all the puzzling restrictions of legal forms and questionings, the young man was by degrees, as he advanced in his knowledge of words, induced to try and recall some of the incidents in his early life. At the same time the police were still busy with their investigations; but the clue they had to work upon being so slight, they made but slow progress in unravelling the tangled thread of the mystery which surrounded this strange specimen of humanity.

Little by little, however, Kaspar's mind became enlightened, and as his power of expression and his vocabulary increased, he began putting together, bit by bit as it were, those of the incidents of his past life which struck him most forcibly. The account he gave of himself was as follows: "He neither knows who he is nor where his home is. It was only at Nuremberg that he came into the world. Here he learned for the first time that, besides himself and one man who had always had the care of him, there existed other men or other creatures. As long as he could recollect, he had lived in a hole (or small low room, which he sometimes calls a cage), where he had always sat upon the ground, with bare feet, and clothed only in a shirt and a pair of trousers. In his apartment he had never heard a sound, whether produced by a man, by an animal, or by any thing else. He never saw the heavens, nor did there ever appear a brightening (daylight) such as at Nuremberg. Whenever he awoke from sleep he found a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water beside him. Sometimes this water had a bad taste; and whenever this was the case, he could no longer keep his eyes open, but was compelled to fall asleep. When he awoke he found that he had a clean shirt on, and that his nails had been cut. He never saw the face of the man who brought him his bread and water. In his room he had two wooden horses and some ribbons. With these he always amused himself as long as he was awake. How long he lived in this state he knew not, for he had no knowledge of time. The man who acted as his keeper had, while he was in his little room, taught him to write, standing behind him during each lesson, in order that the face of the teacher might not be seen, and guiding his hand. In this manner he learned to write his name, and also some of the usual words and copies that are used in elementary instruction. After a time his keeper taught him to stand upright. The method employed for this purpose was very singular. The keeper caught him firmly round the breast from behind, placed his own feet behind his (Kaspar's) feet and lifted them as in stepping forward. Finally the man appeared once again, placed his (Kaspar's) hands over his shoulders, tied them fast, and carried him on his back out of the room. The journey must have lasted several days at least, for he remembered having eaten and slept several times. He never saw the face of his keeper even now, for as he either led or carried him along, the man directed him (Kaspar) to keep his face directed toward the ground. During this time the keeper attempted to teach him to walk, and also instructed him to say the same jargon he had used when he was first observed by the citizen of Nuremberg. Not long before he was discovered the keeper put on him the clothes in which he was found. Then suddenly thrusting the letter into his hands, the keeper vanished. After this the citizen found him almost immediately, and conducted him to the guard-room."

This account, given almost in Kaspar's own words, will go far toward explaining how it happened that the youth's mind was in such a dark state; but it helps very little to show who Kaspar Hauser really was, or whence he came, or in fact any real particulars of his actual history. That a great crime had been committed by some one was very evident. Many conjectures were hazarded, and it was only after very considerable and protracted search that it was possible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusions. Link by link the chain of evidence—circumstantial only, it must be admitted—was put together; and finally it was on all sides generally believed that Kaspar Hauser was the product of an illicit alliance. A priest, who was said to be his father, took charge of the child from the

moment of his birth, and in time shut him up in some out-of-the-way subterranean vault in the convent where he resided. Here it was that Kaspar, totally secluded from all human observation and knowledge save that of the priest, passed seventeen long years; and here probably he would have remained had not circumstances compelled the priest to leave the convent, when, having no other convenient place of concealment available, he released the poor fellow and left him to his fate.

The incident mentioned by Kaspar in his account of himself relating to the bad taste in his water, which caused him to fall into a deep sleep, was explained a short time after he had given the narrative to his friends. It occurred to one of them that the priest might have mixed a drop or two of laudanum with the water, with a view of inducing a stupor while the boy's clothes were being changed. One day a small dose of laudanum was put in his glass of water without Kaspar's knowledge. On tasting the water, he recognized the flavor at once, and unhesitatingly affirmed that the glass contained some of the stuff he used to have given him during his imprisonment when a change of clothes became necessary. This circumstance clearly proved the truth of the conjecture.

The accounts that are recorded of the growth of Kaspar's mind are most interesting. Incidents that to an ordinary person would appear of no moment had a strange and inexplicable effect on him. For instance, as an experiment he was brought into contact with a female somnambulist. Her presence affected him in the most extraordinary manner. He was seized with violent pain and sudden disgust. He describes the interview in his own words as follows: "As I came into the room and the door of the diseased person was opened, I felt a sudden dragging on both sides of my breast, as if some one wished to pull me into the room. As I went in and proceeded toward the sick person, a very strong breath blew upon me, and when I had her at my back it blew upon me from behind, and the pulling I felt before in my breast I now felt in my shoulders. The sick person seated herself and said that she was ill. I also said that I was unwell, and that I must sit down. Now a violent beating of my heart came on me, and there was a heat in all my body. This condition lasted until the next morning; then I had a headache again and a twittering in all my limbs, still not so violent." The somnambulist, curiously enough, was affected almost in the same manner.

On another occasion a spider let itself down from the ceiling on Kaspar's head. Directly it touched him he felt a chill and an excessive degree of cold on his forehead, without knowing the cause. Suddenly putting up his hand to his face, he crushed the spider on his under-lip. Hereupon he felt, for more than a quarter of an hour, a burning pain, which passed away with a tremor. When he retired to bed the burning sensation returned. During the night the lip swelled, and there rose on it several small bladders, out of which there was a discharge of white matter in the morning. The chill occasioned by the spider was of long continuance.

But it was not only by the sight of and contact with living creatures that Kaspar was visibly affected; for we are told that one day he happened to see a particularly fine flower, and on his attempting to pluck it, the same feeling as that caused by the spider came upon him. On another occasion, after eating a ripe grape he immediately became strangely affected, and was compelled to sleep off the effects of the, to him, potent juice.

Although for a long time Kaspar's body was considerably in advance of his mind, yet by degrees he began to overcome many of his peculiarities. Still he could never forget the hardships he had suffered, and the fact of his being inclined to brood over them tended to retard his mental progress.

About four years after his first appearance in Nuremberg, Kaspar was fortunate enough to come under the notice of Lord Stanhope. This nobleman conceived the idea of adopting the strange youth, and having prevailed upon the inhabitants of Nuremberg, who looked upon Kaspar as their adopted son, to give him up, he placed him under a tutor at Anspach previous to removing him to England. But unhappily these benevolent intentions were frustrated, for the same mystery which shrouded his birth hung over his death. On the 14th of December, 1833, Kaspar Hauser, while

returning from his official duties at midday, was accosted in the streets by a person who promised to impart to him a secret of his origin if he would meet him in the park of Anspach Castle. Without informing his protectors of this circumstance, Hauser imprudently kept the appointment. The stranger was at his post; he took Kaspar aside, and, without speaking a word, plunged a dagger into his breast, and instantly disappeared. Hauser had sufficient strength left to reach the residence of his new tutor, into whose apartment he rushed, and had just breath enough to utter two or three indistinct words when he immediately fainted, and, after relating the circumstances of his assassination, died on the 17th of the same month. Every expedient which the police could invent was adopted to discover the murderer, but without success. The secret, which it cost so much crime to preserve, has never been divulged.—*Chambers's Journal.*

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

II.

We may say in general of the different studies which together make up education that in England some of them are alive, others have only an imperfect vitality, and others have no vitality at all. As an obvious illustration of the differance, I may refer to the classical and the modern languages. At our great schools all is zeal and emulation where Latin and Greek are in question, but the French lesson is languid; and while all the classical knowledge acquired there is carried away to the university to receive further augmentation, the little knowledge of French that has been picked up is dropped again almost immediately.

When we inquire whence arises this difference we discover two causes which may give vitality to a study. The first and most obvious is its intrinsic importance. And yet that this cause does not operate so powerfully as we might expect is evident from the example just given. The advantage of knowing French is evident to every one, but the use of knowing Latin, though conceivably it may be greater, is at any rate not so evident; yet the study of Latin flourishes, and that of French does not. More effect seems to be produced by a certain extrinsic importance which is given to some studies either by accidental circumstances or by deliberate design. What are called the "bread-studies" never quite lose their vitality; thus there will never be any difficulty in keeping alive some sort of study of law so long as a number of people get a livelihood from it. And classics, though not in the same strict sense a bread-study, have taken the lead of all studies among us mainly in consequence of the endowments which have been attached to them by those who, on various grounds, were convinced of their value.

When a study has through one of these causes, or more than one, acquired vitality, the teacher of it has an easy task before him. He no longer throws away his expositions upon empty benches, or upon unwilling hearers whose attention he can see to be comfortably absorbed in their novel. What is no less important, on such a subject text-books, manuals, and helps of all kinds are continually issuing from the press, whereas if the subject wants vitality it is to little purpose that the teacher here and there strikes out a flash of interest; the awakened mind goes to sleep again, the new-born ardor dies for want of nutriment. Now, of the study of history we may say that it is slowly emerging out of a state in which, except at certain points, it was not kept alive in any of these ways. As to its intrinsic importance, this could only be political, and there were few politicians indeed who would have recognized the importance of any historian except Hansard. It had few prizes at the universities, and there were few means of making a livelihood by it. But at some points it was warmed into life by contact with other studies. Their provinces had *enclaves* within its boundary, so that we might occasionally see a public which

did not in general study history, profoundly interested in some controversy which was really historical. Church controversies kept alive an interest in one set of historical questions, and our organized classical education diffused a considerable interest in another set. It used to be said, though I fear without much justice, that Niebuhr's speculations excited more interest here than in Germany; at any rate Mr. Grote could not complain of want of appreciation. Moreover, a great nation like this cannot but feel a good deal of interest, because it feels a great deal of pride, in its own history. Certainly English history has not been able to compete for a moment with Greek and Roman either in schools or universities. I do not think it can be said that the highly-educated Englishman, as a rule, includes among his acquirements an accurate or intelligent knowledge of English history. But even the moderately-educated Englishman reads with interest whatever appears on the subject, if it is not too long and has but a reasonable seasoning of "pictorial writing." And in this country, as in other parts of Europe, there has been of late much diligence in exploring the national archives, and out of the newly-acquired materials solid historical works in no small number have been built.

But it may still be observed that the study of history, as such, is only beginning to show signs of vitality. A historical subject which is not classical or English or ecclesiastical hardly yet excites interest among us, from which it appears that we are interested in Greece or Rome or England or religion rather than in history. Hence it is that there is a great gap, not only in the historical knowledge of our educated class, but also in our historical literature. Modern continental history is very much neglected; no one thinks it necessary to pretend to any complete knowledge of that subject, and we have extremely few elaborate English books upon it. It seems to be supposed that no part of modern French or German history need be studied unless it is of the most thrilling interest. Books on the French Revolution and Frederick the Great have been well received, but they have been full of every thing that is amazing and astonishing. I have been lately told by reviewers that it is doubtful whether the German War of Liberation is of sufficient interest to deserve careful study! Now we are not nearly so nice when the question is of one of those parts of history the study of which is really alive among us. We do not then think that the ordinary course of historical affairs is not worth attention, and that only what is exceptional and astonishing should be studied. In ancient history we follow with painful exactness the petty campaigns of the Peloponnesian War; we speculate with insatiable curiosity upon the original constitution of Rome. About the dullest periods in our own history what volumes we write and read! How eagerly we inquire who wrote *Junius!* But our curiosity is dormant where it has not been awakened by one of those accidental causes that I have mentioned. We write no elaborate histories of modern France or Germany or Russia, and we do not think that such histories ought to be written.

Here then I note one great deficiency; but there is another. I have spoken of English history as a subject which has some vitality. And yet it has not vitality in the same sense as Greek and Roman history. The interest in it does not with most people awaken till their education is over. In schools it is almost as dead as the modern languages, and so it has been till lately in the universities. Hence with most people the study of it is never more than an amusement of leisure, and accordingly it is pursued without rigorous method or purpose. The curious questions take precedence of the important ones; what is abstruse or technical is passed over lightly; and since amusement is the object, the self-denial of sacrificing prejudices to better knowledge and of recognizing unwelcome truths is little practised. And now the inquirer, being in this not too serious frame of mind, is exposed to a great temptation, which comes from party-spirit. He is, or fancies himself to be, a Whig or a Tory, a Conservative or a Liberal, and this fact has the greatest possible influence upon his studies.

Upon the direct effect of party organization upon politics much has been written both favorably and unfavorably. After its first appearance, and through the reigns of William III. and Anne, it was

supposed to be mischievous, but with the advent of the Hanover family it became supreme, and began to be pronounced beneficial. After being bitterly attacked by Bolingbroke, it was supposed to have been triumphantly vindicated by Burke, and since that vindication few doctrines have been more generally received among us than the indispensable use of party organization, though occasionally a faint voice is heard suggesting that the system has its disadvantages, and may perhaps by this time have played its part. I have no intention of contributing here a single word to this controversy. But it is evident that the system must have an indirect as well as a direct tendency. The custom which enlists almost all intelligent Englishmen in every generation from youth to age in a political party, whether good or bad for its immediate purpose, must have further and very serious effects upon the national mind. If party-spirit make people one-sided, as is sometimes said, it must be a rather serious matter to subject a whole nation deliberately and on principle to the influence of party-spirit. If the study of history be important, and that of the national history pre-eminently so, it is surely worth consideration whether our party-organization is or is not unfavorable to the growth of a true and grand view of the national history. Not only in political action but in the study of English history we are all alike Big-endians and Little-endians!

The important point is not that we differ and form parties in politics—this would not be worth discussing, because it is certainly unavoidable—but that we carry back our party differences into history. In practical politics we have a sensible rule not to disturb the settlement once fairly reached of a controverted question, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. If we could in some similar way limit our political controversies retrospectively, and honestly differ about the questions of the day without allowing the dispute to spread back over all past history, no great harm would be done. The important point is that habit of generalizing or idealizing our party-quarrels which leads us to see them reflected in past history. It would not matter so much that we are all either Liberals or Conservatives, if we had not persuaded ourselves that this difference is but a transient phase of an eternal and necessary conflict between two different classes of men. But when we idealize our party-war and picture it as an Armageddon, or battle between the good and evil principles, between the children of light and the children of darkness, we are driven to assume that the Liberals and Conservatives of the present day answer to the Whigs and Tories of the Revolution, and these to the cavaliers and Roundheads of the Civil War, and these again to the parties of Strafford and Eliot. We go further and assimilate religious parties to political. From the Reformation onwards we regard the Puritans as religious Liberals, and the Anglican party as Conservative. Nay, we go much further, and see the same eternal controversy raging in all countries and ages. Julius Cæsar and Pericles become Liberals, and their opponents, predestined to failure, are Conservatives. All history appears to be typified in the war of the gods and the Titans.

This grand generalization is never established by reasoning, but is taken for granted, as if its grandeur and the easy explanation it furnishes of so many phenomena at once, made it self-evident instead of making it peculiarly suspicious. I believe it to be almost entirely baseless. Not only do I believe those analogies between Athenian or Roman and modern politics of which so much has been made to be almost entirely fantastic, but I do not admit the analogy between the politics of the present age and those of the seventeenth century, or of the eighteenth before the French Revolution. I do not believe that the modern Liberal answers to the Whig of the Revolution of 1688, nor the modern Conservative to the old Tory, nor the old Tory to the follower of Strafford. The resemblances seem to me to be superficial, and the seductive unity which they give to English history, to be an illusion. In this opinion I am not singular. Lord Stanhope in a well-known passage of his history has made a still stronger statement. He alleges not only that the Whig of Queen Anne's reign does not answer to the Whig of the Reform Bill, nor the Tory to the Tory, but the very contrary, that the Whig answers to the Tory, and the Tory to the Whig, and he supports this extraordinary position by a parallel, which is telling enough, between a Tory of Harley's school

and a Whig of the Reform Bill. How or when such a marvellous transformation was effected, and effected too without any one remarking it, he does not explain, and I do not mean to defend Lord Stanhope from the criticisms which his theory encountered from Macaulay at its first appearance, and has undergone from Mr. Lecky recently. But no such theory could have been broached if the party-war of our history had been the simple unvarying thing it is commonly imagined to have been, a perpetual conflict between liberty and servility, or between progress and sluggish inertness or caution. You say perhaps it has been such a conflict on the whole, but at particular points there is so much confusion that its true character cannot be discerned; the stream flows so, but it has occasional eddies, the tide sets this way, but a single wave may be seen moving the other. Very pretty metaphors; but few of us are aware how large and startling are the phenomena which they are invented to explain. Let me at least suggest that the true explanation may be quite different, that this grand theory of a steady uniform tendency of affairs, aided by all the friends of light, and thwarted by all timid, or faithless, or over-cautious friends of darkness, may be an illusion, and that the party-conflicts of different ages may really have little connection with each other. Strafford may have been on the side of the Court, and yet not at all like a Tory. Burke may have been an anxious Conservative in his old age, after having been at an earlier time the great light and philosopher of Whiggism, and yet he may, as he said himself, have changed no opinion. Pitt may have sided with the Court, and yet not have been the "foul apostate from his father's fame" that Coleridge saw in him. It may be that it is not so much the unlikeness of parties at different periods that needs to be explained as their likeness. We may ask why it should be expected that the parties of one age should resemble those of another? It does not follow because there is a perpetual party-conflict among us that there is a standing difference of opinion. Where Parliament has the function of criticism, an organized Opposition becomes a necessity. Such an Opposition need not represent any opposite theory of politics; it need not have a political doctrine of its own. In fact, Pulteney did not make a less efficient leader of opposition to Walpole because both were Whigs, nor Canning to Addington because both were Tories. On the other hand, a perpetual party-conflict will always *seem* to imply a standing difference of opinion. There is a strong temptation when rival parties have once been organized, have lasted some time, and when a new generation has been educated to follow in the steps of the first party-leaders, to *idealize* the party-war. At particular times the parties really are at issue on some grand point of principle, and when this happens the conflict is felt to be more interesting, and party-passions rise into a sort of religion. Hence arises the wish to keep the conflict always at this high level, and so an attempt is made to represent parties as united like sects or churches by a common creed, not by mere agreement on some passing question, but by a deeper agreement on universal political principles. It would not be very easy to make this out if the members of the party were critical, but they are not; they readily accept the grand maxims which are put into their mouths. And then the last step is taken; the creed of the existing party is identified in the same facile manner with the supposed creed of the famous parties of our past history, and at last with all the famous historical parties that seem to have been in the right anywhere, whether at Florence, or ancient Rome, or ancient Athens.

This has been done with so much success, that I may seem to be suggesting a kind of sceptical doubt, which deprives history of its grandeur and interest. It is so interesting to think that Russell and Sidney died for the principles for which modern Liberals fight, and that Falkland may be invoked as a kind of patron-saint by the modern Conservative. It makes history seem comparatively so dull to suppose that the controversies of that age were really essentially different from those of the present day, that they are essentially extinct, and that we yield to an illusion when we suppose that we are engaged in the same struggle as our ancestors. But the truth is, that it is just this premature generalization, this easy and popular philosophy of history, which in practice makes our history a sealed

book to us. It is this which prevents us from learning any thing from it, because it prevents us from studying it without prejudice; it is this which prevents English history from taking its proper place in education; it is this which makes the most learned works on it untrustworthy and unauthoritative.

It does not matter where we go in the history of England since the accession of the Stuarts, we cannot escape the influence of our party connections. We cannot dream of looking simply at the facts, though in all other departments of study we recognize this to be the indispensable condition of obtaining trustworthy knowledge. In every statesman whose career we study, we see a member either of our own party, or of the party opposed to us. We form our opinion of each statesman, not by studying him, but simply by marking the uniform he wears. If that uniform is the wrong one he is condemned, and all his merits sink to the level of redeeming features, only pleaded in mitigation of sentence. Now the reason of this is not simply that there are parties, nor that we belong to a party, but that by a theory we have put those parties into history.

And what is it that prevents history from taking its proper place in education? *Prima facie*, you would say that no study could be more important. In theory what can be more desirable than that every Englishman should have the history of his country at his fingers' ends, that he should understand its position and vocation in the world, that in political questions he should be well furnished with precedents, and practised in forming a judgment? But practically there is the same difficulty that meets us in theology. Is the teacher to teach his own opinions, which may chance to be entirely opposed to all that the pupil has been taught in his father's house? Or are we to have a conscience clause? When this difficulty meets us in theology, we often try to meet it by saying to the teachers of religion, Do not you exaggerate your differences? Is there not a great deal upon which you can agree? Now the same might be said to the teachers of history, if we could convince ourselves that we have done wrong in idealizing our party-war, if we could understand that our party differences do not run back far into the past, that they are for the most part purely practical and occasional, and that the sublime platitudes which we suppose to underlie them are for the most part only the weapons used in the rhetorical war or dreams of our own fussy imaginations.

And once more, what is it which disquiets us when we read the most esteemed histories? Can we pretend that we follow the teaching of Macaulay or even Hallam with the same confidence which we give to the teachers of abstract science? Who would for a moment pretend that Macaulay is an impartial writer? He does not pretend it himself. And this is because he identifies the Whigs of the Revolution with the Whigs of the Reform Bill, to whom he himself belonged. Perhaps if he could have rid himself of the influence of a name, if he could have rendered himself a candid account of all the changes of meaning which that name had suffered in travelling through a century and a half, realized fully how different were the Whigs of Walpole's time from those of the Revolution, and the Rockingham Whigs from both, and the Foxites from all; and if from all these considerations he could have drawn the conclusion that his party-ties put him under no obligation to the Junto of Queen Anne's time, and that his connection with Lord Russell left him perfectly free in respect to Lord Russell's ancestor, he might have been impartial as well as brilliant. As it is, the difference between historians and investigators in other departments in respect of dispassionate candor is most startling. In other departments it is acknowledged that prejudice or partiality disqualifies a man for ascertaining the truth. On a serious scientific question, who cares for the rhetorical arguments of a partisan? We put them on one side at once as not worthy of attention. It is not so in history. There too, no doubt, we acknowledge impartiality to be a virtue, but it is impartiality in a secondary and very modified sense. It is the impartiality of one who can acknowledge faults in his own side, and admire the virtues of an antagonist. It is the impartiality of one who controls his inclination by a violent effort. It is not that more complete impartiality which the Germans call objectivity. It

is not the cool indifference of a judge who does not form any opinion at all until the investigation is finished, and who, if he detected in himself any initial bias towards either side, would desire to withdraw from the decision of the case. In a historian impartiality of this kind would seem almost monstrous. What! When we narrate some war in which his countrymen have been engaged, is he not to betray the smallest personal interest in the cause or the conduct of his countrymen, no inclination to believe their cause just, no wish to find their valor heroic? To expect this of him would surely be to require him to divest himself of his humanity.

But I suppose it is none the less true that all such personal feelings are fatal to scientific investigation because they are natural or praiseworthy in themselves. If we cannot see this when we read our own historians, because their prejudices are our own, we see it without the least difficulty in foreign historians. What reader of Michelet, for example, does not smile at the furious zeal with which he pleads the cause of France on all occasions, the petulant contempt with which he treats all nations that may pretend to rival her? What reader does not feel that it would be waste of time to argue with such transparent partiality, and that it cannot be regarded seriously? We do not question that Michelet's patriotism is a very proper feeling, nevertheless we are sorry to see into what puerilities it can betray a grave writer. It is no doubt difficult to say how this particular bias, which is given by national prejudice, should be overcome, though it is easy to see the necessity of overcoming it. But the other bias, with which I am now principally concerned, the bias which arises from party-spirit, cannot this be dealt with? It may seem at first sight not less natural and inevitable. You cannot require the Whig to give up his love of liberty, or the Tory his dread of innovation or anarchy, any more than you can require the patriot to give up his patriotism.

Well! but if it should turn out on examination that these simple issues have not been so often tried in our party-war as is commonly supposed, then the difficulty may be very much diminished. If it should appear that this popular conception of the rival parties is not derived from plain undeniable facts, but that it is a generalization, and a very loose and questionable one; if it is certain that Whigs have sometimes been what Tories are thought to be, and that Tories have over and over again played the part of Whigs; if the questions agitated in past times turn out on examination to have been much less closely similar to those agitated at the present day than we are apt to suppose; then we may take up past history in a more unprejudiced spirit. Let us only not assume too readily that universal history has for a second title, like a modern novel, Old Friends with New Faces. Let us think it possible that the controversies of our day have not always occupied mankind—nay, that they may have been unknown and inconceivable to our forefathers at no very distant time. Possibly if we give ourselves this chance, we may gradually come to think that we have been all along the victims of a superstition in supposing that an eternal war has always gone forward between the principles of progress and conservation, between youth and age, between the past and the future, and that this grandiose generalization, so far from explaining the history of the world, disguises and perverts it, which is worse than if it left it unexplained.

I may enter more fully into this question later. Meanwhile let me call attention to the mischievous effect of allowing our history to remain the battle-field of parties. In my former paper I sketched the outline of a plan for making the study of history at once scientific and practical. It was to be made scientific by the strict limitation of its subject-matter. It was to be confined to one class of phenomena among the many which human affairs present, to the phenomena of government. It was to deal in the first place not with individuals but with societies, and in the second place with societies only in so far as they form states, that is, exhibit specimens of the phenomenon called government. History was to be treated as the material of a science, but the science was to be strictly political, not merely anthropological or sociological. Thus treated it would become practical in the same degree that it became scientific. For it would be-

come the basis of an education which should aim at explaining the relation of the individual to the state or government, precisely the education most wanted—and also unfortunately most wanting!—in a country which attaches so much value to the idea of self-government. Now of such a system of political education the very core would be a full view of the history of our own state, deduced on the one hand from the general principles of the political science and resulting on the other in an exposition of its present situation, of the phase of internal development at which it has arrived, and of its present relation to other states, to its own colonies and dependencies, and to the community of nations. In this scheme English history instead of being called, as it is now, merely interesting, instead of being valued as a stirring, or flattering, or romantic story, would become a source of the most potent practical influence, a principal and fundamental instrument of culture.

I have often before quoted, and yet I must quote again, because I find myself brought back to it in spite of myself, the *dictum* that the true Bible of every nation is its national history. So it was to the Jews, and so in some vague speculative way it has generally been admitted that it ought to be to us. Yet we seem to make no progress towards this goal. Let each of us ask himself whence came the influences which worked most powerfully in the formation of his intellect and character, what studies took most hold of him. Many such influences there are, religious, philosophical, literary or artistic, which one may observe every day seizing upon men and determining their vocation. It is very seldom that English history shows this power. Among the great educational influences it scarcely seems to have a place. And yet one would think that it ought to have one of the first places.

Now the principal reason of this surely is that it has been given over as a prey to parties. What paralyzes religion so much paralyzes also English history. There is no sort of agreement about it. Not only in details but in the largest and most important matters the cherished belief of this man is deadly heresy to that. Meanwhile as the controversies can only be settled by minute research, for which few have leisure, and as the investigators themselves are more or less pledged to a party, there is little prospect of any agreement being arrived at. The dispute becomes chronic and interminable, till those who love serviceable knowledge abandon the subject in despair, adopt a theory of Agnosticism, and conclude that in English history, or perhaps in all history, nothing like certainty is attainable. And as in religion the most ardent believers are often forced to agree with the Agnosticists that, whether or no religion can be known, at any rate for peace sake it must not be taught, so English history, if not excluded from education, is at least slurred over and pushed into the background because of party differences.

Let us try and measure roughly this complete, radical discord of Englishmen about their own history, a discord which scarcely any one expects ever to see healed. Roughly, then, we may say that three great events, or groups of events, in English history have still a living and practical interest which every one can recognize. These are the Reformation, the long Stuart controversy, and our war with the French Revolution and with Napoleon. Almost all the practical instruction which our history can afford must be contained in one of these three great transitions. All ecclesiastical policy must depend on a true view of the Reformation, the Stuart controversy raised and settled all the principal constitutional questions, while the relation of England to the Continent and to modern ideas was determined mainly by the great war. But what makes party-spirit so peculiarly mischievous in culture is that it seizes upon every thing that is specially interesting and instructive, and upon nothing else; thus it has well-nigh destroyed religion precisely because religion is of such sovereign interest. In the same way it has possessed itself completely of these three great transitions in our history. Instead of drawing our politics from them we are all intent upon putting our politics into them. An interminable debate rages over every important question they suggest, a debate which in the nature of things can no more be settled than you can hope to bring the *Daily News* into agreement

with the *Standard*. And the effect of this interminable sham-discussion upon the average Englishman who watches without sharing in it, is to produce in his mind a rooted Agnosticism, an unconscious but not less real disbelief in all historical conclusions and in the value of all historical study. While the parties are absorbed in dressing up and maintaining their rival versions of history, scientific men and serious students are saying with a sneer, See how history is written! and exhorting people to abandon it for more fruitful studies. And probably they will soon be prepared with a proof that from the essential constitution of the human mind it is not capable of determining who wrote *Icon Basilike*, and will demonstrate *à priori* that the character of Cromwell must always remain "unknown and unknowable!"

As in theology so in English history, the ultimate result is that we hear the same questions discussed all our lives but never arrive at any conclusion about them, nay, at any clear conception of them. The ordinary Englishman, who has all his life heard of the settlement of the Church under Elizabeth, of the discontent of the Puritans, and how out of Puritanism gradually sprang the modern Nonconformity whose quarrel with the Church fills the world still, can give no precise account of that momentous settlement. Ever since he spoke in the debating society of his school he has canvassed the conduct of Charles I., Pym, Hampden, and Cromwell, and of James II. and William of Orange; but he never to the end of his life arrives at any rational well-weighed opinion on these personages. There is sometimes a superficial appearance as if progress were made, as if general agreement were arrived at. Thus, since Macaulay and Mr. Carlyle, it has become the universal fashion to admire Oliver Cromwell, the Puritans and the Whigs, and the opposite view may seem to have been silenced by the force of reason. But I am persuaded that this agreement is no more founded on reason than the old fashion of the days of Hume and the Waverley Novels. The fascinating pens have gone over to the other side; that is all. Men agree with Macaulay, not because they have weighed his reasoning, but because it is put in such a form that they can understand, remember, and repeat it. I can see nothing final in the present phase of that old controversy. Already we have seen Mr. Matthew Arnold giving his vote for Falkland against Hampden, condemning Puritanism as a mistaken creed, and pronouncing Oliver a Philistine of genius.

But perhaps the strange and deplorable result of handing over the high interest of English history to the issue of trial by combat, is best seen in the way we treat the third of the transitions in question. How Englishmen ought to regard the long war their fathers waged with the French Revolution and with Napoleon, is a more momentous question than those which relate to the Stuarts, as it refers to a time so much more recent; and as it is intimately involved with questions we have ourselves had, nay, with questions we still have, to solve. Are we to think of the victories of Nelson and Wellington, with pride and satisfaction? or are we to think of them and of all the sacrifices in blood and treasure which we made for twenty years as parts of an erroneous and pernicious policy, a senseless struggle against modern ideas and enlightenment? What question can be of importance more fundamental? And why should it not be settled rationally? There is no great difference among us in our views of the French Revolution itself, or of the character of Napoleon. At any rate, the negotiations upon which every thing depended were not generally broken off upon any of those fundamental differences which are supposed to divide English parties. Yet this question too is decided among us purely on party grounds. The Conservative asserts as a matter of course that the war was glorious and necessary; the Liberal equally as a matter of course that, at least in its beginning and for a long time, it was wicked and pernicious. And here, more even than in the other controversies, it may be observed that the ardor which inspires both sides does not for a moment prompt them to study the subject or acquire precise information about it. For that would lead them to inquire into Continental affairs, to make themselves acquainted with the modern history of France and Germany, and the Englishman is firmly of opinion that to do this is more than can be expected of him. And indeed in election speeches

and leading articles, who feels the want of precise information upon a subject upon which the audience is wholly uncritical? Who would be so weak as to hesitate for a moment in dogmatizing about the great war, because he knows nothing about it beyond the names of a few battles?

But you may ask, what remedy for this plague of party-spirit? Is it not vain to deplore it, as it has hitherto proved vain in theology, where the evil is even more serious? Well! at least in history we have not to struggle with a positive system of tests. An independent and systematic study of history at the universities might do much. If a sufficient number of men would consecrate their lives to historical study without casting any side-glances towards a political career; and if, while renouncing the prizes of politics they would keep the subject of politics constantly in view, that is, if they would choose by preference those parts of history from which politicians most commonly draw their examples, and resist the temptation of plunging into remote periods where cheaper laurels can be won, because no prejudices are offended, much, perhaps, might be done. The work of such men would be as useful in culture itself as in practical life. While on the one side it gave the politician better and sounder materials to work with, on the other it would give the universities a stronger influence in the country.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

MERIT AND FORTUNE.

BY JOHN SHEEHAN.

I.

MERIT one day toiled up the height
Where Glory's glittering ensign stands,
Above the fane whose deathless light
Shines out o'er earth's most distant lands.
With upward gaze and dauntless will,
The pilgrim toiled up Glory's hill.

II.

Though steep rocks, frowning from on high,
And treacherous paths before him lay;
Though Envy rained, and Calumny,
Their poisoned arrows round his way;
All dangers overcome and past,
He reached the temple's gate at last.

III.

There crowds upon Dame Fortune pressed,
And wooed her favors, as of old;
Some in her ear soft words addressed,
Some touched the guardian's hand with gold.
She let them enter Glory's fane;
But most of them returned again.

IV.

As to and fro the crowds moved past,
MERIT his eyes fixed steadfastly
Upon the porch, until at last
The lady said, "In spite of me,
If e'er you pass through Glory's gate,
You'll tarry long, and enter late!"

v.

"Fortune, too well," the pilgrim cried,
"Thy fickle power is known to me;
Justice too often takes thy side,
And holds her sword and scales for thee;
But though this gate thy favorites win,
MERIT alone remains within!"

Temple Bar.

MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC.

CHAPTER XXII.

"THAT IMBECILE OF AN EMPEROR."

ON a sultry, airless evening in the beginning of September, a small party of ladies were seated, busily stitching bandages, arranging piles of linen, and tearing up lint, in the *salon* of one of the largest houses in Algiers. The room, which belonged to an old Moorish palace, was lofty, thick-walled, jealously screened by outside blinds against any slant rays of the sun which might penetrate into the narrow streets of the Arab quarter, and from the court-yard below its open windows rose the soft pattering of a fountain, which conveyed some notion of coolness to the ear, if to no other of the senses; but, for all that, the heat was well-nigh unbearable. From early morning the fierce sun had been beating down upon the roofs and walls and pavements of the town, and had so scorched and baked them that even now, when he was sinking below the horizon, they still seemed to throb and glow as they had done at noon. No faintest stir of breeze found its way among those closely-packed dwellings; out of doors the streets were untenanted, save by here and there an exhausted Arab, lying half-asleep in the shade; a universal silence and lassitude hung over the place, and was not without its influence on those busy French ladies, whose occupation was not in itself of a cheering nature, and who had all, besides, good reasons of their own for feeling anxious and dispirited.

However, they chattered away over their work, bravely making the best of bad times, as their people always do.

"Does it *never* rain here in September, madame?" asked one of them of the mistress of the house, a certain Madame André, whose husband had held an appointment in Algiers longer than any of those present could remember.

The old lady shook her head. "Never," she answered; "unless, as sometimes happens, we get a few drops from a passing storm; and that is not enough to cool the air. September is our worst month; but one lives through it, and it only lasts thirty days, when all is said and done."

"Live through it?—that remains to be seen. Never, if I do survive this, will I murmur at the sight of rain again! And to think that, if all had gone well, I was to have been at Baden now for the races. Alas, I fear I have seen the last of Baden."

"Not a doubt of it," said another. "Germany is closed to us for a generation at least; and I am sorry for it; for what shall I do now with my summers?"

"One must make shift with Trouville and Vichy and such places. I do not feel as if I could complain of any fate, so long as I am not left to spend the hot weather in Algeria again. But that is what it is to have a general for one's husband."

"*Mon Dieu*, madame, you might be worse off. Generals are too valuable to be put in dangerous places. My husband, who is but a colonel of infantry, carries his life in his hand. I could almost wish that he were not a field-officer, so that he might be less conspicuous."

"The staff suffer most of all, they say," remarked another lady. "Think of those who used to form our own little circle last winter. Poor M. de Monceaux killed—and so many others! Is it not astonishing how coolly we take it all? I think one of the saddest things about war is that it so soon accustoms people to read quite calmly of wounds and sufferings which would make them shudder in time of peace. One comes to look upon it as a sort of game, and thinks much more of which side wins an

engagement than of all the horrors of the battle-field and the hospitals."

"It does not do to let the mind dwell upon such subjects," said Madame André. "I have two sons with the army, and if I were to allow myself to brood over what may be happening to them, I should soon be good for nothing. But I do not. I commend them to the protection of the Blessed Virgin three times a day, and work as hard as I can for the wounded, and comfort myself by thinking that every hour brings us nearer to peace. And sometimes I get a letter from them—not so often as I could wish; but that one must not grumble at. A son, you see, be he never so good a one, is not the same thing as a husband or a lover. Now Mademoiselle de Mersac, I dare say, gets a letter by every mail. Do you continue to have good news of M. de Saint-Luc, mademoiselle?"

Madame André was one of those amiable thick-skinned persons whose privilege it is to acquaint the hearts of the most forbearing with occasional thrills of the homicidal passion.

"I do not correspond with M. de Saint-Luc," replied Jeanne coldly, without looking up from the heap of *charpie* before her. "My brother hears from him sometimes. He has got his commission as captain, and is quite well, I believe, and in good spirits."

This speech occasioned a swift interchange of significant glances, raisings of eyebrows and noiseless ejaculations; for these ladies were not so wholly absorbed by domestic anxiety but that they had found time to discuss in all its bearings Saint-Luc's sudden and unexplained disappearance within a few weeks of his intended marriage; and the unanimous conclusion at which they had arrived was that he had been very badly treated. What bridegroom, they reasonably urged, would rush off to the wars from the very church-door, so to speak, unless his bride had either dismissed him or tried his patience beyond endurance? They were the more ready to blame Jeanne in this matter because she had not been so fortunate as to have earned their affection. They did not like her, and sometimes showed her their dislike—and she did not in the least care. M. de Fontvieille, to whom this unpopularity of his protégée caused a good deal of secret vexation, used to say that Jeanne would never have many friends among the Algerian ladies, for three sufficient reasons: Firstly, because she was far handsomer than any of them, secondly because she was better educated than all of them put together, and thirdly because she despised gossip. The first of the causes assigned was, of course, ridiculous, since everybody knows that the notion of feminine jealousy on the score of personal beauty is a mere vulgar calumny, only believed in by silly and ignorant people; but it is possible that the other two may have been less imaginary; for there is unquestionably something a little galling in intercourse with a person who is not only infinitely your superior, but is also, in a placid, polite way, perfectly aware of the fact.

Be this as it may, these excellent ladies had no love for our poor heroine; and when she presently rose, and bade them all a very good-evening, they began to breathe more freely.

"I am never comfortable when that girl is in the room," said one of them, as soon as the door had closed behind her. "She will not speak, and scarcely listens when she is spoken to, and I defy anybody to know what is passing in her mind. I am not aware that there is anything particularly contemptible or laughable about me, and yet she always gives me the impression that she thinks so."

"She is a good girl," said kindly Madame André; "she does a great deal for the poor. But she is eccentric, which is a terrible defect in a woman. One must remember, however, that her mother was an Englishwoman. That explains much."

Jeanne, meanwhile, as she toiled up the staircase-like streets of the Arab quarter, felt her conscience stirred by that chance question of Madame André's and the surprised silence which had followed her answer to it. Upon reflection, it certainly did sound odd that she should not be in direct communication with her future husband; and the annoying part of it was that she need not have made the fact public, and indeed would not have done so, if heat and weariness and the exasperating arch smile of Madame André had not combined to overpower all prudence. Perhaps, to

would have been more wise, as it certainly would have been kinder, if she had let Saint-Luc hear from her every now and then. Almost his last words had been a timid suggestion with reference to this subject, but she had not responded favorably to the hint, having, in truth, no desire to be reminded of his existence, and not seeing that she was in any way bound to burden herself with an irksome task. At the time, her one wish had been that he would go away as quickly as possible, and let her neither see nor hear more of him until the day should come for the completion of her sacrifice; for it will easily be believed that, what with M. de Fontvieille's expostulations, and the Duchess's scoldings, entreaties and tears, the evening of separation had not been an altogether agreeable one for either member of the betrothed couple.

But now all these preliminary troubles were over, and well-nigh forgotten. Jeanne's home circle had gradually accepted the inevitable with more or less of philosophy, and four weeks had elapsed since Saint Luc had bidden a long farewell to Algiers. Four weeks, stormy and eventful on the other side of the Mediterranean, and big with the fate of empires and of generations yet unborn, but quiet and peaceful enough here in remote Africa. Four weeks which had seen the fertile uplands of Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte deluged with blood, which had witnessed an unbroken series of defeats for the French arms, and had taxed to the utmost the mendacious ingenuity of M. de Palikao and his colleagues. Four weeks which, in spite of the great heat, in spite of the garrulous irritability of the Duchess—who was ill, poor old soul, and naturally worried by the unexpected disturbance of her plans—in spite of the lamentable decease of the jackal Jérémie, who, having broken loose and eaten half a dozen chickens, had been incontinently slain by an irate farmer; in spite, too, of many a sad hour and vain regret, had brought more of contentment to Jeanne than she had ever expected to find again. For M. de Saint-Luc was gone; and in that one thought lay measureless relief.

She had kept her promise of praying for him, being in all things a person of her word, and duly offered up supplications for both his temporal and spiritual welfare at the hour of the *Ave Maria*, when it was her habit to kneel in the little village church. And this she did without mental reservation; for it never occurred to her to think that a German bullet might set many crooked things straight, or to doubt of the wanderer's eventual return. But she dismissed him from her mind, together with the remembrance of her sins and other unpleasant subjects, at the church-door, deeming, with King Solomon, that there is a time for every purpose under the heaven.

When, as would sometimes happen, some trifling incident like Madame André's unlucky speech cropped up to remind her of her chains, she made haste to escape from the odious remembrance with such despatch as she could command; and now, acting upon this rule, she soon persuaded herself that the epistolary question was one which it was altogether unnecessary to consider, after so long a period of silence, and had recovered her ordinary equanimity by the time that she had passed through the gates of the town, and was out in the open country.

A cool breath of evening air met her as she emerged upon this higher ground, where nature was beginning to show signs of returning animation, where the grasshoppers were in full chorus, and where bright-eyed lizards were darting swiftly from every chink and crevice of the rocks. Jeanne drew a long breath, and paused, upon the brink of the cliff, to cast a glance of pity upon the poor, stifled town at her feet. White, glaring and silent, it sloped from brown hill-top to burning sapphire sea, all its touches of winter greenery vanished—a different Algiers indeed from that which had gratified Mr. Barrington's artistic eye, when he had stood upon this same spot some six months before. While Jeanne looked, a little cloud of dust rose from the lower gates of the town, and out of it appeared a cavalry-officer, whose steel scabbard flashed in the sun, as he galloped helter-skelter up the zig-zag road at a pace worthy of John Gilpin. Jeanne recognized the seat of this impetuous horseman, and smiled.

"Léon will never learn that a horse's legs are not made of cast iron," she sighed.

Léon indeed it was, in the uniform of

the Francs-Cavaliers de l'Algérie, a patriotic corps organized for purposes of local defence during the absence of the regular army, and which no doubt made up in valor what it lacked in numerical strength. Léon had been urged to enroll himself in it by M. de Fontvieille, who saw therein a safety-valve for the letting off of warlike hankerings; and so far it had answered its purpose very well, and had kept the young man in tolerable good-humor with himself and his lot.

But now news had come from France of such a nature as to effectually rob mock soldiering of its solace, and to render inaction more than ever grievous to all true lovers of their country. Léon, as he stormed up the hill, regardless of the wind of his charger, was so wrapped in his own disturbed thoughts that he would have passed his sister without noticing her, if she had not called to him. At the sound of her voice he pulled up, with a clatter and a jingle, and breathlessly shouted out his evil tidings. "All is lost! The whole of MacMahon's forces have capitulated to the enemy, the Emperor is taken prisoner, Bazaine is shut up in Metz, and France has not a regular army left in the field."

"It is impossible!"

"It is *true*. I had it from the Sub-Governor's own lips. And to crown all, they say Paris is in the hands of the mob."

"What will happen now, then? Shall we have peace?"

"Who knows? It will depend upon what the Prussians may ask of us, I suppose. But I can't stop."

"Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"To Mustapha. I promised to let Madame de Trémonville know as soon as there was any news. *A bientôt!*"

And, with a wave of his hand, Léon spurred his horse, and was soon out of sight.

"Always Madame de Trémonville!" murmured Jeanne, with a slight shrug of her shoulders. "Poor boy! he little knows how ridiculous he is making himself."

I suppose that when a man is being made a fool of by a woman, no one is more quick to discover the fact, and less ready to sympathize with the victim, than the ladies of his own family. Léon knew that Jeanne disapproved of Madame de Trémonville, and of his visits to her house; but, as she had truly said, he had no suspicion that he was making himself ridiculous. On the contrary, his estimation of himself had risen by several degrees since he had been given to understand by the most charming and most cruelly misjudged of her sex that she regarded him as the only real friend she had in the world.

The fact was that Madame de Trémonville had found herself rather short of admirers after the departure of the army, to which branch of the public service she was accustomed to look chiefly for recruits, and a flirtation of some kind being meat, drink and raiment to her, had fixed upon the young Marquis to practise her arts upon, *faute de mieux*. He had been deeply smitten, as we have seen, months before; but now his subjugation was complete; and perhaps no more convincing proof of his devotion could have been found than in the fact that, even when he had such news as the wreck of the Empire to announce, he should have dismounted at the fair lady's gates, and led his horse gingerly up the short avenue, fearing to disturb the siesta which ordinarily occupied the best part of her afternoon.

On the present occasion, however, he might have dispensed with this precaution; for Madame de Trémonville, arrayed in diaphanous white muslin, and holding a rose-lined parasol over her golden locks, met him on the threshold.

"You are come to tell me of the battle of Sedan," she said. "How kind of you to hurry up in the heat, and to tire your poor, pretty horse so! But I have heard all about it from my husband, who returned from his office half an hour ago, in a pitiable state of agitation. He has weak nerves, this poor M. de Trémonville. What a lamentable spectacle is a man with weak nerves!"

"You, at least, do not suffer in that way," remarked Léon admiringly. "All the way from the town I was thinking how I should prepare you for this terrible catastrophe, and now I find that you take it far more calmly than I can profess to do."

"My dear friend, I have foreseen it for so long. What else could be expected from an army rotten to the very core

—demoralized by loose discipline, commanded by generals whose merit consisted in their servility and venality, and headed by that grotesque imbecile of an Emperor?"

"Imbecile of an Emperor!" echoed Léon, aghast at this diatribe from one of the stanchest adherents of the late régime.

"Certainly. Have you not heard me call him so scores of times? No? Ah, well, one has to be careful in speaking of constituted authorities, but I have always thought that the Emperor was half-witted, and the event proves that I was right. If a man who declares war without knowing whether he is prepared or not, who gets himself beaten in every engagement, and finally hurries his last army into a mouse-trap, be not an imbecile, I do not know the meaning of the word."

"You do not think, then, that he will ever return to power?" asked Léon, with innocent irony.

"Never!—never in the world! The Empire is as dead as Henri IV. The only thing to be done with it is to bury it out of sight, and to forget, if possible, all its blunders and infamies."

This was really a little too bad. Mindful of the evening when he had been forced to humiliate himself publicly by shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Léon could not suffer such sentiments as these to pass without a gentle protest.

"Surely you did not think so badly of the Empire six weeks ago, madame?" said he.

"Six weeks ago!" returned Madame de Trémonville impatiently. "Six weeks ago every thing was different. The wife of an official cannot always say exactly what she thinks; I should have thought anybody would have understood that. And besides, if the war had ended successfully, that would have atoned for many sins. It would not have been generous to condemn a government which was upon its trial. But are you not coming in? It would be very amiable of you if you would stay and dine, and amuse me for part of the evening."

"I will come in for a few minutes, if you will permit me, madame," answered Léon; "but I am afraid they will expect me to dine at home to-night; and even if I were to consult my own wishes, and remain with you, I should not be likely to amuse you. One can hardly be expected to feel cheerful with France at the mercy of an invader."

Infatuated as Léon was, the cool cynicism of Madame de Trémonville shocked him a little, and made him doubt, for the first time since he had known her, whether he would altogether enjoy an evening spent in hearing her talk.

"I am not cheerful," she answered, turning away; "but I would rather be sad in your company than alone. Of course, though, if your sister has ordered you to be home to dinner, you must go."

This was a cut at Léon's most sensitive point; but he did not choose to notice it, and entered the house in silence.

M. de Trémonville, who was sitting in the drawing-room with his head resting despondently upon his hands, started up at the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Ah, Monsieur le Marquis," he exclaimed, in heart-broken accents, "what deplorable news!"

Léon said it was very bad.

"And we do not yet know the worst of it. If it was only the defeat of the army, the loss of prestige, or even the conclusion of a humiliating peace, one would not need to despair of the future; but, alas! we are only at the beginning of our misfortunes. I greatly fear that we are about to enter upon a period of anarchy, and it may be of civil war. A Republican government, monsieur—for it is with that that we are menaced—is capable of any enormity. It will revolutionize every thing; it will throw the whole machinery of the State out of gear; it will dismiss old and tried public functionaries—"

"Bah!" interrupted Madame de Trémonville; "you always look upon the black side of things. It is only the timid who will retire. A brave civilian, like a brave soldier, remains at his post."

"How is a man to remain at his post when he is turned out from it?"

"He must not let himself be turned out. Those who, like you, have always held Liberal opinions, should have nothing to fear."

"I have always supported the Government," said M. de Trémonville, looking a little bewildered.

"But when I tell you that you have always held Liberal opinions!"

M. de Trémonville sighed deeply, but said nothing, and his wife continued :

" If you had a grain of spirit in you, you would know how to keep what you have got ; but as it is, you had better leave every thing to me, as usual."

" Leave every thing to you !" groaned M. de Trémonville, rubbing his bald head despairingly. " Yes, that is what I have done—and see the consequences ! Look, I beg of you, at the consequences. You have nearly ruined me by your extravagance ; you have compromised my future by your ostentatious Imperialism ; you have made me a laughing-stock by your coquetry, to use no harsher word—"

" *Allons, allons, mon ami !*"

" I insist upon being heard. M. le Marquis may take note of what I say if he pleases. For once I will speak. It is to you that I owe all my misfortunes. But for you, should I ever have left Bourbeville-sur-Creuse, where I enjoyed a higher salary and more consideration than I do here ? Were we not compelled to solicit a change of appointment owing to the constant visits of M. le Préfet, and to Madame la Préfète's declaration that she would tolerate such conduct no longer ?"

" Continue—pray continue. You humiliate yourself in insulting me."

" No, it is you who have humiliated me. I have always loved respectability myself," added poor M. de Trémonville, with a touch of pathos—" respectability and a quiet life—and I abhor scandals. If I had had a wife who had shared my ideas, I should perhaps have been a better man to-day—certainly I should have been a richer one. But you, madame, you have blighted forever a career which might have ended in honorable distinction, and—and a comfortable competence."

And with that he trotted out of the room, head first, feeling probably that his courage would not hold out much longer.

" What coarseness ! what ingratitude !" sighed Madame de Trémonville, as soon as he was gone. " You perceive, my friend, what I have to submit to. Shall we have some music now, and try to forget this unpleasant scene ?"

But Léon said he must go ; and took his leave rather stiffly. The little conjugal discussion to which he had just listened had in some degree served to open his eyes ; and moreover, that allusion to the behavior of the Préfet at Bourbeville-sur-Creuse struck him as eminently unsatisfactory. So he mounted his horse, and rode slowly home, musing sadly, as he went, upon the frailty of all human ideals.

Chapter XXIII.

In which Léon asserts his independence.

" *Eh bien, mademoiselle, v'là que nous sommes une République !*"

Jeanne, waking in the morning with these words in her ears, sat up in bed, and became aware of Fanchette, who had brought in her bath a full half hour earlier than usual, fearing to be anticipated in the announcement of this startling piece of news, and who stood at the foot of the bed, grinning from ear to ear, as if the whole thing was the best joke in the world.

" How terrible !" exclaimed Jeanne ; for she had been brought up to regard republicans with as holy a horror as did M. de Trémonville himself. " Are you sure there is no mistake, Fanchette ?"

" Mademoiselle, it is positive. Pierre Cauvin heard all about it down at the market, and says the whole town is *en fête*. It seems that a telegram came, about midnight, to say that the Emperor was deposed, and that there was to be a new government, composed of a number of individuals whose names I cannot recollect, only I know that Jules Favre is one of them. Mademoiselle remembers Jules Favre, who was here last year—an avocat, with a tangled head of hair—to think of his being in the Government ! is it not amusing ? Well, when the people in the town heard of this, the first thing they did was to have a salute fired ; and then they went up to the Palace, where M. le Sous-Gouverneur was in bed and asleep, and they marched him down to the Place du Gouvernement, where he had to plant a tree of liberty, and cry ' *Vive la République !* ' Poor gentleman ! they say he pulled a long face over it ; but what could he do ? If he had refused, they would have been capable of throwing him into the harbor. And now, Pierre Cauvin says, they are pulling down all the

eagles from above the shop-windows, and they have scratched out the names of the Boulevard de l'Impératrice and the Rue Napoléon, and everybody declares that we are to have no more military Governors, and that very likely M. le Sous-Gouverneur will be sent away to France at once."

Fanchette's political opinions were those of her master and mistress. She was a stanch royalist, and would have been very much offended at being taken for any thing else. In principle, therefore, she considered a republic as a far worse form of government than an empire. But, notwithstanding this, she had all a Frenchwoman's mischievous glee at the overthrow of her rulers, and could not refrain from exclaiming a second time, at the conclusion of her narrative, "Is it not amusing?"

To a large proportion of the French people, indeed, all revolutions are much what a successful barring-out of the masters used to be to English schoolboys; and it was with a strong admixture of this feeling that the Algerian Republicans rejoiced over the events of September 4. They were good-humored enough, upon the whole; and though, in the first flush of unfettered speech, some truculent menaces were hurled at the heads of Bonapartists and *réactionnaires*, nobody was injured.

This forbearance was probably owing in part to the fact that for several months after Sedan no such thing as a Bonapartist was discoverable, and partly also to the silent arguments of a couple of ironclads which lay in the port, and to the use of which the Port-Admiral was said to have pointedly referred when "invited" by a few leading citizens to send in his resignation. Leading citizens, being above all things anxious to avert bloodshed, were fain therefore to let off surplus energy by revelling in the full freedom of the press, by filling the windows of the print-shops with caricatures of the Imperial family, and by planting sickly trees of liberty in every open space —forgetting a little, in the enjoyment of these happy privileges, the calamities which had rendered them possible.

Even in the most strongly anti-republican circles, indignation with the fallen Empire overpowered, for a long time, all jealousy of its successors, and was a more frequent topic of conversation than the immediate prospects of the country. M. de Fontvieille, especially, could not contain himself when the name of Napoleon III. was mentioned, and would start to his feet, erect and rigid as a Jack-in-the-box, clinching his little fists, and shrieking "*Ah br-r-rigand!*" What annoyed him more than any thing else was the statement made in the newspapers, that the Emperor had driven over into the Prussian lines smoking a cigarette. That the man should have been capable of enjoying tobacco at that supreme moment seemed to him almost more infamous than his failure to "find death at the head of his army;" and when later intelligence announced that the royal residence of Wilhelmshöhe had been assigned to the captive, and that Queen Augusta had sent him her own cook, what further proof could any one want that France had been deliberately sold to the enemy?

The crop of queerly-named, and still more queerly-written journals which, in Algeria as in all other parts of French territory, sprang up after the declaration of the republic, as thickly as mushrooms after a thunderstorm, unanimously adopted this view. The *Cri du Peuple*, the *Solidarité Algérienne*, and the *Colon en Colère*, were all able to tell their readers, down to the last centime, the sum received by "the man of Sedan" and his accomplices for their treachery, and were, in fact, so full of information upon this and other subjects of a like interesting nature, that they had but little space left for recording the movements of the German armies, which, all this time, were plodding steadily on towards Paris. And so, in due course, came the complete investment of the capital, and M. Jules Favre's proclamation, describing his futile interview with Prince Bismarck at Ferrières, which, as it was a high-sounding composition, the Algerian papers published *in extenso*.

This artless effusion of the unlucky Minister for Foreign Affairs has been sufficiently laughed over in its time, and, by reason of a striking phrase or two, has little chance of obtaining a kindly oblivion. A statesman who, not content with displaying his hopeless ineptitude in the Cabinet, must needs blazon it forth to the world; who, by way of reply to suggest-

ed conditions for an armistice, "turns aside to devour the tears that choke him;" who imagines that glowing language is likely to have the smallest effect upon a successful, hard-headed Prussian, and whose notions of propitiatory sacrifice do not include "an inch of our territory, nor a stone of our fortresses," is perhaps a legitimate subject for the mirth of practical people; but, for all that, there was a simple eloquence about the composition which found its way to the hearts of the French people. Jules Favre's words were caught up and echoed throughout the length and breadth of the land; and in truth the humor of them (if humor there be) consists less in the despairing defiance they breathed than in the fact that those stones and inches had to be ceded, in the sequel by the very man who had so ardently vowed to retain them; while as for tears, they are but an expression of emotion held to be unseemly by northern nations, but not so considered by the Latin races of our own day, nor by the Greeks of old time.

Léon, when he read M. Favre's circular, was very nearly crying over it himself, out of sheer mortification. Ever since September 4th he had been keenly alive to the shame of his present life of inglorious security; and if any thing had been wanting to complete his discontent, it would have been supplied by the hastily-written lines in which Saint-Luc recounted his escape from the captured army at Sedan, and his safe reception, after many perils and adventures, into the corps of General Vinoy. Thus far Léon had been prevailed upon to remain where he was, less by the Duchess's piteous pleadings than by the assurance of all his friends that peace was imminent and inevitable; but now he was determined that he would be cajoled in this way no longer. That the struggle would be prolonged to the uttermost was beyond a doubt. People were already beginning to talk of a *levée en masse;* and a time might come when he would be forced to take his share of it, with or without his consent. Should it be said of him that he had declined to fight for his country till his country had had to drag him into the ranks?

Primed with the unanswerable arguments which such thoughts suggested, he sought out his sister, to whom he still instinctively turned in moments of emergency, and, without waste of words, declared his purpose.

"Jeanne," said he, "I am going to join the army immediately."

Jeanne was sitting in a cool corner of the garden, upon a marble bench, shielded from the sun by a tall cypress-hedge and some overspreading umbrella-pines. She neither turned her head nor answered, but gazed absently at the glittering sea beneath her and the clearly-marked line of the horizon, as if she had heard nothing. Léon, who was familiar with all her moods, knew that with her silence by no means implied consent, and, to save time, replied to her objections before they were uttered.

"What is the use of making the worst of things?" he asked. "The chances are greatly against my being killed; anybody will tell you that; and, in point of fact, all that can be urged against my going simply amounts to this—that you and the Duchess will be uneasy and anxious about me while I am away. You know quite well that I do not think that a matter of no importance; but surely you will allow that it is more important still that I should not be disgraced in the eyes of every man of my acquaintance, and—"

"No one would dare to insinuate that you had disgraced yourself," interposed Jeanne quickly. "You have your regiment here; and you might be called upon to serve, any day, if the Arabs should rise, as I am told they are very likely to do."

"They are not in the least likely to do any such thing," returned Léon, slapping his leg impatiently with his cane; "and even if they did, I believe the Duchess would at once find some excellent reason for my staying at home."

"The Duchess is ill, and is growing very old. She is convinced that, if you left us now, she would never see you again. It is only natural that she should feel so; and I think you ought to take that into consideration."

"So I do; but I have myself to consider as well. One or other of us must give way; and, admitting that she has every ground for her fears, which of us would sacrifice most—she, by bidding me good-by now instead of a few months hence, or I, by giving every shop-boy in

France, who had carried a chassepôt during the war, the right to sneer at me for the rest of my days? The Duchess means to be kind, but she is a little selfish, as all old people are, and it is useless for me to try and make her understand that I do not choose to undergo all the hardships of a private soldier's life for my own amusement. With you it is different. You have good sense enough to see that it is simply my duty—and a rather unpleasant duty too—to go and fight; and I think you ought to help instead of opposing me. Why, you let Saint-Luc go without a word!"

This was an argument to which Jeanne found it rather difficult to reply; and indeed, though sorely against her will, she could not but inwardly acknowledge that the young man's instincts were right. She was weak enough, however, to put in the old plea of the probability of peace.

"That chance is finally disposed of, as the papers will convince you," answered Léon, pulling the *Cri du Peuple* out of his pocket, and dropping it on to her lap. "Read that, and you will see that we do not mean to give in until we are exterminated. Now I must go, for I have a great many instructions to give to Pierre Cauvin; but remember, Jeanne, when I broach the subject of my joining the army, at dinner this evening, I shall expect you to support me; and if you really love me, you will do so."

And with that he marched off. A year ago, he would hardly have ventured to speak so peremptorily; but he was out of leading-strings now, and had begun to feel all the conscious superiority of a very young man over the womankind of his household.

Jeanne made no effort to retain him. She saw that he would go to France—perhaps even that he ought to go—and that combating his resolution would but serve to strengthen it. But that did not prevent her heart from sinking with apprehension, nor her imagination from conjuring up a host of dire possibilities; for though in most matters she had courage enough for any two, she was a veritable coward where Léon's safety was concerned. If the destinies of France had been entrusted to her hands at that moment, it is to be feared that peace would have been purchased at the price of as large a cession of inches and stones as the invader might have thought fit to demand. Mechanically she unfolded the newspaper which Léon had thrown to her, to see how far popular opinion might seem disposed towards a pacific policy.

Upon this point the *Cri du Peuple* was perfectly explicit. There was to be no yielding, no hesitation, and neither peace nor truce till the enemy should be driven back across the frontier; the resources of the country, both in lives and money, were to be taxed, if need should be, to the utmost; and all able-bodied men (except, of course, such as were required for civil employment and the cultured few whose duty compelled them to stay at home, and write leading articles) were to be called under arms forthwith. The *Cri du Peuple* considered that the hour had now struck for the converting of every citizen (always with the above-named exceptions) into a soldier, and was further of opinion that the Bonapartists should be placed in the front rank. These editorial utterances filled the first page of the sheet; the second was taken up by Jules Favre's circular, and by appropriate comments thereon; and the third contained an article written by a gentleman of most uncompromising views, who, to use his own forcible words, "was convinced that the peace of the world could only be secured by the final extinction of the traitors, cowards, and bandits who have too long usurped the proud position of rulers of mankind."

"In the sad circumstances in which Europe now finds itself," continued this moderate reformer, "we believe that we are fulfilling a high duty of morality and humanity in suggesting to our Government that the following prices be placed upon the heads of the monsters whose names we append:

Charles-Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte....	25,000
Bismarck (the enemy of the human race)	25,000
William, King of Prussia.....	25,000
Moltke.....	15,000
Werder (*le bourreau de Strasbourg*).....	15,000
Emile Ollivier (of the light heart).....	10,000
Clément Duvernois (more than he is worth, but no honest citizen would soil his hands by touching the wretch for less).....	5,000"

From the above excerpt (which, by the way, is no caricature) it will be seen that the tigerish element which, according to Voltaire, enters so largely into the

disposition of his countrymen, was not wanting among the contributors to the *Cri du Peuple*. The last page of that spirited print offered a very fair example of the simious side of the national character, consisting, as it did, of a series of mischievous and gleeful attacks upon the reputation of local dignitaries. Under the title of "*Les Fonctionnaires de l'Empire: leurs hauts faits et gestes*," Jeanne came upon a paragraph headed "*Bonjean, soi-disant de Trémonville*," in which our old friend was somewhat roughly handled. "The son of a simple peasant, who earned his living in the hamlet of Trémonville in Dauphiné, some fifty years ago, partly by the sale of his own pigs and fowls, and partly by stealing those of his neighbors, the young Baptiste Bonjean early displayed an aptitude for thieving, lying, and fawning upon his superiors. Under the régime from which we have just escaped he could have possessed no better credentials for advancement in life."

Such were the opening sentences of a concise biography, which, after following the juvenile delinquent through the various phases of his successful career, imputing to him enough crimes to have merited a sentence of penal servitude for life, and incidentally disposing of his wife's character in terms whose plainness left nothing to be desired, wound up with a significant warning that the rule of adventurers of this stamp would be tolerated no longer. "We are the more desirous," concluded the writer, "that the citizen Bonjean should at once learn the necessity for withdrawing his dishonored person from our town, inasmuch as we have been given to understand that he now professes republican principles, and has been sedulously exerting the occult influences which such reptiles know how to use to get himself confirmed in the appointment which he at present disgraces. Should he succeed in his design, the people of Algiers will, without any doubt, find a summary means of getting rid of him."

With a smile that ended in a sigh, Jeanne let the paper slide to the ground.

The truculent absurdities of a half-educated scribbler were of no great importance in themselves, but they served to show which way the wind blew, and that republican was as little disposed as imperial France to look truth in the face. There could be no question but that the war would be prosecuted indefinitely, nor any doubt but that Léon would have to take his part in it.

Oddly enough, it was not death nor wounds that Jeanne dreaded for her brother—these were contingencies which she could not bring herself to contemplate—but the hardships and privations which he must needs undergo, and for which she imagined him to be in no way fitted. As a matter of fact, the young man was as strong as a horse, and as well able to make his dinner off the heterogeneous contents of a camp-kettle, and to sleep on the bare ground afterwards, as any soldier in the French service; but this Jeanne could not see. Her love for her brother had always been of a more or less maternal nature; and now, calling to mind all the minor maladies—colds in the head, toothaches, and what not—which had afflicted him from time to time, she fell to drawing harrowing mental pictures of his sufferings from one or other of these terrible ailments in a wintry, inhospitable land, with no one to pet and comfort him under them, till her heart overflowed with pity and her eyes with tears.

And so she sat idly on her shady bench, while the heavy-footed hours crept by, and the sun struck downwards in his might, shrivelling the brown herbage, and making the air quiver, and the voices of Nature were dumb, and all things were pervaded by a brooding sense of depression which northern people can hardly understand as associated with fair weather.

After a time, there came an audible stir from the direction of the house; a sound of hurrying footsteps, of eager, subdued voices; and then a horse was led out from the stable, and somebody mounted him and galloped away, along the high-road, towards the town. Jeanne started to her feet at once, feeling instinctively that something had gone wrong. There was nothing unusual in what she had heard; in fact, hardly a day passed without a groom being despatched to Algiers upon some commission or other; but when misfortune is in the air, it has a way of making itself felt through the most ordinary channels, and Jeanne was scarcely surprised when Fanchette came

hastening out to meet her, wringing her hands and apostrophizing all the saints in the calendar.

"Oh, mademoiselle!" gasped the old woman incoherently, "what a misfortune! Who could have foreseen it?—ah, how terrible!—Madame la Duchesse—"

Jeanne put her aside, and stepped into the house. At the foot of the staircase Léon met her, looking very pale and grave.

"We have got her into bed," he said, "but I don't know what we ought to do till the doctor comes. No—do not go up yet; you would be shocked perhaps, and you can do no good. Her face is so horribly changed, and one side—"

Jeanne waited to hear no more, but hurried upstairs into the bedroom, where, with a group of frightened and helpless women-servants round her bed, the poor old Duchess lay, stricken down by paralysis.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHANGES.

POOR old Duchess! her long life-journey was drawing towards a close at last. For her not many more suns would rise and set. For her there was an end of planning and plotting, of gossip and tittle-tattle, of jewels and laces, of well-meant, ostentatious charities, of patronizing humble folks and smiling upon great ones. Yet a few days, and she would have passed over into the ranks of that silent, unseen multitude to whom "the reed is as the oak." The doctor came up post-haste, but she was beyond help of doctors, as the good man himself was the first to admit, blowing his nose loudly the while, with a many-colored pocket-handkerchief.

"Ah, Monsieur le Marquis," said he sorrowfully, "I am completely upset. A lady so noble, so venerable! Our consolation must be that she has been spared to reach a great age; and that in spite of a constitution far from robust. I do not say it to vaunt myself, though it is true that Madame la Duchesse has availed herself of my poor services for many years past. Alas! monsieur, in her I lose the most amiable of my patients."

He might have added the most lucrative too; and very likely this aspect of the misfortune did not fail to present itself to him, seeing that doctors are, after all, but men, and very generally have families to support. Some directions and prescriptions he gave, as in duty bound; but he was careful to mention that they would be of very little use. The end might come immediately, or in the course of a day or two; it was not likely, in any case, to be delayed beyond a week. Under the circumstances, one could hardly wish that it should be. And so the doctor took his leave, and scrambled into the shabby leather-curtained waggonette that was waiting for him at the door.

"*Au pas, malheureux, au pas!*" Léon heard him exclaim, in a strident whisper, as the coachman whipped up his rough little horse. "Have you no entrails, then, that you drive away as from a wedding?"

The Duchess did not die that day, nor the next, and gradually recovered consciousness, but not speech. The household was disorganized, as all households are at such times. There was not much to be done, yet nobody liked to go about his ordinary avocations. The servants collected in the corridors, and talked together in awe-struck undertones; M. de Fontvieille hurried in and out, upon one needless errand or another; and Léon wandered uneasily about the house, stealing on tip-toe, every now and then, into the darkened room where Jeanne sat, night and day, by the bedside of the dying woman.

Of what was the poor old soul thinking, as she lay there through the long, hot hours, her eyes wandering restlessly over wall and ceiling, and one withered hand forever plucking at the bed-clothes? More than once, when Léon was beside her, she struggled hard to speak, and looked at him with a piteous, entreating gaze which troubled the lad a little.

"What is it? What does she mean?" he whispered to his sister; but Jeanne avoided answering the question. She had a feeling that it would be hardly generous to urge, at this time, what she believed to be the Duchess's wish, seeing that it was identical with her own. M. de Fontvieille was less scrupulous. "The cause of her agitation is evident enough," he said. "Promise her that you will remain at home, and take care

of your sister, when she is gone, poor, dear lady, and you will see that she will become tranquil at once. Come, my boy, you cannot refuse to perform so simple an act of duty, and to soothe the last moments of one who has been as much as a mother to you."

Léon, however, did refuse. Certainly, he said, he would promise to do his duty towards his sister to the best of his ability. More than that he could not do, and more ought not to be asked of him. For the sake of no one, living or dead, would he bind himself to abstain from striking a blow for his country.

So, if that were what poor old Madame de Breuil wanted, she had to do without it, as she had had to do without many another thing in the course of her long pilgrimage.

"This world is but a poor place," sighed old Fanchette, with her apron up to her eyes—"nothing but vexation and disappointment and pain, from beginning to end. Madame la Duchesse is more to be envied than we who remain behind. Ah, if we had all lived as she has done, there would be little need to say masses for the repose of our souls when our own time came. Heaven be praised! she will soon be an angel in Paradise."

I don't know whether the Duchess was very anxious to be an angel, or in any great hurry to enter Paradise. Once, when Jeanne, in a despondent mood, had expressed a doubt whether life was worth having, the old lady had assured her that in a few years' time she would certainly answer the question in the affirmative. "You young people are fractious and impatient. If life does not bring you exactly what you want, you cry out that you are tired of it. For me life is like an old friend from whom I can take occasional rough usage without murmuring, and whom I should love for old acquaintance sake, if for no other reason." Now she had to bid adieu to her old friend forever; to leave "the warm precincts of the cheerful day," and set out, shivering and alone, for some unknown land. Very possibly the outlook may not have seemed to her an altogether smiling one. However, as she never spoke again, nobody had any opportunity of arriving at the state of her mind, and the priests who came to administer the viaticum to her declared that her exemplary life had found a fitting conclusion in the most edifying of death-beds.

And so, at length, Louise, Duchesse de Breuil, passed away, fortified by the sacraments of the Church. She had been a well-known woman in her day, but had outlived name, fame, beauty, and friends by many, many years, and the news of her death affected nobody beyond her own home circle, unless it was the Duc de Breuil, who considered that he had been kept out of a portion of his rightful income by her for an inexcusably long time.

Jeanne took the loss of her kindly, fussy old duenna terribly to heart. Long as she had foreseen the approach of the inevitable event, and calmly as she had often spoken of it, yet, when it came, it almost stunned her by its suddenness, and overwhelmed her with that feeling of yearning regret and remorse to which few people can be strangers. Now that it was too late to make any amends, she acknowledged to herself humbly and sadly that she had never done the Duchess justice. She remembered, with many a pang of shame, how little allowance she had made for the querulousness of old age and for a character differing at every point from her own. All her by-gone rejections of proffered confidences, all her cold or scornful speeches and occasional little shabby acts, rose up before her in proportions which they would undoubtedly never have assumed if the subject of them had been alive and well. Everybody knows the sensation. It passes away with time, like all human sensations, good and bad, and I dare say a great many of us manage to get over it in the course of a week. Jeanne, who felt more deeply than most, did not rally so quickly. Had she been less unhappy on her own score, at this time, no doubt the blow would not have fallen so heavily upon her; as it was, she seemed utterly crushed and altered by it. She would sit for hours, silent and motionless, with her hands before her, unable to settle down to any occupation, and forgetful even of the household duties which had hitherto been as a second nature to her; she could hardly be prevailed upon to eat any thing; and any trifle—a passing allusion, the sight of the Duchess's empty chair, or of a sunshade lying where the old lady had laid it down, for the last

time, on the hall table—sufficed to send her into a paroxysm of hysterical weeping.

Léon, albeit "profoundly touched"—to use his own expression—by the spectacle of so much sensibility, ended by finding it a little irritating. Grief over their joint bereavement was, of course, highly becoming—he himself had shed "a torrent of tears" on the day of the funeral—but that grief should be thus prolonged, day after day, and week after week, was surely neither natural nor needful; and what made it especially inconvenient was that, while Jeanne continued in this frame of mind, neither he nor M. de Fontvieille liked to trouble her with those discussions as to her future manner of life which the circumstances rendered urgent, and in which both of them felt that her voice ought to be heard. The upshot of it was that they took their own line of action, deeming it, upon the whole, most advisable to keep the person principally concerned in the dark until they should be able to lay some definite proposition before her.

This moment came towards the end of October, when M. Gambetta, newly descended from his balloon, was working with might and main at the formation of a new national army; when Saint-Luc, who had turned up at Tours in the nick of time to receive a colonel's commission, was collecting and drilling a rough corps of *éclaireurs-à-cheval;* when a sudden revival of hope was spreading through the length and breadth of the land, and when Metz, alas! was tottering to its fall.

Algiers and its neighborhood lay quivering and gasping under the scorching heat of a sirocco which had already lasted two days, blowing not, as in the winter time, in furious gusts, but in steady, slowly moving waves of red-hot air—if such an expression be permissible. The sky overhead was of a dull coppery hue; the mountains were veiled; the sun shone dimly through an atmosphere impregnated with a hovering mist of fine sand, which settled and penetrated everywhere—even through the closed windows and shutters of the *salon* where Jeanne, utterly prostrated both in mind and body, lay idly stretched upon a sofa. To her entered M. de Fontvieille, exhausted but unconquered, and seating himself at her side, drew a bundle of letters from his pocket, and cleared his voice with the unmistakable air of one who has a statement to make.

"I fear, my dear child," he began, "that I do not find you much disposed to talk over some matters of importance."

"Not much," murmured Jeanne faintly.

"No; it is not to be expected that you should be. Still, business is business, and correspondence must not be left unanswered. Has it ever occurred to you that, under present circumstances, you can hardly continue to live as you are now living?—that the laws of society do not permit a young lady to dispense with some—protector?"

"Have I not got Léon?"

"It is of a protector of your own sex that you stand in need. And besides, Léon cannot be with you much longer. In point of fact, M. de Saint-Luc has offered to find a place for him in his regiment; and I believe I may say he has accepted the offer."

"He might have told me about it," said Jeanne. "I have never been selfish with him. I should not have attempted to keep him here, now that the Duchess is gone—"

"Dear mademoiselle, neither you nor any one else could have kept him here. The young man has got the war-fever; and I know of no remedy for that disease except shells and bullets, and even they do not cure everybody. What would you have? We were all young once."

"I am not complaining of Léon—nor of any thing. What is it that you wish me to do?"

"I was about to tell you. As soon as I saw that Léon was determined to leave us, and that it would be necessary to place you under the care of some relation or friend up to the time of your marriage, I wrote to your cousins in Auvergne, laying the case before them, and asking them whether they would be prepared to offer you a temporary home, adding, at the same time, that you would willingly contribute whatever sum they might think fit towards the defrayal of any increased household expenditure which your visit might entail. Their answer was not of the most cordial. They said

it would give them great pleasure to receive you, but that you would be badly lodged as the château was unfortunately under repair. They thought it only right to add that, in the present lamentable state of the country, their own plans must be very uncertain, and that they might be compelled to leave France at any moment. Finally, they assured me that, poor as they were, and heavy as the cost would probably be of entertaining one who was not accustomed to their rough country fare, it was not their habit to send in a bill to their guests. Léon and I agreed that, before continuing negotiations with these civil-spoken people, we would address ourselves to your mother's sister, Madame Ashley. Ah, this time, for example, we fell upon a human being! Here is her response, which arrived this morning. Its French is original, its style is not precisely that of the Academy, but its sentiments are those of a woman of heart. Excellent and respectable lady! Here is her letter; read it for yourself

"HOLMHURST, SURREY, October, 1870.

"MON CHER MONSIEUR,

"Je viens de recevoir votre lettre, et j'apprends avec sincère regret la mort de Madame la Duchesse de Breuil. Je n'ai jamais eu l'avantage de connaître cette dame personnellement, mais j'ai bien souvent entendu parler d'elle, et je ne doute point qu'elle ne soit entrée, comme vous dites, dans le royaume des cieux, où je compte rencontrer, un jour, tous les bons chrétiens, quoique pas catholique-romaine moi-même.

"Quant à la chère nièce que je ne connais que de nom, je n'ai assurément pas besoin de vous dire qu'elle sera mille fois la bien venue chez nous, que mes filles ont grande envie de faire sa connaissance, et que plus longtemps elle restera avec nous, plus nous serons contents. Je voudrais bien qu'il fût possible que son marriage eût lieu de cette maison. Ce serait pour nous une belle fête, et nous avons même dans le voisinage une très-gentille petite chapelle catholique-romaine où la cérémonie pourrait être solemnisée. Mais pour ça il faudra attendre la fin de cette malheureuse guerre. Dieu veuille que M. de Saint-Luc en revienne sain et sauf, ainsi que mon bon neveu Léon, que nous avons tous appris à aimer pendant son séjour en Angleterre.

"En attendant, Jeanne sera ici comme chez elle. Nous ferons de notre mieux pour la rendre comfortable, et j'ose promettre qu'elle n'aura à se plaindre de rien, si ce n'est du climat, qui, du reste, est moins mauvais qu'on ne le prétend. Dites-lui, avec mon meilleur amour (c'est une expression anglaise qui se comprend mais ne se traduit pas) que nous la recevrons de grand cœur.

"Excusez, monsieur, mon mauvais français. Du temps de ma jeunesse je parlais passablement bien votre langue, mais depuis lors j'ai oublié bien des choses, et ce qui est le plus ennuyeux c'est que je ne puis trouver, dans ce moment, ni mon dictionnaire ni mon Noël et Chapsal. C'est égal—vous n'en comprendrez pas moins qu'il me tarde d'embrasser la fille de ma pauvre chère sœur, et que je vous suis bien reconnaissante de toute la bonté que vous avez eue pour elle.

"Recevez, monsieur, l'assurance de mon amitié sincère.

"ANNE ASHLEY.

"M. Ashley fait dire qu'il ira volontiers prendre sa nièce à Marseille; le voyage ne lui fera que du bien. Il le prolongerait même jusqu'en Algérie, s'il le fallait, mais pour vous dire la verité, il craint un peu le mal de mer."

This hearty missive came like a whiff of cool English air to Jeanne as she sat in the stifling atmosphere of her African home. She read it through twice, smiling a little as she did so, for the first time since the Duchess's death; but when she folded it up and returned it to M. de Fontvieille, she shook her head.

"Dear child," said he persuasively, "do not let prejudice deter you from accepting the hospitality of these good English people. It is true that Madame Ashley expresses herself a little like a provincial and places a superfluous r in *mariage*; but we must not therefore conclude that she is either an uneducated or a vulgar person. On the contrary, I detect in this letter traces of a refinement, blunted, it may be, by rural surroundings, still—"

"I was not thinking of any thing of that kind," interrupted Jeanne. "It seems to me that my aunt is as charming as she is kind. But I could not stay at Holmhurst."

"And why not, if you please?" asked M. de Fontvieille, with a shade of impatience in his voice.

"Because I had rather not."

"That is not a reason."

"Is it necessary that I should give my reason for disliking to go to England?"

"No; but it would at least show some consideration for those who love you, and are trying to do their best for you, if you did. And then I should be glad to know what alternative course you can propose."

"Well, there is an alternative. The convent is open to me; and I should be

very happy with the good sisters till—till I was wanted in the world again."

"Impossible!" exclaimed M. de Fontvieille, with a gesture of horror. "You, to whom liberty and the free air are as meat and drink, to pass interminable days between the four white walls of that prison-house! Why, you would die of it. No one can accuse me of undervaluing the benefits of religious life and of occasional periods of seclusion. I admit that, by stretching a point or two, you might get through a month of matins, complines, vespers, needlework and the rest, without pining away, like a skylark in a cage; but when it came to be a question of six months, or a year—for who can say how long it may take our armies to drive the Prussians over the frontier?—when this house was shut up, and you had no refuge to escape to—"

"I should not mind," answered Jeanne wearily. "What I want is rest and peace."

"No; you want change and amusement. But let that pass. The fact is that neither Léon nor I like the idea of your remaining in Africa at all just now. The times are bad, and will be worse, if I am not mistaken and misinformed. Do you know how many trained soldiers we have in the country? I do not; for troops have been moved hither and thither, during the last few weeks, embarking here, disembarking there, marching in and marching out, till nobody can say any thing about them, except that they are no longer visible. What I do know is, that in the province of Oran, in the province of Constantine, and over yonder in Kabylia, *messieurs les indigènes* are growing restless. They have heard that the Empire has fallen, and to their simple notions the Empire is France. For my own part I have always liked the Arabs; they are a brave race, and we have been educating them into a loyal one; but they have still many things to learn—such as, for instance, the possible existence of a government without a head, the criminal folly of insurrection, and perhaps also the inviolability of convents. Ever since the news of Sedan came, I have observed that the natives have adopted a certain manner of looking at me as I pass. I, who am but an old man, with one foot in the grave, shrug my shoulders, and look at them in return; but I have taken to carrying a revolver, and I have sent away my jewels into a place of safety. It is a measure of precaution for which I hope you will live to thank me one day; and that is why I must strenuously oppose your project of immuring yourself at El Biar."

"As you please," answered Jeanne, too tired and too indifferent to argue. "I will go to my cousins in Auvergne, then."

"Where you will be as welcome as snow in June! I thought you more reasonable, Jeanne. What objection can you possibly have to availing yourself of the kindness of these excellent Ashleys?"

"Dear M. de Fontvieille, do not be impatient with me. I am so tired, and so—so unhappy." Jeanne's lip quivered, and she stopped short; but recovering herself immediately, she resumed, in a steadier voice: "I am ready to do whatever you and Léon think best; and my reason for not wishing to go to England is not of any great importance, after all. It was only that Mr. Barrington lives close to the Ashleys, and that I did not wish to meet him again so soon."

M. de Fontvieille was at once mollified and delighted. A touch of sentiment appealed to his tenderest feelings. "Poor child!—poor child!" he murmured, patting her gently on the shoulder. "You have not forgotten, then; and I, old fool that I am!—have been wrongfully accusing you of heartlessness. I ask your pardon; I offer you my respectful sympathy—I, who have passed, in my time, along the path which you are now treading, and who know all its rough places. Go, dear mademoiselle, go without fear; you will suffer, perhaps, but less than you expect. A *bourgeoise* placed as you are would do well to hesitate; people of our race are differently built. '*L'amour n'est qu'un plaisir, l'honneur est un devoir*,' as Corneille says; and I would answer for it with my life that you will never forget, in the presence of Mr. Barrington, that you are the affianced bride of the Vicomte de Saint-Luc."

Either Jeanne's dormant pride was aroused by this little piece of fanfaronnade, or else she was too weary to resist pressure. She promised to write to Mrs. Ashley by the next post, and to make immediate preparations for her journey.

So M. de Fontvieille went home with his mind at ease, and meeting Léon on the threshold, told him that all was satisfactorily arranged.

"With a little tact and discretion one can always bring reasonable people to understand their duty," said the old gentleman, modestly exultant.

"I am very much obliged to you, monsieur," answered Léon, as he entered the house, and bade his valuable ally good-evening. He, too, had his preparations to make, his last instructions to give, his last words to say, before leaving the old home to which it might well be that he would never return again. —*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE MOST POWERFUL TELESCOPE IN EXISTENCE.

BY E. NEISON, F.R.A.S.

WHICH is the most powerful telescope in existence? Define the meaning which ought to be attached to the adjective "powerful" in this question. The most powerful telescope in existence is that existing telescope which can do the most work. The work of a telescope may be said to be to enable you to see and to enable you to measure. Therefore, that telescope with which you can see most and can measure best, is that which can do the most work, and is unquestionably the most powerful telescope in existence.

Which is the most powerful telescope in existence?

Every one has heard of the two giant telescopes which were constructed nearly forty years ago by the late Lord Rosse, and which were erected at his residence at Parsonstown, about fifty miles from Dublin. The first great telescope constructed by Lord Rosse was a reflecting telescope with a speculum three feet in diameter and twenty-six feet in focal length. It was carried in a ponderous tube moving in a massive iron mounting by means of ingenious machinery. When it was finished in the year 1840 it was considered the grandest instrument in existence, and from its employment in the study of the heavens enormous advantages were expected to be gained for astronomy. Scarcely, however, was this telescope out of the hands of its maker, than Lord Rosse resolved to construct a second telescope of still larger dimensions. With enormous skill, patience, and ingenuity Lord Rosse carried out this intention, and by the year 1846 had finished his second grand telescope, the instrument commonly known as "Lord Rosse's Telescope." It has a metal speculum six feet in diameter and fifty-four feet in focal length. This enormous mirror, which weighs nearly four tons, is placed in a great tube eight feet in diameter and fifty feet in length, and this tube is carried by a massive iron mounting supported by two lofty castellated buildings, each nearly sixty feet in height. The weight of the telescope and its mountings is enormous. By ingenious methods the observer who is using the telescope is placed in a kind of cage, suspended in the air from the mounting of the telescope and carried up and down along with the instrument.

To this day this giant telescope of Lord Rosse's retains its position as the greatest telescope in existence. In its enormous size it has still no rival, in its massiveness and weight it is long likely to retain its pre-eminence.

Which is the most powerful telescope in existence?

Lord Rosse's giant telescope, of course will be the answer of most people; it will be the answer of the great majority of scientific men; it would be almost the unanimous answer of the British Association, of that Section A which is supposed to keep the world informed of the great achievements of astronomy and of optics.

Is this the true answer?—No.

To most people, to most scientific men, this answer will come like a shock, for to them it has long been a cherished tradition, an article of faith, almost an axiom, that Lord Rosse's giant telescope was the most powerful telescope in existence. To those astronomers who are observers, astronomers not star-gazers, it is well known that for years this giant telescope of Lord Rosse's has been beaten in power by far smaller and more compact

rivals. In fact, it is doubtful whether in real power it is much superior to its smaller companion, the three-foot telescope.

There are many who judge a telescope by its size alone, who compute its excellence by aid of a two-foot rule and a knowledge of its cost in pounds. With them a telescope with a metallic speculum weighing four tons and measuring six feet in diameter, with a tube fifty feet long, and costing a thousand pounds, ought to give so much light, have such and such separating power, and show this or that object. It is true with small telescopes a great deal may be done in this way, but experienced observers know that the real power of a telescope can only be ascertained by a study of what it has done. Tried by this test, the giant telescope of Lord Rosse breaks down. It has not the accuracy of definition which constitutes the real power of a telescope, for it is mainly upon this that depends its capability for doing work. Compared with the metal specula which were made at the time when Lord Rosse's telescope was constructed, the great speculum of Lord Rosse's instrument might come out with credit. But great improvements have since then been introduced into the manufacture of reflecting telescopes, and the present silver-on-glass reflecting telescopes successfully rival the finest achromatic telescope in definition and in power.

In days gone by repeated reference was made to the wonderful things which could be seen upon the surface of the moon with these two giant telescopes of Lord Rosse's. Picturesque descriptions were given of the minute features which were visible, amazement was often expressed at the small objects which could be seen. Still more interesting accounts were given of what *ought* to be visible—a carpet of pronounced pattern as big as Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Castle at Dublin, the Courthouse at Cork, a house, or even a man, provided he were big enough. All these *ought* to be seen if they happened to be on the lower surface. Yet when we come to consider what it really is which is described as being seen, when we calmly examine the various drawings which have been made by the aid of one or the other of these great telescopes, then we find that they show nothing which cannot be distinctly seen and drawn by the smallest astronomical telescope of high excellence. An enormous blaze of light is gathered by the telescopes, but all this light reveals nothing which cannot be seen with far greater ease in a far smaller telescope. There are in existence a number of drawings of the planets, and observations of their satellites; there are also observations of close double stars, or faint companions to bright stars, all made with one or the other of these two telescopes. Yet nothing has been seen which is beyond the power of a good astronomical telescope of comparatively moderate aperture. It is only in observing the dull ill-defined nebulæ that Lord Rosse's great telescope has any exceptional advantage, though even in this respect it is probably much overrated. As an astronomical telescope, either of Lord Rosse's telescopes would be fairly beaten by either of the fine eighteen-inch reflectors which are now in existence.

If, then, Lord Rosse's great telescope is not the most powerful in existence, what answer is to be given to the question with which we commenced? Which *is* the most powerful telescope in existence? There are the great refractors of Pulkova and of Cambridge, U. S., each of fifteen inches in diameter and 23 feet in focal length. There is the still larger refractor of Chicago with an aperture of eighteen inches and a focal length of 23 feet. All these instruments are of high excellence in defining power, the essential point where Lord Rosse's breaks down. There is the reflector of Mr. Lassells, with its metal speculum of two feet in diameter and its tube twenty feet in length. There is the great Melbourne reflector, with its great metal speculum of forty-eight inches in diameter, the second largest telescope in the world, but by no means so sharp in definition as might be desired, so that it failed to reveal the satellites of Mars which were seen with an instrument of not one sixth the diameter in Europe.

There is also the great reflector of the Paris Observatory, with a silver-on-glass speculum nearly four feet in diameter, an instrument whose power is seriously injured by the imperfect definition arising from the flexure of its thin speculum. There is also the large refractor constructed for Mr. Newall, of Gateshead,

with an object-glass twenty-five inches in diameter mounted in a tube nearly thirty feet in length.

But all these instruments must yield the palm to the great refractor of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, a splendid instrument, with an object-glass twenty-six inches in clear aperture and 33 feet in focal length. This magnificent instrument is equatorially mounted and driven by clockwork, so that it is complete as an astronomical telescope. The Washington refractor is, however, not merely a telescope of great dimensions; like more than one of those previously mentioned, it is an instrument of high optical excellence. Its definition is crisp and sharp, and it brings every ray of the enormous amount of light which it collects to a sharp focus as a very minute point, so that none is wasted. It was with this fine telescope that Professor Asaph Hall made his famous discovery of the satellites of Mars, that Mr. Burnham discovered a number of the most minute companions to the brighter stars, and that Professors Newcomb, Holden, and Hall have observed and measured the smallest satellites of Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. It is this magnificent instrument which is supposed by most astronomers to be the most powerful telescope in existence. Then our answer to the question with which we have commenced ought to be—the great refractor of the Washington Observatory. No!

Then which is the most powerful telescope in existence?

The most powerful telescope in existence is the magnificent new reflecting telescope which has been just finished by Mr. A. Ainslie Common, and is erected at his residence at Ealing. This telescope has a silver-on-glass speculum, 37½ inches in diameter, and a focal length of just over twenty feet. It is equatorially mounted in a novel but most efficacious manner, and is driven by a powerful clock controlled in an ingenious manner by a method invented by Mr. Common. This new telescope, which has only been finished about a month, has turned out a great success, and is unquestionably the finest and most powerful telescope which is in existence.

For the last three years Mr. Common has had in his observatory a fine silver-on-glass reflector with an aperture of eighteen inches and a focal length of nearly ten feet. This telescope was mounted by him on an equatorial stand of his own design, on what is known as the "Sissons" principle. For efficiency, power, and excellence this eighteen-inch reflector is as yet without a rival in England, and was only beaten perhaps by the great refractor of the Washington Observatory. With this instrument was made a number of observations of the faint satellites of Saturn and Uranus, which rendered the Ealing Observatory a familiar name to all astronomers. When, in 1877, the astronomical world was electrified by the announcement of Professor Asaph Hall's discovery of the two satellites of Mars, it was to Ealing that astronomers looked for systematic observations of these faint objects, and it was from Ealing Observatory that came the only systematic series of measures of these objects which has been furnished by England. Astronomers may congratulate themselves, therefore, upon this new telescope being in good hands, and in an observatory where it will not be allowed to rust in idleness, like so many of the finest instruments in England.

Satisfied from the performance of his eighteen-inch Newtonian reflector, that it would be possible to successfully construct much larger instruments of this kind, it seems to have been about two years ago that Mr. Common first seriously thought of constructing a very large reflecting telescope with a silver-on-glass speculum. It was obvious that this would be a serious undertaking, and one which would require much thought and ingenuity to carry it out successfully. Many difficulties would require to be boldly faced and successfully overcome. The expense alone would have been sufficient to deter most men. Experience, skill, courage, perseverance, money; all would be required if success was to be won.

It was decided to first undertake the manufacture of a telescope with an aperture of 37½ inches and a focal length of about eighteen or twenty feet. This was a much shorter focus than had usually been thought essential for an instrument of this large aperture. Generally instruments of this kind are made with a focal length of from nine to ten times their diameter. This would correspond to about thirty feet focus for a speculum of the

given size. The fine performance of his eighteen-inch telescope had convinced Mr. Common that it was not necessary to give a greater focal length than fifteen or sixteen feet. But there were two conflicting interests to be reconciled. The shorter the instrument the easier it would be to mount, and the easier to observe with; but, on the other hand, the longer the focus the better it would be for taking photographs of the heavenly bodies, and this last was one of the main uses that the new telescope was intended for. With the view of best reconciling these two views the instrument was designed with a focus of some twenty feet.

The very first step to be taken was to undertake the manufacture of the glass speculum, and here at the outset an enormous difficulty presented itself. To make a speculum of the required dimensions it was necessary to have a disk of good crown glass about thirty-eight inches in diameter and from six to nine inches in thickness. Well, purchase such a disk; or rather, as it was not likely that such a thing could be bought ready-made, why, order one. This seems feasible enough. But there was not a firm in England who would undertake to make such a thing. In fact, at the time, the opinion was freely expressed that such a thing could not be made. This was a serious obstacle, for nearly all the glass used for optical purposes came from England. Determined not to be baffled, Mr. Common applied to a French firm, and they produced the disk of glass which was essential before a single step could be taken. The first difficulty was faced and overcome.

After mature consideration the grinding and polishing of the speculum into which this glass disk was to be turned was intrusted to Mr. G. Calver, of Widford, a well-known maker of glass specula. From its enormous size, over twice as large and ten times as heavy as any speculum which had ever been manufactured before, it was necessary to construct new and more powerful machinery and even a new building. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Calver agreed to do his best to turn this great mass of glass into an excellent speculum, though of course he could not guarantee any thing, the entire risk necessarily remaining with Mr. Common.

This settled, the greater portion of the task remained to be faced. Given a speculum of the specified size, how was it to be mounted, and how was it to be used? Firstly, the glass speculum must be mounted with such care that, despite its enormous weight, it must nowhere bend by as much as one ten thousandth of an inch. Secondly, the glass speculum and the iron cell which supports it must be fastened at the end of a tube some twenty feet in length, and this tube must be supported by an elaborate mounting by which it can be pointed to any desired part of the heavens, and moved by clockwork so as to follow the apparent motion of the celestial bodies. Thirdly, arrangements must be made so that an observer can always use the telescope, and be enabled to look through the eyepiece of the telescope whatever position it may be in—no slight task, seeing that the said eyepiece must in some positions of the instrument be over twenty feet from the ground. Lastly, the telescope must have an observatory which will shield it from the weather, and yet permit any part of the heavens to be examined with the telescope.

When the instrument has a metallic speculum, like the large reflecting telescopes of Lord Rosse, and Mr. Lassells, and that at Melbourne, it is much easier to satisfy the first condition than when the speculum is made of glass; for it is possible to cast the speculum with grooves, projections, and recesses in its back, by means of which the task of supporting it is much simplified. With a glass speculum it is not practicable to have these aids, so that the back of the speculum is cast quite flat, and usually rests on a flat plate of metal. By an ingenious method of balanced arms Mr. Common has contrived to support the speculum so that it is perfectly free from flexure. Thus the first point was secured.

The second point, or the method by which the telescope should be mounted, was a problem which required long and serious consideration. Mr. Common devised a new and most ingenious method which, after long consideration, he thought would furnish a means of steadily supporting the telescope. In this steadiness is most essential, the slightest vibration, vibrations absolutely invisible

to the eye, would ruin the performance of a telescope. The weight of the moving part of the telescope amounts probably to four or five tons, and this has to be kept in motion by a clock, yet it must not be liable to the least tremor or vibration. The difficulty of the problem is evident. His plan of a mounting was submitted by Mr. Common, for criticism, to several well-known astronomers, who might be supposed competent to advise on this subject. As might have been expected, very diverse opinions were expressed; at most, one seemed to decidedly favor the plan, others seemed doubtful, and more than one were decidedly adverse. The result was to leave that matter much as it stood at first, so that Mr. Common decided to persevere in his original design. The success which has crowned his labors shows that he was correct in his judgment. It would be impossible to describe the method of mounting employed without the aid of several detailed drawings, but reference may be made to one ingenious point. As in all equatorial mountings, nearly the entire weight of the moving part of the telescope (in the present telescope five tons) rests on the bottom pivot of the polar axis. This pivot, therefore, is exposed to enormous friction, and is a common cause of vibration. To obviate this, Mr. Common, by an ingenious arrangement, supports the whole polar axis in mercury, thus taking off nearly the entire friction, and the whole instrument moves as if it were floating. By this means he is enabled to drive the whole telescope by means of an ordinary train of clockwork, regulated by the governor, which he had invented for his smaller telescope.

The last two points specified above are obtained by making the observatory itself the ladder by which you approach the eye end of the telescope, and the whole observatory revolves on iron wheels running on a circular railway. By means of a wheel on your left, you can raise or lower yourself at pleasure, and observe with the telescope in any position. The whole observatory only requires moving about once in two hours, and can be moved with ease by one hand.

Within a year of its being begun, the telescope was rapidly approaching its completion. The great speculum had been brought to the right shape, and was partially polished, and every day the announcement was expected that it was completed, or at least only required the final finishing touches. Suddenly a telegram arrived—an ominous thing. Was it to announce an imperfect figure? This would be a most annoying thing, for it would require the whole to be reground and repolished. But no, it was very brief, but it announced a terrible misfortune. It was a pressing request to come down at once. *The whole speculum had burst into a thousand pieces.*

It was a terrible blow, for it was the very misfortune which had been prognosticated by the English manufacturers and by the greater number of astronomers, including those who had had much experience in the construction and use of specula. The explosion had been terrific. The whole workshop was covered with jagged, torn masses of glass, varying in weight from ten or twelve pounds to an impalpable dust. Mr. Calver had had a narrow escape, but he and his workmen escaped without serious injury. The monetary loss was great, and bid fair to be greater, for with the loss of the speculum the rest of the telescope became useless. It might well seem that they were right who held the view that large silver-on-glass specula were impracticable, as from the difficulty in annealing large masses of glass they might be expected to break at any moment.

Within an hour or two of receiving the telegram announcing this terrible mishap Mr. Common was in the library of the Royal Astronomical Society. While there he was met by a friend, a fellow astronomer, who, being aware that news was daily expected of the completion of the great speculum, asked him for the latest intelligence. Mr. Common calmly handed him the fateful telegram. He was thunderstruck, for it was so unexpected, and he was one of those who had looked for much gain to astronomy to accrue from the construction and subsequent employment of this grand new instrument. After expressing, no doubt imperfectly enough, his sorrow, sympathy, and disappointment, he naturally put the question, "What can you do now?" The answer came gently enough. "Do? Why, I have telegraphed over to Paris to see if I can't get two more

disks of glass. It will be one to spare in case of another explosion."

Success must crown indomitable courage like this. The new disks arrived, and were duly transferred to Mr. Calver. One was selected, and, after much labor, ground, polished, and finished. The remaining portion of the instrument and the observatory were pushed on as quickly as possible. On August 1, 1879, the instrument was complete, and the grandest and most powerful telescope in existence stood finished before its maker, designer, and owner.

An instrument of this large aperture will take a long time to thoroughly test, but it has stood triumphantly all the tests which have been applied hitherto. It has been tested on the moon, a most crucial test in experienced hands, on Jupiter and Saturn, and on faint companions to bright stars. In all cases satisfactory results have been obtained.* This proves that the telescope must be at least of fine quality, and it bids fair to turn out of the highest excellence. It has been used to take photographs of the moon, with results very satisfactory to those who are experienced in these matters. There can be no doubt, therefore, of its claims to be a success, so that erelong it will take its place in the eyes of most astronomers as the greatest optical instrument in existence, and the credit of having manufactured and of possessing the most powerful telescope in existence has now passed from America back to England.

It may be legitimately asked, What will be the future work of this grand instrument? Will it be used to increase our knowledge of astronomy, or will it be allowed to rest in idleness, like so many other fine instruments? It is to be trusted, and it may be safely anticipated, that the former will be its fate. It will wear out, not rust out. There is much in astronomy which this grand telescope can do. It can be used for observing the faint and difficultly visible satellites of Mars, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. All these pressingly want observing and measuring, and there are few telescopes of sufficient power and excellence to do the work wanted. It can be easily done with the new one. Then there is the important question to be settled, Are there other satellites to those planets than those known? To this telescope will fall the task of searching for a third and more distant satellite of Mars, for a fifth satellite to Jupiter, for a ninth and tenth satellite to Saturn, for a fifth and sixth satellite to Uranus, and perchance half a dozen new moons of Neptune. Moreover there are the extremely interesting problems connected with the minor planets. Does Vesta, Juno, or Pallas, possess a satellite or satellites? If so, their discovery would be a great thing for astronomy. Astronomers suspect that away beyond Neptune there may be still another giant planet, still another member of the solar system. If so, it will be very faint, and it will require a powerful telescope to search for and discover it.

There is yet another field in which this new telescope may reap great advantages for astronomy. It is suspected that more than one of the stars, those distant suns, may be attended by opaque dull planets. Mathematical analysis has already pointed to the existence of these attendants. It remains for the telescope to discover them. If the new Ealing reflector be really of the very highest excellence, it will be with that instrument we ought to look for these attending planets, these members of a foreign solar system.

Lastly, there is the great field of photography. The new telescope takes instantaneous photographs of the moon two and a half inches in diameter, photographs which can be enlarged with ease to good pictures of the moon a foot in diameter, pictures which will be valuable for astronomy, not mere interesting curiosities of science. It will, moreover, take photographs of Venus, Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn, showing much detail, and capable of being enlarged to half an inch in diameter. These planetary photographs will be of great use, as recording in unmistakable characters the true position and aspect of these planets and their satellites at different known epochs.

The foregoing sketch will show that in constructing this new instrument Mr. Common has contributed in a most important degree to the advancement of astronomy.—*Popular Science Review.*

* Lately this telescope has shown the outer satellite of Mars three weeks before it was thought possible it could be seen with the great telescope at Washington.

AN ITALIAN MOLIÈRE.

"AT the age of eight I had the presumption to compose a comedy," writes Goldoni, in his "Memoirs." "The first person to whom I communicated this circumstance was my nurse, who thought it quite charming. My aunt laughed at me; my mother scolded and caressed me by turns; my tutor maintained there was more wit and common-sense in it than belonged to my age; but what was most singular, my godfather, a lawyer richer in gold than in knowledge, could not be prevailed on to believe that it was my composition. He insisted that it had been revised and corrected by my tutor, who was quite shocked at the insinuation." The dispute is growing warm, when a third person, a friend of the family, appears upon the scene. This gentleman has been intrusted by the child with his secret, has seen him busily at work upon the production, and at once silences the sceptics.

Our precocious author was born in Venice, in 1707, in the house of his grandfather, a man of wealth and of luxurious habits, who gave splendid entertainments, and had a private theatre beneath his roof. It was in such an appropriate scene that Carlo Goldoni came into the world; and as though this were not enough, his father had a little marionette theatre constructed for his amusement. He was only five years old when the grandfather died. This event put an end to plays and festivities, and reduced the family from affluence to poverty. The father went away to Rome, applied himself to the study of medicine, and after four years began to practise the profession at Perugia. "My father's *début* was particularly fortunate. He contrived to avoid those diseases with which he was unacquainted; he cured his patients; and the Venetian doctor was quite in vogue in that country." The mother and son remained at Venice; but upon receiving a copy of the wonderful comedy, the elder Goldoni desired to have the boy with him, and he was accordingly despatched to Perugia. His father showed him round the town. "I saw fine palaces and churches and agreeable walks. I asked whether there was a theatre, and I was told there was none. 'So much the worse,' said I; 'I would not remain here for all the gold in the world.'"

He was now sent to the Jesuits' school. When he came home for the vacation his father constructed a small theatre in the hall of the Palace d'Antiori, formed a company, and, women not being allowed upon the stage within the Pope's dominions, Carlo played the principal female *rôle* and spoke the prologue. His father leaving Perugia for Modena, he was sent to Rimini to continue his studies. But the pedantries of scholasticism were not to his taste, and he tells us that he nourished his mind with a much more useful and agreeable philosophy, by reading Plautus, Terence, Aristophanes, and the fragments of Menander. At Rimini there was a theatre. He made acquaintance with the actors and actresses, and was invited to dine with the director. By and by he heard they were going to Chiozza, on their way to Venice. "'To Chiozza!' said I, with a cry of surprise. 'Ah, my mother is at Chiozza; how glad I should be to see her.' 'Come along with us.' 'Yes, yes,' cried one and all; 'come with us in our bark; you will be very comfortable in it: it will cost you nothing; we shall play, laugh, sing, and amuse ourselves.' How could I resist such temptations? How could I lose so fine an opportunity? I accepted the invitation, and began to prepare for my journey." "My comedians were not Scarron's company, but on the whole they presented a very amusing *coup d'œil*. Twelve persons, actors as well as actresses, a prompter, a machinist, a storekeeper, eight domestics, four chambermaids, two nurses, children of every age, cats, dogs, monkeys, parrots, pigeons, and a lamb; it was another Noah's ark." A contrary wind kept them four days upon the voyage, a delightful four days to our young scapegrace. The ladies were charming, the living excellent; the time was passed in singing and playing and all kinds of diversions. As may be imagined, Madame Goldoni was very much surprised at this visit from her son, scolded him, forgave him, and forbade him the theatre. The father hearing of the escapade came post-haste to Chiozza.

But the truant had little more difficulty in obtaining the paternal than the maternal forgiveness, and after a time was even permitted to take his darling amusement.

The elder Goldoni remained at Chiozza, where his fame brought him flocks of patients; so he determined to bring his son up to the profession. But medicine was no more to Carlo's taste than had been scholastics; yet while the actors remained in the town he dared not object for fear of losing his privilege. When they were gone his discontent against physic broke loose. His mother, who desired to make him a lawyer, backed him up, and they ultimately carried the day. Being then fifteen he was placed under his uncle, who was an attorney of Venice. Not long did he remain in this position; the Marquis of Goldoni, a distant relative, was desirous he should pursue his studies at the Pope's College at Pavia. So good an opening was not to be neglected, and thither he proceeded. The first year he worked very hard, but not always upon jurisprudence. In the college library there were several shelves filled with a collection of ancient and modern comedies, so he resolved to divide his time between the law and the drama. During these desultory readings there was one circumstance which particularly impressed him: while he found abundance of English, Spanish, and French plays, there was no collection that could do any credit to the Italian theatre. This discovery suggested an idea which it afterwards became the purpose of his life to carry out. "It was with pain," he says, "that I saw the nation, which was acquainted with the dramatic art before every other in modern times, so deficient. I could not conceive how Italy had in this respect grown negligent, vulgar, and degenerated. I passionately desired to see my country rise to the level of others, and I vowed to endeavor to contribute to the effort."

Although obliged to wear the band and even the tonsure, the students of the Pope's College seem to have been as wild a set as ever heard the chimes at midnight.

They were elegantly dressed in English cloth, French silk, embroidery, and lace. They did pretty well as they pleased, and indulged in a great deal of dissipation within, and a great deal of freedom without. They learned fencing, dancing, music, drawing, and all games of chance, although the latter were prohibited. They were regarded by the townspeople much in the same light as officers in garrison towns—detested by the men and welcomed by the women. Goldoni had entered upon his third year at Pavia, when it was arranged among the citizens that the students should no longer be received at their houses, and that any girl who permitted their visits should never be asked in marriage by a townsman. Mothers and daughters were equally alarmed at this combination, and closed their doors against the obnoxious youths. By the persuasion of some pretended friends, and under strict promises of secrecy, Goldoni composed a satire upon their excluders. He called it the "The Colossus;" and to form the figure took the eyes of one lady, the mouth of another, the neck of a third, etc., dwelling upon every personal defect with witty malice. Dire was the rage of the victims upon the appearance of this pasquinade, the authorship of which was revealed by the treacherous friends, who had proposed the composition, tacking to it a quatrain containing the name, surname, and country of its composer. The whole town was in arms against him, irate fathers and husbands sought his life, which would certainly have fallen a sacrifice had not the college authorities put him under arrest. There could be but one termination to the affair—expulsion.

Overwhelmed with shame and remorse at this destruction of his prospects he dared not think of returning to Chiozza, and determined to take flight to Rome; but the heads of the college had taken precautions against such a contingency, and he was again obliged to appear before his parents in the character of the Prodigal Son. "If he had committed a knavish action," said his mother, "I would never have consented to see him more; but he has been guilty of a piece of imprudence, and I pardon him." The father was equally good-natured, and a few days afterwards, departing for Udine, where he was going to settle for a time, took the young man with him. Here he resumed his study of the law. The elder Goldoni's practice seems to have been of a peripatetic kind, for we hear of him constantly moving from one

place to another, and for a time his son was the companion of these wanderings. At Modena the latter witnessed a spectacle which for a time threatened to put an end to his mundane career. One day he saw a crowd of people gathered about a scaffold, upon which stood a man with head uncovered and hands tied. It proved to be an abbé, a celebrated poet, well known and highly esteemed throughout Italy, who was accused of having uttered improper language to a woman who had been taking the sacrament. A monk held a book in his hand, and another was interrogating the culprit, who, trembling with rage, answered his questions with haughty disdain, while the people clapped their hands and encouraged him. Young Goldoni began to reflect upon several of his own adventures, and particularly upon the Pavian satire, which might have placed him in a similar position. He afterwards learned that the abbé had been obliged to publicly confess his offences, and was condemned to six years' imprisonment. So terrible was the impression produced upon his mind by this circumstance, that he formed a determination to enter the Order of Capuchins. His father opposed no objection to his design, although he determined to overthrow it, and for that purpose took him to Venice, under pretence of introducing him to the head of the fraternity, for he would not hear of going there for any other purpose. Once, however, in the gay city his stern resolves began to melt ; he dined and supped with his friends, went to the play and in fifteen days there was no longer any thought of the cloister. His vapors were dissipated and he was restored to reason. He pitied the man whom he had seen upon the scaffold, but discovered it was not necessary to renounce the world to avoid such a catastrophe.

At twenty-one years of age he was still without a profession or any definite object in life. Through his interest with the Governor of Venice his father soon afterwards procured him an appointment under the Head of the Criminal Department. There were no emoluments to the office, but there were all the pleasures of society, of a good table, of plays, concerts, balls, and fêtes. At the end of a twelvemonth, his term of office having expired, his principal offered him the post of chief coadjutor, if he would follow him to Feltre, whither he was about to be removed. He of course accepted, and for several months devoted himself to the labors of his office. Not altogether, however, without glimpses of pleasure were those months. Once, being employed to investigate some crime committed a few leagues from the town, he engaged several friends, six males, six females, and four domestics to follow him. They all rode on horseback, never dined and supped in the same place, and for twelve nights never slept upon beds ; sometimes they journeyed on foot, along roads bordered by vines and shaded by fig-trees, breakfasting on milk and partaking of peasant fare. Wherever they went they found nothing but rejoicings and entertainments ; and wherever they stopped of an evening they danced all through the night. The expedition occupied twelve days—the investigation two hours. A more delightful way of blending business with pleasure could not be conceived. But the party returned to Feltre more dead than alive. In the Governor's palace there was a theatre, and it was proposed by the six gentlemen that they should give some plays, of which Goldoni should be the director. Here he produced two little pieces of his own composition, which were of course received with much applause. During the expedition he had fallen violently in love with one of the ladies of the party, and had serious thoughts of making her his wife ; but certain very singular reflections interposed. Angelica was very beautiful, but so had been her elder sister, who was now very ugly ; their skin and style of features were alike ; the fatigues of the expedition had told upon his mistress ; if in a short time she were to lose her bloom what would be his despair ! This, he remarks, was curious reasoning for a lover, but "whether from virtue, weakness, or inconsistency, I quitted Feltre without marrying her." Very shocking this from a sentimental point of view, but not without wisdom.

In 1731 he lost his father, who died at Ferrara of a malignant fever. A little time afterward we find the erratic son, at the urgent entreaties of his mother, who desired to keep him near her, resigning his appointment of coadjutor,

and applying to the University of Padua for a license to practise as an advocate in the courts of Venice. According to his own account he passed his examination brilliantly. But soon he began to weigh the *pros* and *cons* of his profession. There were at that time two hundred and forty advocates upon the Venetian lists; of these only from ten to twelve were of the first rank, about twenty of the second, and all the rest were mere outsiders, dependent on pettifogging attorneys, with whom they were obliged to share the spoils of the victims. On the other hand, it was the highest profession in the state; a patrician who would disdain to become a merchant, banker, or physician, would have no hesitation in donning the gown of the advocate. The question was, To what rank was he likely to attain? He began to regret his coadjutorship. But it was too late for such reflections now. Nobody visited him, except a few curious persons, and a few undesirable clients. He listened to what they had to say, gave his advice, allowed them to stay as long as they pleased, accompanied them to the door, and returned—feeless. He amused his leisure by composing "A Critical Almanack for the Year 1732," which contained sharp criticisms upon the manners of the age, poetry, and jokes: he also wrote a lyrical tragedy, called *Amalosonti*, from which he hoped to derive some profits, and of which more anon. At the end of six months he pleaded a cause and won it. "Courage," said his uncle, who was an attorney; "this first attempt makes you known as a man who will get on, and you will not be in want of clients." But the Destinies would not let him rest; they had other views respecting him, and very soon put all such hopes to flight. An empty purse and a woman—very potent agencies both—brought about the next change in his fortunes. He had cast his eyes upon a rich lady, who, although forty, was still handsome; and the lady encouraged his addresses, until an Excellency appeared upon the scene to rival him. Piqued at her inconstancy, he made love to the niece, and went so far as to secretly sign a marriage contract with the latter. In the meantime the aunt, having discovered that his Excellency's love was all mercenary, would fain have returned to her former lover. Too late. She was furious at being supplanted by her niece, and Goldoni was beginning to repent his precipitancy. Certain stipulations regarding money and jewels were being evaded by the mother; his mistress was ugly, although she had fascinated him, and his funds were so low that he had not sufficient to carry him through the preliminary ceremonies. And a very expensive affair those premarriage ceremonies were in the Venice of those days. There was a costly diamond ring and a necklace of fine pearls to be presented to the betrothed, and expensive entertainments to be given to all friends. These conditions once more produced reflection, the result of which was a precipitate departure from Venice. To use his own words: "In the moment when I had the most flattering prospects, after the successful appearance made by me in court in the midst of the acclamations of the bar, I quitted my country, my relations, my friends, my love, my hopes, my profession." As to his love, he adds immediately afterward, that the pleasures of liberty consoled him for the loss of his mistress; as to his profession, he had his lyrical tragedy in his pocket, and that he believed to be the first step to fame and fortune.

The Opera House at Milan was his goal, and by the help of friendly hospitality on the road, and a little borrowing, he arrived in due time at the famous city. There he found entertainment at the house of the Venetian Envoy, and was now all eagerness to get his opera introduced to the director of the theatre. In Caffariello, one of the principal actors, he recognized an old acquaintance, told him of his treasure, and was invited to his house to read it. The day chosen was a Friday, on which the actor's wife always held an assembly. He arrived early, was warmly welcomed, and congratulated in advance on the reception his work would meet with. How it was received shall be told by himself:

"The company continued to increase, Caffariello made his appearance, saw and recognized me, saluted me with the tone of an Alexander, and took his place beside the mistress of the house. A few minutes afterward Count Prata, one of the directors of the theatre, highly skilled in every thing relative to the drama, was announced. Madame introduced me

to the Count, and spoke to him of my opera, and he undertook to propose me to the assembly of directors." He requests to hear it read. "A small table and a candle were brought toward us, round which we all seated ourselves, and I began to read. I announced the title of *Amalasonti*. Caffariello sang the word *Amalasonti;* it was long, and seemed ridiculous to him. Everybody laughed but myself: the lady scolded, and the nightingale was silent. I read over the names of the characters, of which there were nine in the piece. Here a small shrill voice, which proceeded from an old *castrato*, who sang in the choruses, and who mewed like a cat, cried out, 'Too many, too many; there are at least two characters too many.'"

Very disconcerted, Goldoni wishes to give over his reading, but the Count silences the interrupter, and begs him to proceed. "I resumed my reading: 'Act first, scene first: Clodesile and Arpagon.' Here M. Caffariello again asked me the name of the first soprano of the opera. 'Clodesile,' I replied. 'What!' said he, 'you open the scene with the principal actor, and make him appear while everybody is entering and making a noise! Truly, sir, I am not your man.' The Count here interposed. 'Let us hear,' he said, 'if the scene is interesting.' I read the first scene, and while I was repeating my verses a little insignificant wretch drew a paper from his pocket, and went to the harpsichord to recite an air in his part. The mistress of the house was obliged to make me excuses without intermission. M. Prata took me by the hand, and conducted me into a dressing-closet at a considerable distance from the room, and after endeavoring to excuse the behavior of a set of giddy fools, requested me to read the drama to himself alone."

Goldoni complies, and after the reading the Count explains the laws of the lyric drama, as they were then understood in Italy: The three principals must have five airs each, two in the first act, two in the second, and one in the third; the two secondary parts must have three each, the inferior one each, but care must be taken that these last shall have no opportunity of distinguishing themselves, as their superiors would not endure that; two pathetic airs must not succeed one another, and bravuras, scenes, minuets, rondeaux, must be judiciously distributed. As his lyrical drama does not fulfil these conditions, he takes leave of the Count, returns to his lodgings, and thrusts *Amalasonti* into the fire.

In the morning he pays a visit to his friend the Venetian Envoy, to whom he reveals his desperate situation. The result of this confidence is that he is received into the house as a gentleman of the chamber. He is now a man of some influence. Having recovered from his previous mortification, he composes an interlude for two voices, entitled, "The Venetian Gondolier," for a company of comedians that visits the city. This is but the prelude to more important work, and to the carrying out of that idea of reforming the Italian theatre which he conceived when a youth at the college of Pavia. What Italian comedy was like at this period may be gathered from a description of a piece called *Belisarius*, in which Justinian was an imbecile, Theodora a courtesan, and the great Roman general a long-winded divine, who, after being deprived of his eyes, was driven across the stage by Harlequin's cudgel.* It occurred to Goldoni that a good piece might be written upon the same subject, and he at once set about the task. But he had only completed the first act when it was brought to a standstill by a very serious incident, which was no less important than the King of Sardinia's troops besieging the city (it was the commencement of the war of 1733 against Austria). For a time he was too busily employed in the service of his master, who intrusted him with some important political commissions, to continue his dramatic studies; but at his first leisure he lost no time in completing the work, which was promised to Casali, the director of the Milanese company, whom the war had driven away. An intrigue with a fair Venetian causing him to be suspected by the Envoy, although unjustly, of having betrayed his confidence, he threw up his appointment and started for Modena, where his mother was residing. On the road he is robbed of all his effects by the military; is entertained by an hospitable abbé, to whom he reads his play,

* Let us not, however, judge too harshly such desecration of a noble name, since modern burlesque has far exceeded it.

which he has preserved though all else has gone. Changing his mind and his route, he now makes for Verona. There, to his great joy, he finds Casali and his company, and after a splendid dinner reads *Belisarius* to them. Very different is the reception of this piece to that which Caffariello and his comedians gave *Amalasonti;* Casali "weeps for joy," and at once seizes upon the manuscript to get it copied. But this, as well as a comic operetta he wrote, was to be reserved for Venice.

Belisarius was produced on the 24th of November, 1734, with every mark of a complete success, and was given every day until the 14th of December, when the autumn season closed. The author himself, however, held it in such little consideration that he never admitted it into a complete edition of his works. Connoisseurs, he says, could not help applauding a work which was very superior to the farces then in vogue, and because they hoped it would pave the way to a reform of the Italian theatre. A tragedy called *Rosimonda* was a failure. Several alterations of old pieces and comic operas followed in this and the succeeding seasons, and Goldoni, attaching himself to the company, accompanied them from town to town. At Genoa he at last found a wife.

For a time he continued to labor upon old subjects, until, feeling his powers ripening, and having an excellent company of actors at his command, he resolved, in imitation of Molière, to create a school of legitimate comedy. The first work of this class that he composed was entitled *Momolo Cortesan*, which may be translated the *Courteous Man*. It was very successful.

In order to understand the value of the work Goldoni set himself to accomplish, it is necessary to take a glance at the condition of Italian comedy at the time when he began to write. The principal personages were Il Dottore, a pedant, Brighella, a sharp, knavish servant, Arlecchino, a silly one, and Pantalon, the father; all wore masks and one fixed costume. The doctor wore the costume of the university of Bologna, Brighella a species of livery; Arlecchino's dress was that of a poor ragged fellow, who had patched his clothes with any pieces of different-colored stuff that he had picked up.* Pantalon wore the costume of the ancient Venetian merchants, a black dress, a woollen bonnet, red underwaistcoat and breeches, and red stockings and slippers. The comedies were mere outlines filled up by the extemporaneous wit of the actors. These four characters never varied; each had a style of delivery, repartee, gesture, entirely distinct from the others. Goldoni dared not attempt to banish them, and they are to be found in the greater number of his works; but he mingled with them less conventional characters of real life, and insisted that all should deliver his written dialogue as it was set down for them. But in this reform he was wise enough to proceed gradually. In *Momolo Cortesan* Arlecchino is not a stupid servant, as he had invariably been before, but an idle fellow who makes his sister support his vices, while the hero is a character drawn from life. Yet he tells us that the piece was not reduced to dialogue, and the only part written out was that of the principal actor. "All the rest was outline; I could not reform every thing at once without stirring up against me all the admirers of the national comedy; and I waited for a favorable moment to attack them boldly, with greater vigor and safety." It may be necessary to mention that besides these *buffoneries*, there was a species of classical comedy that no one went to see—a pedantic and spiritless imitation of the ancient and the French school.

Il Prodigo was another success, in which the principal character was drawn from life. But the masks began to loudly complain that the author was ruining them by placing them so much in the background, and powerful friends backed up their complaints. Upon which he was obliged to yield to the depraved taste of the audience, and fall back upon Arlecchino.

His father-in-law, who was consul at Genoa, dying about this time, he was offered that post. Believing it to be a good opening, he accepted it with gratitude. Imagine his chagrin when he discovered that the emoluments of this office did not amount to a hundred crowns a year. To follow him through all his ad-

* Such was the origin of the patched and spangled harlequin of our own stage.

ventures would be impossible in so brief a space. After a time he finds himself in Pisa, destitute of resources and employment. Here accident introduces him to a learned assembly called "The Arcadi of Rome;" he renders himself conspicuous by applauding every thing he hears, then asks and obtains permission to express his appreciation in verse; a sonnet of fourteen verses he has composed in his youth under similar circumstances serves his purpose; his audience believes it to be extempore, and are delighted. He announces himself to them as a Venetian advocate; they propose to him to resume his gown and promise him clients; he closes with the proposition. And now behold him once more clothed in the majesty of the law, and his affairs in such a flourishing condition as to fill all his brethren with envy. In one month he has gained three suits, and the stage is renounced forever.

Alas for man's resolves! A letter comes from Sacchi, the famous Arlecchino, asking him for a comedy. In an instant his old taste, fire, and enthusiasm revive. By day he labors at the bar, by night at the play, which, as soon as finished, is despatched to Venice. It is so successful that the Arlecchino writes for another. He has said the former should be the last; he has three days to answer in. During those three days, walking, sleeping, or eating, he thinks of nothing but Sacchi, and is obliged to comply with his demand to get him out of his head. Again he gives himself up to his profession, but the seeds of discontent are sown, and having been denied certain posts to which he believes himself entitled he becomes disgusted. While in this humor he is visited by an actor, who desires a comedy from him. In three weeks the work is composed and carried to Leghorn, for which town it is required, by the author himself.

At Leghorn he was introduced to the manager, M. Medebac, who proposed to take a lease of one of the Venetian theatres, of which there were three, for five or six years, if Goldoni would consent to engage himself to him for the same period as dramatic author; an agreement was drawn up, and after somel ittle deliberation was signed. It was to commence at Mantua, in the April of 1747. "I had six months' time to arrange my affairs at Pisa, to despatch the causes in hand, to give up others which I could not retain, to take leave of my judges and clients," etc.

One of his first successes in the new undertaking was a comedy he had written some years previously, *Donna di Garbo* (*The Admirable Woman*). This was rapidly followed by others, of which the most successful was *Vedova Scaltra* (*The Cunning Widow*), which ran thirty consecutive nights. Hostile criticism began now to attack him. "While," he says, "I worked on the old plots of the Italian comedy, and only gave pieces partly written, partly sketched, I was allowed the peaceable enjoyment of the applause of the pit; but when I announced myself for an author, an inventor, and a poet, the minds of men awoke from their lethargy, and I was supposed worthy of their attention and their criticism." A series of failures in the year 1749 was the occasion of his making the extraordinary promise to give the theatre sixteen new pieces for the following season. At the time he undertook this prodigious task, he says, he had not a single subject in his head. Sixteen new comedies of three acts, each to occupy two hours and a half in the representation! Well might he say the bare remembrance of it thereafter made his flesh creep. The difficulty of finding subjects was alone sufficient to have deterred any other man. Once he sat down to write without the remotest idea of a plot, building speech upon speech and scene upon scene without knowing what was to follow, one incident evolving another until the work was complete. He had composed fifteen out of the sixteen, and it came to the last Sunday but one of the Carnival, and he had not even imagined a subject for the last, and the season closed on Shrove Tuesday. He sallied out into the square of St. Mark, in the hope of finding a suggestion among the motley crowd. He was immediately struck by the figure of an old Armenian, ill-dressed, very dirty, with a long beard, who sold dried fruits. This man was a well-known character in Venice, and was so despised that it became a term of derision to tell a girl she should have Abagigi for a husband. Eureka! the subject was found; he returned home, and began his comedy, which was produced

on Shrove Tuesday. The audience was so large that the prices of the boxes were tripled and quadrupled, the applause tumultuous. A crowd of friends, weeping for joy, dragged him from his box, carried him to the Ridotto, exhibited him from one hall to another, and overwhelmed him with compliments and caresses to celebrate the triumph of his engagement. But from these sixteen pieces he received no consideration beyond his yearly stipend, and a profusion of compliments. Medebac, the manager, even disputed his right to publish his dramatic productions, but compromised the matter by allowing him to issue them at the rate of one volume per year. The first volume of the first edition of his "Theatre" was published at Venice in 1751. He tells us that from the persons to whom he dedicated his first four comedies he received, as presents, "a gold watch, a box of the same metal, a silver board with chocolate, and four pairs of Venice ruffles."

As soon, however, as the term for which he had engaged was out he left the theatre of St. Angelo for the theatre of St. Luke, where there was no director, and the proprietor of which was a patrician; here his pieces were accepted without being read, with full privilege to print them, and his emoluments were doubled.

The next few years of his life were passed at Venice, Parma, and Rome, and in producing five-act comedies in most astounding numbers. Between 1721 and 1761 he composed fifty. At Rome he was less successful. The drama seems to have been in a most barbarous condition in the imperial city, any thing like literary merit was overlooked, and without Punch a piece was played to empty benches. "The pit of Rome is dreadful," he says; "the Abbés decide in a vigorous and noisy manner; there are no guards or police; and hisses, cries, laughter, and invectives resound from all quarters of the house." These years seem to have been passed in tolerable comfort—that is to say, such comfort as a successful writer constantly exposed to the attacks of the envious and malicious may be expected to enjoy. After a time even these were silenced.

But ten years in one place, for his habitation was fixed at Venice, and engaged in one occupation, was a wonderful circumstance in the life of such a rolling stone as Goldoni. In 1760 he received a letter from Zanuozzi, the principal actor of the Italian Theatre at Paris, who informed him that he was empowered by the principal gentlemen of the king's bedchamber, to whom was intrusted the regulation of theatrical entertainments, to offer him an engagement for two years, at an honorable salary. Goldoni had long desired to see Paris, and this offer once more aroused the old roaming spirit that had ever longed for "fresh fields and pastures new." His situation was precarious, his labors were incessant and ill-paid, and the prospect of an old age of toil and diminished powers was not a pleasant one. Yet as an advocate he could pretend to any and the highest employment in the state. He appealed to his friends, frankly stated his position, and said if they would undertake to secure him an establishment by office or pension he would prefer his country to the whole universe. He was informed that when pensions were granted by the Venetian state the useful were always preferred before the ornamental arts. So, for such a paltry consideration, Venice suffered one of her most illustrious men to seek a better fortune in a foreign land.

From his first entrance into France he was cordially received; the custom-house officers allowed his trunks to pass unexamined, the commandant of Antibes politely declined to see his passport, with, "Sir, you are anxiously expected at Paris; you must quicken your journey." The Venetian consul at Marseilles waited upon him and offered him apartments in his house. After ten years' restraint the old Bohemian spirit broke out in full force. He had left Venice four months, and had got only as far as Lyons. There he found a letter from Zanuozzi, full of reproaches at his delay. Nevertheless, he stopped ten days at Lyons. At length he arrived at Paris, but not to work; he was too eager to behold the wonders of the great French city, to study its dramatic tastes, and for these purposes demanded four months. The Italian comedians, accustomed to the old style of their national drama, were for outline plays in which the dialogue would be left to their own wit. To this Goldoni naturally objected, as not giving him a fair chance in a

new country. His arguments prevailed, and his first piece was a failure, from the incompetence of the actors to adapt themselves to written dialogue. The actors grumbled; the public were accustomed to outline plays; why should he refuse to comply with the general taste? In his first disappointment he was for throwing up the engagement, but "every annoyance," he writes, "seems supportable for the pleasure of remaining two years in Paris." During his engagement he composed twenty-four pieces, of which only eight were successful. With deep regret he was revolving in his mind whether he should seek a new field for his labors in Portugal, where a work he had written at the request of the Portuguese ambassador had been highly successful, or return to Venice, when, having obtained an introduction to the Dauphine, he was attached to the Court as instructor in the Italian language. But for a time it was little more than a barren honor, until at the death of his patroness he found himself "in want of every thing, but daring to ask for nothing." Three years more elapsed before he obtained a fixed salary, and then it was only 4000 francs a year. But in the then condition of French finances it was exceedingly difficult for a minister to create new offices and add new burdens, however small, to those beneath which the people were groaning. The post was only a sinecure, for, like true French, none of the princes or princesses were desirous of learning foreign languages. Goldoni, who had hitherto been living at Versailles, now returned to Paris, where he began to think of translating some of his works into the French tongue.

By and by the director of the Italian Opera invited him to London. He could not tear himself from Lutetia, but he offered to write, however, on condition that he should be permitted to remain in France. The proposition was accepted, and he was employed to write a new comic opera. The arrangement continued in force for several years, and it would seem to the satisfaction of both parties. He had long been desirous of composing a work in the French language, and at length, in 1771, plucked up courage to make the attempt. The result was *Le Bourru Bienfaisant*. It was first performed on the 21st day of November in the above-named year, and the next day before the court at Fontainebleau. The inimitable Préville represented the hero. Molé, Bellecœur, and Madame Préville also performed in it. Never had he been interpreted by such artists before. The success was immense. He was privately presented to the King and the Royal Family, who bestowed upon him 150 louis d'ors. This was an immense triumph to a foreigner, in a nation so jealous as France, and induced him to compose a second comedy, *L'Avare Fasteux*. This, however, in consequence of being delayed through Préville's illness, was very coldly received.

The remaining years of this extraordinary life may be very briefly passed over. In 1776 Louis XVI. bestowed upon him a gratuity of 6000 livres and an annuity of 1200 livres. This made a very comfortable provision for his old age, which was passed in enjoying the pleasures of Paris, superintending editions of his works, and composing his "Memoirs." The Revolution swept away his pension as it did all others, and again reduced him to poverty, but in such respect was he held that in 1793, thanks to Chenier, an order was issued by the Government to restore it to him. But the day after the decree was made death closed his prolonged career, in his eighty-sixth year.

To enter into any description of the productions of an author who composed one hundred and fifty dramatic works, none of which are familiar to English readers, would scarcely prove interesting. The consideration in which they were held is proved by the fact of their passing through eighteen editions in his lifetime. "The Italians," says Sismondi, "consider Goldoni to have carried the dramatic art in Italy to its highest perfection, and he must certainly be allowed to have possessed no common powers. He had a fertility of invention which constantly supplied him with new subjects, and such a facility of composition that he not unfrequently produced a comedy of five acts, in verse, within as many days; a rapidity so far prejudicial as it led him to bestow too little pains upon the correctness. His dialogue was extremely animated, earnest, and full of meaning; and with a very exact knowledge of the Italian manners he possessed

the rare faculty of giving a lively representation of them upon the stage. To these he added an exquisite relish of Italian humor, which delights in amusing pictures of absurdity, and in the genius of the buffoon." One of his editors, Pietro Verri, adds a yet finer tribute to his genius: "He always taught fathers the goodness of indulgence, to sons to respect and love their parents, to wives to love their husbands and family, to husbands amiability and good conduct. Vice appeared in his pieces escorted only by general reprobation, virtue surrounded by the esteem and respect of all. Finally, honesty and benevolence, the love of humanity, religion, and duty, shine in all his writings as a pure flame which illumines the mind and warms the heart." This praise is excessive, but is not undeserved, more especially when we take into consideration the lax morality of his age and nation. There are very few of his model men and women who would be regarded as any thing approaching models nowadays, and there is an absence of passion and sentiment and of all genuine love in his pieces. He seldom or never rises to the dignity and grandeur of Molière; there is no "Tartuffe" or "Misanthrope" among his writings; he is never psychological; he is natural, but his nature is Italian nature, his humor Italian humor, and even this is almost too broad a definition, since most of his characters are more Venetian than Italian. Perhaps among our own writers he most resembles Foote. Like the English mimic, most of his portraits were drawn from life. If any person offended him he would put them into a piece, the plot of which would turn upon the most intimate affairs of their private life. He sought his characters in the streets, in the gondolas, at public assemblies, in the houses of his friends. Actresses who proved refractory found themselves gibbeted in his next new comedy, and were often called upon to represent their own shortcomings upon the stage. The titles of a few of his works speak for themselves: *The Cookmaids*, founded upon the custom which gave all Venetian cooks a holiday during the Carnival, *The Citizens' Ball*, *The Plebeian Ball*, *The Country Excursion*, etc. There was no class of society, from the highest to the lowest, that he did not lay under contribution for characters. He gave great offence, and made many enemies, by attacking the Cicisbei or *cavalieri serventi* custom. But Goldoni would no doubt have done better work had he been less controlled by circumstances. His ambition was to be a reformer, to create a genuine school of comedy, but he was opposed in this design by the favorite actors of the Italian stage and their partisans, and having to write for bread he had to yield to the pressure; again, the almost incredible rapidity with which his pieces were produced rendered finish and elaboration impossible. Had he been born in France instead of Italy he might not only have rivalled but have surpassed Molière himself.—*Temple Bar*.

THE OLDEST ART IN THE WORLD.

BY REV. W. J. LOFTIE.

It is a subject for constant regret that the Egyptian collections in European museums are wanting in the characteristic most likely to make a museum useful to the student. At Boolak they know whence every piece came. They know where and how it was found. It follows that they can always at least approximate to its chronological position—not perhaps to its actual date, for dates, as we count them, do not apply to the early periods of Egyptian history.

Mariette Bey, the curator of the museum, has gone to work in a very simple and intelligible way as regards this difficulty. He has adopted, merely for experimental purposes, the chronology of the only authority that can in any way be called contemporary, and has provisionally used the narrative of Manetho, which at least gives the student a succession of names and events.

When we visit the Boolak Museum, then, we find an arrangement, so far as as any thing can be arranged in the wretched building, which enables us to trace the history of Egypt and Egyptian art back step by step from the latest Ro-

man bust to the earliest statue portrait. There is no flaw in the chain, though there are so many blanks in the chronology. It is perfectly continuous and unbroken ; and when you apply to it a question which M. Mariette asks with respect to the pyramids, you arrive at a very definite but very startling conclusion. M. Mariette asks where are the signs of the infancy of Egyptian art? The further back we go the more complete it appears. The magnificent diorite statue of Chafra—once considered the oldest portrait in the world—has been superseded from its priority by the wooden figure from Sakkara. The want of conventionality in this amazing portrait places it above the noble but stiff statue of Chafra. But the wooden man has himself been superseded by the oldest monuments yet discovered, which are still more life-like, still more unconventional, still more truly artistic than any thing yet found of a later period.

In short, the further back you go, the better the style. It is evident the style grew up by degrees. It is the result of centuries of study and practice. The two life-like figures found at Meydoom were not modelled in the infancy of art.

Such is the question suggested by a visit to Boolak ; and there only can the ancient arts be studied with trustworthy facts before us. It is hopeless just yet to expect any improvement at the British Museum. The theory of Sir Gardiner Wilkinson evidently was, that all the people whom he classed as "ancient Egyptians" lived much about the same time ; and his system has been pursued in the mixture of the minor objects, while the larger are only recognized by their inscriptions, nothing being known about the places where the majority were found. Had the statues of Ra-Hotep and Nepert been brought to England in this way, it is more than probable they would have been catalogued as Ptolemaic, possibly as Ethiopian, while it is quite certain that the fresco of the "Pasturing Geese"—a picture contemporary with the statues—would have been considered Greco-Roman.

These marvellous statues are placed apart from the other objects belonging to what M. Mariette calls "*l'Ancien Empire*" in a chamber not so near the damp of the river's bank as that in which the rest of the very early remains are arranged. They are rather less than life size, but otherwise absolutely life-like. After you have gazed into the depth of Nefert's eyes, you feel, in spite of their being made of crystal and marble, that you have personal acquaintance with her. The beautifully-fitting linen dress, the feet guiltless of shoes, the absence of all ornament except a necklace of emeralds and rubies, the neat "snood" which binds her hair—all, you are convinced, are as much portraits as the face itself. The figure is full of a quality of reality which, seeing it is almost all we have of the earliest art, is better for us than a more idealized style of work. It is impossible even to approximate to the age of this and the companion work. Lepsius gives B.C. 3122 as the probable date of the reign of Seneferoo ; but as he makes that monarch the first king of the fourth dynasty, while most of the recent authorities place him toward the end of the third, these statues of the son and daughter-in-law of Seneferoo may be even older. But all chronology is guesswork before the twelfth dynasty—a fact but too often to be acknowledged in the present state of our information.

The companion statue is not so interesting, but even more life-like ; and the hieroglyphics on the seat, viewed as the earliest examples of the art of writing yet identified, possess an interest for me, I confess, out of all proportion to their subject.*

The assemblage of objects of the period of the early monarchy in its own *salle*—that of the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth dynasties—at the Boolak Museum, is the best that has ever been brought together. M. Mariette has made extensive searches through the grave-mounds of these periods at Gheezah, Sakkara, Maydoom, and Abood. After the statues I have just mentioned, the wooden man and the statues—for there are nine of them, of different degrees of merit, of Chafra—the most interesting of these early monuments are in a room reserved for specimens of the same period. Among them is the heavy granite sarcophagus of Shoofoo-anch (the life of Shoofoo), which stands in the centre of the chamber.

* I have gone more at length into the meaning of this inscription in an article in the *Archæological Journal*, vol. xxxv., p. 126.

Apart from the value of a relic of so ancient a time, this great coffin has a double interest. The personage buried in it was attached to the court of the monarch after whom he was called, as superintendent of the royal buildings. He must therefore have had a large share in the erection of the great pyramid itself, if indeed he did not actually design it. The epitaph states that he was a priest of Apis and of Isis. His tomb stood to the south-east of the great pyramid, and the sarcophagus itself offers us the most complete model of what one of these enormous mummy cases was under the early monarchy. The cover, vaulted in the centre, has on it an invocation to Anubis. The four sides are modelled from what was no doubt the form of the ordinary wooden houses of the period. In the centre is the doorway, and over it a round log, as if for the suspension of a roller or curtain. All the old tombs have false doors of this kind, evidently imitated from wooden constructions, and two very complete and large examples are in the same room. On the cross-bar the name of the deceased is written generally, with nothing but his name and rank. Possibly in these old times the great men of Egypt had their names thus placed over the doors of their houses.

The representations, of which we hear so much, of agricultural and domestic scenes, are well illustrated here in a number of bas-reliefs arranged like pictures round the walls. The sculpture is very good, and by no means betrays that stiffness we are accustomed to connect with Egyptian work. We seldom see such pictures in European museums, and derive our ideas from copies and casts of the comparatively debased art of the time of the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties at Thebes. It will be well to keep these two periods as remote from our time as they are from each other, carefully separate in our own minds.

Among the other treasures in this room is a small sitting statue of an ancient gentleman whose name was Assa. It is not above three feet high, but delicately cut in limestone and colored. Beside Assa his wife stands, dressed in white, her dress covered with spots, like what ladies now call "Swiss muslin." She places her arm round his neck. Her name is on the pedestal at her feet. She was a member of the royal family, and was called Athor-en-Kaoo. Her little boy stands between his parents, and bears, like his mother the title of "royal cousin." His name is Tat-as-as-poo-er. Some Vandal, since this charming domestic group was in the museum, has broken off the head of the child. A statue nearly equal in delicacy of execution is in the great room, but there the deceased is represented sitting by himself. Several groups of a similar antiquity, but not of such delicate execution, are in the western chamber; and the visitor who desires to cultivate a knowledge of hieroglyphs cannot do better than commence work by spelling out the epitaphs in these the oldest inscriptions.

Among the most beautiful examples are some panels of wood. They are carved in delicate relief, the inscriptions relating to a royal scribe and "trusty cousin and councillor," who lived about the time of Shoofoo. His name, which is very clearly spelled out in a very archaic but beautiful form of hieroglyphic writing, seems to have been Hosy. The panels were inserted in as many of the false portals, of which I have already spoken as being in all these early tombs.

The finest stone portal is that of Sokar-ka-baoo. It was evidently erected by his wife, who is represented on the two outer wings or side posts. She has a remarkably ugly face, but is very fair, and on her cheeks are green marks, which some have accounted for on the supposition that they were an early way of denoting grief, and others that the green stain is caused by the oxidization of a bronze plating over the eyes. Be this as it may, the mark only occurs on monuments of the highest antiquity. The lady's name seems naturally to have been too long for every-day use—Athor-neferhotep, and she had, for household convenience, a pet name—Tepes.

Behind a sitting statue of Chafra, one of the nine found in the tomb near the Sphinx, is another very old portal of the same character, but smaller. It is also from a tomb at Sakkara. Its interest lies chiefly in the fact that Shery, its occupant, served as priest for the temples attached to the pyramids of two very ancient kings, one of whom may be identified with the Sethenes of Manetho and the Senta of the table of Abood. The

name is here spelt Sent. He was a king of the second dynasty. The other king's name is unknown in this form. It appears to read Perhebsen, and may be the second title of a Pharaoh known in history by another name.

I have dwelt at some length on these vestiges of the earliest civilization, both because of their intrinsic beauty and because they do not occur even as the greatest rarities in our European museums. They belong to a period so remote that it is perfectly futile to guess at the date. In the long perspective of ages, such minute marks as years can hardly be perceived. These ancient people tell us little of themselves in their simple writing. Few grammatical forms appear. Vowels are almost wholly omitted. But what is wanting in words is made up for in pictures. Their daily life is brought before us; their families, their homes, their professions, their agriculture, their arts: and we can conjure up, when we know the climate which they enjoyed and the soil they cultivated, a very complete picture of what they were, and how they lived.

The chief thing that strikes us about them, as we read of them in these monuments, is the absence of any worship—almost of any mention—of their gods. They are often attached to the service of a king who is spoken of as a divinity, and in many cases they are employed in perpetuating that service after his death. Occasionally a personal name betrays to us the existence of a god to whom one of them was specially devoted. Ptah-sokari, Ptah, Athor, Isis, Anubis, Shoo, Ra, Osiris, are among the names that occur, but none of them very often. These gods and goddesses were reverenced, but which of them was thought the greatest, whether they had any distinct idea of theology, whether they actually worshipped the king, or Apis, or the white bull, or the golden hawk, or only looked upon them as sacred representatives of God, we know not. The monuments are nearly or altogether silent. Of Osiris at this time we have but little contemporary evidence that he was looked upon as the judge of the dead. Anubis is addressed by Shoofoo-Anch as the god of the under world. But many of the monuments of which we have been speaking are much older than his time—how much older we know not—and in them there are no such allusions. Investigators are agreed that pictures or sculptures representing the gods are all but unknown before the time of the twelfth dynasty. I say "all but," as there is a conspicuous but more than doubtful case to the contrary in the tablet of the Sphinx. But with regard to their ordinary employments and daily life we have, as I have said, much evidence. They lived in timber houses, the windows of which were small in comparison with the wall space, and the doorways narrow. Provision was made everywhere for awnings and curtains to keep out the midday heat and the midnight cold. Their clothing was but scanty, but they were careful to cover the head, either with a kerchief or a wig. The women were very modestly clad, and wore more than a single garment—the outer one reaching nearly to the feet. The hair was plaited, and probably made up with artificial chignons and cushions, but was tied round the forehead by a simple riband. Tight-lacing had not been invented, nor the use of shoes.

In domestic life our ancient Egyptian was a family man. He loved his wife and his children intensely. The wife was sometimes the superior of her husband in rank, and retained her title, as in England we still distinguish peers' daughters who marry commoners. She had sometimes private property, and widows were often women of substance, and raised costly monuments to the memory of their lords.

This independence of women is often strongly brought out, and goes to confirm, were other proof wanting, the assertion of Manetho, that under a king of the second dynasty, "it was decided that women might hold the imperial government." Yet the wife, even the wife of superior rank, is represented as treating her husband with respect. She usually stands by his side, or clasps his knees, but often too she also is seated, and her arm embraces his neck.

These ancient folk were keen sportsmen. In one picture a widow is represented as enjoying at a little distance the pleasures of the chase. They shot, they hunted, they fished, they went on the Nile in pleasure boats, they tamed wild animals, and trained falcons.*

* This is probable, but not altogether certain.

Manetho speaks first of the existence of warfare when he tells us "the Libyans revolted from the Egyptians; but, on account of an unexpected increase of the moon, they surrendered themselves for fear." This was under the first king of the third dynasty; and we have evidence that under the eighth king there was something resembling a standing army. But up to this time had the valley been in peace? Had the civilization, which is already so great when we first come upon its vestiges, been permitted to grow up amid profound quiet, unbroken by foreign invasions or internecine strife? It is impossible to say that there was never war, but there is much evidence that long periods of complete quietness nourished the social welfare in which the arts were perfected, and the strongest proof exists that one art at least must have been brought to a high degree of perfection without the interference of war.

This is the art of writing. The oldest inscriptions are those of Maydoom. Yet here we find not a complete alphabet, but two or three alphabets, and all the apparatus which in after ages became so like ordinary writing. But the signs used are signs of peace. Hieroglyphics and the cartouches of kings have been compared to heraldry, but there is this very important difference, for the shields, the lions rampant, the swords and spearheads, the whole armory of heraldry is warlike and the invention of people engaged in constant warfare. But what are the oldest hieroglyphic signs? The first letters of the first inscription I saw at Maydoom were as follows: A sickle, a guitar, a plank, a smoothing-stone, a man's mouth, a ball, an onion, a zigzag line, a necklace, a foot, a loop of cord containing a king's name which was spelt with a bent reed, a guitar, a human mouth, and a partridge. Such are the hieroglyphic signs of the times. They show, if we may argue from them at all, that they were invented by an agricultural and peaceful people.

Or we may take the ovals of the early kings in evidence. It is, of course, a question whether the names of Mena and Teta, and the other kings of the first dynasty, were ever actually written in their own day. Still, scarabs occur of such distinctly marked antiquity that it has often been supposed they are the oldest "documents" in Egypt; they are sometimes inscribed with the cartouches of kings of the early dynasties. Among the collection of scarabs at Boolak is one of Seneferoo. I have another, and the doubtful name of a still older king on a cylinder.

But a glance at the oldest cartouches as they were written at a later period serves our purpose almost as well. The name of Mena is spelt with a chess-board (Men), a zigzag line (N), and a pen or feather (A). That of his successor Teta consists of two smoothing-stones (T T), and a feather (A). That of Atoth has a feather (A), a stone (T), and a bulbous plant (T H). Ata is spelt with the feather (A), the stone (T), and a bird (A). The next king has two harrows on his cartouche, which the learned read as Husapti. It is not till we get to the eleventh king in the Table of Abood that any thing that can by any means be called warlike occurs. Here we have a ram (Ba), a jar (N), an axe (Neter), and the zigzag N, as before. An axe is not necessarily warlike, but nothing more offensive or defensive is in this list till we come down to the eleventh dynasty.

Such were the people of that remote yet not wholly prehistoric time. I have avoided all mention of the question of race. But one thing, from a purely critical point of view, I may be permitted to say. There is a marked difference in the features of the great lord who is the king's friend and cousin, and who sits in the door of his dwelling, represented by the mouth of his tomb, to receive the homage and rents of his serfs, and the features of the common people who attend his *levée* bringing him revenue in kind from his estates. There is a clear difference between the two classes as represented on these monuments; no one can for a moment mistake them. Chafra had a high Roman nose, so had his cousin Chafra-anch, so had Assa, so had a round dozen of the great men of the court of the fourth dynasty. Ra-hotep had a less prominent nasal organ, and the same may be said of Thy, but both were far from exhibiting the type of the common laborers who surrounded them. It seems to me, merely using my eyesight, that in this old time there was in Kam a dominant but benevolent race of rulers and legislators,

and an inferior, downtrodden subject race, light-hearted, perhaps, acquiescing, as some African races do, in their own subjection, but of very distinct blood from their masters.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

IRISH LOVE SONG.

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

[*Air:* "*The Little Red Lark.*"]

Ah! swan of slenderness, dove of tenderness,
Jewel of joys, arise!
The little red lark, like a rosy spark
Of song, to his sun-burst flies;
But till you are risen, earth is a prison,
Full of my captive sighs.
Then wake, and discover to your fond lover
The morn of your matchless eyes.

The dawn is dark to me; hark, oh! hark to me,
Pulse of my heart, I pray,
And gently gliding out of thy hiding,
Dazzle me with thy day!
And oh! I'll fly to thee, singing, and sigh to thee,
Passion so sweet and gay,
The lark shall listen, and dew-drops glisten,
Laughing on every spray.

The Spectator.

RICHARD S. STORRS, D.D., LL.D.

BY THE EDITOR.

Richard Salter Storrs, of whom we present a carefully-executed portrait this month, was born at Braintree, Mass., on the 21st of August, 1821. His father and grandfather (bearing the same name), and his great-grandfather, were all ministers, his father's pastorate of the church in Braintree extending over the unusual period of sixty-two years. Through the Willistons, Williamses, and Mathers, his line of clerical ancestry goes back to the earliest times of New England history.

He was fitted for college, principally, at Monson Academy, Monson, Mass. He graduated at Amherst College, in a large and brilliant class, in 1839, and has been for many years one of the trustees of that institution. After graduation, he studied law for two years, under the direction of the Hon. Rufus Choate, of Boston, but subsequently entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, and graduated there in 1845.

He was ordained and installed as pastor of the "Harvard Church," in Brookline, Mass., in October, 1845, but the following year removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., in answer to earnest and repeated invitations, where he was installed pastor of "The Church of the Pilgrims," in November, 1846. This position he still holds, but his reputation extends far beyond the limits of Brooklyn, and he has long been regarded as one of the ablest and most eloquent divines that America has produced.

He received the degree of D.D. from Union College in 1853, and from Harvard University in 1859, and the degree of LL.D. from the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, in 1874.

Dr. Storrs was one of the founders of *The Independent*, in New York, in 1848,

and till 1862 continued to be one of its editors, associated with Dr. Leonard Bacon and Dr. Joseph P. Thompson. He has published a volume of lectures on "The Constitution of the Human Soul"—being the first course delivered in the Brooklyn Institute, on the Graham foundation; also a volume of lectures on "Preaching without Notes," delivered before the students of the Union Theological Seminary, in New York; with many addresses, sermons, etc. Among the more important of these are an address before the Rhetorical Society in the Andover Seminary, a Report on Behalf of the Committee of Versions of the American Bible Society, a sermon before the American Board for Foreign Missions, an address before the New York Historical Society at its twentieth anniversary, an address at the Centennial Celebration of the Declaration of Independence by the citizens of New York, a paper read before the Evangelical Alliance on the Attractive Elements of Romanism, and a sermon on the Bible as a Book for the World. He has been identified with the inception and growth of many literary and humane institutions in Brooklyn, and has been from the beginning a chief executive officer—for several years past the President—of the Long Island Historical Society.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA; OR, THE GREAT RENUNCIATION. Being the Life and Teaching of Gautama, Prince of India and Founder of Buddhism. By Edwin Arnold, M.A. Boston: *Roberts Bros.*

It is often said that the age of epic poetry is passed, that our critical, self-conscious, and analytical habits of mind are unpropitious to that simplicity and directness which epic poetry demands; yet Mr. Arnold has written a poem which is truly epical in theme, and which is genuinely successful in its method of treatment and its execution. Whether or not it contains the elements of a permanent vitality it would be premature now to attempt to decide; but it is certainly entitled to a high place in the poetry of the period, and touches profoundly some of the widest and most enduring elements of human interest.

The subject of the poem is the life and teaching of Prince Gautama, of India, the founder of Buddhism; and its significance cannot be indicated more clearly and impressively than is done in the following passages from the author's preface: "Four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama, and the spiritual dominions of this ancient teacher extend, at the present time, from Nepaul and Ceylon over the whole Eastern Peninsula to China, Japan, Thibet, Central Asia, Siberia, and even Swedish Lapland. India itself might fairly be included in this magnificent empire of belief, for though the profession of Buddhism has for the most part passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gautama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brahmanism, and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindoos are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts. More than a third of mankind, therefore, owe their moral and religious ideas to this illustrious prince, whose personality, though imperfectly revealed in the existing sources of information, cannot but appear the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent in the history of Thought." Mr. Arnold rightly holds that a creed which has existed during twenty-four centuries, and which at this day surpasses, in the number of its followers and the area of its prevalence, any other form of religion, could not be founded on mere imposture, or consist, as has often been represented, of blank abstractions; and he has endeavored to realize or humanize the Buddha, to show what manner of man he really was and how he conceived his mission, and to give the general purport of the doctrines which he taught. He has put the poem into the mouth of an imaginary Buddhist votary in order to secure the Oriental point of view, without which the miracles recorded and the philosophy embodied would seem alien and unnatural.

Whatever the standard may be by which the poem is judged it must be pronounced in a high degree successful. As a narrative it is profoundly, and at times intensely, interesting; its character-drawing accomplishes its purpose of placing a real, comprehensible, and most human personality before us; its exposition of doctrine is ingenious and subtle without being either perplexing or dull; and its style, though singularly graphic and simple, maintains throughout the elevation and dignity which the nature of the subject demands. Pervading the entire work, too, is a certain Oriental warmth and picturesqueness and richness of coloring which contributes at once to its charm and to its *vraisemblance*. Mr. Arnold resided in In

dia for many years, and the familiarity thus acquired with the scenery and local customs has helped his poem quite as much as his studies in the Buddhist literature and ritual.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER. Edited by Arthur Gilman, M.A. Riverside British Poets. Boston: *Houghton, Osgood & Co.*

It is well known that Professor Child, the editor of the original edition of the Riverside British Poets, declined to edit the poems of Chaucer for the series until materials were available for securing a better text. Since then the Chaucer Society, of London, has supplied this want by rendering available for the use of scholars six distinct texts of the Canterbury Tales, and a number of other manuscripts of the various poems and prose works, most important of all being the manuscript in the possession of Lord Ellesmere, which has long been known to be the best in existence, but which has hitherto been inaccessible. Valuable details and suggestions have also been contributed by the various eminent scholars connected with the society. Indeed, so diligent and thorough have been the researches in this comparatively barren field that it would seem as if the limit of Chaucerian discovery had at last been reached.

Mr. Gilman is the first to sift and utilize this new material, and the three volumes before us seem to leave nothing to be desired in a popular edition of the works of the first great English poet. The text is mainly that of the Ellesmere manuscript, with corrections and emendations obtained by a comparison with all the others. The chronological order of the poems adopted by the Chaucer Society, and Mr. Furnivall's new arrangement of the Canterbury Tales, are here followed for the first time. One of the most important questions to which students have directed their attention recently has been that of the authenticity of several of the poems. This is now pretty definitely settled, and the spurious poems are, in this edition, grouped in a body by themselves. Among these are "The Romance of the Rose," "The Flower and the Leaf," "Chaucer's Dream," and seven others that have appeared in all previous editions, with no intimation of their doubtful character. Notes and explanations of difficult words are placed at the foot of each page of the text. By this method is avoided the inconvenience of a general glossary, which always puts the reader in the disagreeable attitude of a translator, and detracts seriously from the enjoyment of the poetry. An index of subjects and names is added at the end, conveniently supplementing the notes that accompany the text. The editor's introduction contains "The Life and Times of the Poet," including much valuable information about the poet's works and the order of their production; an important section on "Reading Chaucer;" "Astrological Terms and Divisions of Time;" and "Biblical References."

The directions for reading Chaucer are explicit and minute, being condensed mainly from the writings of Professor Child and Mr. A. J. Ellis upon this subject. The explanations of contractions, use of negatives, prefixes, and other strange forms, together with the few brief rules for pronunciation, are admirably adapted to the needs of general readers, who have never made a special study of early English. By carefully observing these simple directions at the outset, no attentive reader can fail to acquire readily a good degree of facility in the reading; and he will probably derive an additional enjoyment from the quaint orthography and diction. These antique forms once become familiar, and their easy rhythmical movement mastered, the reader loses all feeling of strangeness, and goes ambling along with the Canterbury Pilgrims, as merry as the merriest of them; or sallies out, of a bright dewy morning, to hail the first blown "daisie, or the eye of day," with the living Chaucer chatting amiably by his side.

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Written by Himself. Now First Edited from Original Manuscripts and from his Printed Correspondence and Other Writings. By John Bigelow. Second Edition, Revised and Corrected. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

In his "History of American Literature" Professor Moses Coit Tyler says of Franklin's Autobiography that it is still the most famous production in American literature, that it has an imperishable charm for all classes of mankind, that it has passed into nearly all the literary languages of the globe, and that it is, as Mr. Bigelow states, "one of the half dozen most widely popular books ever printed." This verdict would probably be acquiesced in by the great majority of readers competent to pronounce an opinion; and such being the case, Mr. Bigelow has rendered a genuine service to letters in securing a pure and complete text. He was fortunate enough, while serving as American Minister in France, to obtain Franklin's original manuscript, and, on comparing it with the previously-accepted version, found that the earlier editor had taken great liberties with the text—omitting some portions, abridging and amplifying others, and in general modernizing the language, thus depriving it of a good deal of its raciness. Justly conceiving that the reading public would prefer to have the autobiography exactly as Franklin wrote it, he has restored the original text, retaining even the quaint and somewhat erratic spelling.

In addition to this, regretting, as every reader

must have regretted, that the Autobiography ends with 1757, leaving the most interesting portion of Franklin's career untold, Mr. Bigelow has compiled from the bulky correspondence and writings of Franklin such a continuation of the Autobiography as brings the story of his life, as told in his own words, down to the later stages of his last illness. "Franklin's narrative," says Mr. Bigelow, "as I have arranged it, is at once so full and so consecutive that there has been small occasion for editorial interference; but whenever an allusion is made that might not be intelligible to the general reader, or a stitch is dropped in the web of the narrative, I have endeavored to supply what was lacking in foot-notes, leaving the Franklin text entirely unbroken."

This work, when it first appeared, several years ago, at once superseded all other editions of the Autobiography and became the standard version of Franklin's life; but, unfortunately, it was issued in such elaborate style as to be practically excluded from a general or popular circulation. The present edition has not only been revised and amended, but has received some material additions, and, though still issued in handsome library form, is offered at so substantial a reduction in price as to bring it within the reach of all classes of readers.

STUDIES IN GERMAN LITERATURE. By Bayard Taylor. With an Introduction by George H. Boker. New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

The twelve chapters of this volume are so many lectures which were delivered by the late Bayard Taylor before the students of Cornell University. He intended them to be simply introductory to a more extended course of reading or study in German literature, treating each subject briefly, but comprehensively, and "noticing," as he says, "only those works which give a distinct, characteristic stamp to each literary period." Within these limits a most excellent outline is afforded of the literary history of Germany, from the first rude beginnings in the fragments of its ancestral Gothic to its splendid culmination in the works of Schiller and Goethe. The first six lectures give a clear and interesting description of all that deserves the name of literature in the long period extending from the earliest times to the end of the seventeenth century. The Minnesingers, the Nibelungenlied, Luther's translation of the Bible and its influence upon the language, the guilds of the Master-singers, and the work of the Silesian school founded by Opiz, are the subjects naturally claiming most attention. The scope of the remaining lectures is indicated by their titles: "Lessing," "Klopstock," "Wieland and Herder," "Goethe," "Goethe's *Faust*," and "Richter."

The editor of this posthumous volume has acted wisely in presenting these lectures to the public in their original form. Even had Mr. Taylor carried out his intention of re-writing them for publication, it is doutful if the more elaborate and finished form of the essay would have compensated for the loss of that rapid incisive manner, and familiarity and piquancy of illustration. so pleasing and effective in the lecture. The style is necessarily, for the most part, descriptive, everywhere lively and vigorous, and at times even eloquent; while in the final lectures, notably in the analysis and exposition of the underlying meaning of *Faust*, and in the estimate of the eccentric qualities of Richter's genius, the author rises to the higher plane of helpful and interpretative criticism. Not the least valuable, and certainly the most enjoyable, feature is the selection of illustrative passages from the various authors under treatment, which are felicitously translated by Mr. Taylor into verse retaining the exact rhythm and metre of the original.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A ZANTE publisher announces a complete edition of the works of Solomos, one of the best poets of Modern Greece.

PROFS. CARDUCCI AND MONACI have undertaken an edition of the poems of all the Italian troubadours who wrote in Provençal.

DR. ERNEST GROPP, of Berlin, has just published an interesting dissertation "On the Language of the Proverbs of Alfred."

DR. WAGNER, of Hamburg, is bringing out a new edition of Shakespeare in thirty sixpenny parts, with English introductions and notes.

IT is said that there is some probability of a selection of Thackeray's private letters being published. Many of these epistles are adorned with sketches by the author, full of that delicate and charming humor that the public has already seen in his legend of the "Rose and the Ring," a *fac simile* of which was published some years ago.

MANY will learn with regret that during the late troubles the curious collections in the Seraglio at Constantinople have been rifled. A well-known literary man, H. E. Munif Effendi, Minister of Public Instruction, has been ordered to institute an inquiry; the custodian has been dismissed.

M. TURGENIEF intends passing the coming winter in St. Petersburg. It is said that he wishes to make himself more closely acquainted with the present aspects of Russian social life than his residence in Paris permits. The announcement also encourages the hope that the

result may be yet another work from the pen of the famous Russian novelist.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS has just completed an exhaustive "Dictionary of the Thames," somewhat on the plan of his now well-known "Dictionary of London." Besides full details as to fishing, rowing, and yachting matters, articles are contributed by well-known specialists on the geology, ornithology, botany, art and literature of the river. The business of the port of London also receives a fair share of attention. The book, which will be published forthwith, contains nineteen maps and plans.

THE Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women at Oxford is now in working order. A scheme of lectures has been issued, and the two boarding houses, the Lady Margaret and Somerville Halls, have each their full complement, or nearly so, of students—in all about twenty-two, quite a sufficient number to start with. Among the lecturers are Prof. Nettleship, Mr. C. W. Boase, Mr. A. H. Acland, and Mr. A. C. Bradley.

THE title of Major Serpa Pinto's work describing his journey across Africa is "The King's Rifle; from the Atlantic to the Pacific, across Unknown Countries." It is derived from the fact that, on his departure for his expedition, the king of Portugal presented him with his own rifle, a weapon valued at £500. As an indication of the perilous nature of the journey it may be mentioned that, of the entire force composing the expedition, and numbering over 100, only two or three survived, the rest having been destroyed by savages, wild beasts, fever, etc.

IT is believed that the earliest example of the sonnet in German literature is a translation of a sonnet by Bernardino Ochino, of Siena, from the pen of Christoff Wirsung, published in 1556. The Italian original was hitherto unknown, but it has just been discovered by Dr. Reinhold Köhler in a very rare book entitled "Apologi nelli quali scuoprano li Abusi, Sciochezze, Superstitioni, Errori, Idolatrie et Impieté della Sinagoga del Papa; et spetialmente de suoi Preti, Monaci, et Frati. Opera insieme vtile et dilecteuole" (Geneva, 1554).

MR. H. SWEET'S collective edition of the oldest remains of the English language, which will be published by the Early English Text Society, is nearly ready for press. It will include all the texts earlier than Alfred's time, grouped chronologically and by dialect, and will be accompanied by a very full glossary and grammar. All the texts will be taken directly from the MSS. For this purpose Mr. Sweet has obtained the loan of various MSS. from Continental libraries, among them the Epinal glossary, which is probably the oldest specimen of English in existence. The proper names in Bede will be given from four MSS. The Runic inscriytions will be transcribed into ordinary letters on a uniform system. All the English Charters preserved in contemporary vellums will be printed in full, the boundaries of the oldest West-Saxon Charters (going back to 778), which were suppressed by Kemble, and the proper names being also given.

THE Clarendon Press (Oxford) has just issued a reprint, in convenient size and at a small price, of the Wycliffe translation of the New Testament (made about 1380), as revised by John Purvey, 1388. In 1850 the Rev. J. Forshall and Sir F. Madden published in four quarto volumes the Wycliffe translations, with notes, collations of MSS., and a critical introduction. This reprint does not give the variations in readings as Forshall and Madden's quarto does, but a MS. in the British Museum is followed, which is regarded as the best typical MS. The reprint brings most interesting information within the reach of all students of the history of our New Testament.

DR. JUSSERAUD, the author of the able little volume on the English drama before Shakespeare, is to have a whole number of the *Revue Critique* given up to him for his review of Prof. Skeat's edition of the three versions of "Piers Plowman" published by the Early-English Text Society. Dr. Jusseraud takes a great many important points hitherto overlooked on the life and character of William, the author of the poem, and brings forward evidence to show that he was a bondman, freed by entering a religious order, that he at first led a bad life in London, and was afterward converted, and then condemned most strongly in others the sins of which he had been himself guilty in his earlier days.

A WRITER in the *Otgolósok* endeavors to show that the greater number of the most distinguished Russian authors have not been Russians, but descendants of immigrant foreigners. Thus, at the end of the seventeenth century, the most prominent representative of the Russian literary movement was Simeon Polotsky, a Pole. After him came Prince Antiochus Kantemir, of Tartar descent. It is true that the genial Lomonosof, who flourished during the first half of last century, was untainted with any admixture of foreign blood. But since his time the most honorable places on the Russian Parnassus have been occupied by persons of foreign extraction. Among the founders of modern Russian literature, Karamzin (Kara-Murza) was of Tartar, Ozerof of German, lineage. The poet Griboyedof sprang more remotely from a Polish ancestor. Count Khvos-

tof's ancestry culminated in a German margrave. Zhukovski was on his mother's side a Turk, and Bunin (Bunikevski) the scion of a Polish family. Neledinski, Meletski, and Baratinski were also of Polish descent. The poet Lermontof's father was a Scotchman, his mother a Tartar lady. A Polish gentleman, Yanovski, assumed the Little-Russian family name of Gogol, which one of his descendants has made so familiar to Russians. And, lastly, Pushkin's paternal ancestor was a German named Radschi, who migrated to Russia in the middle of the thirteenth century, while his mother was descended from an African negro.

SCIENCE AND ART.

How Insects Buzz.—There are two classes of insects which make a buzzing when they fly —those known to entomologists as *Diptera* and *Hymenoptera*. How is the buzzing produced? is a question that has been often asked. A French naturalist has answered it in a paper presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris. The buzz combines a deep and a sharp sound. The deep sound proceeds from the wing, provided that the vibrations are sufficiently rapid. The sharp sound, usually an octave above the other, is produced within the thorax, as has been ascertained by experiment. A supposition prevailed that it was due to the passage of the air through the stigmata and the vibration of their valvules; but these openings have been stopped with bird-lime, and yet the sharp sound continues. It keeps on even when the wings are cut off. The explanation is, that the insect still endeavors to fly, and employing the wing muscles, occasions vibrations of the thorax, and thereby produces the sharp sound, more or less intense, according to the size of the insect.

Physiological Origin of Language.—Mr. Clairefond, a Frenchman, has published a small book, the title of which, translated, is "A New Application of the A, B, C, or a Physiological Study on the Origin of Language." He revives the argument that the earliest attempts at human speech were imitations of natural sounds or the cries of animals; and he contends that out of recollections and repetitions of those sounds the names of certain natural phenomena, and of animals and other objects, originated. He finds numerous examples in the French language, and thinks that proofs might be found in other languages, if search were made, and suggests that the Geographical Society of Paris might furnish instructions to their travellers to collect from among the natives of different countries all the sounds traceable to the source indicated above. Mr. Clairefond is of opinion that the series of sounds, words, and expressions thus collected would aid in the discovery of the origin of language. Taken in connection with natural sounds, the origin of words in our own language —such as thunder, sigh, whisper—becomes evident.

Ballooning in War.—Ballooning will henceforth form a part of the art of war, for by order of the War Office a balloon equipment has been placed in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich. Two balloons for experimental purposes and a portable furnace for the manufacture of hydrogen gas are in commission; and a party of men and officers of the Royal Engineers have been instructed in ærostatics and in the preparation of net-work and other appliances required in actual service. Among these is a kind of rope not more than half an inch thick, but of such strength that it will bear a strain of three tons, which may be expected to do good work with the grappling-irons. The balloons and all the appurtenances have been made within the Arsenal, so that ample supplies can be produced as required in working out the important aeronautical question. That balloons may be employed with great advantage in war has already been demonstrated. To look down into an enemy's camp or to spy out his movements behind a ridge or in the rear of a wood may tend to the defeat of his plans and the shortening of a campaign; and this may be done by means of a captive balloon. But very much more might be done if a free balloon could be made to sail in any direction; and this is the problem which the Royal Engineers and the Aeronautical Society have now to work out.

Brain Growth.—One of the important results of recent palæontological research is the law of brain growth found to exist among extinct mammals, and to some extent in other vertebrates. According to this law, "all tertiary mammals had small brains. There was also a gradual increase in the size of the brain during this period. This increase was confined mainly to the cerebral hemispheres, or higher portions of the brain. In some groups the convolutions of the brain have gradually become more complicated. In some the cerebellum and the olfactory lobes have even diminished in size." More recent researches render it probable that the same general law of brain growth holds good for birds and reptiles from the mesozoic to the present time. The cretaceous birds, that have been investigated with reference to this point, had brains only about one third as large in proportion as those nearest allied among living species. The dinosaurs from our Western Jurassic follow the same law, and have brain cavities vastly smaller than any existing reptiles. Many other facts point in the same direc-

tion, and indicate that the general law will hold good for all extinct vertebrates.—*Nature.*

YELLOW FEVER POISON.—Dr. Schmidt, of New Orleans, after much study and observation, has come to the conclusion that the contagion of yellow fever is a poison "of animal origin, or, in other words, is a product of a secreting cell, mainly eliminated by the glands of the skin in a liquid form, to be rapidly converted into a vapor.' The disagreeable odor of yellow fever arises from the poison being a product of a modified or vitiated secretion. The poison having been in active existence ever since it was first known to the civilized world, has travelled from country to country, and may be kept at bay by a strict and properly regulated quarantine. For this a sure knowledge is required of some chemical agent which will destroy the poison without destroying the articles or merchandise which it may be needful to disinfect. The American Public Health Association in a Report recently published state that they have not found a single instance of yellow fever originating in any locality; it has always been imported. When the disease appears in places wide apart, the transmission appears to be wholly due to human intercourse; and the Association are convinced that the only trustworthy means of prevention is isolation. "Quarantines," they state, "established with such a degree of surveillance and rigor that absolute non-intercourse is the result, have effectually and without exception protected those quarantined from yellow fever."

THE RUSSIAN ASIATIC EXPEDITION.—The Russian Government is about to send an expedition to Central Asia under the command of the Grand Duke Nicholas. The aim of the expedition is to select the route of the Central Asian Railway, to examine the navigability of the Oxus, and to decide the possibility of diverting it into the Caspian. The route will be from the River Ural to Karasugai, on the Syr Daria, thence via Tashkend and Samarcand to the Oxus at Kunduz (Afghanistan); afterward along the river to Khiva, and across the Kara Kum to Krasnovodsk. The work of the expedition will be: 1. To collect information as to the cost of the railway, the ability to obtain materials for its construction, whether fuel exists on the route, and the amount of labor obtainable. 2. To investigate the speed of the Oxus, the height of its banks, the population of the nearest towns and settlements, and the existing commerce on the river. 3. To examine the Khiva oasis, the floods of Sari Kamish, and the ancient bed of the Oxus, commonly known as the Uzboc. 4. To carry out astronomical observations all the way along the route, to make military plans, to sketch the features of the country, to collect objects of mineralogical, zoölogical, geological, and archæological interest, and to keep a journal of daily events. Finally, in collecting information respecting the ancient course of the Oxus, to decide whether it can be diverted afresh into the Caspian without detriment to the Khivan oasis. It seems possible, however, that in case of certain Eastern complications the expedition may develop into a military one against Merv.

PARIS ASTRONOMICAL MUSEUM.—Gratifying progress is being made with a view to the approaching inauguration of the astronomical muséum now forming at the Paris Observatory. It will be adorned with figurative representations of the principal celestial objects, as well as with the portraits of the successive directors of the Observatory. A pair of Mercator's globes, dating from the middle of the sixteenth century, are of great interest. That figuring the earth is the first on which meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude were laid down. The great equatorial lakes of Africa, it is reported, are all to be found upon it. The glass cases contain the first portable meridian circle constructed on Admiral Mouchez's plan; the pendulums of invariable dimension employed by Captains Fraissinet and Duperré in their voyages round the world, for the determination of the absolute value of the intensity of the centripetal force and of gravity at different points of the earth's surface; and the apparatus used by M. Cornu, of the Institute, with a view to determine the velocity of light from observations made between the Observatory and the tower of Montlhéry. Another glass case, adds the *Journal des Débats*, contains the standard mètre of the First Republic, made in conformity with the law of 28 Germinal, an III.; the *toise* used in 1738 in Peru for measuring a degree at the equator; the *toise* used in Lapland some short time afterwards for measuring the polar degree; and the platinum kilogramme made by the Republican Commission of Weights and Measures. Fresnel's lens, the first ever graduated, is also deposited in the new museum, and the object-glass of the great astronomer Cassini, which he used in successively determining the existence of Jupiter's satellites, Saturn's double ring, the abnormal flatness of Jupiter's poles, and the vast velocity of his rotation, as well as that of Mars. In another of the *vitrines* are to be seen the doubly refracting prisms with the help of which Arago measured the diameter of the great planets, Neptune excepted. Admiral Mouchez exhibits in the museum the relief plan of the island of St. Paul, where he so successfully observed the transit of Venus, and the complete collection of the photographs taken during this famous transit of 1874 is to be shortly added.

VEGETATING ANIMALS.—An important line of demarcation between the vegetable and animal world has been removed by recent investigation. Plants assimilate carbonic acid, give off oxygen, and form starch. By experiments on a species of Planaria, a flat worm, described as *Convoluta Schultzii*, Mr. P. Geddes has demonstrated that that animal disengages oxygen in large quantity, decomposes carbonic acid, and produces starch. This worm abounds in the shallow water on the margin of the sea, and on exposure to sunlight pours forth a stream of bubbles containing, as proved by analysis, from forty-five to fifty-five per cent of oxygen. And, on subjecting a number of Planaria to chemical treatment, a quantity of ordinary vegetable starch was obtained. Pointing out the significance of these facts in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society, Mr. Geddes says: "As the *Drosera* and *Dionæa* [two species of well-known vegetable Fly-traps], which have attracted so much attention of late years, have received the striking name of Carnivorous Plants, these Planarians may not unfairly be called Vegetating Animals, for the one case is the precise reciprocal of the other. Not only does the *Dionæa* imitate the carnivorous animal, and the *Convoluta* the ordinary green plant, but each tends to lose its own normal character."

GLOOMY THOUGHTS AND GLOOMY WEATHER.—Dull, depressing, dingy days produce dispiriting reflections and gloomy thoughts, and small wonder when we remember that the mind is not only a motive, but a receptive organ, and that all the impressions it receives from without reach it through the media of senses which are directly dependent on the conditions of light and atmosphere for ther action, and therefore immediately influenced by the surrounding conditions. It is a common-sense inference that if the impressions from without reach the mind through imperfectly-acting organs of sense, and those impressions are in themselves set in a minor æsthetic key of color, sound and general qualities, the mind must be what is called "moody." It is not the habit of even sensible people to make sufficient allowance for this *rationale* of dullness and subjective weakness. Some persons are more dependent on external circumstances and conditions for their energy—or the stimulus thatc onverts potential into kinetic force—than others; but all feel the influence of the world without, and to this influence the sick and the weak are especially responsive. Hence the varying temperaments of minds changing with the weather, the outlook, and the wind.—*Lancet.*

THE TELEPHONE AND DISEASES OF THE EAR.—The introduction of new inventions amongst the practical requirements of civilized life brings with it its disadvantages, writes Dr. F. M. Pierce to the *British Medical Journal.* The telephone, when further improved, is no doubt destined to become a most useful agent in daily intercourse; and I do not wish to create unnecessary alarm by pointing out a possible source of inconvenience in its use. The following case which has come under my notice will exhibit a way in which the ear may be more or less injured during the use of the telephone. A woman, about thirty-five years of age, manageress of a small ware manufactory in Manchester, which was connected with its office (two miles off) by a telephone, was listening to a message, when a violent clap of thunder took place, and which appeared to be conveyed through the wire. The effect on the listening ear was that of complete numbness and deafness, accompanied by a sensation of giddiness, slight nausea, and tinnitus aurium. These symptoms, with the exception of the deafness, passed away in a few minutes. I did not see the patient for three or four days after this occurrence, and cannot, of course, speak to the amount of deafness at first produced; but, on the fourth day, I examined the left ear (the listening ear), and found the hearing distance twenty forty-eighths of an inch. As my patient had always had perfect hearing with both ears, and had never experienced any difficulty in hearing before, I think it very unlikely that this degree of deafness was due to any previous affection of the ear. She stated that she had never had any thing the matter with her hearing until using the telephone during the storm. I have examined her lately, and found both ears and hearing distance quite normal; nearly a fortnight elapsed, however, before perfect hearing returned. This case was no doubt due to a concussion of the auditory nerve. In its present form, the telephone is almost useless to those who have even a comparatively slight degree of deafness.

EFFECTS OF STARVATION ON ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE TISSUES.—Dr. Cunningham, of the government sanitary staff in Calcutta, has made a careful investigation "on certain effects of starvation on vegetable and animal tissues." One effect in the human subject is the destruction of the intestinal mucous membrane. Hence the digestion and assimilation of nutritive materials supplied in the food must necessarily be impaired or destroyed, according to the degree of morbid change. Under such circumstances, the food elements, not being submitted to their normal transformations, become mere foreign bodies liable to undergo decomposition, and well adapted to cause irritation. The conclusion to be drawn is one that should be kept in mind by the functionaries appointed to administer relief in time of famine. The

starvation must not be allowed to go on too long; for, as Dr. Cunningham observes, "the fatal diarrhœa and dysentery first manifested itself in people after their admission into the relief camps. The investigations show the absolute necessity of great caution in regard to dietetic experiments and dietetic systems of punishment. They show that it is not safe to push such procedures in the belief that so long as no evident active evil results present themselves, we can at any time pull up and restore things to their normal state."

THE ORIGIN AND PERIOD OF STORMS.—Prof. Zenger published in the *Sitzungsberichte* of the Bohemian Academy for 1878 a paper in which he argues for a connection between storms and the period of a semi-rotation of the sun. He has combined these inquiries with investigations into solar photography, and he thinks that he can recognize the approach of disturbed weather by sun pictures, of which he recognizes three types. 1. In very bright calm weather he finds the simple image of the disk with a faint development of light around it, reaching a maximum and a minimum respectively along two diameters at right angles to each other, as in the corona, and extending to twice the diameter of the sun. 2. If the sky is cloudy, but weather calm, one or two rings of 3° or 5° diameter are seen round the sun. These are clearly due to snow in the upper regions of the atmosphere. 3. In time of storms, even two or three days before, he finds absorption rings, circular, parabolic, or special in form. If these observations be confirmed, their value will be very great.

SOLAR PARALLAX DEDUCED FROM OBSERVATIONS OF MARS.—Mr. Gill gives as the result of his observations of Mars, during the opposition of 1877 (it will be remembered that Mr. Gill visited Ascension Island to make these observations) a solar parallax of $8.''78 \pm 0.''015$, corresponding with a solar distance of about 93,093,000 miles. This distance is considerably greater than that which Professor Newcomb regards as the most probable mean (about 92,400,000 miles) of all the best observations. It agrees well with the distance resulting from the combination of Struve's constant of aberration with Cornu's determination of the velocity of light; but the constant of aberration can hardly be regarded as determined with a degree of accuracy sufficient to enable us to determine the real distance as accurately as by other methods even if Cornu's determination of the velocity of light be considered trustworthy, within the necessary limits. On the whole, the result of Mr. Gill's observations will probably be regarded by most astronomers as disappointing, simply because it was hoped that it would serve to remove doubts as to the sun's true distance, instead of increasing them. But whether this is due to error in other estimates, or to the inferiority of the method used by Mr. Gill, is a point on which we should not care to express an opinion.

VARIETIES.

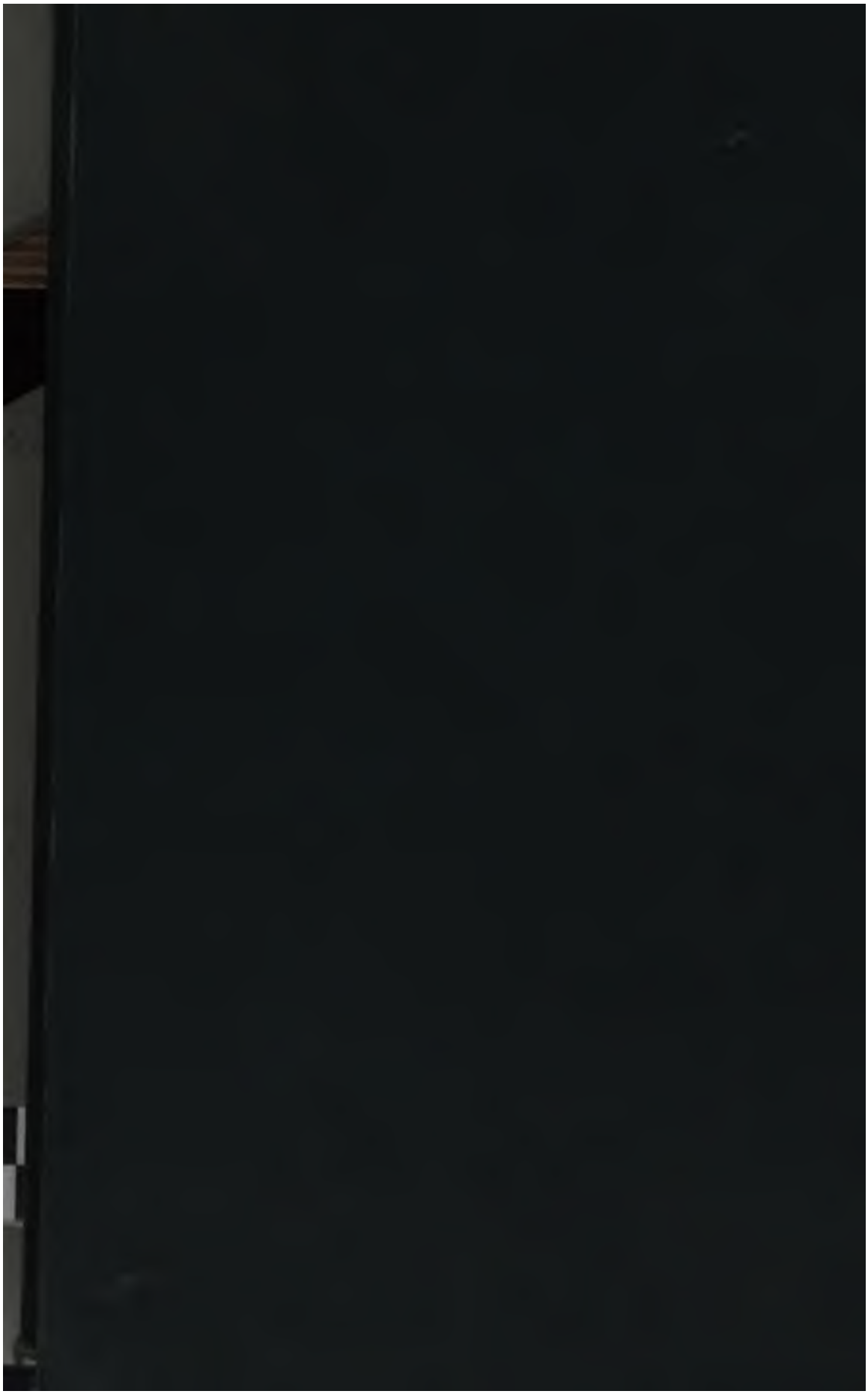
INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF TURGENIEF.—A new edition of the works of Ivan S. Turgenief has just appeared in Moscow in ten volumes. A preface dated from Paris in August of the present year is prefixed to the third volume. This preface contains some interesting particulars regarding the genesis of Turgenief's principal works. In connection with "Nakanúne," which has been subjected to a good deal of severe handling on the part of Russian critics, the author relates an episode of some interest in his literary life. During the year 1855, Turgenief resided in the district of Mtsensk, government of Orlov. Among his neighbors was a certain Vasili Karateief, a young man of twenty-five years, of a romantic disposition, and very fond of literature and music. Karateief's father was subject to attacks of semi-insanity, which recurred at intervals of three years. His sister also, who was a remarkable person, became ultimately insane. The society of this young man was almost the only solace to the author during a period in other respects far from happy. As the war in the Crimea still continued, a detachment of troops was raised in the district, and Karateief was appointed one of the officers. He immediately called on Turgenief, and with an excited air declared that he did not expect to return from Crimea, but that he would die there. Notwithstanding all attempts to soothe him, he persisted in these gloomy forebodings, and suddenly turning to Turgenief said:

"I have a favor to ask of you. You know that I spent some years in Moscow; but you do not know that an incident happened to me there which awakened a desire to relate it, both for my own sake and for others! I made the attempt, but found that I had no literary talent. The upshot was that I wrote this MS., which I hand to you."

So saying, he took from his pocket a MS. of some fifteen pages, and handed it to Turgenief, with the request that he would make such use of it as would secure that it had not been written in vain. Seeing that a refusal was only likely to excite his friend still further, the novelist promised to comply with his request. It appeared from this composition that Karateief, while living in Moscow, had become enamored of a young maiden, who reciprocated his affection. Afterward, getting acquainted with a Bulgarian named Katranof, she preferred the

latter, and accompanied him to Bulgaria. The story was told with sincerity, but without literary skill. Turgenief, however, was struck with the character of the heroine, Helena, then a fresh type in Russian life, and she gradually shaped herself distinctly in his imagination. Karateief shortly left for the Crimea, whence he never returned. Not until the winter of 1858–59 did the novelist enter on the task committed to him. For this purpose he renewed the impressions of his former acquaintance by a residence in the same locality. The plan of "Nakanûne" gradually took shape in his mind, new types were added, and the work was completed. The novelist, in issuing this collected edition of his works, thinks it due to the memory of his unfortunate young friend to make the above circumstances known to his readers.

COST OF LIVING LESS THAN SEVENTY YEARS AGO.—A writer in the *Leisure Hour* says that there is now a current notion among consumers that every thing is dearer than it used to be, and this is made the excuse for spending at a higher rate and for pleading that an income of £700 or £800 is required to maintain the same scale of living for which £500 formerly sufficed. No idea can be more unfounded. Bread is untaxed, and could be sold at a living profit to a man who earns 6*s.* a day at half the price formerly paid by his predecessor, who, for more skilled work, was paid 2*s.* 6*d.* Better tea is sold at 2*s.* than at the beginning of the century cost 7*s.* Coffee was 2*s.* 6*d.* that is excelled in quality by that at present price of 1*s.* 6*d.* Sanded sugar was 10*d.*; pure sugar is now 4*d.* Salt, that is now free, paid a duty of 20*s.* per bushel. The daily newspaper, about a fourth of the present size, and an eighth—if that can be measured—of the current quality, cost 7*d.*, while each advertisement was taxed 2*s.* 6*d.* A better hat is now worn at 12*s.* than was formerly supplied at 25*s.* Literature, periodical and standard, once so expensive, is now so cheap that it costs less to buy a new copy of a book or pamphlet than to buy the old. The aged can remember when the Waverley Novel cost 31*s.* 6*d.*, and was hired out to read at 1*s.* per volume for twelve hours. It is now retailed, with all the notes, at 3*d.* Let "the girl of the period" ask her grandmother what, sixty years ago, straw hats "came to." At a Queen's assembly the best-dressed lady appeared in a cotton print that a hop-picker now would scorn to wear on Sunday. Leather was taxed, and we have the benefit of the remission in boots and shoes, of far better make, at a lower figure. All articles of clothing—even of ornament—are made greatly more accessible to every purse. Soap was taxed, bricks, tiles, slates, timber, glass. Wine is little more than half its former price. In fact, with the exception of beef, mutton, butter, and cheese, the whole cost of living is, *cæteris paribus*—that is, in reference to the same necessary commodities—very much less in the year 1879 than it was in 1801.—*House and Home.*

SILK FROM THE SEA.—The sea yields many precious things—coral, amber, and pearls—but it is not generally known that in certain parts of the Mediterranean a species of mussel is found of which the shells contain one of the most beautiful textile materials known. These shells are about 7 inches long and 3 inches broad, and each of them contains a hank or byssus of the fibre, weighing half a drachm, and at first it presents nothing particular to the eye, being soiled with mud and the remains of marine plants. But when washed and combed the fibres are seen to be extremely lustrous, glistening in the sunshine in shades varying from a golden yellow to olive brown. Spun and woven in the ordinary manner, stockings, gloves, neckties, and similar articles can be manufactured from them, and they are likewise specially suited for making the finest lace. At present the production of these fibres hardly exceeds 200 kilogrammes (3 cwt. 3 qrs.) a year. Specimens of these curious mussels and their finished products were exhibited at the recent Paris Exhibition, but they appear to have been overlooked.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

HENRY JAMES'S NOVELS.—But making all allowance for these admirable pictures, and for many graphic passages describing Rome and Italian scenery, we cannot but say that, on the whole, this is a dismal story. Indeed, Mr. Henry James delights in dismal stories. He thinks, apparently, that it is flying somehow in the face of his own genius to let any story fall out happily. But still, in most of them, though he insists on making you dismal in the end, he contrives to amuse you very much in the interval. But in this book he makes you dismal almost from beginning to end. He makes it so very evident that Roderick is to go to the bad, that Mary Garland will not desert him, and will never return Rowland's love, that Rowland Mallet will not desert Roderick, and that Mrs. Hudson will be a burden on all, that there is hardly a ray of sunshine through the story. Even Christina Light is a dismal beauty. You cannot enjoy her picturesque, grand ways, because you feel that an inward dreariness is at the bottom of them all, and so there is no set-off against the dreariness of the main story. Why is Mr. Henry James, with all his great talents, so deeply persuaded of the pessimism of human destiny? Is it that he thinks it the destiny of all New Englanders, not only "to suffer and be strong," but to suffer the more from making acquaintance with the main stream of civilization, and be all the